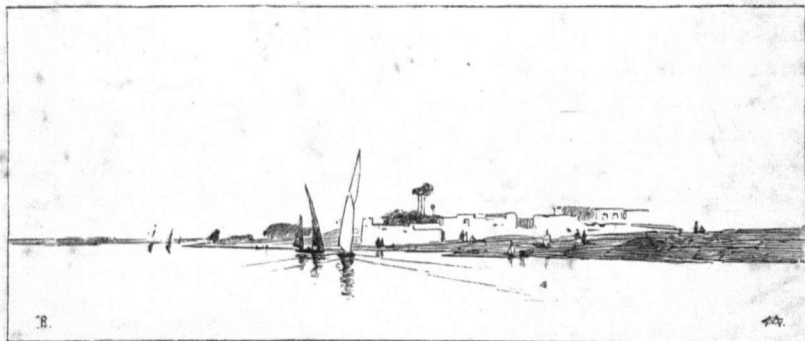


anxiety lest the offerings should not reach the shore, that one is tempted to suppose that there must be much tradition proving the fatal effects of neglecting to perform the rite. The Arab captain, however, is like Herodotus, and declines to speak of the mystery; while Sara, who mingles with the scepticism of Abraham's wife much calculating superstition, sums it up thus: "All foolery, of course, but can't do no harm; and who knows? perhaps he do good." So he encourages the practice, though with vicarious piasters. But along the whole banks one notes a singular absence of life; the river is getting low, and a few buffaloes and goats scramble down the banks for water, but little of humanity, until, with much whistling, the steamer draws the *Cleopatra* to the bank at Sohag. Then indeed there is excitement; for the Mudir and his deputy come on board, and the whole populace of the capital of Girgeh crowd to catch a sight of the party. Solemnly the Mudir crosses the plank and greets the Pasha. He is a



Turk, and to his satisfaction, expressed with dignity, finds that Apollo can speak to him without the intermediary of a dragoman. Thereat Sara is hurt, and disposed to be contemptuous of information given in a language which he does not understand; so he stands behind the pair, indulges in numerous deprecating nods and winks to the Scribbler, and keeps up a *sotto voce* comment: "All he say lies; great scoundrel; you tell Pasha not believe word." But true Copt, there is reverence on his face as he passes the coffee to the dignitary whom he dare only secretly despise.

As it is already late, it is decided to halt the night at Sohag; the governor providing innumerable Gaffirs along the banks, who light their fires, and keep up a volleyed cry of "Wahad," while the party dine on deck and discuss the first day on the Nile.

"It's my impression," said the Nabob, "that all rivers are swindles. The Rhine is; so is the Danube; and it looks as if Father Nile was very little better. Water and dreary banks of mud as a basis; add to that sham castles to make the Rhine; a few trees, and you have the Danube; or worn-out waterwheels, and you have the Nile."

"Though I confess it's ungrateful, I'm inclined to agree with you," said the Pasha, "and feel relieved; for my orders are to be as quickly as possible in Cairo, and I shall hurry you through. I told you at the commencement I couldn't promise you much in the way of sight-seeing, and I'm afraid it will be less than ever now. However, I'll run you up to Wady Halfa, and leave you, if you like, to get down by Cook's."

The Sketcher alone looked somewhat disappointed; but he looked round the luxurious *Cleopatra*, and felt that he could never surrender Capua.

"You will let us stop at Karnac, at all events?" he asked.

"Yes; my idea is to take a day at Karnac, and at each of the Cataracts, perhaps a few hours at Edfou, but otherwise to push on, only stopping for information at a few of the chief Mudiriehs."

"Do you suppose you get any information worth having at places like this?" asked the Scribbler sceptically.

"Well, it's very doubtful. Ask Crichton here; he will tell you that he has picked up an immense mass of information; but I'm not certain that one wouldn't have found it in Murray; and whether one would or not, Sara Bey is prepared to swear that it's all false; but it's always worth while seeing men and places that you have anything to do with."

"It's the only way to learn geography," said the Nabob sententially.

"Not only that; one forms some sort of idea of the men one has to deal with, and it keeps them up to the mark if they feel they are liable to be dropped upon."

"And is that all the control you have," asked the Nabob, "over your people in the interior?"

"No; we have armies of control of sorts—Sara Bey there, and others; but then the difficulty is to control the controllers."

"Will you let me," said the Scribbler, "give you some startling figures as to the cost of government in Egypt? I suppose you can't tell me the number of Egyptian Government employes of to-day, but in 1882 a Blue Book gave them as 54,241, costing £1,953,599 per annum. Well, these figures were misleading, for they included the army and police; but deducting those, we get about 30,000 employes, costing about £1,550,000. Now the population of Egypt is 6,800,000.

Assuming that one-fourth are able-bodied men, nearly two per cent. of the whole able-bodied male population are Government servants. The whole civil service of the United Kingdom, with its population of 35,000,000, requires only 29,000 civil servants, at an aggregate salary of £4,000,000."

"I admit the figures are startling," said the Pasha, "but the comparison is not quite fair. In the 29,000 for the United Kingdom, railway employes are certainly not included; and I should like to see how the English four millions are made up before I admit of any comparison at all."

"Well, I confess I can't meet you; and I asked rather for the sake of obtaining than giving information. My authority for the English civil service, 29,000 persons, with an aggregate salary of £4,000,000, is Mulhall; the authority for the 30,000, costing £1,550,000, I have given you; and making all allowances for railway employes, &c., the difference seems enormous."

"The comparison is valueless," repeated the Pasha, "without details."

"And that, as I have said, I can't give you, and ask only for information. The invaluable Whitaker gives 'Salaries and expenses of civil departments, total £2,477,258,' and in that he includes Treasury, £59,506. In the Blue Book I have quoted, the salaries alone of the Ministry of Finance are put at over £75,000, in addition to which there is financial services in the provinces £131,990, and your Budget for 1884 shows a total expenditure of £87,697 and £263,000 for collection of taxes."

"In India," said the Nabob, "the salaries and expenses of our civil departments come to something between eleven and twelve millions—say about eight times as much as yours in Egypt—and we have at least forty times the population."

"At that rate," said Crichton, who had been making careful calculations with a pencil, "the salary charge in India is 1s. 1d. per head; in England, 2s. 4d.; and in Egypt, 4s. 6d. The difference is too great to admit of the comparison being accurate."

"Look here!" said the Pasha, laughing. "If you fellows want statistical information, I wish you'd come to me at the Ministry, and Crichton and the rest of them shall read you to death with Budgets; but I'm not going to stand cross-examination here; and the first man who mentions figures or is guilty of the smallest interference with the multiplication table shall be pitched overboard."

"Seconded and carried unanimously," said the Sketcher; "but unless you can give the Scribbler continual mental pabulum in the way of facts, he will die of ennui."

"According to Ampère, *il faut s'être ennuyé dans un pays pour le bien connaître*," said the Pasha; "if that's true, we shall be doing him a service."

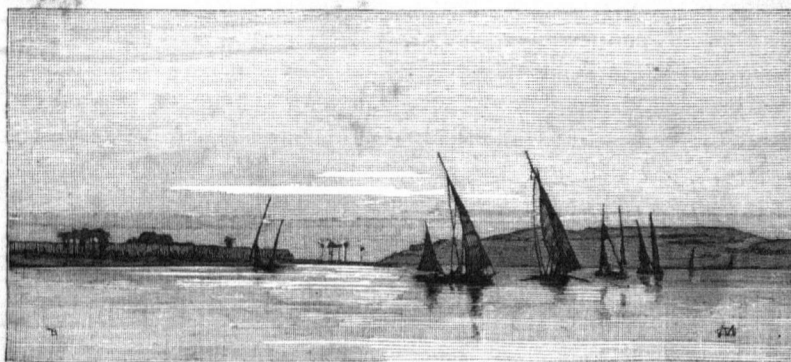
"And if that's true," said the Nabob, yawning, "I know this beastly country very thoroughly already, and may as well go to bed."

The next morning at sunrise the *Cleopatra* was already on her way, and passing Akmeen, site of Chemmis or Panopolis, the city of the great god Pan. Hither to this day come worthy wives who love their lords, and offer vows to the great god Priapus; in spite of which, says the gentle Sir Gardner, "the population of the country is still on the decline." Chemmis, according to Strabo, was also famous for woollen manufactures, and for an enlightened toleration of Greeks, which their descendants have probably learnt to regret. A few miles off it is conjectured lay the old city of Thomu, but, *pace* Murray, neither "mounds nor crude bricks" are now to be found, except in the pages of Wilkinson; and beyond, again, are Mensheeh (Ptolemais Hermii) and Girgeh, once capital of the province, but now washed away by the ever-changing river, near which are the ruins of Abydos, and north of them a large circling wall of crude brick, the cradle of the Egyptian monarchy—the capital which proved too small for the vaulting ambition of young Menes, founder of Memphis. At Abydos stood the tomb of Osiris, the Holy Sepulchre of the people of Egypt. Thither sped pious pilgrims from the most distant parts of the land, and there, according to Plutarch, the wealthy were brought to be interred, in order that they might repose close to the tomb of their god. At Abydos, too, are the two temples of Ramses II. The one, indeed, is variously known as the temple of Sethi, the temple of Osiris, or the Memnonium, but was more probably built by Ramses himself in honour of Sethi his father (Osirida of the hieroglyphs). As for the name Memnonium, used by Strabo, it originated from the practice of the Romans, who, innocent of Egyptology, and knowing only the mythical Memnon of Homer, the beautiful son of Tithonus and Eos, king of the blameless Ethiopians, attached the name of their one Egyptian hero to any temple, tomb, or statue which took their particular fancy. In this temple were found the cartouches of the seventy-six kings, headed by the name of Mena, venerable founder of the Egyptian monarchy. The other temple, of which only the walls remain, was undoubtedly begun and completed by Ramses II. Leaving This of 7000 years ago, and starting again from Bellianeh, we pass the red convent of Amba Mussars, Farshoot, with its sugar-factory of to-day, and How (Diospolis Parva), and the tomb of one Dionysius, son of Ptolemy, and scribe of King Ptolemy, and the Kasr-el-Syad, or Sportsman's Mansion, the ancient Cheno-



boschion. All that remains is an inscription apparently of the time of Antoninus Pius, telling us how some one did something or other "at his own expense." May the reward have lasted as long as the record!

The *Cleopatra* was now going due east. The setting sun was turning into a rosy red the distant mountains and desert on either side, and, following them with its last rays, turned the Nile into a rippling Danæ stream of gold. The moon was high overhead, struggling against the greater glory, and waiting till its sinking rival would allow it to show its own pale beauty in the clear blue sky. The narrow strips by the river's bank, green with uncut corn, the graceful dom-palm mingling with its more stately sisters, the increasing number of long lateen-sailed boats, the circling flocks of pigeons, and the faint hum



of distant voices, showed that a large town was near; and ahead, half hidden by a bend in the river, lay the minarets and white domes of Keneh.

The hideous whistle of the steamer suddenly broke a charm which had been felt by the whole party; and the Reis came hurrying forward asking for orders, whether he was to lie under the east bank at Denderah or cross over to Keneh. The Pasha explained that the former meant pleasure and the latter duty; could he hesitate? The Sketcher urged that the former meant dancing-girls; the latter the face of Cleopatra and the temple of Athor. The Scribbler declared that he saw little choice between the two; but the Nabob, who by force of apathy always got his own way, solved the difficulty. The *Cleopatra* was to lie at Keneh; the receptions of the Mudir could be undertaken by his brother in solitary state, while the rest of the party would patronise the Ghawazee; the next morning, while the Pasha was pursuing his arduous inquiries, the other

three could cross to Denderah in the steamer alone. Great, apparently, had been the excitement at Keneh while this decision was being arrived at. The anxious Mudir had noted that the steamer had stopped in mid-river, and began to fear the worst. Had his enemies managed to traduce him at some place *en route*? Was there on board another Mudir to replace him? Had the Pasha come to carry him off? No idea is too ridiculous for an Egyptian mind, and this seemed so probable; but he was relieved when the steamer began puffing towards Keneh; effusive joy took the place of fear, and, without waiting for the plank, he climbed on board in a most un-Mudirian manner, and clasped with affection the knees of Sara Bey. Nor was Sara himself unmoved; perhaps he liked the tribute to his power; perhaps he is at Keneh even a greater man than in other parts of the river. Certain it is that he displayed a distinctly increased sense of dignity from this point; his demeanour was that of a monarch returning to his faithful subjects; he knew them all, he said; "d—d rascals," he muttered *sotto voce*, and they cringed before him. There was a dare-dog air about his tarbouche, and an unusual swing in his gait as he walked the deck; and he was almost condescending to the Pasha himself as he introduced the Mudir, as if abrogating his own dignity, but only for a time. It seemed as if he felt a little like the old Eton Doctor, with his "Pardon me, your Majesty, but I must take the precedence here;" and the Pasha, like *Georgius Rex*, entered into the joke, and maintained the spirit of discipline.

The usual questions had to be put and asked; the Mudir expressed the most intense personal interest in every person of any influence in Cairo, and placed himself and his administration metaphorically at the Pasha's feet. Meanwhile it was late for business, and he had arranged an entertainment for the party, similar to that, he explained, which was prepared for the Prince of Wales and other royal personages. Sara gave a contemptuous sneer, but such an invitation could not be refused. Sara and the great ones led the way, and the rest followed humbly, surrounded by an admiring crowd. The way led through the unlovely streets of the town, the site of Cœnopolis, the new city, past shop rows of earthen *ghoolas*, the chief staple manufacture of Keneh, to a large booth. Two sides, facing each other, were already filled with potent, grave, and reverend seigniors, who rose at the approach of the party, and whose age must have averaged sixty. Along the third side sat some half-dozen women of surpassing ugliness; one might have been only twenty, the remainder were certainly of an age at which English spinsters remain for a decade; in front of them a row of tambourine and rebek players. The fourth side, facing them, was reserved for the Mudir and his guests. As they seated themselves, the

whole audience again rose, looked preternaturally solemn, and then re-seated themselves.

A horrid thumping of the instruments, a low wail gradually rising into a shrill shriek, and a single Ghawazee came forward; the least offensive of the six, perhaps, and yet very hideous. It requires a Frenchman of strong imaginative powers to see "*le portrait vivant de ces figures d'Isis ou de Cléopâtre*" in the unwashed, coarse, sensual face that, covered with paint, and half hidden by unkempt hair, loaded with tinsel, leers at you with a wolfish grin. Very slowly, and with sliding, panther-like steps, she made the round of the floor, changing into a heavy circular movement as she gradually approached nearer the centre, where she assumed a position from which every element of grace was excluded. Then, accompanied by tomtoms, rebeks, and a guttural falsetto shriek, she began that series of physical contortions in which some have seen grace and others sensuality. One by one the others rose and joined her, the music played more fiercely, the venerable elders joined with their appreciative long-drawn "*Aah*," and in the centre were six repulsive women, who appeared without effort to distort their limbs, and to destroy every vestige of the human form divine.

"Licentious they may mean it to be," said the Pasha, as they escaped again on deck, "but to most men it would be a striking incentive to virtue. The drunken Helot could not have answered his purpose as well as these modern Paphians."

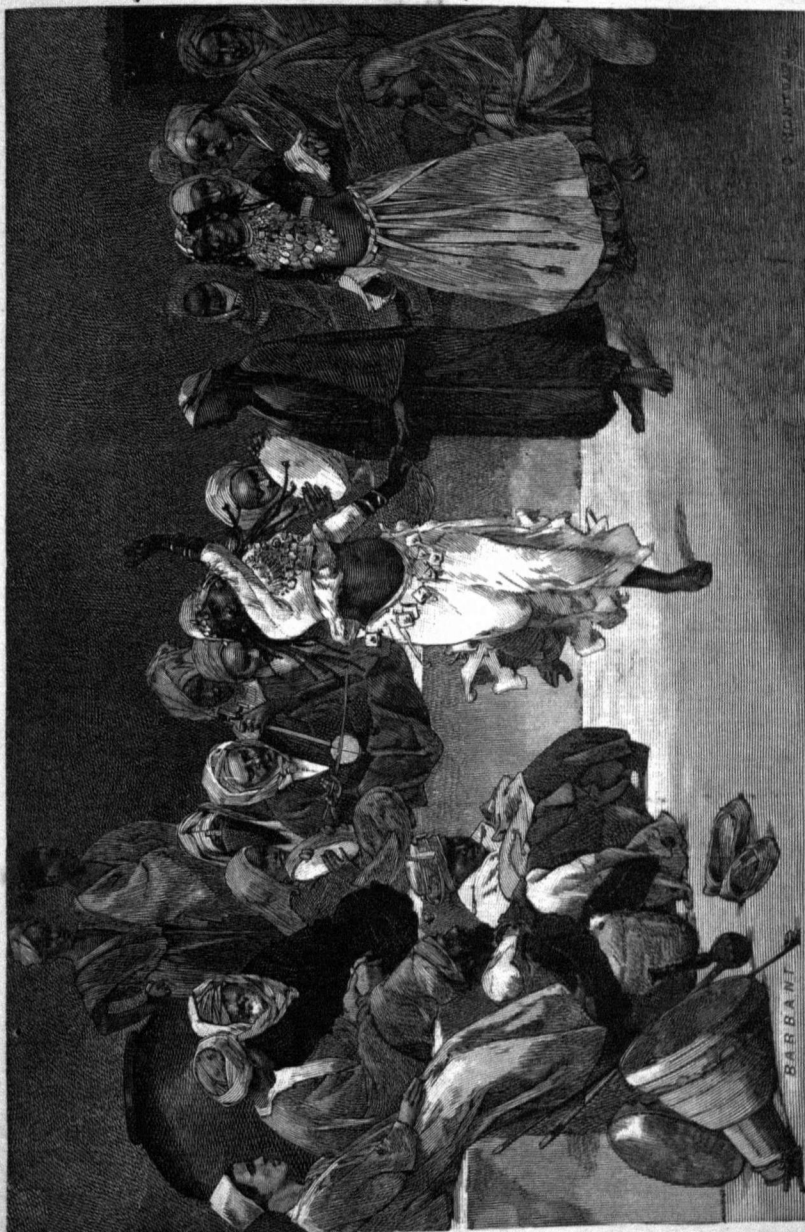
"The view down that reach of the river repaid everything though," said the Sketcher. "Come, admit that even you retract your expressions of contempt for the Nile."

"Well, I'm willing to admit extenuating circumstances at least; but one-half hour's sunset is not compensation enough for a two hours' discussion on Egyptian finance and two hours of dancing-girls, and I reserve final judgment until Karnac and Thebes."

"Meanwhile," said the Scribbler, "will any one tell me the authority for placing either the tomb or temple of Osiris at Abydos?"

"*Abydos Memnonis regia et Osiridis templum indytum*," said Crichton promptly.

"Precisely; but that's Pliny, and you've already pulverised him, Strabo, and the Romans generally by your contempt for the expression Memnonium; and in any case, that only refers to the temple. What about the tomb? Plutarch names Abydos, Memphis, Busiris, Philœ, and Taposiris as all laying claim to his burying-place, but gives the preference to the first two. In both of which, how-



*The Dance of the Wasp.*

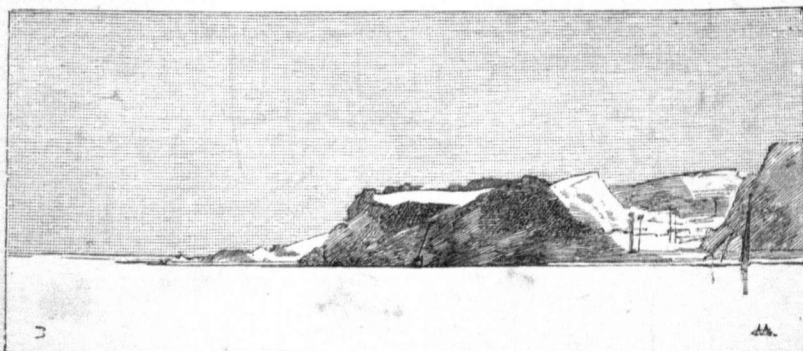
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ever, he couldn't have been buried ; besides, we've decided that he's an allegory, and you can't bury an allegory even on the banks of the Nile, though you might build a temple to one."

"But the idea that it's a temple to Osiris is given up," said the Sketcher ; "that was Pliny's first misnomer, but it's admitted now to be the temple of Sethi."

"Precisely ; but now you come to the bottom of the fiction. First comes Pliny, who imagines a temple to Osiris ; next follows Plutarch, who finding a lot of graves, thinks it only natural that the temple should have been built near the tomb, and so imagines the tomb of Osiris ; then come later Egyptologists, proving that it's a temple to Sethi ; and yet they can't relinquish the tomb-theory, and so we are told that this was the Holy Sepulchre of the Egyptians—a myth created on an exploded myth."



"But surely you might leave us a few myths, at least in Egypt," said the Sketcher. "If we sacrifice William Tell and Joan of Arc, is not that a sufficient burnt-offering to the Moloch of modern research?—leave us Isis and Osiris and the gods of Olympus."

"There is no fear of our losing myths," said the Scribbler ; "the tendency is to create quite as much as to abolish them. All I say is, let us keep them in their place. Leave the myth of Osiris, pretty as it is, but don't mix it up with historical fact. I don't mean to say that Egyptologists maintain Osiris to have been buried at Abydos, but they can't resist the temptation of making out that it was regarded as his tomb, and so create the new myth of the 'Holy Sepulchre of the Egyptians,' for which there is not as yet a shadow of foundation."

"Does it much matter after all ?" said the Pasha languidly.

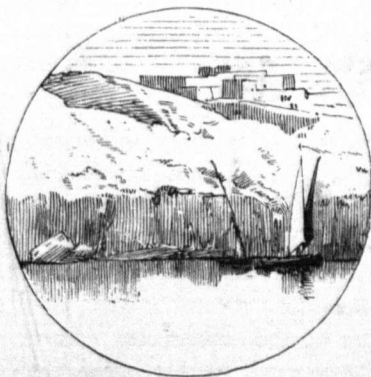


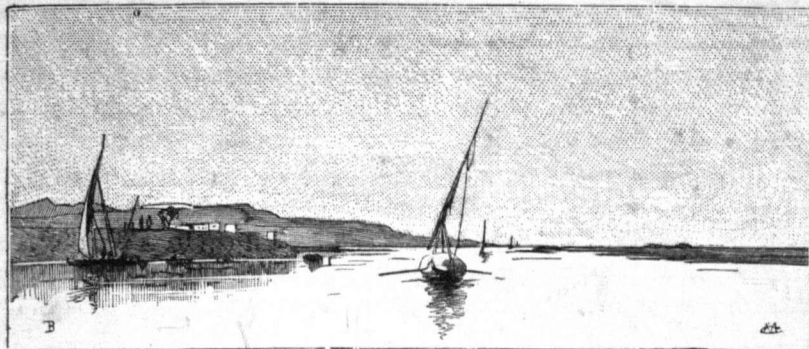
"Perhaps not in this case ; but look at the confusion that was made by the unfortunate romancing of the earliest French Egyptologists over the zodiac found at Denderah. Desaix discovers it ; he at least—good soldier, but no scientist—was not to blame. Bought for a fabulous price by Louis XVIII., the Voltaireans saw in its alleged antiquity a triumph over the authority of Scripture. If the zodiac dated some 15,000 years back, then the monuments of Denderah must also be ancient. Thereupon Jollois and Devilliers find '*qu'ils sont les plus parfaits sous le rapport de l'exécution et qu'ils ont été construits à l'époque la plus florissante de l'Égypte ;*' while the orthodox opposition, who are anxious to prove it modern, declare that they are detestable."

"And who was right?"

"As to the date, the latter, for it proved to be of the time of the Cæsars ; as to the value of the monuments, you can judge for yourself to-morrow."

"And to-morrow evening Karnac by moonlight !" sighed the Sketcher, as they turned in.





### CHAPTER XIII.

*Denderah—Temples not places of worship, but ceremonial—A religious ceremony—Royal road to study of Arabic—A river pedlar—Capitulations again—Pro and con—Egyptian of twelfth century—Saladin—Origin of Capitulations—Coptos—Kpos—Unexpected visit—Dignity going begging—An unwilling Sheik el Beled—Results of cultivation in Egypt—Alleged over-taxation of Fellaheen—Secret of poverty of Egyptian landowners—An instance—Ignorance as to own financial position—Karnac in sight.*

**D**ENDERAH is Tentyra Tei an Athor, the abode of Athor or Aphrodite, according to etymology; but according to Pliny and Strabo, the abode of a people whose crocodilephobia gave pain to the pious crocodilephilians of Ombos. The feuds between these cities partook, according to Juvenal, of all the cruelties of most religious wars, terminating with a cannibal feast to the advantage of the conquerors.

- The temple was begun by Ptolemy Auletes. Our Lord was probably living when this temple was completed, so that it has been finished barely 1900 years, and in Egypt hardly merits rank as an antiquity. Nor can it pretend to compare architecturally with the buildings which it imitates; its value rather lies in the fact that it is an imitation, however defective, yet in a comparatively perfect state of preservation, of a style which we can otherwise only study in a state of complete ruin. Its columns are barbaric, but the portico, taken as a whole, is grand, and enables us to realise what we have lost. It is what a

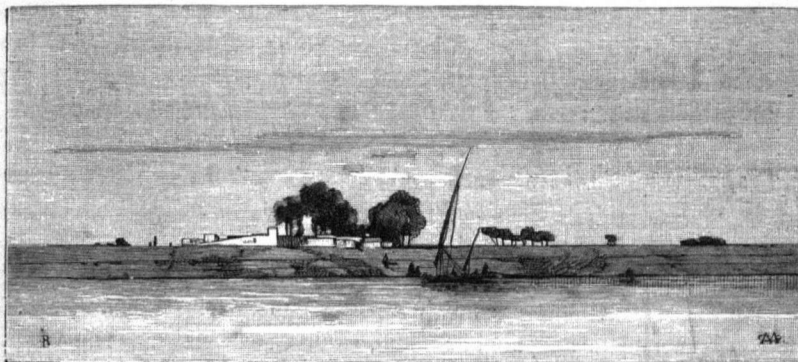
photograph is to a painting; what a painting is to its original. As we pass from court to court, we gather a general idea of the Egyptian temple and the uses to which it was put. Its purpose must not be confounded with that of our modern churches; it was not a place where the faithful or devout met to unite in prayer; neither did it resemble our old colleges, nor the later Roman temples. We find neither dwellings for priests, nor halls for initiation, for divination, or for oracular utterance. So far as we can judge, the worship of the gods in Egypt in their temples was reserved to the cultivated few, and none but the king and the priests were permitted to enter. The temple was the dwelling-place of the god, the sacred resting-place of his images, a place for the consecration of king and of priests to his service.

From the hieroglyphs which cover the walls we learn much of the religious rites of later days, imitated doubtless, like the temples themselves, from those of an earlier age. There is the large portal, through which, clothed in his long robe, with sandalled feet and leaning on his staff, the king alone could pass; but before even he could do so, and so penetrate into the temple itself, it was necessary that the gods should recognise him as king of Upper and Lower Egypt. Thoth and Horus must anoint him with the emblems of power; Ouate and Suan must crown him with the double crown; Mout of Thebes and Tount of Heliopolis must conduct him into the sacred presence of the goddess Hathor herself. Here within, sombre and silent, are the priests assembled, passing in solemn procession, ascending the terraces and descending them again, in order to encompass the encircling wall, according to prescribed rites, with the four boats holding, carefully concealed, the sacred emblem. Here is the court containing the offerings and the limbs of the victims of the sacrifice. The king consecrates the offerings, and, followed by thirteen priests, carrying on high poles the emblems of the divinities, ascends the northern staircase, stops on the terrace of the twelve columns, and descends by the southern staircase. Below the temple, again, are the secret hiding-place of the treasures of the gods, statues in gold, silver, and *lapis lazuli*, only brought out on the rare occasions of the most solemn ceremonies.

The principal divinity of the temple is Hathor—Aphrodite or Venus; goddess of beauty; pupil of the sun's eye; goddess of the lovely face; the beautiful goddess; the goddess of love. Such are her titles, but she is more than all these. She is the divine mother, giving life, fecundity, and abundance to mortals, animal and vegetable. She is the emblem of youthfulness, of expansion, of resurrection, of truth. She is the type of that universal harmony necessary to the well-being and life of the world.

And in the temple of Hathor is the picture of one who, if not a follower of the goddess in the highest attributes of her character, must ever be thought of, in connection with the queen of beauty. Thence, from the walls, smile on us Cleopatra, *vainqueur des vainqueurs du monde*, mistress of all contemporary masters of the world. "In a word, all Cleopatra, fierce, voluptuous, passionate, tender, wicked."<sup>1</sup>

When the Nabob, the Sketcher, and the Scribbler got on board, they found the Pasha, who had tired of Denderah, extended at full length on the deck, swathed in a dressing-gown of delicate hues suitable to his complexion, apparently idle; but by his side were Crichton and Sara, the former engaged in receiving, and the latter in giving, an Arabic lesson, which the Pasha was attentively following. We have said that he was a linguist, and he claimed the merit of having discovered a royal and pasha-like road to knowledge. "It has



always," he said, "been my conviction that the only way to study any subject is to teach it; this is theoretically equally true in languages, but practically I am met with the initial difficulty that you cannot dispense with a preliminary knowledge of a few words; and, moreover, I find that when I try to teach Crichton, he gets so far ahead of my feeble intelligence, that it resolves itself into the ordinary form of a lesson to me, which I deem fatal. But I have solved the difficulty; I make Sara teach Crichton; I try and imagine I am teaching him myself, and at all events, by listening to both teacher and teachee, I get the advantage of both." So saying, he majestically dismissed both his secretaries, and signified his intention of proceeding.

<sup>1</sup> Hawthorn.

As the *Cleopatra* was setting off, she was hailed by a small boat, on which could be seen a European standing obsequiously hat in hand. From the evident determination of the stranger to board, the Pasha conjectured that it was a messenger with a recently arrived telegram, and gave orders to the steamer to slow down, in order that he might be at once brought forward. An anxious twenty minutes having been thus wasted, the gentleman in question at last appeared, and breathlessly commenced a rapid sentence, which apparently comprised his known stock of English. "Very good beer—pale ale—stout—powder—cartridges—shot duck—ginger ale—tea—sugar—what you want—buy—sell—'bedient servant, sar." The Pasha with difficulty restrained his indignation, and ordered the importunate bum-boatman to be flung into the river—an order to which he had apparently become indifferent owing to frequent repetition without serious result. As he went over the side, we heard a melancholy whisper, gradually getting fainter, "Pale ale—stout—powder—shot duck," &c., &c.

"Another consequence of those infernal Capitulations," said the Pasha. "That fellow now is dealing in Heaven knows what rubbish, paying no taxes, subject to no law—and probably making a fortune."

"Why on earth should he pay taxes?" said the Scribbler in a spirit of contradiction. "What is he to pay them for?"

"Pay them for!" said the Pasha, still irate, "pay them for! Why, to maintain the Government, of course. What are all taxes for? You don't wish to defend exemption from taxation, do you?"

"Not entirely; but still there are always two sides to a question. Let me take the other for a moment; not in reference to this individual Greek, but foreigners generally in Egypt. First of all, are not the Europeans taxed already in import duties?"

"Of course they are, but so are natives; only the latter have to pay other taxation in addition, from all which Europeans are exempt."

"Not from all, because at least they pay land-tax; and as regards import duties, the Europeans probably pay seven-eighths of the total, as the main consumers of those imports."

"I don't quite see that argument," said the other. "If they choose to import, they must pay. The native doesn't choose it; he doesn't pay; but you can't argue that that entitles the man who chooses to use imported goods to escape other taxation."

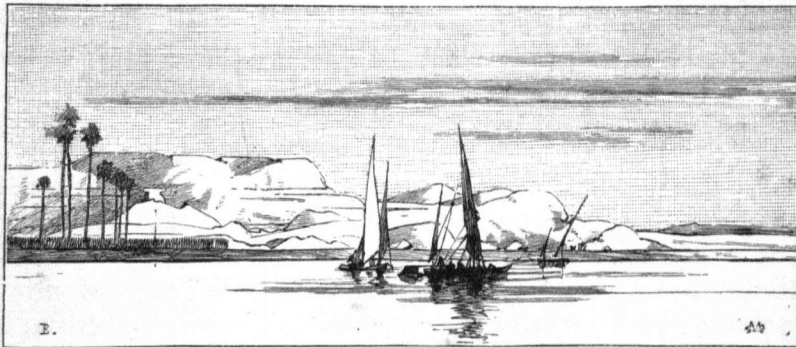
"Certainly not, as a principle; but when you say that natives are taxed when Europeans are not, you must also remember that, if there were no Europeans, there would hardly be any imports; that if so, there would be less



revenue from the customs ; that you would then have to cover that deficit by farther taxation, which would necessarily fall on natives (as the Europeans are assumed not to be here), so that the presence of Europeans, whom you call untaxed, nevertheless lessens the taxation on natives."

"Isn't that somewhat far-fetched?"

"Well, perhaps so ; but now look at it in another way. What does an ordinary citizen pay taxes for? I suppose in exchange for protection against attacks on person and property ; for maintenance of courts of justice for the prevention of such attacks ; for the maintenance of roads ; for certain advantages of public education ; sometimes for the maintenance of a State Church. Now do you ask a resident Englishman to pay taxes on these grounds? If so, I say the Egyptian Government grants them no protection against attacks on



person or property : the police were the leaders of the massacre of June 1882 ; the soldiers were the incendiaries of July 1882. They owe little to your tribunals, and until lately nothing ; for they could only prosecute and be prosecuted in Consular courts, costing nothing to the Egyptian Government. Maintenance of the roads ! Why, any that are made they have made themselves, and the Government refuses to keep them in repair. Public education ! There is none in the country worth a shilling ; certainly none of which any European could take advantage. State Church ! They have each to maintain their own. Or does taxation go with representation ? They have none."

"All that," said the Pasha, "is special pleading. You confuse what I will call imperial taxation and municipal rates. Europeans even indirectly pay little enough for the latter, nothing at all for the former ; and whatever might have

been argued a few years ago, the payment of the indemnity claims to Europeans and natives alike shows that the Government admits its duties to one as to the other. But you can't mean to argue seriously that foreigners living in another state should not be subject to that state's fiscal laws."

"Of course not. I only wanted to point out that there is something at least to be said on the other side, and to point this moral, which the Egyptian Government seems disposed to ignore. By the taxation of Europeans you have undertaken certain duties towards them which they have a right to expect you to fulfil—duties to which hitherto they had not the smallest claim, and which they therefore performed among themselves. For instance, in no other country in the world, so far as I know, is levied an octroi duty against a particular town, the proceeds of which go to the national revenue. An octroi rate is a municipal one, and if you levy it in Alexandria, Cairo, or any other town, the revenues of



*Old Sakich at Edfon.*

that octroi should go to that town; or if you must take it, you are bound to give that town sufficient for its ordinary municipal purposes."

"I don't admit," said the Pasha, "that a European, even when taxed, has any more right to interfere in the disposal of the finances of the country than the equally taxed Fellah."

"Well, I daresay you're right in principle, but don't be led away by false analogies. The European in Egypt is not, and never will be (until Egypt becomes European), in the same position as a foreigner, say in France or England. Numerically small, he is the life and backbone of the country. He is not helpless; he gains less from Egypt than Egypt does from him; and he won't stand all that the Fellah stands. You had better learn to look upon him as a factor, and the principal factor, for good or evil in your population. You may theorise as much as you like, but you will have to rule Egypt by European ideas, not by Egyptian ones."

"I quite admit that," said the Pasha, "only I want the European ideas of the nineteenth century, not of the twelfth."

"Take the Egyptian ideas of the twelfth century," said the Scribbler, "and you will have a sufficiently good model. Have you ever read the first extant Capitulation of Saladin to the Pisan Republic in 1173? Listen to this, and give it as instructions to Sara there, and his colleagues. 'And in return for all these things (taxes), they (the tax-payers) must be treated with love, and they must be made to pay the tax in a kind way and amicably; and they must pay nothing to any servant of the Government, be he great or small; nor shall any wrong be done them, nor shall their goods be undervalued in such a way that they shall be sold below the price.'"

"When that ordered?" asked Sara, who had drawn near to listen, with suppressed feelings of contempt.

"1173," said the Scribbler, "by Saladin."

"Ah! Salah-ed-din! I thought you said 1873. Ismail not write rubbish like that;" and he smole a relieved smile.

The Pasha laughed. "Poor Saladin! despised by Sara! Let's hear some more."

"Here is a clause that shows a sentiment next to godliness in the European of that day—'So also they prayed us for a bath, and we granted it to them; and the custom-house was to pay all for them.'"

"False political economy," said the Nabob; "but it has its advantages. Go on!"

"As to the church that belonged to them, and that we gave them, they shall have it, as they had it before; and when they shall go to the church, they shall suffer no molestation whatever, neither on the way nor within the church; and inside of the church no noise may be made that hinders them from hearing the Word of God, according to the precept of their law. But they may observe their law, even as the precepts of God and their laws ordain."

"Bravo! Anti-Crusader," exclaimed the Sketcher. "What are you reading from?" said the Pasha.

"Van Dyck's translation of Gatteschi; but the real point of it all is this. The proviso that the Pisans should pay nothing but the right duty—no baksheesh, that is—has been in successive Capitulations extended to mean that Europeans shall pay no other *tax* than duty; and another clause, ordering that the Bajuli are not 'to occupy themselves with any litigation or matter between the merchants without their consent,' designed to protect them from what I suppose we should call to-day 'vexatious litigation,' has been similarly stretched until it has come to abstracting all Europeans from the jurisdiction of the country. Such was the return made for the generosity of Saladin to the suppliants at his stirrup."

"I'm glad to see that, in spite of your lecture just now, you're sound after all," said the Pasha. "Meanwhile I expect this is Koos, and I want to stop here to examine one of the few manufactures of the country."

For the *Cleopatra* had passed Coptos—where Isis was supposed to have heard of the death of Osiris; where Diocletian had wrought his fury against the rebelling Christians; the town which, some have it, has given its name to the whole land of Egypt—and was now, in obedience to the sudden orders of the Pasha, drawing to land at Koos, the site of Apollonopolis Parva, declared by Abulfeeda to have been in his time second in importance only to Fostat. An old monolith, now converted into a tank, and a few granite columns, are, however, the only remains of antiquity. Nor are they the object of the Pasha's visit. But the modern Koos is remarkable for one of the few



manufactures left in Egypt, long scarfs of many-coloured cottons, woven together not without taste. And the Pasha, who had begun to realise that his trip was partaking too much of the character of a royal progress, determined to stop at least in one place where he was not expected, and where the answers should not be dictated from Cairo. Perhaps, after all, the experiment was not a success; the worthy Nazir, who represented the Government, was so appalled or terrified at the honour of the visit, that such wits as prolonged residence at Koos had left him were not at his command. Were the people prosperous? Yes; and profoundly honoured at his excellency's visit. Were the crops good? They would doubtless improve after his excellency's visit. Were the people in debt? No; only to his excellency for his condescension in visiting them. Were the taxes high? No charge was too great in exchange for

the pleasure of seeing his excellency ; and so forth, as he stood with bent head, downcast eyes, and clasped hands. As there was little to be made of him, the Pasha ordered in majestic tones, "Bring the Sheik el Beled !" "Bring the Sheik el Beled !" echoed Sara. The Nazir looked round, and the small crowd on the bank at once slouched off. Then there were whispered conferences between the Nazir and his myrmidons, and an evident desire on the part of the villagers to avoid having greatness thrust upon them. Who could tell what the Sheik el Beled might be wanted for. It was not for nothing that Pashas and Beys from Cairo came to the village of Koos. Perhaps they were come for soldiers, and would seize the Sheik as a hostage. There was evident safety in flight. Still the Sheik el Beled had been asked for by the not-to-be-despised Sara, and he or a substitute must be found.

One venerable old man seemed preternaturally deaf to all shouts, threw his leg over a donkey, and ambled away ; another loudly expostulated ; and a third descended to abject entreaties. At last, one more servile or more courageous than the rest was found, and he shambled on board with an air of pious resignation to the will of fate ; while the crowd, feeling the god appeased, gradually drew nearer to watch with selfish indifference the horrible fate of their sacrificial lamb.

A respectable-looking old Fellah he was, enveloped in a long white Bedouin blanket, perhaps the togâ of his assumed office, leaning on a stick, and peering with anxious eyes at his supposed tormentors. Examination of them seemed, however, to reassure him. The Pasha smiled benignly ; the Scribbler offered him a cigarette ; even the great Sara placed his awful hand of authority gently on his shoulder as he said, "M'at avsh !" (Be not afraid). So he took the cigarette, and squatting himself on the deck with the ejaculation, "Allah Akbar !" (God is great), awaited his doom. At first the answers were something like those of the Nazir ; but gradually, under the soothing influence of coffee and tobacco, he came out of his shell. "Times were bad," he said ; "very bad ; always had been bad, and generally worse ; still he lived, thanks to God and in spite of the Government !"—terms which, in his mind, appeared naturally to represent the spirits of good and evil. "His father was here before him, and *his* father too, and, so far as he knew, his father's fathers ever since the world began. He had forty acres, which he supposed had belonged to his family for the same time ; he, at all events, had inherited them, had not bought any." "Why?" "Well, because he had no money, and wouldn't have done so if he had had. The money went from the land to the tax-collector, of course ; where else should it go?" "What is, his land worth?" "Well,



perhaps £6 a feddan, or £250 altogether." "What does it giye?" "Well, nothing!"

But here the accurate Crichton stops him, and in fluent Cymric Arabic extracts details.

"What is his family?" "Well, twenty-seven, if you count women." "And they all live on the land?" "Of course they do;" and the old patriarch expatiates at length on the uselessness of women, from whom evidently he suffers much; "useless to keep, and expensive to get rid of," is his unchivalrous verdict on the sex. "And what do they eat in a year?" "Much," says the unwary Sheik; "great as God's goodness is a woman's appetite!"

With much patient inquiry, Crichton extracts the following as the net result of the farming of this forty acres. First, the farmer has no money and no debts; second, he has kept his family of twenty-seven from the produce; third, he spends about a further £36 per annum in clothes and tobacco; fourth, he pays the Government £52 in taxes; and all this paid, he had last year a balance of about £7, or say three per cent. on the value of his land. This year, however, prices are low; times are bad; and he will not do more than cover expenses. Still, evidently, here is no over-taxed trodden-down Fellah. The old gentleman has got quite genial while talking over his household circumstances, and has abandoned the despondent tone which marked the beginning of his conversation. "If he could only get rid of the daughters," he says, "all would go well;" and he looks wistfully round as if inviting offers. As he leaves, he holds the Pasha's hand, and, with a benevolent and fraternal smile, assures him he is a very intelligent man. Then he returns, the hero of the village, to recount his marvellous experience; and the *Cleopatra* glides still southward.

"It strikes me," says the Nabob, "that if that is a fair specimen, your Fellaheen are not only more intelligent, but generally much better off than our ryots."

"Better off, for that matter," said the Scribbler, "than most landowners anywhere else."

"Yes," said the Pasha; "there's been plenty of rubbish written about the over-taxation of the Fellaheen. Of course it would be absurd to judge from a single instance like that; but still here we are in one of the poorest parts of the country—in Upper Egypt, where they can only get one scant crop—in a bad year, with prices exceptionally low, and you have the worst of it; a man, owning only forty acres of very poor land (he only values it at £6), and evidently disposed to make the worst of it, is still, when brought to the point, compelled to own that he makes a living for twenty-seven persons out of it; and that after

paying taxes at a rate about equal to the average tax of the whole of Egypt. Yet Pashas with lands in the Delta, growing two or three crops in a year, try to make us believe that they are unable to make it pay."

"That," said the Scribbler, "in nine cases out of ten is pure rubbish. There are undoubted cases where the land is over-taxed; there are at least as many where it is under-taxed; but the vast majority of land, properly cultivated, will pay the existing taxation and leave a small return on capital."

"Then you mean," said the Nabob, "that there is a conspiracy among the landowners to misrepresent their earnings, in order to get a reduction of taxation?"

"No, not quite that. In many cases the landowner is unable to pay his way, but it is nearly always his own fault. The fact must be admitted that the Egyptians, whom Mr. Blunt and others think capable of governing their own country, are not only unable to run a factory or a shop, but are only very imperfectly capable of cultivating their own land—I should rather say of managing it. Here is the evil. An Egyptian, in some way or other, becomes possessed of say £1000, and at the same time of a desire to become a landowner. Not only does he wish to be a landowner, but he wants to get hold of as many acres as he can. Instead, therefore, of paying say £700 for land, and keeping the £300 as a reserve capital for working it, he buys £1500 worth of land, and borrows £500 to pay for it, possibly at 10 or 12 per cent. interest. What is the consequence? He has no capital to spend on his land, which deteriorates year by year; and he has to find not only the land-tax, but £50 or £60 a year for interest. Naturally he has to borrow more money for daily expenses; and his security being already mortgaged, he has to pay 15 to 18 per cent. His debts pile up, his interest charges get higher, and the revenue of his starved land naturally gets lower; in the end, his land has to be sold to pay taxes or interest, and he is quoted as another proof that land cultivation in Egypt does not pay, and that the Fellaah is over-taxed."

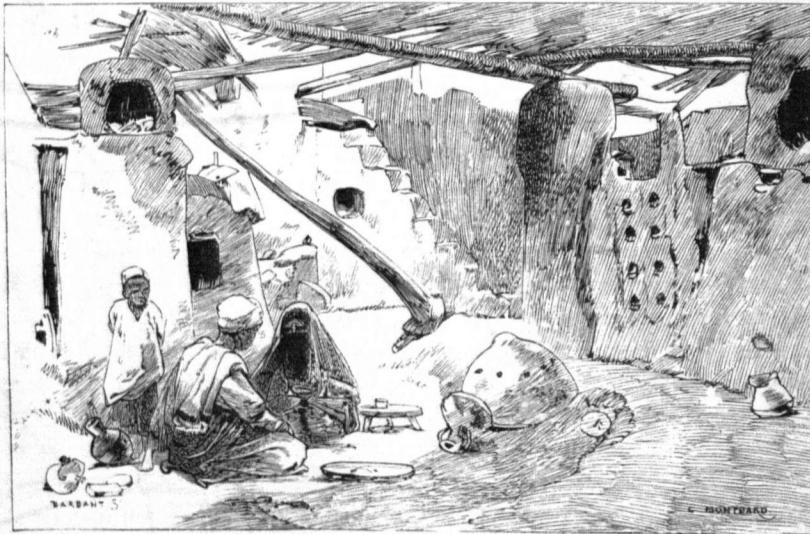
"And is the debt of the Fellaheen to the usurer so colossal?"

"No; there has been exaggeration about that too. All sorts of ridiculous estimates were current in 1883; and Dufferin, who very wisely took them under very considerable discount, even then over-estimated them. It's impossible to get at them accurately, but they probably then did not exceed eight millions, and to-day are certainly under five. But all estimates are guess-work, for the Fellaah himself can seldom tell you what he owes."

"Do you mean," asked the Pasha, "that he owes more than he knows of?"

"Sometimes that, but sometimes the reverse. I will give you an actual

instance, which will show you what I mean, both as to their ignorance as to their own indebtedness, and the reasons of their failure to make land pay. An English friend of mine wanted to buy some 140 acres of land from a native. The native was largely in debt, both to the Credit Foncier and to the Government, for unpaid taxes. My friend went to see the land, found it in a deplorable condition, and was told by the proprietor, who did not know he was a purchaser, that the land was bad, and could never pay its heavy tax of 22s. 'How much do you owe?' said my friend. 'About £1900,' announced the other, naming, however, an exact sum. 'What interest do you pay?' 'Twelve or 13 per cent.'



*Interior of a Fellah's House.*

Now the Credit Foncier is supposed to charge 8 or 9 per cent., and the rate seemed 'excessive. However, my friend thought well of the land, and offered £15 an acre for it. With a little bargaining, of course, the matter was concluded. The exact sum to be paid was estimated, and this sum, according to the estimate of the seller, would just suffice to pay off the Credit Foncier, and leave him £200 or so; so it was agreed that my friend should pay off the Credit Foncier their £1900, get the title-deeds, which they held, transferred, and then pay the seller the odd £200, which, he said, was all he would have in the world. My friend goes to the Credit Foncier, and finds that they ask only £1400. Being an honest man, he does not pocket the difference, but gives the

astonished proprietor £700 instead of £200. Now, how had the mistake arisen? Simply thus. The Credit Foncier had been charging only 8 or 9 per cent. interest, and the other 4 or 5 per cent. which the fellah had been paying had gone towards the extinction of his capital debt. He therefore was ignorant, not only of what he owed, but of the rate of interest and very terms of the contract he was fulfilling! He exaggerated, perfectly innocently, his debt by 30 per cent., and the rate of interest by 3 or 4 per cent.; and yet men like Villiers Stuart accept the evidence of him, and other men who exaggerated perhaps less honestly."

"Well, and how did your friend fare with the land?"

"That is precisely what I am going to tell you. My friend had paid £2100, and the first thing he did was to spend £1500 in bringing it back to cultivation, from which it had lapsed solely because the former proprietor had only debts instead of capital. The result to-day is that the land costs him about £25 per acre; he lets it at £3, 10s., pays taxes £1, 2s., and nets £2, 8s., or nearly 10 per cent.; and this on land that the proprietor told him would never pay its taxes."

"And has he no trouble in getting in his rents?" asked the Pasha.

"Hardly any," replied the other. "There is an Arcadian simplicity about the system. The proprietor provides seed; purchases cattle for them as they want it; acts, in fact, as their benevolent banker during the season; receives their crop from them into a common store; sells it; repays himself from the proceeds for rent and advances, and hands the balance to the tenant."

"And suppose the balance is the other way?"

"Well, that happens occasionally, but very rarely, and proves the tenant to be a careless cultivator; in which case he has to go, and a better cultivator takes his place."

"I wish," said the Sketcher, "that, instead of discussing political economy, you would explain to me why the sun is setting in the south."

The *Cleopatra* was running with her bow pointed full at the setting sun, which was about to dip into the river ahead of them.

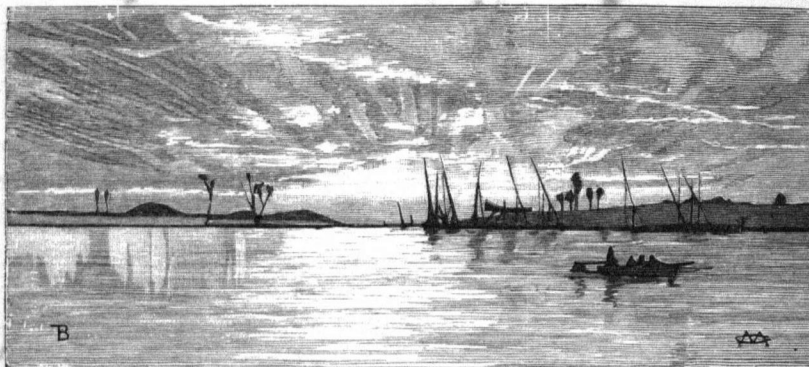
"We have made a curve to the west," said Crichton, examining the map, "and are close on Luxor."

"And you have no idea what you've missed," said the Sketcher, who had been busily sketching, and handed his attempts to the Scribbler.

"And are not likely to have from these," said the other surlily, as he returned them; for the Scribbler was a man who loved the sound of his own voice, and did not tolerate interruption.



The Sketcher was equally zealous for the honour of his sketches, and for a moment the *entente cordiale* between Damon and Pythias was imperilled. But the first sight of Karnac burst on their view at the critical instant. Within the sight of those "temples, palaces, and piles stupendous," which even Horace Smith's doggerel cannot make ridiculous, all wrangle was hushed. Impatiently they listened to Crichton, who, conscientiously anxious that they should miss nothing, was laboriously explaining that Medamot, which they were passing,



was Maximianopolis. Hardly a glance could they spare for the ruins of Ptolemy Euergetes, against a column of which a buffalo was lazily scratching its back, nor for the fields blooming in all the glory of an Egyptian spring. Who has eyes for anything else when Karnac is in sight? or who can think of the pigmy Ptolemies in the presence of Ramses? And Karnac is the great Ramses personified—an epic in stone. Description of it is almost an insult. We may gaze on it with awe, and perhaps carry away some feeble impression of its majesty, but the writer or artist who can reproduce it is yet unborn.



## CHAPTER XIV.

*History—Thebes comparatively modern—Retrospect, sixth to seventeenth dynasty—Eighteenth dynasty—Foreign wars necessary—Populous No—Aahmes, Amenhotep, and Tutmes—Expansion of Egypt—Queen Hatasou—Colonial policy—Tutmes III.—Foreign conquests—The land of Canaan in the hieroglyphs—Amenhotep III.—The Colossi—The first European reformer in Egypt—A religious reformation—Change of dynasty.*

COMPARED with either Thinis or Memphis, Thebes is an upstart city, for it is only in the eleventh dynasty that she makes her first appearance. We have seen<sup>1</sup> how Egypt, during the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth dynasties, fell into comparative obscurity, under kings reigning both at Memphis and Elephantine. It is tolerably certain that at this time there existed internal dissension, aggravated by foreign aggression. We may perhaps assume that the Pharaohs at Memphis were occupied in repelling the already commencing invasion of the Shepherd tribes, and so, losing control over their southern provinces, allowed the Ethiopian invader to come down the river and establish himself at Elephantine. The attacking Hyksos and the defending Memphite monarch would both be weakened, and become eventually the easy conquest of the Elephantine Pharaoh, who established the eleventh dynasty at Thebes. Such at least is a probable explanation of the otherwise singular fact, that we find the eleventh dynasty established at Thebes, a powerful and prosperous state, immediately after a period when the fortunes of Lower Egypt were at a low ebb. During the eleventh dynasty, however, it is probable that Thebes extended little beyond the temple of Karnac. At the Necropolis of Drah Abou 'l nezzah were found the mummies, now in London, of the kings Entep of this dynasty, the sarcophagus of Aah Hoteb, with its collection of jewels at Boolak; but much of the luxury of the period was expended on the mummies, and the tombs themselves show nothing of interest. We have seen, also, how the brief glory of the eleventh dynasty was overthrown by the Hyksos, and how, after 1200 years, Sekenen Ra had lost his life in expelling them.

<sup>1</sup> Chapter ix.

With this amount of necessary recapitulation, we resume the thread of Egyptian history where we left it, at the establishment of the eighteenth dynasty under Aahmes I., independent sovereign of all Egypt, ruling from Thebes.

With this dynasty begins the glorious period of Egyptian history, and Thebes rises to its unrivalled grandeur, warranting the description of the Prophet,



*Necropolis of Draa Abou 'l nezzah.*

“Populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea : Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite” (Nahum iii. 8, 9). For the long war of independence had turned the kingdom into a huge camp, and the first of the restored Pharaohs, Aahmes, Amenhotep I., and Tutmes I., probably regarded war not only as a source of profit, but as a necessary measure of policy ;



*A Portion of the Temple of Karnac.*

and thus the expansion of Egypt commenced. To their already famed infantry the Egyptians had learnt from the Hyksos to add cavalry and chariots. Their armies invaded Asia, overran Syria, Judæa, and Arabia, advancing as far as Mesopotamia.

And commerce followed their flag: the emerald mines of Berenice and the gold mines of Midian enriched the capital of the Pharaohs; white and yellow alabaster, red porphyry, and green diorite were brought from the hills beyond Rohanou and from the Wady Hammamat. The labour of establishing their authority, and thus extending their empire, left little time to these three first Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty to devote to the arts of peace; but Amenhotep I. constructed a portion of the temple of Karnac, and Tutmes I. built in front of its sanctuary those halls, pylons, and obelisks which adorn the southern side.

The death of Tutmes I., followed in a very short time by that of his son, B.C. 1630. Tutmes II., placed Egypt under the rule of a female sovereign, who had already acted as regent, the Queen Hatasou, whose reign perhaps marks the period of Egypt's greatest material prosperity, if not of military splendour. Her efforts seem to have been mainly devoted to the extension of commercial relations with neighbouring states, and more particularly with the coasts of the Red Sea. The temple of Deir el Bahari was raised to commemorate her successful expedition into Pount (Arabia Felix). On the walls we see her sending her troops to collect such treasures as could be found in the land of spices; we see them successful, the soldiers drawn up on the coast of the Red Sea, the water of which is apparently so transparent that the fishes are visible; the inhabitants of Pount leave their cupola-roofed dwellings and bring the scented gum in heaps; the Egyptian fleet is receiving the valuable cargo, consisting of bales of goods, earthen jars, and live animals; journeying with sail and oar, they reach Thebes, and the different items are counted out at the feet of the Queen, in the presence of the god Ammon, who congratulates her Majesty.

At this time the nation seems to have returned to the luxurious habits which had been prevalent prior to the invasion of the Hyksos. Sumptuous feasts



*Mummy of Tutmes II.*



were apparently the order of the day; singers, musicians, and dancers contributed to the entertainment, while slaves handed the guests the different dishes crowned with flowers. Enormous sums were consumed in funeral ceremonies; the funeral barge was hidden beneath the luxurious offerings; professional mourners and slaves stood on the decks; and the embalming art, assisted by the spices and aromatic perfumes from Arabia and the Somali Coast, reached its perfection.

B.C. 1600 (c). The Queen Hatasou was worthily succeeded by her second brother, Tutmes III., who is said to have undertaken thirteen campaigns in his reign of fifty-four years. His conquering armies reached Cape Guardafui and the Indian Ocean; Babylon, Tyre, and the Lebanon paid him tribute; and large numbers of prisoners were employed to till the fields in place of the children of the soil, enrolled as soldiers. Nor did the glories of foreign conquest prevent him from adding to the treasures of his capital; he erected a temple on the left bank, adorned several Egyptian towns with the obelisks which now disgrace the principal cities of Europe; and he enlarged Karnac, of which he sketched out the general plan. Upon its walls we find a list of 115 cities subdued by Tutmes, possessing peculiar interest because they furnish a table of the Promised Land, made 270 years before the Exodus. Among the cities are Kadesh, Megiddo, Damascus, Beyrout, Acre, Jaffa, Migdol, and Rehoboth. An authority who cannot be suspected of sectarian prejudice, the late Mariette Bey, says: "No doubt whatever can exist. If these limits are not precisely the same as the tenth chapter of Exodus assigns to the land of Canaan, at all events these hundred and fifteen names carry us to the very centre and heart of that far-famed country. The data are certainly very precise with regard both to chronology and geography."

B.C. 1546 (c). At the death of the great Tutmes, the Syrians seem to have thought the opportunity favourable for a revolt, which was suppressed with considerable severity by his successor, Amenhotep II. Of his successor, Tutmes IV., we know little beyond the legend on the Sphinx, telling of his good intention to restore that monument. He was probably a mighty hunter, like Amenhotep III., who succeeded him, and who is reported to have killed a hundred lions with his own hands during his reign. But the third Amenhotep was more than a shekarri; he carried his victorious arms far into the Soudan, and continued to exact tribute from Mesopotamia. He built also the whole of the southern portion of the temple of Luxor, the northern temple of Ammon, the temple of Mout, the alley of Sphinxes leading to the temple of Khons, and the imposing edifice which stood behind the two Colossi on the west bank, both of



which represent himself seated in the hieratic posture. The upper part of the more northerly of the two was destroyed by an earthquake twenty-seven years before Christ, and the accident added a spurious celebrity to its deserved fame. From the headless trunk came forth, with the first rays of the morning sun, a ringing sound like the human voice. Hard science may now explain it as due to the cracking of the stone, wet by the morning dew and heated by the sun, but the more imaginative Greeks and Romans heard in it the voice of their favourite Memnon appealing to his divine mother, Eos, the Dawn. There came from all parts of the known world pilgrims to behold the miracle, and to write their testimony to its truth at the foot of the god. Among other autographs is that of Sabina Augusta, consort to Cæsar Augustus, and of Vitalinus Epistateges of the Thebaid, who brought his wife, Publia Sosis, and of two poetical gentlemen, an Italian, Petroniamus Dillius, and one Gamella, who, as a good *père de famille*, brings also his "beloved spouse Rafilla and his children." Alas ! the miracle only lasted two centuries ; for Septimius Severus thought, as others have thought since with equal success, that he would work a great reform in Egypt. He would improve on Memnon ; he would impart beauty and clearness to the voice. What could be easier ? A few blocks of sandstone, and it was done. The reform was effected, but the sound was effectually smothered, and the god remained for ever silent. O Septimius Severus, first of occidental reformers ! thy successors exist in the nineteenth century !

Of Amenhotep IV. we only find traces in a singular religious revolution at the instance of his foreign mother, Aten. He seems to have returned to the more primitive sun-worship of his forefathers, and changed his name from Amenhotep, Peace of Ammon, to Khuenaten (Reflection of the Sun), to have effaced the name of Ammon, and substituted that of Aten on the monuments, and to have transferred the capital some 150 miles north to a city he founded and called Khosaten, now Tel-el-Amarna, where he and two or three successors reigned. But Horus or Horemheb, last of the eighteenth dynasty, re-established the cult of Ammon at the capital of Thebes, building the two southern pylons and the avenue of Sphinxes, which connects the first pylon with the temple of Mout.

Still the authority of the eighteenth dynasty seems to have suffered a shock, and the people, tired of their rulers for nearly 250 years, appear to have made an internal revolution, which resulted in the accession of the great family of Rameses and the nineteenth dynasty.

## CHAPTER XV.

*History—The Ramesides—Ramses I.—Seti I.—Ramses II.—An heroic exploit and mild rebuke—Seti II.—The first Judenhetze—Moses a general in the Soudan—The exodus in Scripture and papyrus—Ramses III. at home—At war—A naval battle—Rise of the Priestly power—Priest-kings of San—Egypt the bone of contention between Ethiopia and Assyria—Assyrian conquest—Thebes pillaged—Dodecharchy—Saite Dynasty—Prophetic warning against Suez Canal—Persian conquest—Visits of Herodotus and Plato—Alexander the Great—The Trinity of Thebes.*

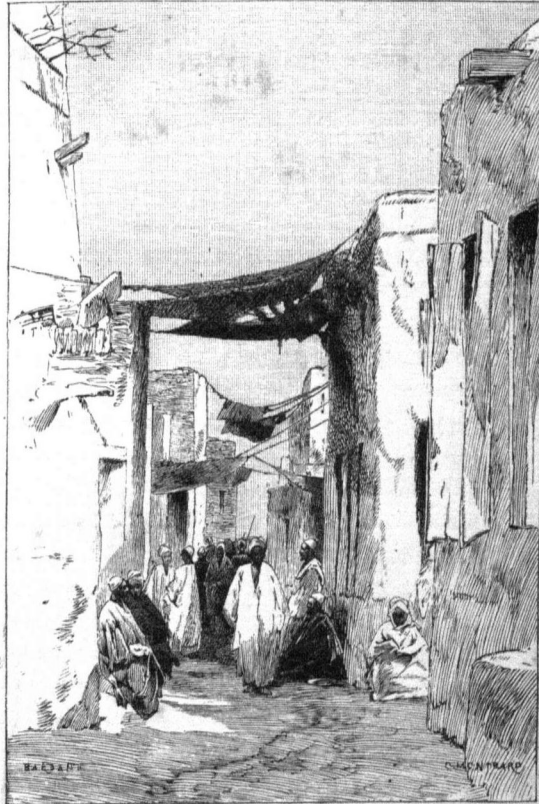
B.C. 1452 (c).

OF the Ramses who established the nineteenth dynasty, little is known beyond the fact that he was the father of Seti I., Merenptah (Beloved of Ptah), and that he probably designed, though his son completed, the famous hypostyl hall at Karnac. Upon its walls are recorded the campaigns of Seti against the Armenians, the Arabs, the Assyrians, and the Hittites. The Armenians are depicted felling timber for the conqueror, who drives in his chariot a horse named "Strength of the Thebaid." Here he pursues and pierces with arrows the flying Arabs, who take refuge in a fortress; and here, returning victorious from his campaigns, he is receiving on the banks of the Nile the principal functionaries of his kingdom, who have come to welcome him. Seti was the first who appears to have conceived, and even probably carried out, the idea of connecting the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. He gave particular attention to the education of his son, the great Ramses, whom he caused to be instructed with other young Egyptian nobles, and possibly with Moses; for we may assume that the princess who adopted the future lawgiver was a daughter

B.C. 1420 (c).

of either the first Ramses or his son Seti. Ramses II., the Great, the legendary Sesostris of the Greeks, succeeded his father, probably about 1420 B.C., and reigned for sixty-seven years. If other periods were equally prosperous, this at least must be considered as the reign during which Egypt reached her highest military renown. Throughout Egypt, and beyond it, we meet the records of his victorious arms. The empire stretched to Dongola in the south, to the Tigris in the east, and to Asia Minor itself. Probably little of his long reign was spent in his magnificent capital, but he completed the temple of Goornah, the hypostyl hall of Karnac, built the surrounding wall of the temple, added something to Luxor, and left in the Ramesium a monument not unworthy of the glorious son of Seti.

The walls of Karnac and of the Ramesium are covered with the records of his exploits. Here, in the Ramesium, we find him engaged in battle with the Hittites on the borders of the river Orontes, near to Kaderu. The Egyptian generals do not exactly appear to have distinguished themselves, unless, indeed, they were conspiring to assure the renown of their sovereign. At all events, they have left him alone, even deserted by his escort, and surrounded by his enemies. Nothing daunted, he charges alone the chariots; the enemy fly in terror; some are crushed under the wheels of the chariot and the feet of his horses; others are killed with arrows from the king's own hand, among them "the chief of the vile Hittites," and the rest are drowned in the river. On the opposite side of the bank is the scene after the battle. Ramses is seated on his throne, none the worse for his single-handed fight against a host. His officers, showing some moral if not physical courage, come to tender him their congratulations, and are received with a reproach which we cannot deem too strong for the circumstances. "Not one among you," he says plaintively, "has behaved well in thus deserting me, and leaving me alone in the midst of the enemy. The princes and captains did not join hands with me in fight; by myself have I done battle; I have put to flight thousands of nations, and I was all alone." Ramses appears to have been very proud of his exploit, as well he might be. To put to flight a nation is something; but to put to flight thousands of nations is not, he fancies, an everyday exploit; so he reproduces it again upon the second pylon, and at Luxor, at Karnac, and at Ipsamboul. And that there



*Bazaar in Luxor.*

may be no doubt as to the accuracy of the narrative, a poem on the subject by the great Pen ta Our is inscribed in the hypostyl hall, and near it the treaty of peace which followed with Khetu Sar, king of the Hittites, in the twenty-first year of Ramses's reign.

B.C. 1353 (c).

Seti II., also called Merenptah, succeeded his great father, of whom he was the thirteenth son. The monuments of Egypt give us few records of the reign, which perhaps possesses for the modern historical student more interest than any other period of Egyptian history. For while Ramses II. had been gathering for himself and his nation glory and extended territory abroad, there was growing up nearer home a difficult social problem, such as exists in some

parts of Europe at this day. The seventy Hebrews, forming the family of Jacob, who had settled in the land of Goshen during the reign of the Hyksos, had rapidly increased and multiplied during the 400 years which had elapsed. We need not waste time in statistical calculations as to whether the seventy souls could increase in that space of time to the 600,000 men, exclusive of women and children, who, according to the Scriptures, left under the guidance of Moses. It is at least highly probable that other families from across the border gradually amalgamated, by marriage or otherwise, with the tribe of Jacob. What is certain is, that the industrious, saving, and even then comparatively intellectual Hebrew, had gradually acquired not only the best of the land, but some of the most lucrative appointments in the land, where they still regarded themselves only as sojourners. History repeats itself; and we have only to realise the popular prejudice regarding their descendants entertained to-day in Russia and Germany to understand the similar position which they held more than 3000 years ago in the Valley of the Nile. Nor was the order given by the great Ramses to the Egyptian midwives more repugnant to humanity than the proceedings of anti-Semitic court-chaplains of our own day. The order, at all events, was not obeyed; a future leader was saved for the chosen people by the interposition of one of the royal house itself, Moses the scholar, at On, or Heliopolis, near Memphis. Clemens of Alexandria and others tell us that Moses rose high in the service of Ramses; actually commanded an army



*Mummy of Ramses II.*

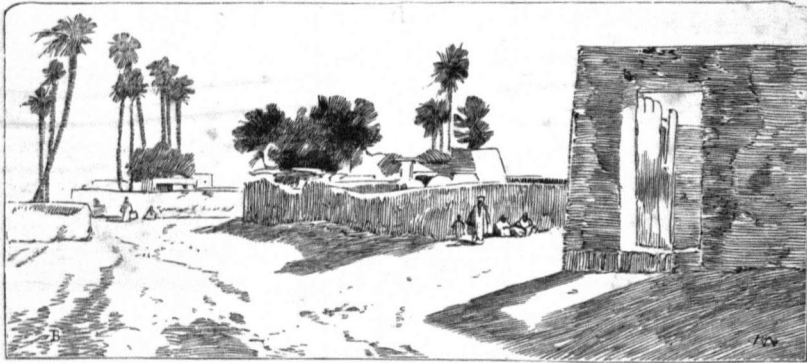
History repeats itself; and we have only to realise the popular prejudice regarding their descendants entertained to-day in Russia and Germany to understand the similar position which they held more than 3000 years ago in the Valley of the Nile. Nor was the order given by the great Ramses to the Egyptian midwives more repugnant to humanity than the proceedings of anti-Semitic court-chaplains of our own day. The order, at all events, was not obeyed; a future leader was saved for the chosen people by the interposition of one of the royal house itself, Moses the scholar, at On, or Heliopolis, near Memphis. Clemens of Alexandria and others tell us that Moses rose high in the service of Ramses; actually commanded an army



sent to the Soudan, and founded on the Nile a city which he named Merôë, after the daughter of Pharaoh, to whom he owed his life, and for whom he still maintained a grateful affection. Whatever foundation of truth there may be in the legend, it is certain that when the great Ramses died he left his successor a difficult problem. The chosen race were still a great and prosperous people, and now led by a chief of ability and experience. The well-known biblical story of the Exodus it is needless to repeat; the partial confirmation that exists of it in the Egyptian records is less generally known. It is certain that Seti II. (Merenptah) was engaged in war with the Libyans, and was at the same time exposed to considerable danger from Semite tribes in Asia. The request of Moses to lead his people into the desert would very naturally alarm the Pharaoh, an essential part of whose policy it would be to prevent the union of the Israelites with other cognate tribes; but the records give an account of the expulsion of lepers, which is undoubtedly the Egyptian account of an event which reflected no glory on their history. The defeat of Pharaoh and his host probably combined with other causes to shake the power of the nineteenth dynasty; its history becomes obscure until, in the year 1288, the twentieth B.C. dynasty opens with the accession of Ramses III., who, if he could not surpass the warlike fame of his great ancestor and namesake, was successful in several campaigns, and endeavoured to excel him in the magnificence of his buildings and the decoration of his capital. He finished the temple of Khons, excavated the tomb now ridiculously known by the name of Bruce, and built Medinet Abou. On the walls of this last temple it is that we see so much of the life of Egypt under this the last of her warrior-kings. In the private palace we see the great monarch at home, surrounded by his family. One of his daughters brings him flowers, with another he plays draughts, and a third, who is offering fruits, he caresses by way of thanks. Little scenes like these are perhaps as interesting as the more glorious exploits which are also recorded. Here are portraits of his captives, apparently drawn from life, "the vile chief of the Hittites," a people for whom the Ramses seem always to have reserved their choicest epithets; another "vile chief of the Amorites;" the chief of the Teucrians from Asia Minor, those of the "country of Sardinia, which is in the sea;" the chief of the Arabs from the frontier along the Isthmus to Suez, the country of Tuscany, which is in the sea; the chief of the vile race of Negroes; the chief of the Libyans, and others who are less easily identified. Here, too, are representatives of various glorious expeditions against the Libyans, Pelasgians, Siculi, Dannians, Oscans, and others; and here he returns from battle, preceded by his prisoners in chains, whom he offers to the gods of Thebes. On one



wall we may see, in a series of ten pictures, the whole history of a campaign against the Libyans and Teucrians, in the ninth year of Ramses. Only the necessities of space compel us to abbreviate Mons. Mariette's description. First goes the king, with his troops in marching order; in a large battle, in which he personally commits fearful slaughter, the Libyans are vanquished 12,535 of the enemy are killed, and the prisoners brought before the king. The king addresses the army under arms, who are again marching out to battle. This time the Teucrians are overthrown, the women and children flying in chariots drawn by oxen. The march is renewed through one of the fastnesses



of the Lebanon infested by lions, one of which the king kills. Then takes place the one Egyptian naval battle of which we have record. The scene is at the mouth of a river. Teucrians and Sardinians attack the Egyptians; Ramses stands on the shore, and his archers contribute to the Egyptian victory; one of the enemy's vessels is floating keel upwards. The army returns back to Egypt, and stops at Migdol, where the dead are counted by the number of hands cut off on the field of battle, and the prisoners pass before the king, who harangues his sons and generals. Then triumphal return to Thebes and general speech-making—"speeches from the gods, speeches from the king, speeches even from the prisoners themselves, who entreat the king to spare their lives, that they may long celebrate his courage and valour."

10. Of the long line of Ramses who composed the twentieth dynasty, none, with the exception of the first of them, seem to have inherited any of the glory which attached to the name, and after a hundred years we find that they

have given way before the priestly twenty-first dynasty of Saï: the military prowess of the Ramesides has been replaced by the priestly craft of the Tanis hierarchy. How did the change come about? Here, on the walls of the temple of Khons, we discover something of the history of the increasing usurpation of the priests of Ammon. In the hall of eight columns we see the high priest Her Hor, not yet indeed arrogating to himself the regal titles, but from the place reserved for kings alone addressing the god in the joint name of himself and the weak king by his side. And in another hall we see the next step: all disguise is thrown aside, and Her Hor appears with the uræus, or sacred asp, on his brow, his name enclosed in the royal double cartouche. On the pylon we see his priestly successor, Pinotem, soon also to become king. From this point the sun of Thebes began to decline. Unable to rule, the priest-kings attempted to conciliate, and had to give way to Sheshonk, the Shishak of Scripture, who founded the twenty-second or Bubastite dynasty, who built the outer court of Karnak, where we find the record of a victory gained by Shishak. The gods bring him the towns which he has conquered. The twenty-ninth cartouche was read by Champollion as Joudah Melek (king of Judah), and until recently was recognised as a portrait of Jeroboam, though Brugsch has since maintained that there is nothing to justify this supposition.



*Mummy of Pinotem II.*

During the twenty-third and twenty-fourth dynasties Egypt was hard pressed B.C. 810-715. by the Assyrians from the north and the Ethiopians from the south. Seven hundred and fifteen years before Christ, the Ethiopians under Piankhi, who had previously taken Memphis and returned south, effected the conquest of Egypt, and established the twenty-fifth dynasty.

For only fifty years, however, were they able to hold their throne, and during B.C. 715-665. that period the valley of the Nile was the bone of contention between Ethiopia and Assyria, the former continually trying to effect a coalition of its neighbours against the latter. Marching to the aid of Hezekiah, the Pharaoh Shubataka was defeated by Sennacherib; a few years later, in Egypt itself, his successor, Tirhakah, was defeated by Esarhaddon. An unsuccessful revolt was followed by the complete annexation of Egypt to Assyria, and Thebes, the glory of Egypt, was pillaged. "Yet was she carried away, she went into captivity: her

young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all the streets: and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains" (Nahum iii. 9, 10).

But Egypt was not destined to remain to Assyria longer than to Ethiopia. The conqueror had divided the country into twelve provinces. Psammetik, one of the twelve governors, allied himself by marriage with the family of Shabako, the legitimate heir of the Ethiopian dynasty, and, assisted by Ionian and Carian mercenaries, assumed the crown of Egypt, and founded the twenty-sixth or Saite dynasty.

B.C. 665-527. Under the Saite dynasty, the star of Egypt seemed for a moment to rise again from obscurity. Greek mercenaries were established near Bubastis; and encouraged by the decline of Assyria, Psammetik attacked the wealthy seaports. Necho, his successor, also attacked Assyria, defeated Josiah, king of Judah, the ally of Assyria, at Megiddo, but was himself defeated by Nebuchadnezzar at Karkemish. Necho is perhaps still better known by his attempt to join the Red Sea, not with the Mediterranean, but the Nile. Warned by an oracle that it would only benefit strangers, he desisted. Perhaps if his successors of some 2500 years later had also obeyed the oracle, it would have been better for Egypt, if not for the world. Hophrah, of the same dynasty, felt strong enough to attack the growing power of the Babylonians, tried to raise the siege of Jerusalem for Zedekiah, and when his efforts failed, accorded hospitality to the exiles. Defeated by the king of Cyrene, his mercenaries revolted and proclaimed as king Amasis, who further encouraged Greek colonisation, gave to the adventurous colonists the port of Naukratis, and died, to be succeeded by his son, whose defeat placed Egypt under the domination of Persia.

B.C. 527-406. The Persian rule of over a hundred years, under Cambyzes, Darius, Xerxes, and his successor, is known as the twenty-seventh dynasty—a history of continual revolt, finally successful, followed by a rapid succession of various conquerors and pretenders, who alternately displaced each other. This period B.C. 406-340. is mainly remarkable for the visits of Herodotus and Plato. In B.C. 340 the Persians again recovered their authority, and eight years later Egypt fell, with the rest of the Persian Empire, under the authority of the great Macedonian.

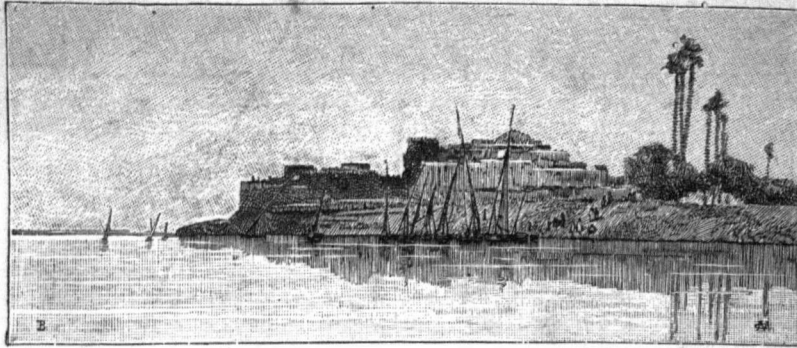
Although the temple of Deir el Medinah and the two grand portals of Karnac mark the care of the Ptolemies for the old capital, the glory of Thebes, "the princely No of the waters," had long departed. Thebes was, above all, the city of Ammon and his triad—Ammon, the visible, tangible form of the creative force in nature, the symbol of that hidden force which presses all things

forward towards life and light, aptly symbolised by the sun ; and with him were associated, first, Mout, the eternal mother, the recipient in which is accomplished the mystery of creation ; and then, to complete the triad, Khons, who is Ammon himself in another form—Ammon Khons, the son of Ammon the father and Mout the mother, God of the rising life, representing the operation of divine intelligence in the outer world—his own father, his own son, without beginning or end, uncreate and eternal.



*At Prayer.*





## CHAPTER XVI.

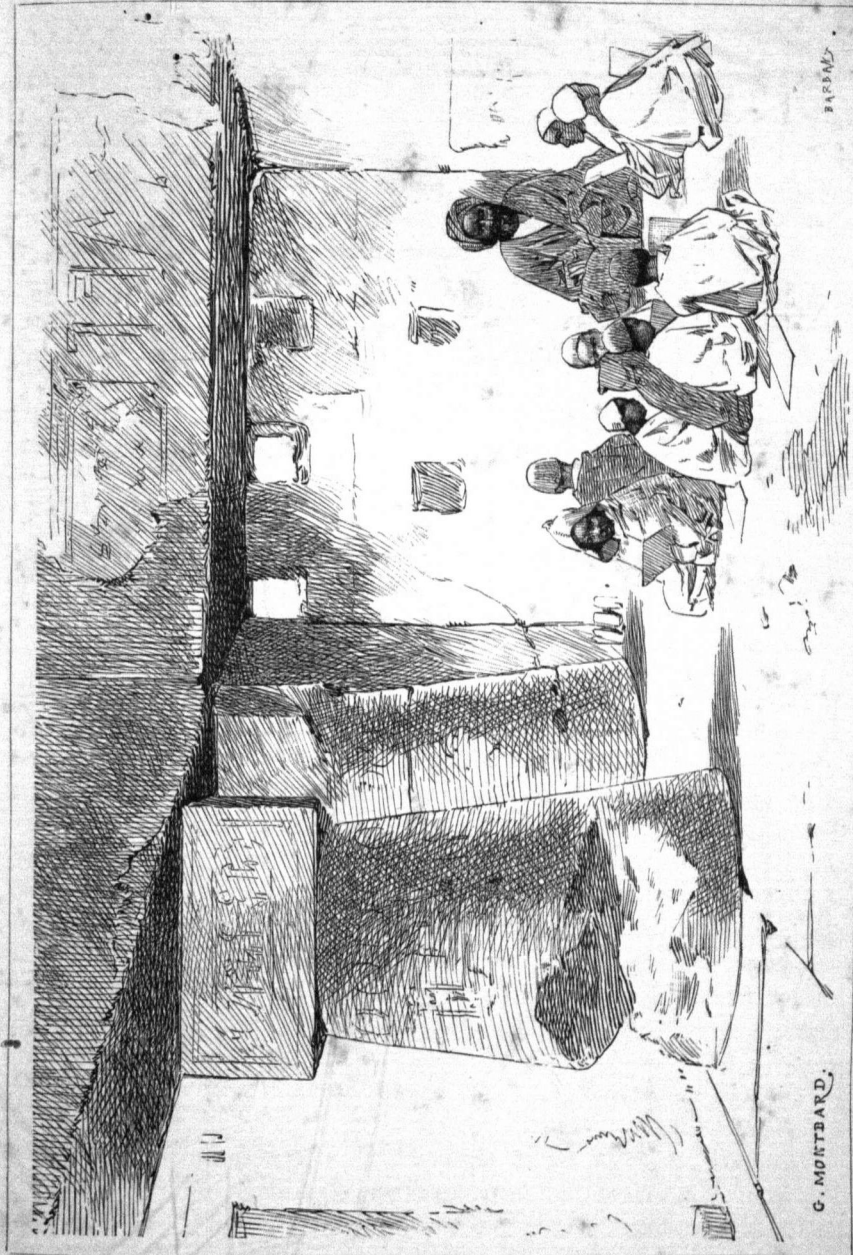
*Post-haste—The Pasha's energy—Sara on archæology and Ismail—Reform and popularity—The effect on the governing classes—Effect on the governed—The date of English evacuation—Erment—Esneh—Religious toleration—Edfoo—Herodotus—"Contrariness" of Egyptians.*

THE party would willingly have spent at Thebes as many days as they were allowed hours, but the *Cleopatra* was quickly under weigh, scudding past the lively little port of Luxor, and waving a farewell to the genial old Mustapha Agha. For the Pasha was inexorable ; the romantic associations of the past must, he insisted, give way to the financial exigencies of the present, and, as a conscientious servant of the Khedive, he could not afford the time to trifle with the Pharaohs. And though the Pasha spoke lightly, the rest had had ample experience that, if he took care that the journey should be one of pleasure to them, it was one of hard work for himself. The others might study Ramses ; Crichton himself was apt to groan at the restless energy of his chief, his insatiable appetite for the minutest details, the most intricate statistics extracted by cross-examination of fellaheen ; while Sara was unable to settle in his own mind whether the information of the one party or of the other was least valuable or most inaccurate.

"Both tell lies," he argued meditatively ; "Egyptians told them 15,000 years ago. You believe them monuments, and Pasha believes them Fellahs : I don't believe nothing," he added solemnly.

"But," said the Sketcher, "you can't be continually seeing these ruins and have no respect for them ; you must admire their size at least ?"





G. MONTAUD.

BARBARY.

*Arab School in an Old Temple of Luxor.*

"I 'sure yqu, sir, I never saw 'em before, 'cept passing by in boat. I don't stop here; ain't no taxes to be got out of ruins," said Sara contemptuously.

"Is it possible? Well, but now you have seen them, you must have some opinion about them. How were they built?"

"I ain't got no opinion at all of ruins," persisted Sara; "never found 'em of any use. How were they built? I tell you," he said confidentially, "with the kourbash; same way as Ismail get taxes. You think it not more difficult get money out of Fellah than build up them stones?" he added contemptuously.

"Ismail seems to have left some admirers, at all events," said the Nabob. "I suppose the secret is that he had a strong hand, and all Orientals, like children, would rather be bullied than spoilt."

"I don't know that there was much liking in it," said the Scribbler. "The days of Ismail were the days of high interest, the days of licensed speculation, of unjust privilege to those who could pay for it. That is sufficient to form an Ismailite party among all those who, having either money or position, were anxious to make the most of it. As for those who had neither one nor the other, nobody cared for their opinion, even if they had any, and, as a matter of fact, it always follows that of the others. One of the greatest blunders we can make in Egypt is to suppose that any material improvement in the country will make us popular. It is the exact reverse; and if I wanted a proof that we were doing some good, it would be the fact of our unpopularity."

"That's rather a disheartening prospect."

"Possibly, but it's perfectly natural, and it's well to face it. The poorer and less educated classes, comprising at least six and three-quarter millions out of the total population of six millions eight hundred thousand, are, if not absolutely without an opinion of their own, utterly unable of giving expression to it, except in accordance with the will of the remaining wealthier, and possibly better educated, fifty thousand, or the majority of them. I believe that you may accept that as an axiom; and I believe there is no country in the world where a very small minority hold, if they choose to use it, such an enormous power over public opinion. And now for the composition of that minority. A portion are wealthy proprietors, who were able formerly to avoid full taxation, to use the *corvée* for the cultivation of their fields, to get water at the cost of smaller proprietors, who got none, and who were nearly all proprietors of slaves; another portion are officials in responsible situations at small salaries, with very large illegal perquisites; another portion, officials with rather larger salaries, holding absolute sinecures; another, contractors, who could make contracts with the Government at exorbitant charges, and perhaps by

falsification of their accounts, accompanied by baksheesh, get paid even more than their originally exorbitant charge; others were capitalists, who, owing to the financial disorder, were able to get exorbitant interest on their money, and thus either make large profits or live on the interest of a very small capital; and others were religious fanatics. Now, note how every single possible reform must touch one of these classes. You insist on getting in taxes from the wealthy proprietors; you refuse the use of the *corvée*; you distribute equally the water; you prohibit purchase of slaves and destroy their value; you refuse to wink at baksheesh, and practically reduce an official to beggary, for they are unable to earn a penny; you dismiss the sinecurists; you make your contracts by public tender at lowest price, and introduce competition from Europe. By all this, you so improve the finance, that a man gets five per cent. where he used to get twenty, and the small capitalist is no longer able to live. And then you are surprised that you are not popular."

"But do you mean that all this has been done?" asked the Nabob.

"No," said the Pasha; "if it had been, we should have made the country too hot to hold us. We can't, for instance, get rid of all the sinecurists, and if we did, they would be at our charge for pensions; but we have done a good deal of it, and what the Scribbler says is true. The nearer we approach to perfection, the more certain we are to be disliked; and the fact that we are disliked is a proof that we have done much good."

"But surely the poorer cultivator, the man who had previously to pay for all mismanagement, corruption, &c., who didn't get his water, and who had to pay baksheesh, must find the difference, and prefer the new state of things?"

"Not in one case out of ten thousand," said the Scribbler. "Nor is it quite so extraordinary as it seems. In the first place, the difference to him has not been so apparent as you might suppose. In Ismail's time he had the high range of cotton prices of the American war; it gradually came down long before his deposition, of course; but there were always the reserves of the enormous profits made at that time, when, as it is popularly said, every dollar's worth of cotton fetched a sovereign, and prices of grain were high compared to now. Had Ismail had to do with the prices of produce we have had to deal with, it is impossible that he could have got on. In such a case, the Fellah would have been absolutely destitute, irredeemably ruined. But all this he does not see. He recognises that he has only now to pay his regular taxes instead of taxes *plus* exactions; but the price of his produce having gone down, the result to him is not so much better. The benefit he would have received from the reforms has been to some extent neutralised by other circumstances, and so he doesn't see it.

What he does see is, that the produce of his land produces less cash sterling, and, like more intelligent farmers, he abuses the Government for low prices. Another thing is, that, with rare exceptions, a Fellah does not save, does not look ahead, and only regards his debt as an unfortunate circumstance involving a yearly payment. If he has a good result in his year's farming, he spends it; if he has not, he tries to borrow, and spends that. Under Ismail, at some rate or another, he could always borrow, and so could always spend. Now he cannot borrow so easily, so he seems to have less money. He undoubtedly lives better, is housed, clothed, and fed better than he was twenty years ago; but he disregards this, and tells you that living is dearer, instead of admitting that he lives more extravagantly. Add to all this the fact that, as I say, he takes his opinions from the fifty thousand who suffer by our interference, and that his fanatical feelings are kept alive, and you will understand why the opinion of the majority is not pronounced in our favour."

"But are the bulk of the people really so hostile to us?" said the Pasha. "I doubt it."

"Remember that my whole argument is that the bulk of the people have no opinion of their own. Still, if you were to poll the people to-day, you would certainly find nine against, for every one in favour of, our remaining. And yet who can say? for when it came to the critical moment, I expect you would see singular hesitation. Those who have to gain by disorder, those who, as in Arabi's time, hoped to get clear of their debts, would welcome it in the hope of a disturbance; and the prevalence of the feeling would so alarm the men who have something to lose, some of the very classes who now want us to go, that you might see a complete change. You must remember that the leading characteristic of the Egyptian throughout all time has been to be 'agin the Government.' So long as we are here, we are the Government, and are hated. The moment we were gone, and perhaps before, our virtues would be sung in every village to the detriment of our successors."

"And when will the English troops leave?" asked the Sketcher.

"Bah!" said the Nabob; "who would venture to fix the date?"

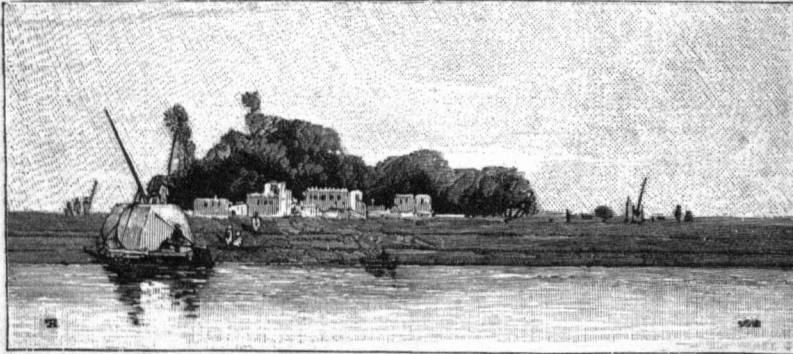
"I will," said the Scribbler quietly; "I will fix it with extreme precision. Do you remember that man at Luxor who tried to sell us a coin with the date legibly marked 1156 B.C., and who couldn't be got to see the absurdity of a date which must have implied a gift of prophecy? Well, I will fix the date in the same way. The English troops will leave Egypt in the year 2 B.A., that is, 'Before Annexation!'"

"You mean"—



"I mean that within six months of our departure there will be a riot, anarchy, and financial collapse. The Powers who have guaranteed the last loan will insist on the restoration of order. England, allowing no one else to interfere, will have to return, and, giving her eighteen months to decide on a step which will then be inevitable, will annex Egypt, or, what is the same thing, assume the Protectorate."

"To look at that village, you might almost have annexed it already," said the Sketcher, as they passed the pretty little town of Erment. "You only want a spire instead of that minaret, and you have a Thames village. That house there would do excellently for a parsonage. There's the manor-house, with its garden running down to the river; and absolutely that's the village pub, with its signboard at the side of the main street."



The background of desert somewhat destroys the accuracy of the comparison, but there is certainly an un-Egyptian air in the neat little town near the site of the old Hermanthes, and Cleopatra seems to have left some of her beauty in the neighbourhood of the little temple, where she is represented adoring the local Apis of Hermanthes. Opposite is the minaret of Tuot, showing the site of the ancient Tuphium, and beyond the singular cliffs of Gebel Ayn; passing under which, the Pasha gave the order to halt at Esneh. Satiated with Karnac, the Nabob declined to accompany the Sketcher to the temple, declaring that he had not come to Egypt to examine a temple of the Cæsars, with sculpture pronounced by the best authority to be "of the very worst execution," and defaced with vulgar puns and *double entendres* in hieroglyphs. Compelled to rely on his own resources, the Sketcher wandered aimlessly through the



*An Arabian Singing Girl of Esneh.*

modern town, and was rewarded by the sight of one of the prettiest bazaars in Upper Egypt. At first sight, it seemed as if the white houses and streets of Esneh were mainly inhabited by pigeons; rows of narrow streets afforded a shaded desert, with singular absence of life; but suddenly he found himself at what he first mistook for the entrance to a private house. A respectable old Sheik, however, invited him to enter, and the narrow covered gateway, lit by sunbeams that broke through the imperfect roof, gradually widened out into a bazaar, where seemed congregated all the life of the province. Through it rode leisurely swarthy negroes on camels, bringing in produce of all kinds from the adjacent villages, as well as more rarely a few bales of merchandise from the Soudan. Here was the shop with the invariable Man-

chester goods, and a stately Ghawazee wandered listlessly among the crowd, shaking her tambourine

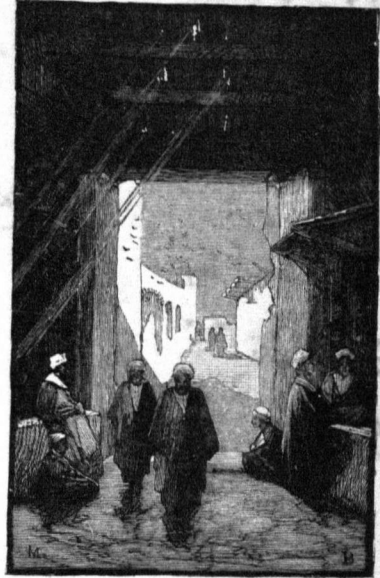
in hideous coquettish fashion at the most respectable elders of the city. Moslem, Copt, and Jew mixed in friendly gossip; and the Sketcher, who, as we have said, was apt to generalise, returned with elaborate theories on the manners and customs of the inhabitants. In particular, he desired it to be recorded, for the benefit of the future historian, that the

principle of religious toleration was carried to the extreme; for he averred that the chief Rabbi, to whom he had been introduced, wore a costume which combined the Islamic slippers with an Evangelical Geneva gown, and a turban folded in palpable imitation of the Papal tiara.

The Pasha's business finished in a few minutes, the *Cleopatra* was off again with all speed to reach Edfoo, and soon left behind the dilapidated pyramid of El Koola, the red mound of Hieraconpolis, the not tempting-looking ruins of

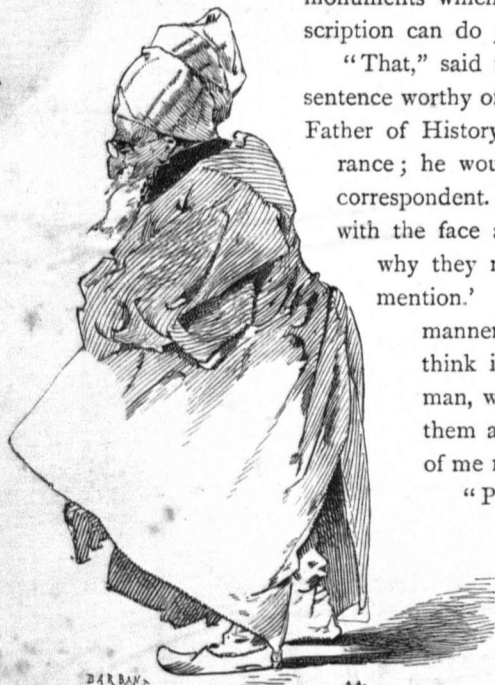


*Bazaar of Esneh.*



*Bazaar of Esneh.*

El. Kab, coming at sunset in view of the portico of the Ptolemaic temple with its porpylon towers. Begun under Philopater, it took ninety-five years to build, and nearly as many more to decorate. Constructed on the same plan as Denderah, it was evidently adapted for the same purposes. Four masts, nearly 150 feet high, and decorated with long pennants, rose from the pylon, which apparently served no other purpose than to signal from afar the edifice. We may dismiss it with the words of Mariette: "The temple of Edfoo is one of those monuments which speak for themselves, and to which no description can do justice."



Chief Rabbi of Esneh.

"That," said the Sketcher, when they got on board, "is a sentence worthy of Herodotus. Nothing is so delightful in the Father of History as the way in which he conceals his ignorance; he would have been the *beau ideal* of a newspaper correspondent. The Egyptians," he says, "represent Pan with the face and legs of a goat, as the Greeks do, 'but why they represent him in this way I had rather not mention.' He knows all about the most expensive manner of embalming, 'the name of which I do not think it right to mention.' He knows, omniscient man, why they sacrifice swine to Bacchus and abhor them at all other festivals, 'but it is more becoming of me not to mention it.'"

"Perhaps," said the Scribbler, "the old Egyptian found some connection between swine and the worship of Bacchus. But say what you will, the more I know of Egypt, the more convinced am I of the value of Herodotus. There's a singular passage in which he tells how the Nasamonians followed up the river, and bending to the west, came

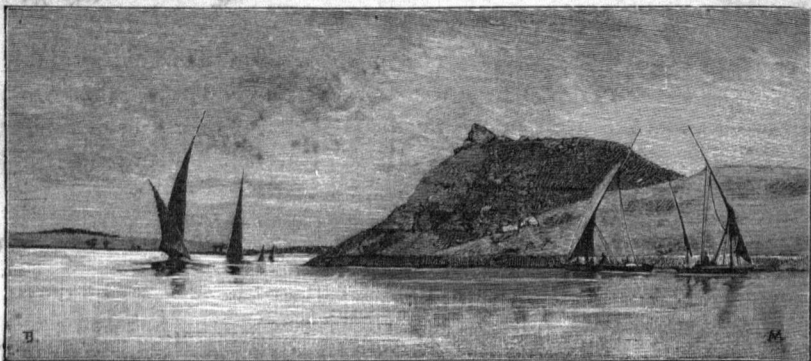
upon a diminutive race, 'less than men of middle stature,' describing accurately the Niam-Niams, who exist to this day. He gets horribly mixed up with the Ister later; but then he admits this to be only the conjecture of Etearchus. The actual report, though only at second-hand, is proved correct. About the rise of the Nile, again, he has got the right explanation, though it's true he scoffs at it. But where he shines as an observer of mankind is in his recognition of what I will call the contrariness of the Egyptian. 'Other nations in weaving throw the wool upward, the Egyptian downward; women attend



markets and traffic, but the men stay at home and weave ; others feed on wheat and barley, but it is a very great disgrace for an Egyptian to make food of these. They knead the dough with their feet, but mix clay and take up dung with their hands ; other men fasten the rings and sheets of their sails outside, but the Egyptian inside ; others write from left to right, the Egyptian from right to left.' In this last he was not quite correct, for they wrote both ways, but it is singular that the introduction of Arabic has justified his prophetic assertion. To this day, if a man is badly off, he is spoken of as eating wheat. The observer of to-day may mark that the men walk in the road and the donkeys on the foot-paths ; while in parts of the country you may see them sowing first and ploughing afterwards. Ask an Egyptian where his ear is ; he will take up his right hand, pass it all round his head, and hang on to his left ear. The Egyptian people were created upside down."



*Arab Scribes.*

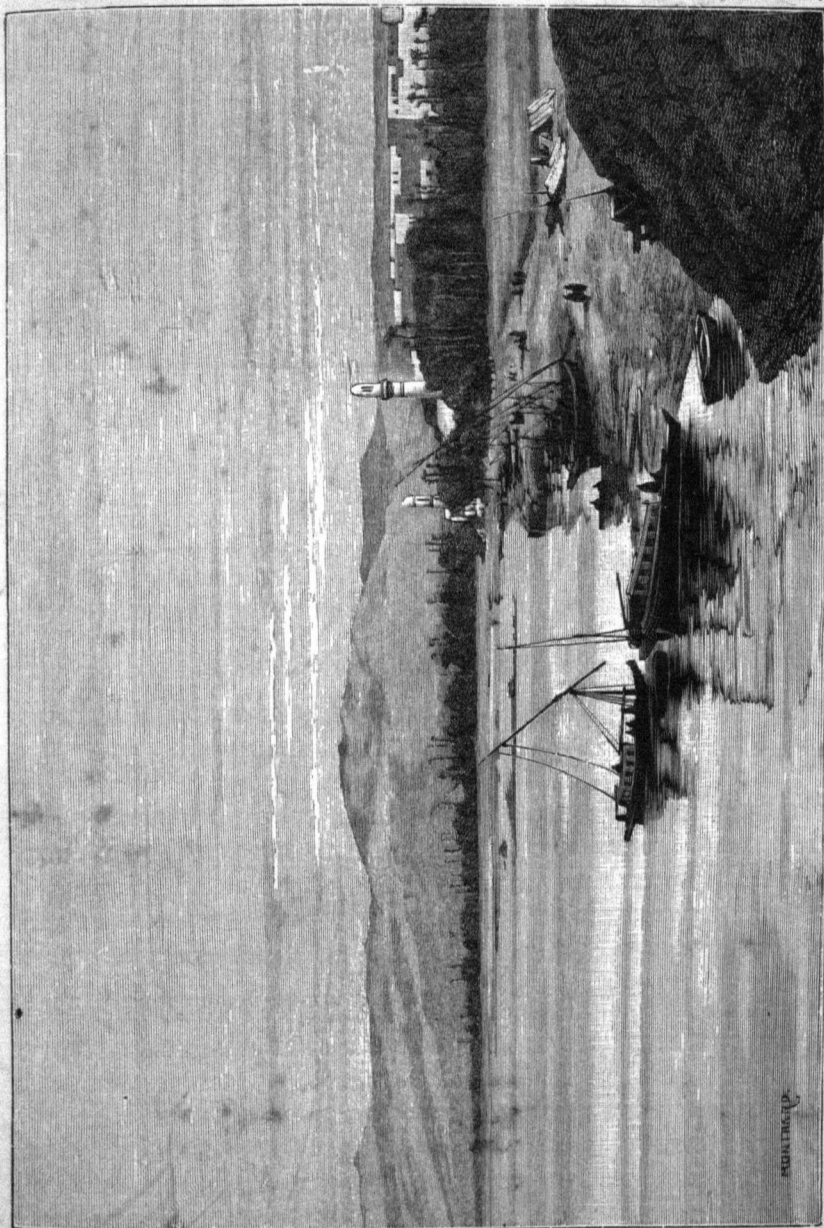


## CHAPTER XVII.

*Silsilis—Assouan—English officers and Egyptian troops—Juvenal at Syene—An unkind prophecy—Will the Egyptian fight?—Assouan railway station—An unwelcome telegram—Elephantine—Philæ—Southward to the Cataract—The Reis rebels—Value of a Pasha's life—Rock ahead—The Reis in command—Agonising moments—Safety and baksheesh.*

THE *Cleopatra* sped onwards next morning, and passed through the narrow cleft of Silsilis. The low mountains here on either side seem to have been willing to combine in an effort to close the magnificent stream, which disdains their efforts and rushes noisily by. Here is a monument, one of the few of Horus, last king of the eighteenth dynasty, with a picture of Horus nourished by the goddess, and then too the well-known picture, the triumph of Horus—the king borne by twelve officers of his army, two other officers bearing the flabellum over his head, returning after his triumphant expedition against the Kouch, &c., led as trembling captives behind him.

On sped the *Cleopatra*; passed Ombos with its Ptolemaic temple, destined to become the prey of the river, rushing from the Cataracts, now so near; for soon appears Assouan itself, a fertile oasis in a desert, with the island of Elephantine beyond, "a mosaic of vivid green, golden sand, and black syenite." The view of Assouan is singularly effective as one approaches from the north; the town lies below, bending down to the river from a rich slope of green, and beyond and all around the bleak desert, and overtopping all the desert crags, surmounted by the town of Syene. Those who have passed through the fertile valley of the



*View of Assuan.*

SCOTT & BOWNE

Nile, who have seen the desert with its fearful waste hungrily bordering on the verdure and standing thirsting before them, can realise the terror of the prophecy, "I am against thee, and against thy rivers; and I will make the land of Egypt utterly waste and desolate, from the tower of Syene even unto the border of Ethiopia" (Ezek. xxix. 10).

There are Egyptian troops still here, and the English Colonel comes down to welcome the glad sight of Anglo-Saxon faces. Truly the British officer is a wonderful man, and a martyr to his uniform. The heat of an Assouan sun cannot make him dispense with the regulation tight-fitting jacket, and the gallant officer comes on board as if dressed for parade. Alone with one other compatriot English officer, he takes his daily meals off tinned meats, bully-beef, and dry bread, in a miserable hut, with the same stately solemnity as if at his own regimental mess-table. Every night the glass of *vin ordinaire* is solemnly raised, and the health of the Queen drank in silence, followed by that of the Khedive. But let it not be thought that only in this observance of form does Colonel —— maintain his English habits in the far desert. His men, Egyptians though they be, are as smart as if liable at any moment to be called out for inspection; and at any and every moment they are liable to be called to man the forts, and to prepare to receive an imaginary enemy. For the benefit of the party the alarm-gun is sounded, and in a moment every man is at his place, every gun loaded and run out, waiting the command to fire. But from the bleak hills away to the south there is nothing but silent desert, the Nile rushing beneath, and a sight of the lovely island of Philæ. Riding round the fortifications, the gallant Colonel, whose face is so well known in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly and Pall Mall, has yet an eye for every weak point, every defect in detail, and a kind word of approval for the young subalterns, who have none of that sullen, discontented appearance which was so striking in the days when they were under Egyptian or Turkish officers. Not a word of regret has the Colonel for the time which some men might think he is wasting here. Perhaps, it is true, he has a shrewd idea that his service in Egypt may help him with the constituency whose votes he hopes to win at the next general election; but none the less is his heart and soul in his work. Juvenal, he thinks, made much too much fuss about his exile to Syene; his liver must have been out of order when he indited those terrible Satires. Assouan is charming; he finds the Egyptian climate and Egyptian troops equally perfect. One grievance only has the gallant Colonel, and that is against the well-meaning old ladies who write to remind him that "they also that uphold Egypt shall fall; from the tower of Syene shall they fall in it by the sword." That quotation, as the tower of Syene



is his messroom, he thinks in bad taste ; but he lets out an extra length to his waistbelt, pats himself comfortably thereon, and says cheerfully, " But I never felt less like falling in my life."

" But will your men fight, Colonel, as well as they look ?" asked the Nabob.

" That's the question that every one asks, and every one answers differently," replied the Colonel, " forgetting that ' fight ' is a relative term. They'll certainly not bolt, as they did at Tel-el-Kebir ; nor will they perhaps ever carry entrenchments as we carry them. But remember that the Egyptian soldier is a perfectly new experiment ; you can't expect a people who have been treated as curs for several thousand years to suddenly develop the qualities of lions. You can't expect men dragged unwillingly from their homes, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and unpaid, to develop any of the *esprit de corps* which is the first quality of a soldier. But treat them well, pay them regularly, and above all, feed them well, and I am much mistaken if in time you don't make good soldiers of them, so long as you have good officers to lead them. Without that, your Indians are useless, and so will these men be."

" But in five years or so the army is going to be handed over to the Turks," said the Sketcher.

" Then in six years or so," said the Colonel, " the army will certainly be worthless, and probably a danger. Whether you might have made a native army with Turkish officers five years ago, is a question ; but, without suppressing another rebellion, you certainly will not do it now. However, here we are at the station, and there's your train."

The station was indicated by a pile of luggage and merchandise, on which was lying the Pasha, surrounded by a crowd perhaps the most varied and picturesque that could be gathered even in Egypt. The Fellah, the Barabras, and the Nubian, to which one has become accustomed in the journey up the river, here mix with tribes from the interior and from the far Soudan ; Bishareens who have come from Berber, Ababdchis, and even a few Hadendowa, mingled with Abyssinians, Turks, and Greeks ; and here and there the Nabob found a few Indians, to whom he graciously condescended to speak in an apparently unknown tongue.

Loaded camels were seated lazily munching from their burdens of fodder with grumbling content ; a few packets of gum, ostrich feathers, and ivory lay on the ground ; anxious traders squatted around, eagerly scanning the countenance of the Pasha, and trying to gather from it some faint hope that commerce would re-open and the river be available for traffic ; in little groups some new-comer from the south was relating his unhappy experiences to eager listeners ; and the

whole appearance of Assouan was one of depression. Drawn up against a tumbledown building dignified with the name of station was a train of a few trucks, a dilapidated carriage, and a worn-out engine, looking as if they had been dropped there some years before, and were utterly incapable of motion.

"We've not," said the Sketcher, "to travel in that thing, have we? You're not going to blight my last hopes, and send me across the desert in a locomotive, are you?"

"I'm afraid I'm going to blight your hopes even more effectually than that," said the Pasha. "Here's a telegram calling me back to Cairo. I've tried hard—assisted, I must admit, by a telegraph clerk—to misunderstand it, but I couldn't manage it. It's too fatally clear even for an Egyptian to muddle, and back I must go."

"What! at once?"

"Well, luckily for you all, the steamer has got to take in supplies, and won't be ready to leave till tomorrow; that just gives us time to get up to Philœ, and shoot the cataract on our way back. Sara here has arranged everything."

"And we miss Korosko and Wady Halfa?" said the Nabob.

"And Abu Simbel?" wailed the Sketcher.

"Well, as far as I'm concerned, yes; but of course you are not bound to return with me. You may take your chance of Cook's boat in a week, or any postal-boat, for that matter."

"I have travelled with a Pasha," said the Sketcher, "and will descend to nothing meaner; but do you mean to say this wreck and skeleton is capable of taking us to Philœ?"

"We must give it a trial, at all events," said the Pasha, "for it's our only chance. The Mudir has the greatest respect for it, however, and assures me it will go as fast as a camel, and do the eight miles in less than an hour."

Into it the party got, and with much coaxing, groaning, and shrieking, the



*News from the South.*

engine was got under weigh. Every single turn of the wheels was made as if with an effort, and with frequent pauses, as if to take breath. Its path seemed to be the trackless desert; but Sara said there was a man on the engine who knew the way, and so it proved; for finally stopping, as if from sheer exhaustion, there lay below the river, hurrying on to the rapids, and the beautiful isle of Philœ in its silver lake.

For the river, landlocked by sombre red mountains, looked, but for an occasional palm tree, more like a Scotch lake than an Egyptian river. Behind lay Elephantine, with its gentle slope covered with tumbledown huts, and all around the sharply defined mountain ranges closed in the view; while Philœ, like an enchanted isle, seemed floating in the midst. In spite of the weighty authority of the Tourist's Bible, it must be doubted whether anything to be seen in or from the island itself can compare with the view of it from the river. Other views in Egypt are remarkable for the magnificence of the panorama which they afford or the historical associations which they evoke; but the view of Philœ is nothing but one of pure beauty. Perhaps even one loses by going on shore; for Philœ excites no feelings of grandeur to swamp those of irritation to which the vulgar records of tourists give rise. The temple of Karnac is the embodiment of the majesty of Egyptian art; Philœ is the point at which we see that majesty blending with the pure beauty of Greece. The scene of ruin almost heightens the effect of Karnac; it jars with the beauty of Philœ. We look away from the black rocks; we hear the distant roar of the Cataracts, speaking of rage and strife; and we recognise in the lovely island the abode of Peace. We care not to see the records of triumphant monarchs, still less of such as Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius; nor the vandalic record of Desaix; let us rather regard it, correctly or not, as the abode of Hathor and Isis.

The boat is waiting; the Pasha is stern, and will admit of no more delay. The Sketcher gives one last look southward, and to the cry of "Allah Illah Allah, Rasoul Allah," the boatmen send the little craft into the middle of the stream. The pace quickens, but by no effort of the oars; and Sara is seen in confidential talk with the Reis. Suddenly the boat pulls to shore.

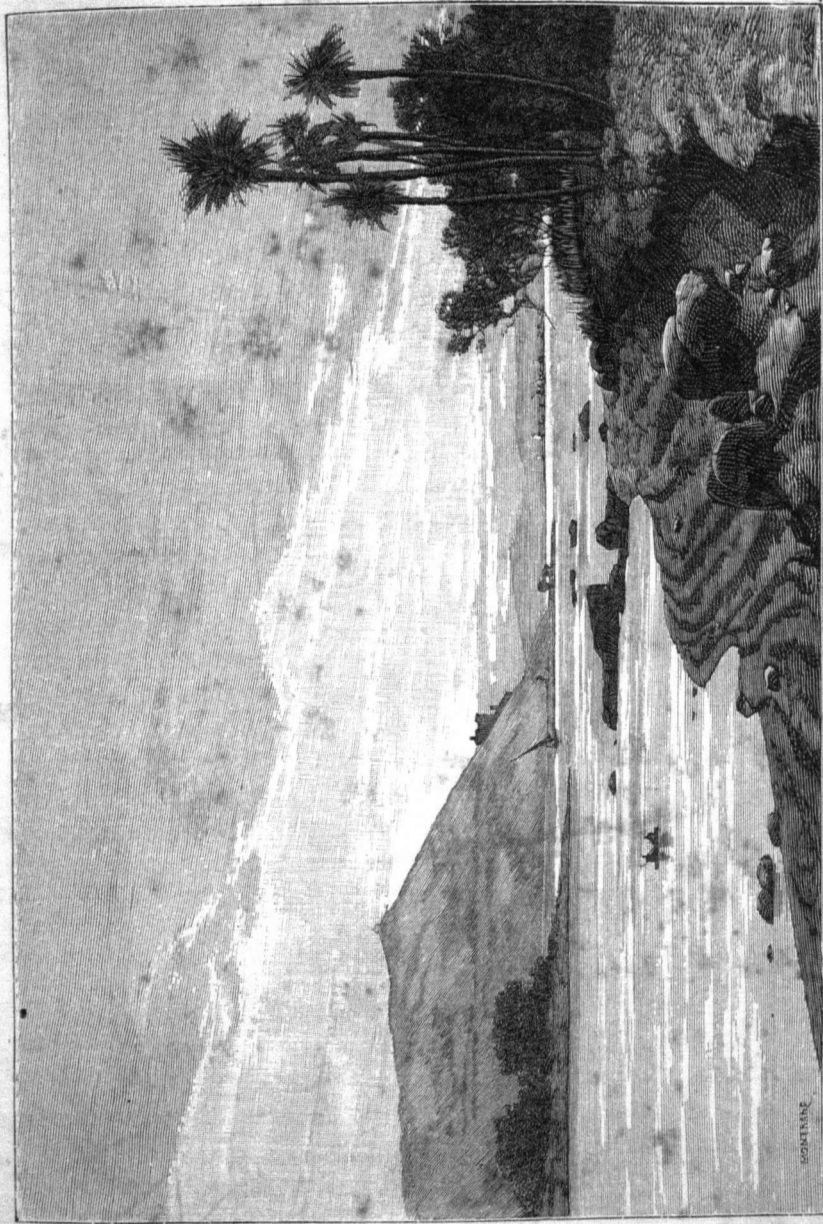
"What on earth is the fellow at?" asks the Pasha.

"Stop! stop! never mind!" says the Reis; "very good donkey."

And then on the bank is visible a group of screaming donkey-boys urging their animals to the shore.

"What, in the name of Osiris, is the meaning of this?" says the Pasha; "put out into the stream at once."

But the Reis has jumped on shore, and Sara has followed him. "He



*Elephantine Island.*

H. MONTAGNE