

say, your excellency," replied the latter, "that it's very dangerous; that no boat could do it at this time of year."

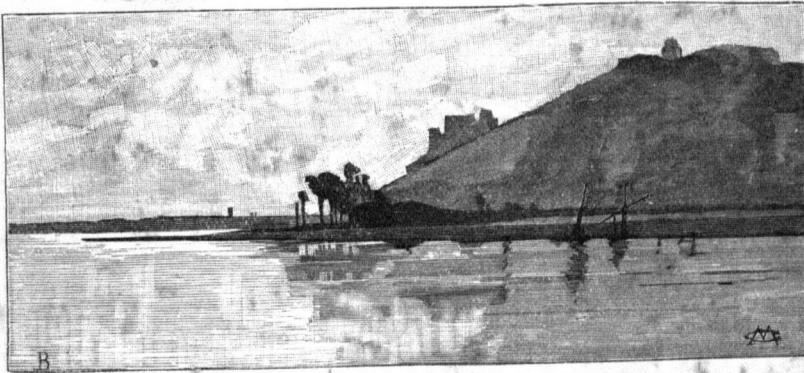
"Tell him to go on at once."

Then the Reis and the Mamoor fell on their knees; they begged and beseeched the Pasha to abandon the wild attempt. They were poor men; they were the slaves of his excellency; they would die for him, do anything for him, but not go down the Cataract with him.

The Pasha got exasperated. "This is all rubbish," he said, appealing to the others; "hundreds do it every year, and we must do it."

"Let's do it without him," said the Sketcher, airily seizing an oar.

"Thanks! no," said the Scribbler. "All this is merely a part of the usual business, to increase the merit of obedience. We've only to sit still and



it'll be all right; there's no danger whatever so long as the Reis is here; but if the Sketcher wants to take charge, I prefer the inglorious ease of mine ass."

"Look here, Sara," said the Pasha; "tell him I've no time to lose, and let him get into the boat at once."

Meanwhile Sara had been having an earnest conversation with the Reis, and having himself got on *terra firma*, which he had no intention of exchanging for the boat, seemed much more willing to support the views of those who were foolish enough to show less prudence.

"He say, your excellency, he very willing take all these other gentlemen, but dare not take you."

"And why on earth am I to be excluded?"

"Well, your excellency, he say not mind kill other gentlemen, if they give him certificate they don't mind; but he say that if he kill your excellency he be hanged!"

Sara gave the explanation with the air of one who felt that there was much in the argument.

"Tell him we have decided all to die together," said the Sketcher.

"Tell him he shall have four napoleons," said the Scribbler.

The eyes of the Reis twinkled. "Make it five," he said.

"You go at once, or you shall be hanged, whether I'm drowned or not," said the Pasha.

The Reis is convinced that his excellency means business. "It is the will of Allah," he says; but there are too many in the boat, and one Inglez must go with Sara to testify that the Pasha went to death of his own will. Crichton is made the Jonah, and the boat starts again. But before starting, every sailor strips, and displays a physique that would put to shame the weak-kneed Fellaheen of the Delta. At the last moment slips on board a coal-black little nigger, who takes the party under his protection. "You not be 'fraid," he says; "me, Homer, here—all right."

"Allah Illah Allah, Mahmoud Rasool Allah!" cries the Reis; "Issa el Nebbi!" shout the sailors.

Up the stream goes the boat, cautiously approaching the mid-current, a few inches at each stroke.

"Hold tight!" says Homer, and suddenly, with a swing, the boat's bow wheels round twice, and we are in full stream.

Very gently move the oars now, for they are not needed, and only kept near the water to steady her; quick flies the boat, and the whirl of water lashes angrily against the black boulders on either side.

"Bab ya Abu Bab! Bab ya Abu Bab!" cry the sailors in monotonous chant; and the old Reis sits grim and black in the stern, with watchful eye on his men and grim eyes ahead.

"Now he come!" said Homer, with a merry twinkle that was reassuring.

"Great Ammon! look at that rock ahead," whispered the Pasha.

The Sketcher made a movement as if to rise, but a hand was on his throat. "Sit quiet!" said the Reis, with a look that was positively demoniacal.

The big rock got nearer, and the Reis, apparently frantic with anxiety, screamed his directions at the top of his voice. Back screamed the sailors angrily, as if in mutiny. "Allah help us! great Bab help us!" rises in agonising cries.

"By Jove! we're into it," said the Pasha.

"Don't waste your strength fighting with the stream," said the Nabob quietly as he slipped his arm out of his coat.

A big wave seemed to lift the boat into the air and to be about to dash it on the big black rock. A look of horror came over the Reis' face with one despairing shriek, as, skimming on the very crest of the breaker, the boat gave a turn at right angles, passed the rock to starboard at a yard's distance, gave two rapid turns completely round, and was riding placidly in swift open current. Homer gives a wink and says, "All finish!"

The Reis looks solemn, and says, "Very clever; plenty baksheesh!"

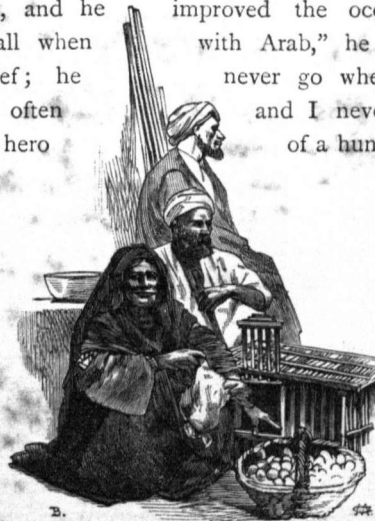
"Confound the fellow! I was taken in," said the Nabob.

"Well, you kept your head wonderfully cool anyhow," said the Pasha.

"Never tell me the Egyptians are incapable of governing again," said the Sketcher; "I feel that fellow's hand round my throat now, and the raven-like look in his eyes, as he bade me sit quiet, makes me still shiver to think of."

The Scribbler for a while was silent, then he said solemnly, "I was in a towering funk, and the worst is that's the third time I've been taken in in the same way!"

A long row, which the previous excitement rendered doubly monotonous, brought the party to Assouan, exhausted, cross, and hungry. Only Sara was up to the mark, and he improved the occasion. "Never no need be afraid at all when with Arab," he said. "Arab nearly big coward as thief; he never go where there danger. I done them cataract often and I never afraid." And Sara strutted the deck as a hero of a hundred cataracts.



*Fellaheen.*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Southward to Luxor—Popular opinion in Egypt—Origin of Arabi movement—Gladstone and Blunt—Penultimatums—The Arabi myth—Egypt for the Egyptians—Our false start—Things done and undone—Shelley, Keats, and Leigh Hunt on the Nile—The Nabob as a poet—A new passenger.*

THE next morning, before daylight, the *Cleopatra*, under orders that everything was to give way to speed, was rapidly going down river with the stream. One stoppage at Luxor only was to be allowed, and another day was to bring them to Assiout. The weariness and excitement of the previous day had been calmed by a peaceful slumber of the whole party on the broad deck.



*Head of Sayce.*

Sara had dreamt away his feeling of superiority, and had again become the most submissive of interpreters; the Pasha was hard at work dissecting figures with Crichton; the Sketcher was filling his book with sketches from river and shore; while the Nabob and Scribbler were pacing the deck.

The conversation had begun on their experience of the day before, but had drifted into a discussion as to the character of the Egyptian of to-day.

"When," said the former, "you deny the existence of any popular opinion in the country, surely you ignore the Arabi movement."

"Please understand," said the other, "that I do not ignore the existence of a popular opinion. On the contrary, I not only admit it, but define it. There is one, and one only; it is that of being 'agin the Government;' and I am not urging it as a reproach; it is perhaps the strongest characteristic of every race, except the Anglo-Saxon, and it is growing there. If I were a Fellah, I should hold it myself; just as, if I were a Russian, I should be a Nihilist. With the experience an Egyptian has had, it is unreasonable to expect him to be



anything else but what he is, 'agin the Government ;' or to expect that by five years good legislation you can subvert the rooted and inherited idea of centuries. With that idea the Fellah has other personal ones ; he is sensual and covetous of land. Arabi had that idea, but had nothing else. The history of all fads teaches us, that when a man is possessed of one sole idea, he can easily find converts, even among the indifferent ; how much more so when that idea, in an indistinct form, permeates the whole community. The first people with whom Arabi came in contact were the soldiers. Naturally, then, the first to give expression to it was the army. They declared 'agin the Government ;' so far it was a purely military revolt, furthered by individual dislike and jealousy of certain Turks. The authorities temporised with the officers, and the result was the soldiers got all they asked. Is it wonderful that the people, seeing this, went with them ? They too had grievances ; they had debts ! 'Abolish all debts,' said Arabi, and the people cried 'A Daniel come to judgment !' If that is a popular movement, I give it you ; only, is there any man who could not lead on such terms ? Is there any people who would not be tempted ? What about 'the three acres and a cow' in England ? Well, Arabi's offer was all the acres and all the cows, and the people were, if possible, still more ignorant."

"You believe, then, there was no feeling but that of self-interest through the whole of it ?"

"Stop a bit ! there is no need to go so far as that. We have got to this point—a strong selfish feeling in favour of Arabi, the man of one idea. Now enter political intrigues of Europe. England shows a disposition to support the authority of the Khedive ; that is sufficient to induce, I will not say the French Government, but the French colony in Cairo, to take the other side. The first people to give the movement any importance were Franco-Egyptian officials. If they could only get Arabi to act with them against the English, what annoyance they might cause ! what a triumph for *la grande nation* ! They held meetings of the colonels in their houses, they talked to them about the national sympathies of a republic, and so forth. Arabi began to feel himself a power, and enter a second idea—ambition ; not, too, altogether an unworthy one, let it be said ; only the ill-directed ambition of an ill-educated, not vicious man, led by others less ill-educated and more vicious. Why should he not do as Ismail had done, and play France against England. Still, I believe the Government of the Republic acted fairly, and straightforward common sense would have triumphed. Arabi was on the point of giving in ; his movement had gone far enough to have compelled the two Powers to pay more attention than they had done to the internal affairs of the country—to the legitimate grievances of the

country, which Arabi had never pointed out, but to which public opinion had been drawn by his movement. But, unfortunately for Egypt, there came on the scene Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, a man to whom every subsequent wrong committed in Egypt, either by one side or the other, must be attributed—upon whose head



*Seller of Sticks.*

must lie the full weight of all the blood and treasure which has been poured out in the country since 1882. And of course—is it necessary to say it?—is not the worst evil done by well-intentioned men?—no man ever came to Egypt or acted throughout with purer motives. Consumed with an exaggerated idea of his self-importance, not because of his talents, which were great, but because he had some remote connection with Lord Byron, the unfortunate man thought it his mission to regenerate a fallen race. He looked for Greeks, and found Egyptians, for Missolonghi, and he found Crabbet Park and the constituency of Camberwell. His genuine enthusiasm, ridiculous though it was, had its effect on

Arabi, and at first a good one. Even at this moment, I would not say that he may not have aroused in the poor, ignorant, noisy Fellah colonel a glimmer of some real patriotism. He recognised in Blunt all the real qualities he possessed—honesty, conviction, real singleness of purpose. He saw such a man as an Egyptian has never conceived of—a man who was really not working for his own pocket. He saw it and believed. But if Arabi saw and understood it, his less scrupulous allies did not; to them this man, who came to them with sympathy and money, was evidently a powerful Pasha in his own country. As he could not have come for nothing, and as they could not see how he was to gain anything in cash, it was evident to them that he was an emissary of his Government. Sir Gladstone was evidently jealous of Sir Malet, and was trying to thwart him; such things daily happened among their own people, why should it not be so with Englishmen. The obvious conclusion was, that England was not in earnest, that she was afraid; and all this, poured into the ears of the simple Arabi, smothered the better feeling that was perhaps rising in his nature, and spurred him to further resistance. And as if to confirm the idea, the British Government acted precisely as an Egyptian acts when he is afraid. First they bullied, then they cringed; first they threatened, then they apologised. Fleets were sent, but they were apologetically small; ultimatums got to be called pen-ultimatums, so frequent were they; and all the time France was whispering, "We will never permit it," and Blunt whispering, "England does not mean what she

says," till Arabi really became a power and the ruler of Egypt. Then he lost his head, became deaf to all control, and the brutal instincts of the Egyptian in power asserted themselves. Then began the persecution not of Christian and European alone, but of Copt, Jew, Berber, and of every race that was not plain senseless Fellah. No Turk, not Ibrahim himself, ever displayed the same unscrupulous, cold-blooded cruelty. The chiefs of the Inquisition were actuated by the highest motives; so probably was he when he introduced tortures which would have done credit to their ferocious ingenuity. Then at last came the bombardment; of which we may say it was a folly rendered necessary by previous folly, but too foolish in its method of execution for any folly to justify. There were fifty ways in which at one time we might have avoided it; when it became inevitable, there were fifty pretexts we might have chosen, all more or less good, and fifty precautions we might have taken, all more or less efficacious. I defy any one," said the Scribbler, "to find a greater proof of imaginative genius than was shown by the British Government in avoiding every one of those different courses, pretexts, and precautions—in discovering a policy which rendered the bombardment inevitable, a pretext which rendered it ridiculous, and an absence of precaution which ensured it being fatal. I stand aghast even now when I think of the superhuman ingenuity which was displayed in committing every possible blunder. Let no man ever contest

Mr. Gladstone's genius. His intellectual reputation may rest on his achievements in Egypt. We may deprecate the policy, we may deplore the results; but as a mere intellectual effort, the discovery of a policy which should commit every possible blunder and avoid every possible advantage, it was unparalleled."

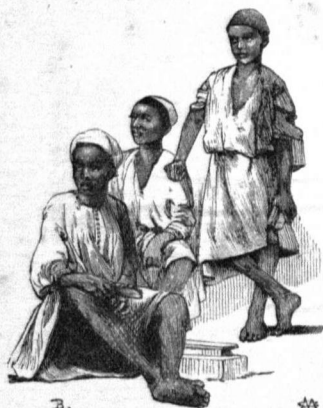
"But, 'returning to our sheep,' said the Nabob, "you must admit that even after the bombardment, when England had shown she *was* in earnest, Arabi was still able to raise the country, and put some 60,000 men under arms."

"Your quotation is more appropriate than flattering. 'Poor sheep! they scattered you,' says the admiring Blunt, adding, from the vantage-ground of the Oriental Club, 'I care not if you fled.' You say Arabi raised 60,000 men, but you omit to say what he raised them for. Ismail, you, or any other man in power could raise five times that number of Egyptians to work day and night,



*Coptic Native of Egypt*

without tools, pay, or clothing, almost without food, at cleaning the canals. What Arabi did was to get 60,000 men or more, who, in exchange for food, clothing, and pay, undertook to do—what? To stand behind an earthwork with a gun. Why, it was holiday for them on full pay; they had never had such a good time before, and they were even willing now and then to help to make an earthwork or to fire a gun; but when it came to fighting—no, that was not in their contract, and they bolted. No greater rubbish has been talked than that



*Shoeblocks.*

about Arabi's powers of organisation. As for his powers of administration, take the three acts associated with his short term of power—first, the lowering of the rate of interest by decree; second, a pension law which gave full pay to two generations; and third, a suggestion that the sentences of the judicial tribunals should be submitted to the Minister of War—that is, himself—for approval before becoming executory. Myths always die hard, but the Arabi myth seems destined to survive every shock. Lady Gregory did much towards its creation. In a charming little paper she represented the stern patriot in the bosom of his family, with an adoring wife and mother, who hung on his lips, and regretted that his high dignities absorbed his attention. About three months later Arabi has to go into exile in Ceylon. The adoring wife and mother refuse to accom-

pany him, and find other consolers, as does Arabi himself. Blunt paints him as the pure-minded patriot, aghast at the cruelties of the age. He gets into power; becomes, outwardly, a fiend in human shape—inwardly, a spiritual mystic; sees dreams, and tortures his enemies by the direct command of Heaven; is at once the tool and figurehead of all the scoundrels in the country; preaches resistance to death, and bolts before the first shot. Comes crawling back to Cairo demoralised and abject; delivers himself up through sheer want of courage to resist; cringes for his life, and will sell that of all his companions to gain it—and yet the myth lives! 'Ahmet Arabi, the Egyptian!' he claims the title; give it him; it describes him better than pages of rhetoric; for when has the Egyptian ever been anything but the cringing, lying, cowardly slave, or the cruel, rapacious, cowardly master?"

"Then it's needless to say you don't believe in Egyptian self-government, or Egypt for the Egyptians?"

"Egypt for the Egyptians certainly; but Egypt by the Egyptians, no; for your only way to keep Egypt for the Egyptians is to give them a government



which governs for the Egyptians. If you could really leave the Egyptians to govern themselves, the result in the future would be the same as in the past—they would succumb to the Ethiopians, to the Soudanese; the weaker would be sure to go down before the stronger rule. In no period of history has there been an independent Egypt except under foreign rulers. Our mission in Egypt is to see whether we can educate the people to self-government. We are more



*An Egyptian Village.*

likely to be able to succeed than any other foreign ruler; and those who, like Blunt, believe in and hope for such a consummation, should be glad to see us there. Once we go, the only question is whether the next conqueror shall come from the north or the south—from Europe or the Soudan."

"But are we doing anything towards educating them for self-government?"

"Nothing, or next to nothing; and that is the real vice of our occupation. We started with two false ideas, two totally incompatible promises,—the one



that we would reform the country; the other, that we would evacuate shortly. Either was possible without the other; the two together were impossible. To reform the country, we should ourselves have assumed the whole direction of the



*Bedouin Sellers of Horn.*

government; we should have devoted much attention to education; we should have had responsible heads of each separate department, and have gradually trained up our successors. Little by little we should have been able to surrender to them the management under a general control, and at the end of one or two generations we might have made a self-governing Egypt. But we had promised to evacuate; time hung over us like a Damocles' sword; we would not touch this, we would not attempt that, because it would require too much time. We would employ Armenians, Syrians, or such ability as we could find in the country, because it was useless upsetting the old system for so short a time; and thus we have left untouched the greatest abuses, just because they were the greatest, and required the time we were unable to give. We talk of reforming the country, and we ignore the internal government, the administration of justice and education."

"Then you mean that we have done nothing?"

"By no means; we have done much; we have to some extent restored the finances, and we have improved the irrigation; we have controlled many arbitrary practices; we have lessened corruption and cruelty; we have organised a fairly disciplined and contented army. All this is much, and undoubtedly the lot of the Fellah is considerably ameliorated; but it is all temporary and evanescent. If we go to-morrow, it falls within six months. It is an excellent building, good, solid, and adapted to all existing needs; but it is a temporary one, without any foundation; and when we go, we carry it off on our back."

"What's that you are proposing to carry off on your back?" said the Pasha, sauntering up to the pair; "Philæ or Karnac?"

"Neither; but something between the one and the other," said the Scribbler; "a pretty edifice based on ruins."

"I'm weary with reading Arabic parables," said the Pasha, "so condescend to be less figurative."

"I was saying that when you go, you will carry your whole financial adminis-

tration with you, that being the temple of Philœ, and that you will leave behind you the financial ruins of Karnac."

"Heaven forbid that I should carry off Sara," said the Pasha, laughing ; "I've left him trying to turn into Arabic Shelley's 'Ode to the Nile.'"

"I suppose it betrays consummate ignorance," said the Nabob, "but I never knew that Shelley ever wrote an ode on the Nile."

"Very few people do ; and though it sounds blasphemous, I don't know that one loses much by not knowing it ; but here it is :—

"Month after month the gathered rains descend,  
Drenching yon secret Ethiopian dells,  
And from the desert's ice-girt pinnacles,  
Where frost and heat in strange embraces blend  
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend ;  
Girt there with blasts and meteors, Tempest dwells  
By Nile's aerial urn, with rapid spells  
Urging those waters to their mighty end.  
O'er Egypt's land of memory floods are level,  
And they are thine, O Nile, and well thou knowest  
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil,  
And fruits and poisons, spring where'er thou flowest.  
Beware, O man, for knowledge must to thee  
Like the great flood to Egypt ever be."

"I'm going to be still more wicked than you," said the Scribbler, "for, Shelley's though the lines be, they seem to have every vice of poetry, with none of its redeeming features. The metaphor is involved ; floods are level in most places ; the atmosphere of Egypt is body-prostrating rather than soul-sustaining ; the floods do not bring poisons ; and the last two lines are rubbish. But listen to this, also Shelley's, on Ozmandyas :—

"I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said : 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read,  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed ;  
And on the pedestal these words appear :  
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair !'  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'"

Or this of Keats, written in competition with Leigh Hunt and Shelley :—

“ Son of the old moon-mountains African !  
 Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile !  
 We call thee fruitful, and that very while  
 A desert fills our seeing's inward span :  
 Nurse of swart nations since the world began  
 Art thou so fruitful ? or dost thou beguile  
 Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,  
 Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan ?  
 O may dark fancies err ! They surely do ;  
 'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste  
 Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew  
 Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste  
 The pleasant sun-rise. Green isles hast thou too,  
 And to the sea as happily dost haste.”

“ Now, as we've nothing to do all this afternoon but watch the Eternal Nile, I propose that we should try and evolve something better than Shelley or Keats. The Scribbler, of course, will do it easily, as he criticises so freely.”

“ Excuse me, but that's illogical,” said the Scribbler. “ Because I criticise the cut of your tailor, it doesn't follow that I'm bound to prove my right to criticise by making a better pair of breeches ; but I'm quite willing to undertake finding you something better than those lines you've just read.”

“ Agreed !” said the Pasha ; “ and I elect myself judge—competition verses to be read during dinner.”

It is in descending the river that you see it at its best. The Gebel Silsileh stand out with a bolder front approaching them from the north than from the south. Edfoo breaks upon you at a sudden bend of the river, from which you see the long reach to El Kab, and then come sweeping down on Esneh, with its rows of palms. The north wind blowing fresh in one's face mitigates the oppressive heat of the sun, and curls up the river in dancing waves. At sunset the *Cleopatra* was approaching Luxor ; the sun setting behind her threw the long shadows of her mast on the water ; and ahead the spires of Karnac seemed to be apparent through a broad faint rainbow, which on the horizon spanned from desert to desert.

“ That, if anything, ought to inspire poetry even in the Scribbler,” said the Pasha. “ Now, then, competitor of Shelley, strike the lyre !”

“ My lyre has no pretence to originality,” said the Scribbler. “ I've heard the Nabob trying for the last half-hour to get an appropriate rhyme to 'face.' Let him begin.”

"All true poets," said the Nabob, "require time to polish the efforts of their genius; but as I believe I'm the only one who has the moral courage to brave your sneers, I accept the challenge, and await annihilation. Read!" and he passed a paper to the Pasha.

"'Father of waters!' I knew every one would begin with that:—

'Father of waters! thou whose stream hath borne  
Earth's sons for ages past thy banks serene,  
So bear thou us; nor visit with just scorn  
This band of noisy revellers, who, between  
Sun rise and set, with jest and laughter keen,  
Deride the beauties of thy classic face.  
Forgive our mirth; nor yet for what hath been  
Invoke revenge, since now, with soberer face,  
In fear we move, and humbly ask for grace.'

There was a pause, till, with an effort at appearing unconscious, the Nabob said, "What a splendid propylön!"

"I'm wondering why the banks are 'serene,'" said the Scribbler.

"If you were not possessed with a mean spirit of envy," said the Nabob, "you would recognise that it was the only available rhyme. But now, your own!"

"I've none of the divine afflatus, my dear fellow, and wouldn't dare to go into competition with you. It is merely over Shelley that I claim a superiority for Leigh Hunt. I knew these lines before I knew the Nile, and don't think that the river itself has made me know them better:—

'It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,  
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream;  
And times and things, as in that vision, seem  
Keeping along it their eternal stands,—  
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands  
That roamed through the young world, the glory extreme  
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,  
The laughing queen, that caught the world's great hands.  
Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,  
As of a world left empty of its throng,  
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,  
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along  
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take  
Our own calm journey on for human sake.'

"Yes, after that we may all be silent," said the Pasha; "it's a fitting preparation for Karnac by moonlight, and here we are at Luxor. I must go on shore here for at least half-an-hour, but you may as well drop down to the temple, and I'll join you there later."

An hour later the Pasha joined them in the hypostyl hall.

"Conceal your joy," he said ; "I've found you a fellow-passenger. I came to the conclusion we were all getting tired of one another ; the Scribbler has exhausted his politics, the Sketcher his block notes, and the Nabob his poetical genius."

"We're doing very well as we are," said the last-named. "Who on earth have you got?"

"A man of one idea, who is dying for converts. We've only got to stand him for a day ; and he's original, if nothing else. He's generally known as the Professor, though he resents the title as derogatory, for he tells you that he has passed beyond the professing stage, and considers his theories so absolutely proved that they require no demonstration."

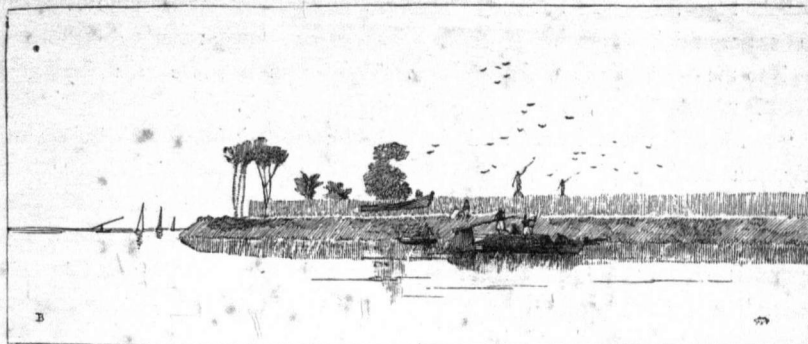
"But what is his particular theory?"

"I wouldn't tell you for worlds—first, because it would anticipate the intellectual repast you are going to have to-morrow ; and secondly, because I've never been able to get to the bottom of it. He joins to-morrow morning before we start, and you'll have had more than enough of it before you get to Asyoot. So come on board, turn in, and prepare for a tedious day."



*Types of Bedouins.*





## CHAPTER XIX.

*The new arrival—Sleep a luxury—The sleepless Joseph—Joseph the creator of Egypt—A new theory—Fayoum and the Land of Goshen—The Bahr Jussef the work of Patriarch Joseph—Tradition of Murtadi—The creation of the Fayoum—An original derivation—The field of Zoan and the land of Ham—Israelite exodus—Did they cross the Nile?—The blessing of Jacob—Jacob's will and testament—A new reading of an old text—Qualified approbation—Back to Shepheard's.*

THE next morning the Nabob was awakened by a shrill voice—"Yes, that will do—that will do. Thank you—certainly—of course—of course. Throw it on board; don't make a noise, and on no account wake anybody;" and a bulky carpet-bag came against the Nabob's head, and nearly rolled over the side.

"Are there many more coming?" said the Nabob rising, and holding the first projectile as a buffer to ward off any further attack, "or may I fling this overboard?"

"I beg your pardon a thousand times," said the other; "I'm afraid I disturbed you; but I cannot help looking upon your presence there as providential. But for your head, now, that might have rolled overboard," he said with a look which combined gratitude and an appeal for sympathy.

"I confess," said the Nabob, feeling his head, "I regard it in another light. The ways of Providence, at all events, seem to be one-sided in this case."

"Ah! yes; I'm afraid it may have hurt you; but if it had gone overboard the loss would have been irreparable—utterly irreparable; not to me—not so much to me—but to the world at large. The future of more than Egypt itself depends upon that bag," he said, taking his seat upon it.

"I'm glad it's safe then," said the Nabob; "but being so, perhaps, as it's early, you won't mind my going to sleep, again with a consciousness that for once my head has saved the world?" and he turned round in his rug.

"Certainly, certainly—of course, of course. I never sleep myself—never require it—never have done for years. Did you ever try to do without it?"

"I can't say I have," said the other.

"Oh, you should—you should; simplest thing in the world; purely matter of habit."

"But I can't say I've any intention of trying to contract the habit just yet; so I'll get a sleep first, and discuss it afterwards."

"Quite right—quite right; at least, no—quite wrong, quite wrong. Do you know now," said the new-comer, argumentatively, "that there's no evidence in the Pentateuch to prove that either Moses or Joseph ever slept; in fact, as regards the latter, it's conclusive that he didn't?"

The high tone of the speaker had now succeeded in awaking all the occupants of the deck. The Nabob gave it up as a bad job.

"And how on earth do you prove that?" asked the Scribbler.

"Because he could never have accomplished the work in Egypt that he did if he did so."

"I thought Joseph dreamed dreams," said the Sketcher.

"Precisely," said the other; "and that proves my proposition, for his brain never slept. So the evidence is conclusive on that point, even if we could assume it possible that he had time to sleep and yet achieve his work in Egypt."

"And what was that?" asked the Scribbler.

"What was that?" asked the Professor aghast; "what was that? Why, the making of Egypt. The evidence is conclusive that Egypt was the creation of Joseph, as I will prove to you."

"Well, before beginning, we'd better dress and have some coffee," said the Pasha.

The Professor was left pacing the deck and gesticulating to himself; he was evidently arranging an oft-repeated lecture; and hardly were they seated at table before he began.

"If you look at the first mention of Egypt in the Bible, you will find nothing to indicate that Egypt was a land of any more importance than Canaan, Sichem, Moab, and the other lands through which Abram journeyed. The dates are, of course, very obscure, but it is obvious that Egypt was then little more than a desert, blessed with a capricious river, which no one knew how to utilise. Even later, when Joseph is a servant in Potiphar's house, there is nothing to show that Egypt was a kingdom of any importance."

"But are you going to ignore all but the Bible records?" asked the Scribbler impatiently. "What about the records of stone?"

"Does your name happen to be Markham?" said the Professor; "because there's an interesting historical work by a person of that name, in which information is conveyed in the form of question and answer; and it occurred to me that you might be the lineal descendant of the sagacious Richard, the bold George, or even of the precocious Mary. You will have observed, however, that even in that work the conversations are deferred until the end of the chapter."

The Scribbler took his rebuke humbly, and the Professor continued—

"I have already said that the chronology is obscure. I know just sufficient of Egyptology to know that Egyptologists know nothing; and even if all their chronological theories were accurate, there is nothing to show that Joseph did not enter Egypt before the oldest existing relic of his greatness. Seeing that men like Bunsen and Lepsius differ to the extent of 1000 years in the date of arrival of Jacob's family, I may be permitted to go farther back than either. Or even, if I admit the pyramids as existing prior to Joseph's time, I am still correct in saying that Joseph formed Egypt, if I accept Bunsen's chronology, and date Joseph from the rise of the twelfth dynasty, when Egypt began to recover from the dark ages of the previous 400 years. The rise of Egypt began with the great famine mentioned in Scripture; that placed in the hands of the ruling Pharaoh the whole land of the country; he again placed the entire administration in the hands of the greatest administrative genius whom the world has ever seen. And Joseph introduced his own people; with their aid he raised the country to a position which it has never experienced before or since; and when the infatuated Pharaoh who knew not Joseph drove them out, he sealed the ruin of Egypt, which from that date began to fall. The early history of the Jews is the history of Egypt which they made."

"If the time for asking questions has arrived," said the Scribbler, taking advantage of a pause, "I should like to ask whether you have any proof of that beyond the imperfect one of assertion?"

The Professor loftily ignored the sneer. "The proof of it," he said, "is written in the land of Goshen."

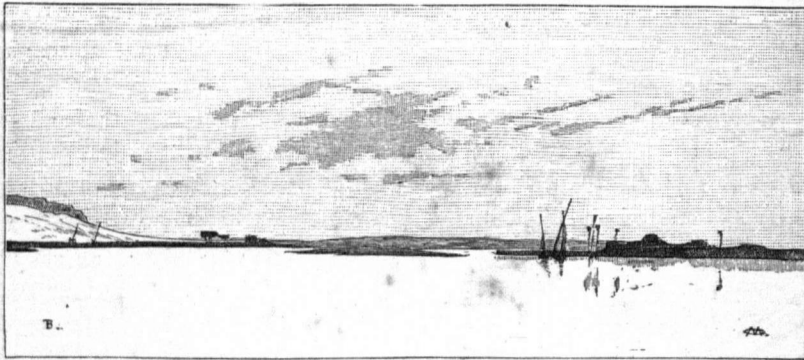
"And where is that?" said the Pasha quietly.

The Professor drew himself together, as a man who feels that the moment of struggle has arrived.

"The land of Goshen," he said, "is the Fayoum; and what is the Fayoum?—the creation of Joseph—the Bahr Jussef."

"But, my good sir, there is not the smallest connection between the Patriarch Joseph and the canal of Jussef Salah el Din," cried the Scribbler.

The Professor smiled with lofty contempt. "The Bahr Jussef, you say, was named after our old friend, Saladin. Has it never occurred to you as somewhat



singular that this canal, which certainly existed 2000 years before the Crusades, should have been named after the hero of them? Are you prepared to say that it is probable that Saladin deliberately gave his name to a work which must then have been for 2000 years known under some other name which has completely disappeared? Such an act would only be paralleled by the ruins of Stonehenge being called the Victoria Temple in honour of the Jubilee."

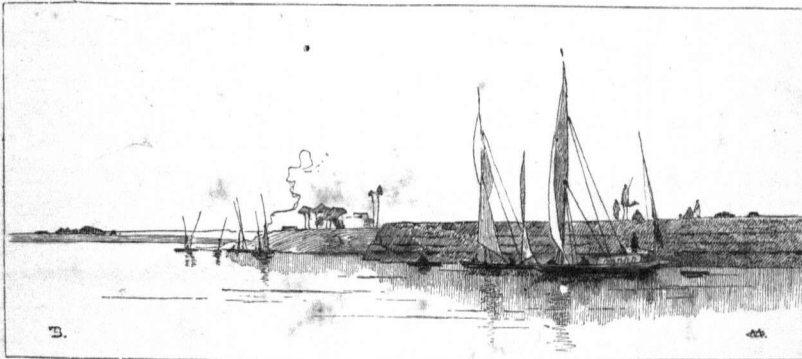
"I admit there's something in that," said the Scribbler; "but the negation of one derivation isn't the proof of the other."

"Of course not," said the Professor, slightly mollified by the concession. "But now, why should you ignore early tradition, with considerable elements of probability in it, for a later tradition with no such elements in it? Whatever be Joseph's era, it is certain that he was nearer to the period of the Bahr el Jussef

than Jussef Saladin. We know of no other Jussef, and tradition tells us not only that he made this canal, but the whole story of it, and adds, that prior to the removal of his bones by Joseph, he was buried by the side of it."

"And where is that tradition?"

"Here—everywhere—in the mouth of every dweller on the Bahr Jussef. Leo Africanus, writing about 1500, tells us that Medinet el Fayoum was built by one of the Pharaohs, 'on an elevated spot, near a small canal from the Nile, at the time of the exodus of the Jews;' and he adds, 'here, it is related, was buried the body of Joseph, the son of Israel.' So says also Masudi, writing about 930; and Murtadi, another Arabic writer, whose date I don't know, but whose work was translated in 1666, gives a circumstantial account of it all. The life



of Joseph Ibn Isaac fills volumes of Arabic literature; in nearly all, this work is directly attributed to him. On what ground is the tradition upset?"

"What are the details of Murtadi?"

"Unfortunately I have not the translation here, or I would read it you; but briefly it is this. When Joseph was well stricken in years, an intrigue was set on foot against him. The advisers of Pharaoh were jealous, and said, practically, 'He has doubtless been a very grand old man, but his day is past, and he is no longer what he was.' Pharaoh supported the man to whom he owed so much, and at last said, 'Well, name the thing which he cannot do, and if he fails to do it, I will dismiss him.' Then the courtiers took counsel together, and they went to Pharaoh and said, 'Bid him drain the swamp of the Reian and make it cultivable.' Then Pharaoh was sad, for he felt it impossible; but he went to Joseph and said, 'Thou knowest that I must marry my daughter, and I have no

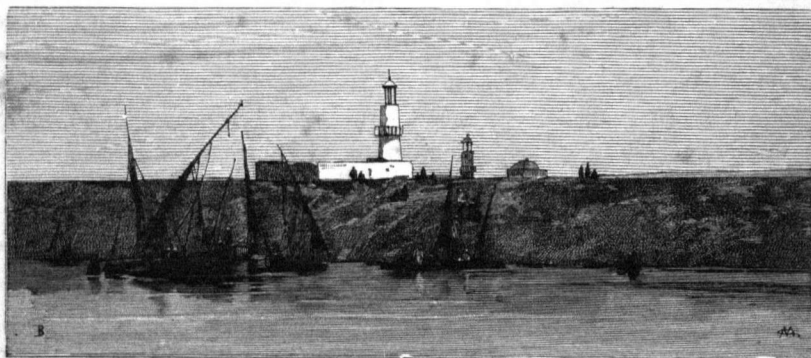


portion to give her except the Reian, and it is a marsh.' Then Joseph said, 'I will drain it and make it cultivable.' 'When?' said Pharaoh. 'Now,' replied Joseph. Then he set to work; and here follows a long description of the existing canals. And after some time he called Pharaoh, and Pharaoh went with his courtiers, and the place was like a garden, so that they marvelled. And Pharaoh said to Joseph, 'How long have you taken to do this?' And Joseph said, 'Ninety days!' 'No other man,' said Pharaoh, 'could do it in a thousand days' (Alph Yom); and so the place was called El Fayoum."

The conclusion of the legend was greeted with laughter.

"Then Pharaoh spoke Arabic some 3000 years before Mahomet?"

"I don't," said the Professor, "ask you to accept the legend as true in



details; the derivation is of course fanciful and ridiculous, but so the legend has existed from time immemorial."

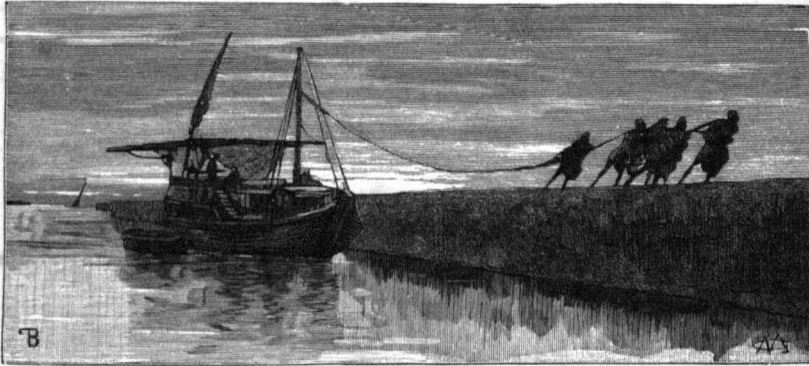
"But I don't see," said the Pasha, "how it helps your theory. If the Fayoum was only created when Joseph was an old man, it's evident that it couldn't be the land of Goshen, where his brothers settled when he was still in his prime."

"I repeat that the legend is only of value as showing the connection with Joseph. Another point is worth noting—that Pharaoh had no dowry for his daughter; that shows that Egypt was a country of no great riches at the time when Joseph made the canal, which was doubtless before the famine."

"You treat your legend rather freely," said the Nabob; "you take an isolated line, throw over all the rest, and then use the whole as a proof that the land of Goshen was in the Fayoum."

"My point requires no proof," said the Professor; "it is self-evident. What does all our knowledge of the settlement of the Jews amount to? Take the Scripture narrative. Instructed by Joseph, they tell Pharaoh, 'Thy servants are shepherds, both we, and also our fathers. . . . For to sojourn in the land are we come; for thy servants have no pasture for their flocks; for the famine is sore in the land of Canaan. Now therefore, we pray thee, let thy servants dwell in the land of Goshen. And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying, Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee; the land of Egypt is before thee; *in the best of the land* make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell. . . . And Joseph placed his father and his brethren, and gave them a possession in the land of Egypt, in the best of the land, in the land of Rameses, as Pharaoh had commanded.' All, then, that we know of the land of Goshen is, that it was (1) the land of Rameses; (2) the best of the land of Egypt; (3) a place for pasture. In view of the fact that we are afterwards told that the Israelites in the days of their affliction built the treasure city of Rameses, and that no place could have had such a name at the time, we must assume that the writer of the Pentateuch was using a name only given later to the place. Where was the pasture land, 'the best of the land of Egypt?' Certainly it was not in the barren desert around the so-called Tanis, as Rawlinson says; nor in the narrow Wady Tumeylat of Poole; nor near the sea-coast, as says Michaelis; nor at the mouth of the river, as say Payne Smith and Wiedemann. The best of the land of Egypt given to Joseph's brethren, must have been that which was watered and drained by Joseph himself, the borders of the Bahr Jussef, that which is to this day called the garden of Egypt, recognised as Goshen by St. Jerome, by Jablonski, by myself, and by all tradition. And if farther proof were wanted, study the history of the exodus. We have got on safe chronological ground now, for it is the nineteenth dynasty, and where is the seat of government? At Tanis, say modern archaeologists. What! Seti, and Ramses the Great, and Seti Menephtah ruling from Tanis! The very idea is preposterous. And on what is it based? On the poetical expression of the Psalmist: 'Marvellous things did He in the sight of their fathers, in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan . . . How He had wrought His signs in Egypt, and His wonders in the field of Zoan.' Therefore the miracles of Moses and Aaron were in Zoan, and Zoan, say the wiseacres, is San or Tanis. Now, assuming even the latter, which I am not quite prepared to admit, does the use of the word Zoan in such a connection have any geographical significance? A few Psalms farther on we read, 'They showed his signs among them, and wonders in the land of Ham;' and in the next

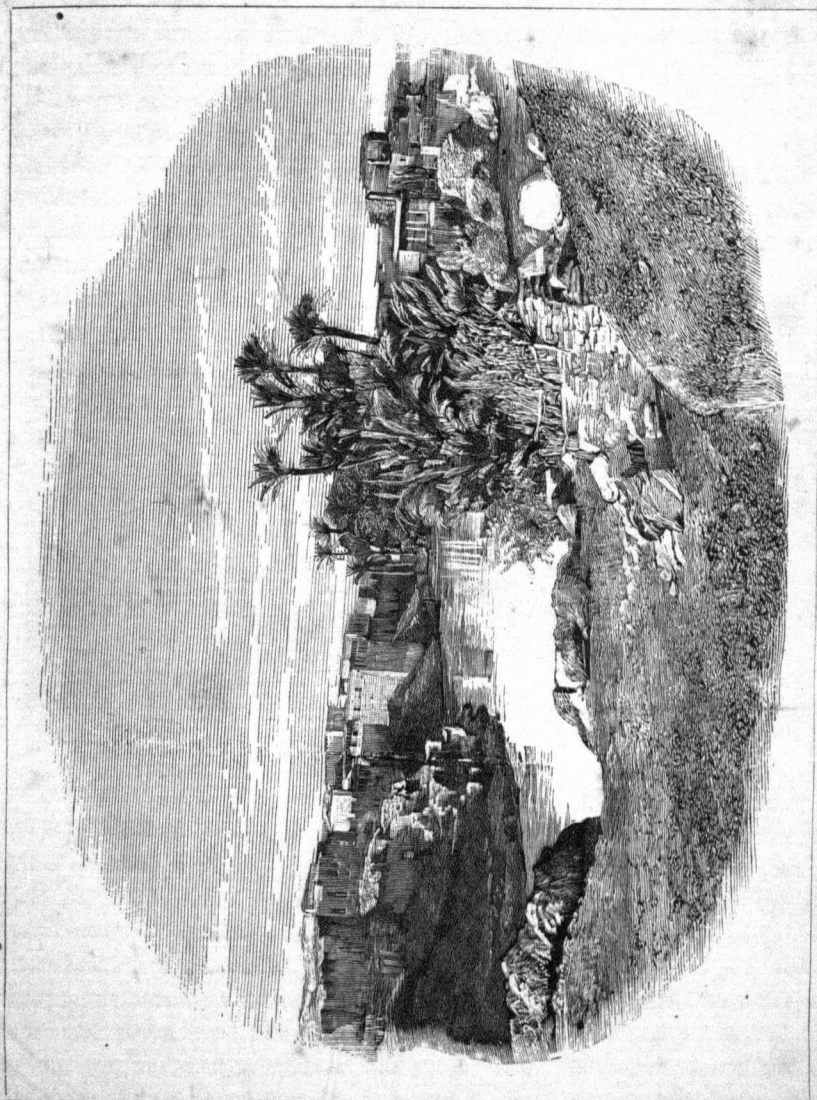
Psalm, 'Wondrous works in the land of Ham, and terrible things by the Red Sea.' So if geographical value is to be attached to such phrases, I might say that the miracles of Moses and Aaron were wrought in the land of Ham, that is, the land of Khemi, that is, the Fayoum. But I make no such argument; the land of Zoan and the land of Ham are equally poetical expressions for the land of the Nile. But there is another reason why our sages of modern research will have it that Seti Menephtah abode at Tanis, because otherwise their land of Goshen will not bear criticism. Why, even if he were at Tanis, instead of at Memphis, where we know he was, what need had the Israelites to ask for three days' journey into the wilderness? In numbers they were stronger than the Egyptians; and, if they were in the Wady Tumeylat, they were already in



the desert; at all events, it barely required three hours to get there! Ah! but if they were in the land of the Fayoum, then indeed they were shut in, and could not pass to the desert but with Pharaoh's permission. Look at the map again, and you will see how the monarch who held the river had them in his grip. 'Memphis,' says Mariette, 'seems to have been shut in between the Bahr Jussef on one side, and the Nile on the other.' Look at your map again, and study the plague of locusts; an east wind brought them, and a west wind swept them into the Red Sea. Why, at Tanis a west wind would have swept them into the Mediterranean or into Syria. Note, too, a singular fact, the pyramids of the Fayoum, Illahoon, and Dashour are brick pyramids; and even Murray will tell you how some of the bricks are made with straw, and some without."

The Professor closed as one who had silenced all discussion.

"But surely," said the Scribbler, "you've shirked one great difficulty. From



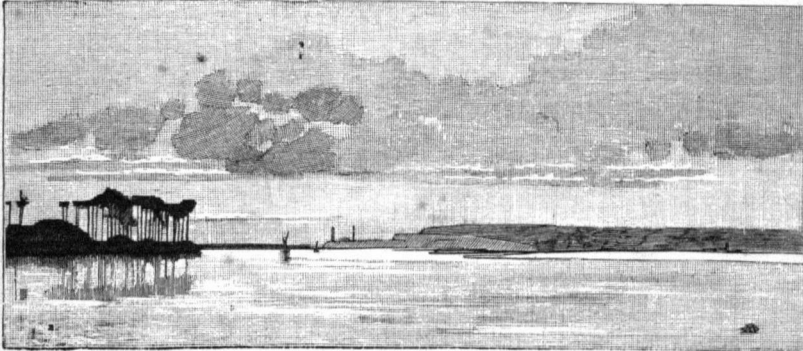
*The Bahr el Jussuf.*



the Fayoum they must have crossed the Nile, and would have wanted a special miracle to accomplish it."

"That's a fair objection," said the Professor, "but by no means insurmountable. It's more than probable that there was then, as now lower down, a bridge forming part of Joseph's irrigation works. If so, there was a good road, a golden bridge ready for them. Artabanus, an Alexandrian Jew (and Jews have always been tenacious of their own history), writing 100 years before Christ, says, 'The Jews borrowed of the Egyptians many vessels, and no small quantity of raiment, and every variety of treasure, and *passed over the branches of the river towards Arabia.*'"

"That," said the Scribbler, "tells rather against you than in your favour, for



from the Fayoum they would only have had to cross the main stream. From Tanis Zoan, on the other hand, they would have had to cross the branches."

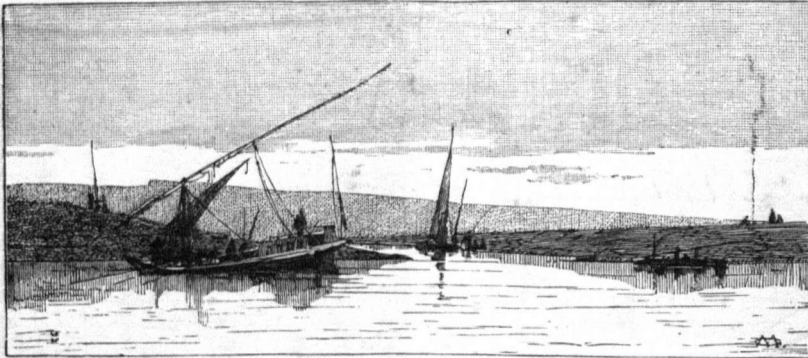
"Then, if so," said the Professor, "you need make no difficulty about the absence of any mention of crossing the Nile. If they were where I assert, they had one main stream to cross; if they were where others pretend, they must have had at least one, and probably more branches to cross. Of neither is there any mention in Scripture. The fact is, we must not look to Scripture for detail; we find there the statement of a few bare facts; the Israelites settled in the best of the land of Egypt; they increased and multiplied to an extent which alarmed the rulers; they were intellectually superior to the race which Pharaoh governed, probably to Pharaoh himself; they became the intelligence of the nation; with their superior intelligence they were a standing danger to a despotism which can only exist with ignorance; then began the first recorded Judenhetze, con-



tinuing to this day in Russia and Germany, and wherever there is a despotic Government. Now, where did this people of 600,000 able-bodied men, probably nearly two and a half million souls, live? Do you want to make me believe that they existed in the little Wady, which is popularly identified with the land of Goshen?"

"But surely," said the Pasha, "there's nearly the same difficulty with regard to the Fayoum, the population of which to-day is barely 170,000?"

"The Fayoum to-day!" said the Professor impatiently; "but what is the Fayoum of to-day? Possibly 500 square miles; but the Fayoum of Joseph's day extended beyond the Birket el Korn, was cultivable where now it is a morass, and must have covered 1500 square miles of the richest land in Egypt. It was the only place where the olive and the vine flourished; even now it is the garden



of Egypt; and then it had 366 towns. But of course, I do not mean to say that the Israelites confined themselves to the Bahr el Jussef. The blessing of Jacob shows that they extended down both sides of the river."

"The blessing of Jacob?" asked the Scribbler.<sup>1</sup>

"Ah! you probably associate the blessing of Jacob with a map of Palestine nicely divided into tribes, with imaginary boundaries which never existed. We are so apt to adopt the first mystical explanation given us of anything that we don't understand, that we neglect to try and find a reasonable explanation for ourselves. Remember that Jacob died in Egypt; that he had certainly never explored the whole of Palestine; and if you accept the theory that he was

<sup>1</sup> To avoid any charge of "literary coincidence" or of exaggeration, let me at once admit that neither the theory of the Professor nor even the words in which it is given are original. They are to be found in a very learned paper read by a very learned man to a very learned society. I have to apologise for placing them in the mouth of the Professor. (The Scribbler's Note.)

speaking solely with the spirit of prophecy, can you give that prophecy any rational geographical fulfilment? I doubt it; and seeing that there is nothing in Scripture to show us that it was intended for a prophecy, surely we may try and find a simpler explanation of it. The Patriarch was dying in Egypt; he had seen his descendants spreading throughout the land, increasing in their possessions; and what can be more natural than that he should wish to guard against any quarrels among them by apportioning to each their territory, in the distribution of which he, under the Hebrew patriarchal system, would have full power. True, their position was due to the all-powerful Joseph; but no authority was allowed among the Jews to supersede that of the head of the clan, and we need have no difficulty in assuming that, with Joseph's consent, the old Patriarch made, as it were, his last will and testament. Now, with this in your mind, read the blessing of Jacob again:—

'Reuben, thou art my first-born,  
My might, and the beginning of my  
strength,  
The excellency of dignity, and the  
excellency of power.'

"The Beni Reuben, or tribe of Reuben, were situated in that part farthest north which lay nearest to the seat of government; but the river here divided into streams.

'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.'



*Jewish Native of Egypt.*

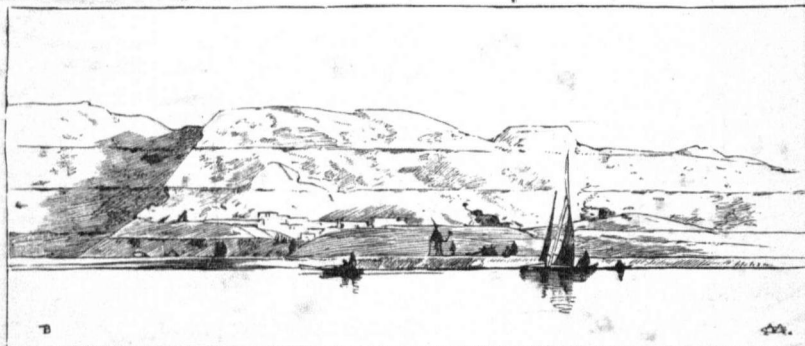
"The Beni Reuben followed the waters of the Nile, and intermarrying with the natives, tainted the ancestral blood. So far as his descendants by Reuben were concerned, the efforts and sacrifices of Jacob to preserve the purity of the race of Abraham were nullified.

'Judah, thee shall thy brethren praise;  
Thy hand shall be on the neck of thy enemies;

Thy father's sons shall bow down before thee.  
 Judah is a lion's whelp :  
 From the prey, my son, art thou gone up :  
 He stooped down, he couched as a lion,  
 And as a lioness ; who shall rouse him up ?'

"Judah Jehudah—the Andro Lion—the Sphinx, or Strangler—Abu Haul, the Father of Terrors, stooped down and crouched as a lion, with his paw on the neck of the Nile, and on the Fellaheen of the Delta.

'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah,  
 Nor the ruler's staff from between his feet,  
 Until Shiloh come ;  
 And unto him shall the obedience of the people be.'



"The temple between the feet of the Sphinx, and the broad terrace paved with basalt in front of the pyramids, survive to mark the judgment-seat of all the tribes to the north of Beni Sonef ; or, in other words, until one came to Shiloh ; for here Moses was born.

'Zabulon shall dwell at the haven of the sea ;  
 And he shall be for a haven of ships ;  
 And his borders shall be upon Zidon.'

"Zayat el Aryan marks the abode of Zabulon ; Saida or Zidon, below Memphis, was the haven of ships.

'Issachar is a strong ass  
 Couching down between the sheepfolds :

And he saw a resting-place that it was good,  
 And the land it was pleasant ;  
 And he bowed his shoulders to bear,  
 And became a servant unto taskwork.'

"Issachar—Sachar—Saqqarah, near Memphis ; Men-nefer, 'the resting-place.' Within the white-walled fortress the tribe of Issachar found employment, and ate the bread of industry from the lords of Memphis. Some others," continued the Professor, "are more doubtful ; but Ashur we find in the pyramids of Dashur ; and Benjamin, the wolf that ravineth, we identify with Lycopolis, the city of wolves, Assyoot. Of course, however, the conclusive proof of the whole we must expect to find in the blessing of Joseph, whose two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim, let me remark in passing, have given their names to Minieh and Beni Suef (son of Joseph)—

'Joseph is a fruitful bough (the Bahr Jussef, a branch of the Nile) ;  
 A fruitful bough of a fountain (the reservoir of Middle Egypt, Lake Moeris) ;  
 His branches (waters) run over the walls (of the valley) :  
 The Archers (of the Sun) have sorely grieved him,  
 And shot at him, and persecuted him.'

"(The conflict between the Heracleopolitans and the inhabitants of the Arsinoite nome or Fayoum inflicted, as we know, irreparable damages upon the Labyrinth.)

'But his bow (the lakes of the Horns) abode in strength,  
 And the arrows of his hands (the canals) were made strong  
 By the hands of the Mighty One of Jacob  
 (By the Hyksos, the allies of Jacob) ;  
 From thence is the Shepherd (race), the stone of Israel.  
 Even by the God of thy father, who shall help thee ;  
 And by the Almighty, who shall bless thee  
 With blessings (*i.e.*, pools) of (rain from) heaven above,  
 Blessings of the deep (Moeris) that coucheth beneath,  
 Blessings of the breasts (the bosoms of the Nile),  
 And of the womb (the broad fields of Beni Suef) :  
 The blessings of thy father have prevailed above the blessings of my  
 progenitors  
 Unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills (Libyan range) :  
 They shall be on the head of Joseph,  
 And on the crown of him that was separate from his brethren.'"

The Professor paused. "I ask you," he said, impressively, "whether that is not conclusive? You hesitate to reply. I can well believe that you are astounded; but I have not given you half my proofs yet."

"I assure you we're all satisfied with those you have given us," said the Pasha hastily; "the evidence is—well—abundant," he added, after some hesitation.

"But I have more, much more," said the Professor eagerly, foreseeing easy converts. "Are there any of you who are unconvinced?"

There was an ominous silence as the Pasha gazed inquiringly at each one. They were truthful men, but also considerate of the Professor's feelings, and doubtful of their own powers of endurance. At last, the Nabob, seeing that the Professor was hurriedly preparing fresh proof, said solemnly, "Professor, I feel convinced that, if what you have said has not convinced, nothing will."

"Sir," said the Professor, grasping his hand warmly, "I thank you for your encouragement; you shall not go unrewarded. I have this bag *full* of further proofs. I have given you only the most obvious—those, in fact, which hardly require explanation; but you shall have all the rest, which require a little more elucidation, before we get to Cairo."

"What do you all think of my guest?" said the Pasha, laughing, as the Professor walked to the fore part of the *Cleopatra* in search of further possible converts.

"His ideas are not more ridiculous than the Lost Tribe theory," said the Nabob. "I have met many such; only, as I saved you by my last speech, I rely on your sense of honour to save me from the farther proofs which he has threatened."

"Men with such theories are to be esteemed and avoided," said the Scribbler oracularly.

"And you, Sketcher?" asked the Pasha.

"I could not follow him entirely," he replied; "there were some very long quotations; but I think he said something about there being an ass at Sakkarah, bowing his shoulders to bear, and becoming a servant unto taskwork. Did he not?"

"Well?"

"Ah! well, I saw that ass; he was carrying the Scribbler to the tomb of Ti; that was a true description, but I couldn't understand the rest."

The Scribbler would have resented the reference to his sixteen stone, but the sight of the Professor coming aft caused every one to show an intense



interest in the scenery, and to examine with absorbing curiosity the Sketcher's portfolio.

Late in the evening the *Cleopatra* arrived at Asyoot; a special train was waiting to carry the Pasha to Cairo; and in a few hours our two travellers were again at Shepherd's.



*From Sakkhara.*

## CHAPTER XX.

*History—Egypt under the Persians, Macedonians, Ptolemies, and Romans—Bablun—Ezra and Elijah—The Mosque el Amr—A kourbashed pillar—A strait gate—The Ommiades—The Abbasides—Tūloonides—Mosque el Tūloon—Egypt the seat of the Khalifate—El Kahira—Mosque el Azhar—Mosque el Hakim—Saladin—Ayubites—Mamluk period—Mosque el Kalaun—Mosque Sultan Hassan—Legend of the Bloody Mosque—Mosque Kait Bey—Mosque el Ghoriya—Egypt a Turkish Pashalic—The generous Egyptians—Rise of Mohamed Ali—Europe in Egypt—Ibrahim—Abbas—Said—Ismail—Tawfik—French intrigues—Arabi revolt—England in Egypt—Three policies.*

WHEN Egypt, with the rest of the Persian empire, had fallen under the dominion of Alexander, the days of the great conqueror were already numbered. The Ptolemaic Greek dynasty which succeeded to this portion of his empire is known as the thirty-third dynasty. Lasting nearly three hundred years, it established Alexandria as the capital of Egypt, and for a time of half the known civilised world. What we owe intellectually to this period has already been noted—the museum and library of Alexandria, the revival of learning, the Pharos, the cities of Berenice and Arsinoe, the Septuagint, the History of Manetho, the collection of Homer. From an antiquarian point of view, we have the Rosetta Stone (173 B.C.), the key by which was unlocked all our knowledge of past Egypt; the decree of Canopus (247 B.C.), the temple of Edfoo (217 B.C.), the Pharaoh's bed at Philæ (B.C. 132), the temples of Kom Ombos, Esneh, and Denderah. The battles of Philippi and Actium threw Egypt from one foreign ruler to another, and she became a province of the Roman empire (B.C. 30). Her history for the 650 years of Roman and Byzantine domination is absorbed in that of Rome and of the early Christian Church. Even a sketch of it here would be out of place. All the signs that remain of it near the not then founded city of Cairo is the fortress of Bablun at Fostat. Here was stationed one of three Roman legions, with another on the opposite bank at Ghizeh, connected by a bridge. The long dusty drive to the Roman fortress is perhaps scantily repaid by the remains visible, but those who are disposed to believe in tradition may think it worth while to visit the crypt of the Coptic church of St. Mary, where within

its walls, the priests will tell you, rested the infant Messiah and his mother; or other churches and synagogues, where you may see an alleged scroll of the Thorah written by the hand of Ezra the scribe; the spot where Elijah appeared, and where Moses is said to have prayed for the cessation of the plague of thunder and hail (Exod. ix. 29). But unless it be for some carvings in wood and ivory, there is nothing of either historic or artistic value.

Within half a mile, however, we may rightly commence our survey of Saracenic Egypt with the Mosque el Amr. The quarrels of the different sects of Christian Egyptians had, as usual, facilitated the invasion of the Persians under Chosroes (610 A.D.), and similar quarrels facilitated that of the Arabs; for the Egyptians, whether followers of Ammon or Serapis, of Christ or Mohammed, were always willing to betray the existing ruler to a new conqueror. Amrou, the general of Omar, entered Egypt by Pelusium (Isthmus of Suez), went up the country to Memphis, took Bablun, and then Alexandria after a siege of fourteen months. So terminated, on the 10th December 641, and the first day of the year 21 of the Hejira, the Roman dominion in Egypt; and building Fostat, the victorious general built this, "the crown of the mosques," now called, after him, the Mosque el Amr. The greatest authority on Saracenic art<sup>1</sup> tells us that the mosque "has been so repeatedly restored that it is not safe to draw conclusions from its details, but it is certainly as old as the tenth century in its main outline." One cannot but bow to such an authority, and yet one is tempted to ask whether "the main outline" implies more than the foundations? For the Bill which was so altered that nothing was left of it but the word "whereas" involuntarily comes to our recollection when we try to accept the statement. Certainly a good two-thirds of the numerous columns would seem to be of very much later date, nor have they any appearance of being designed either for this or any one building. The destruction of a large part of Cairo in 1302, and the pious munificence of a Cairene merchant, who collected the debris and formed one mosque out of many, is perhaps the origin of the present Mosque el Amr. One column there is to which we may accord antiquity, and something more, according to the serious asseverations of the guardians. When Amr was building this mosque, he asked his master, the Khalif Omar, for a column from Mecca. The Khalif thereupon addressed himself to one of the columns there, and commanded it to migrate to the Nile; but the column would not stir. He repeated his command more urgently, but still the column remained immovable. A third time he repeated his command angrily, striking the column with his kourbash, but still without effect. At length he shouted,

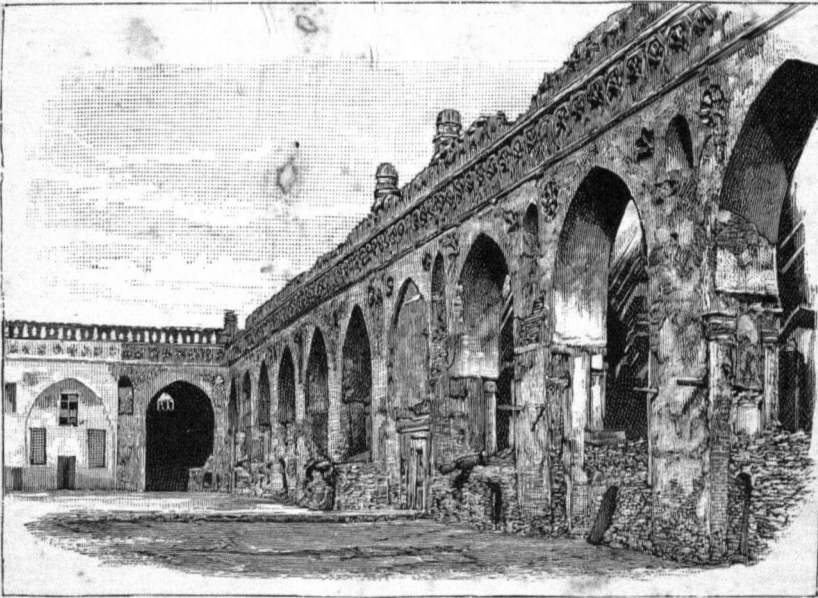
<sup>1</sup> Stanley Lane Poole, "Art of the Saracens in Egypt."

"I command thee, in the name of God, O column ! arise and betake thyself to Cairo." Upon which the column went, and a vein of the marble is shown as the still visible mark of the whip. Two other columns are there of some interest. Placed near together, salvation is promised to the man who can pass between them. Ismail, it is said, came to visit the mosque. A glance convinced him that his portly form could not stand the test, so, determined that the salvation denied to a Khedive should not be granted to his subjects, he ordered the space to be closed.

After the assassination of the Khalif Ali (A.D. 661), Moawiyeh established the Ommiade dynasty, which lasted eighty years. To its credit we may place the first Nilometer at the island of Roda and the first Arab coinage, inspired by the horror of Abdelmalek ibn Merwan, who finding on the Greek Byzantine coins then in use the words "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," substituted his own, with the inscription, "There is no God but God." The Abbasides succeeded, reigning mostly from Bagdad. They built a new quarter of Cairo, called El Askar, a Government-house, and a mosque, of which no traces remain ; and perhaps the fact that Haroun el Raschid of the "Arabian Nights" was of this dynasty forms their sole claim to our gratitude.

In 869 A.D., Ahmad Ibn Tūloon, a governor of the Abbasy Khalifs, asserted his independence while still rendering homage to the Khalif at Bagdad as his spiritual lord, retaining his name on the coinage and in the public prayers. He added to Fostat and El Askar the suburb of El Katai ; and the glory of his suburb was the mosque Ibn Tūloon. Let it be noted that the artist was a Christian, and professed to design it as an imitation of the Kaaba at Mecca. Makrisi tells us that the original idea of Tūloon was to build a mosque of 800 columns, which would have had to be taken from Greek or Roman buildings ; but with a toleration in advance of his age, he abstained from the vandalism, renounced his designs, and determined to build a mosque without columns, save two at the Mihreb or recess which points to Mecca. The work is said by the same authority to have cost £60,000, and to have occupied two years in building. The arches repose on brick piers instead of stone columns, and was the first experiment of the kind. "The bold and massive style," says Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, "recalls our own Norman architecture. . . . Three sides have two rows of arches, the fourth, that which lies on the side towards Mecca, has five. All the rows of arches run parallel to the sides of the court, so that, standing in the latter, you look through the arches. The arches are all pointed, and constitute the first example of the universal employment of pointed arches throughout a building three hundred years before the adoption of the pointed

style in England. They have a very slight tendency to a return at the spring of the arch, but cannot be said to approach the true horseshoe form." The effect of the long colonnades with the delicate friezed arches is unapproachable in any other building, and only partly destroyed by the senseless closing of some with masonry to form stores and receptacles for rubbish. Not long ago the magnificent courtyard was a sort of asylum for the lame, diseased, and half-witted beggars of Cairo; but happily they have been removed; and if nothing has been done to restore its splendour, we are at least allowed to contemplate it in befitting silence. Ludicrous traditions must, of course, attach

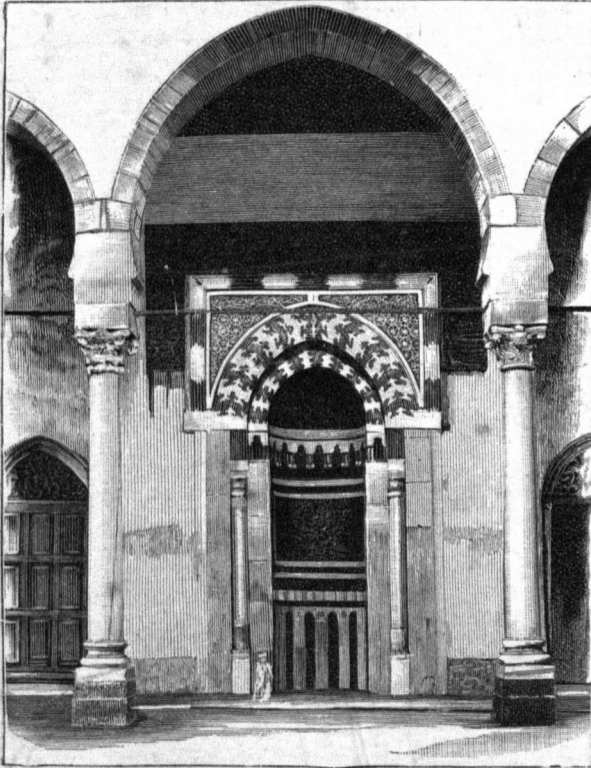


*Mosque el Tūloon.*

to every spot in Egypt. Here, say some, Moses conversed with the Almighty; Abraham sacrificed the ram; and Noah descended from the Ark. Of the other wonders of the Tūloonide dynasty nothing remains, and the reports of some of them, including the leather bed floating on the lake of quicksilver, we may relegate to the domains of fiction. Tūloon's successors were unable to maintain their power, and after forty years the Abbasy Khalifs recovered their authority, to lose it again in thirty years to Mohammed el Ikshid, who, thirty years later, was unable to resist the Fatimy Khalif el Múizz from Tunis. Hitherto Egypt,



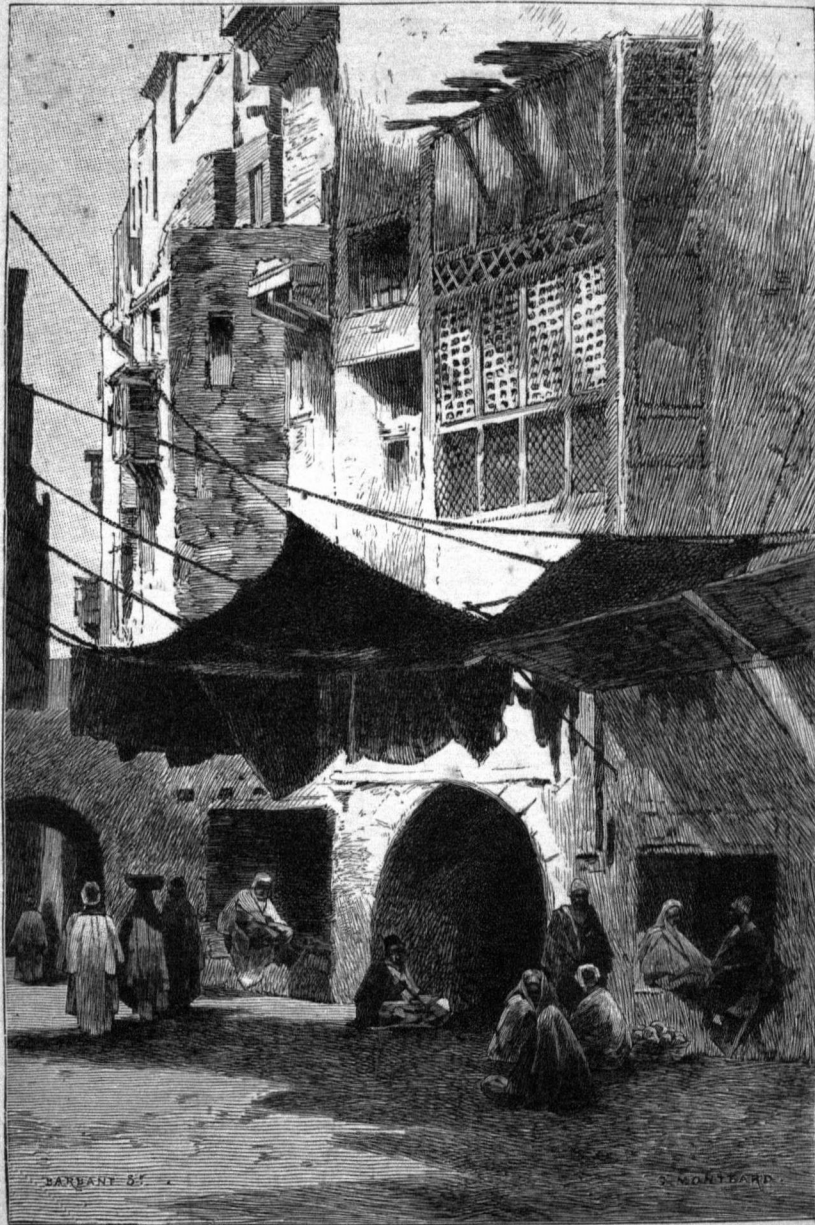
though to some extent independent, had yet nominally recognised the authority of the Khalifs of Damascus or of Bagdad, towards whom their position was much that of the Egypt of to-day to the Sultan, but now (969 A.D.) for the first time Egypt became the seat of the Khalifate. Gauhar, general of El Muizz, built a palace for his master, which he styled El Kahira (the Victorious), and from this, after the burning of Fostat, developed the city of Cairo. To Gauhar



*Mosque el Azhar.*

also we owe the Mosque el Azhar (the Most Splendid), but of the original building little is left ; for, injured by the earthquake of 1302, it has been three times restored, nor has the result left any architectural beauty. But El Azhar is to-day worth a visit as the university of Islam. Here, seated in little groups, may be seen hundreds of students imbibing as much useless information as is consistent with systematic idleness. If the learning by rote of passages of the Koran and of the traditions, if the committing to memory of abstruse platitudes, and the repeating of sounds conveying no idea to either speaker or listener, be education, then the Mosque el Azhar is doing a great work.

The third of the Fatimy Khalifs in Egypt was El Hakim, an illuminé who founded the sect of the Druses, and whose followers still believe that he will reappear as the Mahdi or last prophet. He has left behind him the mosque called after his name, built, but much less carefully and artistically, in imitation of the Mosque el Tuloon. Little remains but the walls and two picturesque mabkharehs which dominate Cairo, and one of which was fortified by the French during their occupation of Egypt. In a corner of the large court is now



*Street in Cairo.*

the Arab museum, full of lovely lamps, wooden mushrebeeyah work, and other remains of Saracenic art, mainly of the Mamluk period.

The Fatemites held their own for two hundred years, until 1171, but the rivalry of jealous Viziers, and the ever readiness of the Egyptians to call in a new conqueror against the old, proved fatal to them. Then came the great Salah ed din Yusuf ibn Ayyub (better known to us as Saladin), as general to the Sultan of Damascus, to restore order. The brilliant and talented adventurer soon succeeded in getting rid of the last of the Fatimy Khalifs and establishing the Ayoubite dynasty, recognising once more the authority of the Khalifs of Bagdad.

The eighty years which elapsed before the authority of his descendants fell before the power of the Mamluks are celebrated not only in the history of Egypt, but in that of the world. If the Fatemites "had changed Egypt from a province to a kingdom, Saladin transformed the kingdom into an empire. The long struggles with the Crusaders, the victory of Tiberias, the conquest of Jerusalem, the well-known treaty with Cœur de Lion, though most familiar to us, form but a part of Saladin's exploits. He made his power felt far beyond the borders of Palestine; his arms triumphed over hosts of valiant princes to the banks of the Tigris; and when he died in 1193 at the early age of fifty-seven, he left to his sons and kinsmen not only the example of the most chivalrous, honourable, and magnanimous of kings, but substantial legacies of rich provinces, extending from Aleppo and Mesopotamia to Arabia and the country of the Blacks."

Little remains in Egypt to recall the great empire of the Ayubis besides the Citadel and the third wall of Cairo; of the mosque and palaces in the former no trace remains but the walls and part of the interior, as well as probably the deep well with its massive masonry, are Saladin's work—as also the interior of the tomb-mosque of Esh Shafiy. One other memorial of a different sort remains. The "most chivalrous, honourable, and magnanimous of kings" was touched by the petition of the Pisans trading to Alexandria, who complained that they were unable to leave the port without suffering grievous exactions at the hands of his officials, and Saladin granted in pity to the "suppliants at his stirrup" their request, that they should be made to pay nothing but their exact dues, and should decide among themselves without interference their own quarrels. From this first act of generosity, as it was then, of tolerant justice, as we should call it now, has arisen the intolerable injustice which, under the name of Capitulations, forbids the Moslem successors of Saladin to tax or to have jurisdiction over the Christian descendants of "the suppliants at his stirrup."

The Mamluks (Mamluk = owned) were white slaves, imported first by the

Ayubi Es Salik for his protection. Reinforced by continual importations, they formed a valuable mercenary militia. Under Beybass they routed the French, and brought about the capture of St. Louis himself; but the son of Es Salik was a helpless drunkard, and the Mamluks seized the power, which they held for nearly three hundred years, till the conquest by the Turks in 1517.

This is the flowering time of Saracenic art. "We are still," says our chief authority on the subject, "far from an explanation how the Tartars chanced to be the noblest promoters of art, of literature, and of public works that Egypt had known since the days of Alexander the Great" (? Ptolemy). Chief among the mosques remaining of this period are that of El Kalaun (1284), of Sultan Hassan (1356), of Kait Bey (1468), and of Ghoriya (1504).

The Mosque (mausoleum) el Kalaun is one of the most perfect in Cairo; the tomb stands in the centre, surrounded by a mushrebeeyah screen, and over it a stone octagonal baldachin with pointed arches, supported by four granite pillars and four piers. The delicate tracery and mosaic work of the tomb and walls have suffered little from the five hundred years. The columns of the Mihrab, a red stone, and an alleged turban and sash of the Great Kalaun, are said to work marvellous cures.

The Mosque of Sultan Hassan stands, at the foot of the Citadel hill, and its exterior effect is undoubtedly the finest in Cairo. It looks, in fact, more like a huge fortress than a place of worship, and it was indeed frequently so used. The dome is weak and unworthy of the rest, but the minaret towers with a majestic grandeur over all the city. The splendid portal, approached by seventeen steps, consists of a square arched niche or recess with delicate stalactite; the interior is cruciform, and each of the four transepts consists of a single deep arch. That to the east is particularly remarkable, both for its height and proportions. In the centre of the east wall is the Mihrab, with two marble columns and a pointed arch vaulted like a shell, while beyond are three tiers of arches differing in style, the first pointed, the second round, and the third trefoil, set in a background of red and green marble. Behind the Mihrab, passing through a magnificent bronze plated door, we reach the singularly simple mausoleum of the founder, the great Sultan Hassan, who survived perpetual war, plague, and deposition only to be assassinated at last.

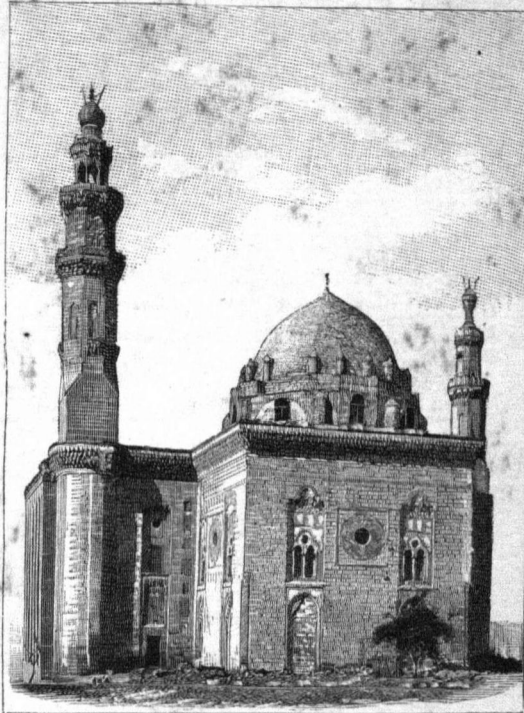
The legend of the erection of this mosque is worth reproducing:—"Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favourite minister, and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased



with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the Viceroy, who gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that the Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne.

"Sultan Hassan returned shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned as he approached his capital the news of his own death and the usurpation of his minister. Finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his

pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and on its completion he solicited the honour of the Sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief Mollah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name. 'Call it,' he replied, 'the mosque of Sultan Hassan.' All started at the mention of this name, and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting



*Mosque of Sultan Hassan.*



what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. 'Call it,' again cried he, 'the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan!' and throwing off his disguise, the legitimate Sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection; simultaneously with the discovery numerous trap-doors leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers."

Loveliest among the tombs of the Khalifs is the mosque-tomb of Kait Bey, with its slender minaret and its perfect dome. The portal resembles that of Sultan Hassan on a smaller scale. The interior doors are surmounted by carved architraves, and above them small stalactited windows between pillars. Tradition relates that two stones, one of red and the other of black granite, were brought from Mecca, and the pious yet see thereon the impression of the Prophet's feet—a sight denied to the unbeliever. The Mosque el Ghoriya may be regarded as the last legacy of the Mamluk dynasties to Egypt, and was not unworthy of their earlier fame. Hardly had it been completed when the old Sultan seems to have recognised that he must engage in a death-struggle against the Osmanli. Fighting in the plain of Dabik against the army of Sultan Selim, he is said to have been seized with a fit of apoplexy, and died or was killed. His head was carried as a trophy to the conqueror. Within the year Selim had entered Cairo, had hanged Tonan, last of the Mamluks, at the Bab el Zuweillah, hard by old Ghoriya's mosque, and converted Egypt into a Turkish Pashalic.

True to their one never-failing characteristic, the native Egyptians assisted the conqueror; and lest we should think that at any one time within their history of seven thousand years they may have shown a generous courage or sense of independence, let us quote what Richard Knolles, writing some hundred years later, tells us of the taking of Cairo:—"But most part of the Egyptians, diligently observing the fortune both of the one and of the other (accounting them both enemies), with divers affection assailed sometimes the Turks and sometimes the Mamluks, seeming still notably to help that party whom they saw for the time to have the better."

Then, as through all time, the Egyptians sided with the for the time strongest of their conquerors, becoming obedient slaves to whoever held the rod, and having no other idea of independence than that of rebelling against one master in favour of another. From the day when the Turk assumed sway in Egypt until the day that he lost it, history and art alike cease. The triumph of the Turk is marked by ruins and by the moral, political, and social degradation of all with

whom he comes in contact. Other Pharaohs oppressed the Egyptians, but gave to their Egypt at least a name of glory; these alone were the curse of Egypt and destroyed her place in history. Whatever may have been the motive, whatever may have been the ultimate cost, Egypt owes to Bonaparte a debt of gratitude for having even for a moment lessened the influence of the Porte, and to England must remain the disgrace of having in 1801 replaced her under that yoke. Egypt, the cause of contention of the two greatest empires of the world, was handed over to the Turk without one single stipulation for her future welfare. Never had she sunk lower, never had her condition seemed more desperate, than when, exhausted by two invasions, she again became a satrapy of the Porte. But the hour produced the man. There arose in Egypt the greatest genius whom the East has produced within the last four hundred years. Mohamed Ali was not, of course, an Egyptian; the creator of modern Egypt was a native of Cavalla, a small village of Roumelia. A simple volunteer in the army sent by Turkey, he became bimbashi or colonel of an Albanian corps of a thousand men. In four years (1805) he had succeeded in removing or crushing all his possible competitors; two years later he successfully defeated an English army which invaded Egypt under General Fraser. The massacre of the remaining Mamluks in 1811, treacherous and cruel as it may appear to European ideas, was necessary to the accomplishment of the great work to which he had devoted himself. Justice has never yet been done to that work which he accomplished in the next forty years. That work of a single generation was the creation out of chaos of a government which, at the period, compared favourably with that of many European Powers whose civilisation had been the work of centuries. History records no similar feat, and it bears witness not only to the genius of the Roumeliote, but to the adaptability to government of the Egyptian people. His successors, Ibrahim, Abbas, and Said (1849-63), did little to continue his work, but time developed it. Ismail (1863-79), a man of vast ambition and considerable ability, would probably have made an efficient ruler had his head not been turned by the extraordinary prosperity which the American Civil War produced in Egypt. The rise in the value of Egyptian produce seemed to open to him inexhaustible wealth, and he treated as ordinary, circumstances which were entirely exceptional.

The financial collapse followed; the joint political intervention of England and France resulted in the deposition of Ismail in favour of Tewfik (1879), and in Government under the dual control of those two Powers, which secured to the unhappy Egyptians three years of perhaps the most complete prosperity they have ever enjoyed (1879-82). But the system was one which could only last so long

as the two Powers and their representatives acted cordially and loyally together. That condition of things existed, so far as the Governments were concerned, until May 1882, when they joined in an identical note to the Egyptian Government, and it failed when, two months later, France refused to fulfil her share of the engagements, and left the English fleet in the lurch at Alexandria. The causes of that action on the part of the French Government have only been very imperfectly understood. Briefly stated, it amounts to this. The rebellion against the Egyptian Government under Anglo-French control was secretly fomented by Franco-Egyptian officials, and at one time supported by a French representative,

while the two Governments were nominally acting in accord. It was this fact which rendered the French Government unwilling to join in the suppression of a revolt for which they were mainly responsible; and when they evaded their engagements, they were secretly allies of the Egyptian rebels, whose success they anticipated.

The victory of Tel-el-Kebir and the easy suppression of the rebellion showed them that they had miscalculated, and even the exaggerated respect of the English Government to French susceptibility has never succeeded in calming the feeling of disappointed resentment.

England, in undertaking alone the execution of joint obligations, unfortunately committed the blunder of making two totally incompatible promises—to secure Egypt a just and stable Government, and to evacuate within what was understood to be a short



*Woman Grinding Corn.*

period. Either was possible, but each was inconsistent with the other. Repeated threats of evacuation have retarded our work, but the five years of English occupation (1882-87) have undoubtedly been of enormous benefit to Egypt. At no time has the Fellah been treated with more uniform justice and consideration, and, making allowance for unfavourable economic conditions, at no period has his material position been better. But the fabric of British reform rests on no solid foundation. It will collapse the day we leave the country, and who shall say what shall take its place? The only

possible courses are three:—First, to abandon it to the Turk, and to repeat the disgraceful policy of 1801. Second, to allow another European Power to assume the position we now hold ourselves. Third, to accept permanently the responsibilities of the existing situation. A fourth course may be suggested, that of leaving Egypt to the Egyptians; but the phrase is one without meaning, and should be rather, abandoning Egypt to the Soudanese.



*Cairo Street.*



*Worker in Mushrebeeyah.*

## CHAPTER XXI.

*Cairo again—Sakkara and the Tomb of Tih—An Egyptian Pepys—Mitrahenny—Dervishes—Home again.*

THE whole party of travellers were again in Cairo, and with conscientious minuteness the Scribbler led them through the ever-old yet ever-new city, trying to make the worn and neglected monuments awaken the historical associations which we have endeavoured very briefly to recall in the last chapter.

The Pyramids of Sakkara indeed carried them back again to a more remote period. On the walls of the Tomb of Tih they read the journal of that worthy Privy Councillor of the fifth dynasty. The daily life of Pepys himself is hardly more graphically told than that of this Egyptian of nearly 6000 years ago, who, of humble birth, rose to the highest offices in the state, married a wife of royal blood, whom he chivalrously describes as the "palm of amiability to her husband." We see how his cattle were killed, how his meat was cooked, and his geese fattened; nay, the exact list of his cattle and poultry. How his fields were ploughed, his corn grown, reaped, threshed, and gleaned; how his ships were built; how he fished and hunted, and how he fulfilled his sterner duties as



judge. And lastly, there is his own portrait, with the matter-of-fact remark (perhaps his own, for the tomb would be decorated for him before his death), "a good likeness;" and we may believe it, for it corresponds at least very minutely with the statue of him at Boolak.

The mausoleum of the Apis bulls, with the wondrous sarcophagi fitted exactly into their places, apparently without turning-room for their manipulation, caused our tourists to utter the same ejaculation as did "the fly in amber." There was the chamber closed for 3700 years, in which were still traceable, when opened,



*Ramses II.*

the finger-marks of the man who had inserted the last stone, the imprints of the naked feet which last trod the sand. So too, in the temple of King Ounas, excavated at the sole expense of the ever-enterprising Cook, were found the tools and burglarious implements of the last robbers who had penetrated it.

At Mitrahenny on their way they saw the colossal statue of Ramses II., the gift of Mohamed Ali to England, long neglected, and now being raised by private enterprise from the ditch where it long lay hid,—never, let us hope, to disgrace the "city of sweet speech scorned."

But with the exception of this excursion, the remainder of their stay in Cairo

was devoted to the city of the Saracens itself—Masr el Kahira, the city of Mars the Victorious.<sup>1</sup>



A Cairo Lane.

The wonders of Arab art, however, seemed to weigh but little in the estimation of most of the party. The Sketcher, indeed, was never tired of the beauties of the Arab Museum, its never-to-be-forgotten lamps, its brasswork, its trceries, and its panellings; but the others were little moved. Hides remarked that old brass was a glut in the market, and doubted if the whole lot would fetch fifty dollars. The Patrician, with superior refinement, said that they had better work than that in Regent Street; while the Turtle looked disconsolate, seeing no means of evolving therefrom any question likely to be embarrassing to the Government.

So with a sigh the Scribbler turned to the more modern aspect of Cairo of to-day, and piloted them through the numerous lanes and back alleys thronged with *sayces*, cutters of tobacco, barbers, workers in mushrebeeyah woodwork, dealers in scents and articles from Bro-

ussa and Birmingham, Damascus and Manchester. The graceful dance of the Mevlewi Dervishes excited some admiration from the female members of the party, and envy from the Patrician, who was subsequently discovered practising the step in his own room; but the Turtle deemed it frivolous, and Hides averred that it was nothing to any one who, like himself, had danced with Mrs. Abraham Tucker of Washington. The hideous spectacle

of the howling Dervishes seemed vaguely to remind the legislator of recent scenes in the first legislative assembly of the world, for he was heard to mutter the word "Tanner," and absently declined to give the expected baksheesh, on the ground that he was a "member."



Sayce.

<sup>1</sup> An ingenious Frenchman having discovered that the native term of "Masr" was derived from Mars, I may perhaps be excused for saying that "Masr" is the old Semitic term for all Egypt. The planet Mars (Arab, Kahir the Victorious) happened to cross the meridian of the new city as its foundations were laid, and Gohar adopted the name of the planet, calling it El Kahira.



*Howling Dervish.*

Nor did the party neglect the procession of the Mahmal, the orgies of the Mulid el Hossenayn, and that melancholy festival the Mulid el Nebbi. Are not they written in the book of Murray?

And at last they felt that they had religiously performed their pilgrimage and "done" Egypt. The Scribbler was pining to shake from his feet the classic but unwholesome dust of the East. The Sketcher was mournfully regretting that he was not for ever able to bask in its sunshine. Hides had induced the Patrician to accompany him to the States, and was happy in the temporary sole possession of a Lord. The Doves bemoaned their approaching departure with ostentation, but were secretly longing for the delights of a London season, while the Turtle felt that he had exhausted the Eastern Question, and for the future would be able to pose with increased authority as one who had studied Egypt upon the spot.



*Tobacco Cutter.*



*Street Barber.*

### APOLOGUE.

Two men were discussing the orthography of the word camel. "Sir," said one, who insisted on spelling it "cammle," "I've seen the hanimal, so I ought to know."



## EPILOGUE.

• Three months after the date of our Prologue, the Sketcher and Scribbler were again at the Grand Hotel de Nouailles, the former wearily glancing over proofs.

"And do you really mean to publish this?" he asked contemptuously.

"Why not?" said the other in desperation.

"But it's so horribly dull," said the Sketcher.

The Scribbler's face brightened.

"Do you really think so? I was afraid your sketches would give it interest."

"There are, of course, *some* facts in it," said the other, somewhat mollified.

"Yes," said the Scribbler pathetically, "but I couldn't help it. I am cursed with the misfortune of knowing a little of the country, and I fear it will be fatal."

"Ah! well, I expect most people will skip them," said the other encouragingly.

"Of course," said the Scribbler, relieved, "and they'll forget them in any case—so I've some chance."

"There's an absence of local colouring too," said the friendly critic.

"I thought," said the Scribbler despondingly, "to correct that by putting a preface at the end—that would be so excessively Egyptian, you know."

"Precisely! and being at the end, it might be read; but do you think the book will have any other attraction?"

"Well, there's always the cover," said the other, rising; "I look to you for that, and that's the material part of most 'gentleman's library.'"

• And so the book was published.

## PREFACE.

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