THREE PROPHETS:

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Priscilla Lee

ARABI PASHA.

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EVENTS BEFORE AND AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

BY

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PREFACE.

EVENTS of the past two years, the insurrection of Arabi, the massacres, the bombardment and burning of Alexandria, the Maahdi, and Chinese Gordon, have created throughout the world renewed and peculiar interest in the land of Egypt.

The author was, during many years, an officer in the Egyptian army. In such capacity, and as chief of staff, he accompanied General Gordon when the latter was first named by the Khedive of Egypt the Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of Africa.

In a volume entitled "Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People," the author has related the incidents of the several expeditions accomplished, and which resulted in the annexation of vast and populous provinces to Egypt. He navigated an unknown part of the Nile, and demonstrated in this, and the discovery of Lake Ibrahim, finally, and in the most absolute manner, the vexed problem of *caput Nili quærere*—where to find the

Nile sources—a query which, from a Roman epoch to our own day, has been a synonym for the impossible.

The Maahdi, during the author's service in Africa, was living in obscurity in Khartoum, or in his hermitage on the White Nile. He was associated, there is but little doubt, with his Dongola people, in the slave and ivory hunting, the common occupation of the Dongolowee. Mohammed-Achmed has since proclaimed himself a prophet, and has been sanctified by the faithful as *Mahdime*, the *sublime*.

Arabi was a lieutenant-colonel in the Fourth Regiment when the author was serving in the general staff of the Egyptian army. He frequently met the rebel chief, then Minister of War, during the rebellion, after the massacre, and before the bombardment, and when the author was the acting United States consular agent at Alexandria.

He believes that Chinese Gordon, the Maahdi, and Arabi have been the automatons with which Great Britain has sought to conceal her purpose to annex Egypt and the Soudan, and found in this latter country an African India.

The methods which have been employed to effect this end were: 1. The Nubar-Wilson ministry—Nubar being a party to English intrigues—which provoked the military insurrection of Arabi. 2. Nubar, who chose Gordon for the Soudan. 3. Gordon, who, as he avowed, "laid the egg which hatched the Maahdi."

Lord Dufferin advised the evacuation of the Soudan, under the plea that the country was a burden to Egypt, and that it was beyond the sphere of England's intervention. The sincerity of that declaration may well be questioned when it is understood that under former administrations it yielded a considerable tribute to the mother-country, and ceased to do so only after the disorganization which had been effected by the unhappy administration of Gordon.

It is significant to note that at the same moment that Lord Dufferin's proposition *to evacuate* the Soudan was being re-echoed with singular unanimity by the English press, England was seeking to secure a concession to build a railway from the Red Sea to Berber—Berber being within the territory proposed to be abandoned to the Maahdi!

Gordon Pasha was charged with the evacuation of the Soudan. As a "Divine Figure from the North" he entered Khartoum, and, Cæsar-like, exclaimed, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*" His empire was to be one of peace; he made it one of war. He declared himself the *Vali* of the Soudan, and formally proclaimed the final separation of that country from Egypt. He offered to make the Maahdi the Emir of Kordofan, and distributed presents and the £40,000 of Egyptian gold to the Soudanese. It looks, despite his announced disobedience of orders, as if he were the *avant-courier* of the prospective African empire.

Gordon in Khartoum is not unlike the wooden horse of Ulysses within the walls of Troy. The Maahdi, from the heights of the citadel at Obeid, may exclaim, as did the patriot Trojan of old: "Trojans, put no faith in this horse; whatever it be, I dread the Greeks, even when they bring gifts."

"TIMEO DANAOS ET DONA FERENTES."

THE THREE PROPHETS.

I.

EGYPT.

Egypt is the land of mirages.

Her deceptions and illusions are multiple and infinite, and may be found to exist in her *genus homo* as they are displayed in her natural phenomena.

She has been, and promises ever to be, the land of romance and necromance, of the miraculous and the improbable. Led by the invisible hand of Fate, that *Kismet* which is in all and over all in the Orient, it is decreed that she shall from time to time turn back and re-enact a page of that history which there, more than elsewhere, is ever prone to repeat itself.

It was at the close of the fourteenth dynasty, and about the time that Abraham descended into Egypt,

2214 years B. C., that Egypt was invaded by hordes of nomad Arabs, who with fire and sword overran the country, destroying her temples and monuments, and nearly effacing that Egyptian civilization which has been the wonder of the world.

The Hyksos, or pastoral kings, ruled Egypt with an iron hand for more than five hundred years, but in turn were either expelled or absorbed by that mighty Theban power whose civilization they were unable to withstand. From whence came these barbarian conquerors? History does not tell us. Did they not come from Upper Nubia, from Dongola and Darfour? Or are they the relics of an invasion of a later day, of the Beni Omar, or the Beni Abbas, who crossed from the Red Sea and founded the kingdom of Sennaar during the first and second century of the Hegira? These central African peoples, the Ugundas, the Niam-Niams, and the Bagarrahs, are a curious evidence of the invader, for a trace of whom we may peruse in vain the pages of history. Certain it is, that in these regions, in strange contrast with the rude savage, with whom they are now a part, there is a brave and warlike race of men, clad with the armament, visor and coat-of-mail, which remains as a vestige of some army which had

crossed its valiant lance with a foe more worthy of its arms than the native of the Soudan.

More than four thousand years ago, perhaps, these men of Dongola and Darfour, then the masters of an unknown African empire, stirred with the same passions, and seeking to avenge some wrong, poured into Egypt their barbaric legions.

Mohammed-Achmed, the Maahdi, is from Dongola, and, like the Hyksos of old, he comes to plant his banner in Lower Egypt, and again to overturn her temples and monuments, and repeat in desolation and death the bloody record of the past.

Mohammed-Achmed and Gordon Pasha, at Khartoum, are rival claimants for the supremacy there; they are also rivals in another sense, for both claim to be the "Messengers of God."

The Maahdi claims, as the word implies, to be the "Guide or Messenger of God," and calls himself Mohammed-Achmed el Maahdi Monutazer, that is to say, the prophet and guide awaited by the world, and his followers have already adopted the cry of "Mohammed-Achmed rassoul Allah nibi Allah." His mission is to invade Egypt, to convert the Mussulmans to the true faith from which they have strayed, and after a massacre of the Christians in Egypt to go to Mecca, where he will receive the

Khalifat and be ordained the Grand Cheikh-el-Islam. He has treated, so far, the overtures of Gordon with disdain. In reply he has said: "I send back your presents. I will not accept your offer to be the Emir of Kordofan. You say you have come to make peace because you are with God. We are with God. If you are with God, you are with us; on the contrary, if you are against us, you are against God. Be converted, then, and become a Mussulman; if not, we will inflict upon you the same punishment we have accorded to Hicks Pasha."

Gordon Pasha has said: "I go to Khartoum to make peace. We can come to an agreement. If, however, you wish for war, come on. I am ready."

On the eve of his departure for Khartoum he said: "I go up alone, with an infinite Almighty God to direct and guide me, and am glad to so trust Him as to fear nothing, and, indeed, to feel sure of success. I do not care what man may say; I do what I think is pleasing to my God. *He* is the Governor-General."

The situation is truly dramatic! It would be the climax of all that is grotesque were it not that its sequence may prove to be not only supremely tragical to Gordon, but calamitous to Egypt.

Gordon says: "I am convinced that it is an entire mistake to regard the Maahdi as in any sense a religious leader—he personifies popular discontent. All the Soudanese are potential Maahdis, just as all the Egyptians are potential Arabis. The movement is not religious, but an outbreak of despair."

He claims that the outbreak of the Maahdi is the result of Turkish rule.

The writer was chief of staff to Gordon Pasha when that distinguished officer was named by the Khedive of Egypt, in 1874, the Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces. The first act of Gordon on arriving at Khartoum was to issue a proclamation announcing the monopoly of the ivory trade for the Government at Cairo. It was an undoubted hardship to the merchant-princes who had their *zeribas*, or stations, far into the wilds of Africa, in which much capital was invested. Confiscation of their stock, upon various pretexts, came later to consummate their ruin; and these men, in whom Mohammed-Achmed, the Maahdi, was either directly or indirectly interested—for they were his people—pleaded in vain at the feet of Gordon the restitution of their property. This act of spoliation was the bud and germ of the hatred of the Dongola

race toward the Egyptian Government. This, rather than the "Bashi-Bazouk," was "the egg of the insurrection" which Gordon has avowed he laid in the Soudan during his administration of those provinces.

It is the purpose of these chapters to show to the public *sit lux* that there is a peculiar significance in the conduct of Gordon Pasha at Khartoum. The writer believes that the Governor-General in 1874 organized the disorganization of those provinces, and that all that has followed was but the logical consequence of his administration. Gordon, in his book entitled "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa," admits that when he took possession of them they yielded a revenue of £579,000. In 1879, in a letter addressed to Sir Rivers Wilson, then Minister of Finances in Egypt, he acknowledges to an annual deficit of £109,000 and an annual debt of £300,000. In his book he says: "The Khedive gave me a firman as Governor-General of the Provinces of the Equator, and left me to work out the rest. I found that I must get hold of the finances of the new provinces and of the troops."

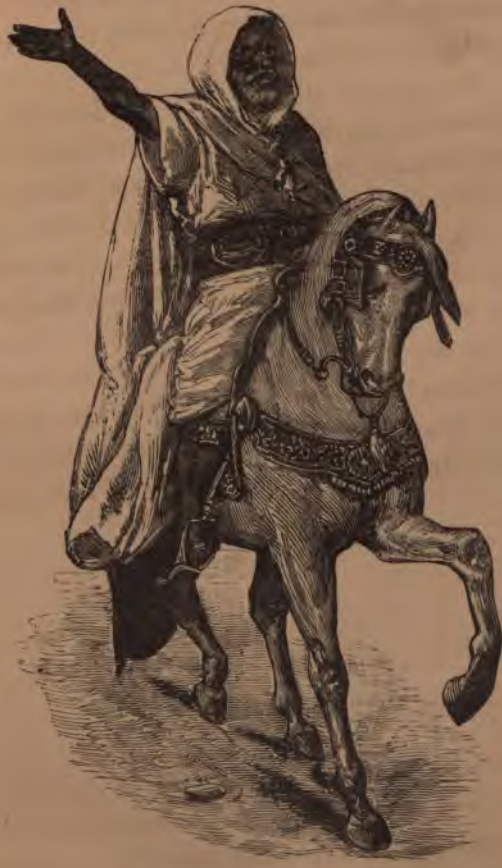
Gordon did get hold of these finances, and after five years of administration left the provinces a charge upon the treasury at Cairo, and in

a state of insurrection out of which has come the *Maahdi*.

It may be asked if this disorganization has not been precisely the aim of Her Britannic Majesty's Government? The elimination—separation—of the Soudan from Egypt accomplished, a protectorate could be established with little or no embarrassment with the powers; in fact, England would treat directly with the Maahdi. Was it not for this that Lord Dufferin many months ago suggested that Egypt should abandon the Soudan, and for this that Gordon, with £40,000 taken from the Egyptian treasury, plus £60,000 more to be sent him, hastened across the Korosko Desert to purchase the adhesion of the Maahdi, as the Emir of Kordofan, to the Gordonian Empire?

Gordon Pasha, as king of the negroes, there is every reason to believe, would be a welcome vassal to England. Gordon dreams of this empire, and on more than one occasion has suggested to the writer that we take and divide the provinces for ourselves, claiming that they ought not to belong either to the Arab or the "Unspeakable Turk."

Neither Gordon's proclamation re-establishing the slave trade in Khartoum, nor his bonfire of finance and tax registers, nor his nomination of the



Mohammed-Ahmed (El Maahdi).

Maahdi as the Emir of Kordofan, are in keeping with the almost god-like *rôle* of the abolitionist, the missionary, or the soldier, in which General Gordon has been heretofore known.

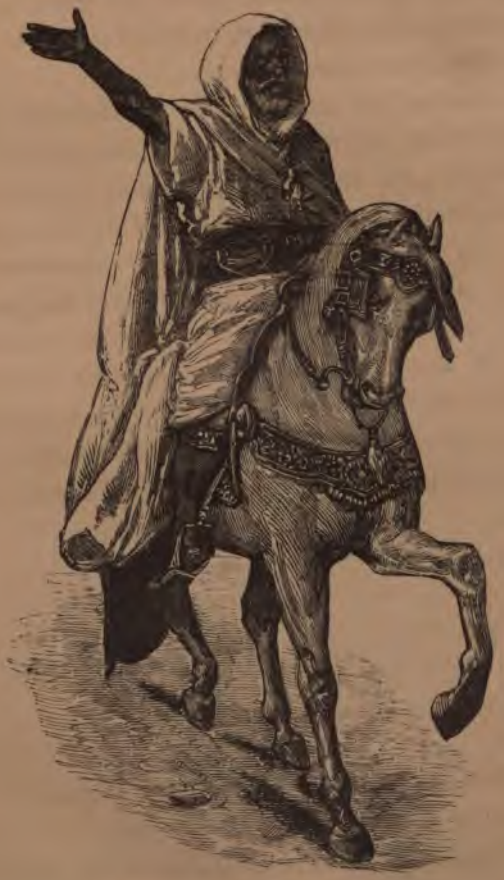
Having laid aside these in the dramatic play at Khartoum, the writer can only conclude, in common with the reader, that he has doffed the mantle of humanity in the furtherance of British egotism. Cousin was right, perhaps, when he exclaimed in a sally of scepticism and irony: "*Après tout pardonnons au jésuitisme, il est dans la nature humaine.*"

Be this as it may, we submit that Gordon at Khartoum has succeeded far better than Alcibiades of old in astonishing the world, for the latter, to do this, contented himself by cutting off the tail of his dog.

II.

MOHAMMED-ACHMED EL MAAHDI.

MOHAMMED-ACHMED is neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet. The same injustice which created Arabi in the barracks at Kasr-el-Nil, made also Mohammed-Achmed at Khartoum. But it is well



Mohammed-Ahmed (El Maahdi).

to remember that there is but one step from the patriot to the prophet in the East. The word *patrie* is an unknown quantity, and in order to fire the Oriental heart, an appeal is sure to be made to religious fanaticism as the motor of all movement. Arabi, as we will show, became a prophet by order of the University of El-Azhar, and Mohammed-Achmed, it is said, received his mission from the *confréries* of Sid Abd-el-Kader Djilani, Sid-es-Senoussi, and the Gama-El-Azhar. These institutions, chief among which is El-Azhar, in Cairo, are the veritable Mecca of the true believer. Hatred of the Frank, which is a distinguishing characteristic of the Musselman, is engendered in these veritable *foyers* of fanaticism. It is there that *Panislamism* is taught and spread to those hundred millions of the faithful who long for that universal empire promised them by the Koran. These *confréries* are kept in close communication by trusty agents who go from point to point as their messengers. Sidi Mohammed Ben Ali es Senoussi is said to have been the principal founder. He was born in Algeria in the neighborhood of Montagavem. By profession a jurisconsult, he was initiated at an early age into the mystic philosophy of the *Chadheliya*. Hostile to France as he had been to Turkey, he left Algeria and went to

Cairo, where he taught the law and theology; thence to Mecca, where he became the disciple of Ahmed Ben-Edris, the great doctor of *Chadhelism*, and at his death was designated as his successor.

The doctrine to which Sidi Mohammed became the apostle consisted in rendering homage to God alone; to honor the saints during this life, but without continuing to venerate them after their death, not excepting Mohammed, the most perfect of all men; to renounce the world, and not to permit the luxury of ornament, except to women; that men should look only to their weapons of war, and to obey those chiefs only who rigidly followed the precepts of their religion; to have no relation with a Christian or a Jew, and to consider all as enemies who are not tributary to the Faithful. Sidi Mohammed founded this *confrérie* in 1837.

The law of "djehad" or holy war opens to the *believer* a seductive perspective: to the fervent soul, the sensual joys of a future life; to the "Moujahed" who fights for his faith, the delights of "Djeuna," paradise; to the deserter, the pains of the *inferno*.

Such are the men who at Melbas, at Teb, Tokhar, Sinkat, and Trinkitat, have won for Mohammed-Achmed the dangerous prestige of a prophet.

It is written, and the Panislamist press have published it of late:

"The prophet has said that war shall last until the day of judgment. Between Mussulmans and English Christians there may be an armistice—peace never!"

"The British lion," said a "hadjhadj," a pilgrim at Mecca, the other day, "has a fierce appetite. Always in quest of prey, he is never satisfied. Whom will he devour to-morrow? His claws of steel sink deep into the flesh, but they do not kill. His victims are condemned to live. He delights to hack them at his ease, bleed them drop by drop, drink them sip by sip, suck from them little by little the brains and marrow. But what a life! Death is far preferable. To drag along thus a miserable existence, we brothers of the country of the water of the roses (India) are doomed. Thus are doomed to perpetual consumption the believers of the island of Cyprus. Thus destined to be eaten and drank up poor El Masr" (Egypt).

Mohammed-Achmed is said to have been born at Khanag, in Dongola, in the year 1842. In stature he is rather tall, slender, and in color somewhat like *café au lait*, with the usual parallel incisions upon each cheek, characteristic mark of the Dongo-

lowee. His costume is simple in the extreme, and consists of a *gallabiah* or loose white gown, bound at the waist by a green sash. On his head a small white cap, on his feet wooden sandals, and around his neck a *sebha* or chaplet composed of ninety-nine grains, the number corresponding to the principal attributes of God.

In the year 1868 he was at Khartoum, where he received religious consecration, and was admitted into the *confréries* of Sid Abd-el-Kader, El Djilani, and Sid-es-Senoussi, and, in accordance with the formulas of initiation, swore to consecrate his body and soul to the interests of the order. The island of Abba is situated on the Bahr el-Abiad (White Nile), in 13° north latitude. It was there that Mohammed-Achmed chose his place of retreat. The Bagarrah Arabs, a brave and warlike race, resembling the Bedouins of Lower Egypt, occupy both banks of the river near by. They soon learned to look upon the hermit of Abba with great veneration. The Sid-es-Senoussi confided to them the mission of conferring with Mohammed-Achmed.

They found him upon his knees at prayer. Touching his shoulder with the tip of his finger, as if there were impiety in the act, the Bagarrah deputy disclosed the object of his visit. "The Sid-

es-Senoussi," said he, "bids me say to you that you are called to take charge of an army." Mohammed remained for several moments silent, and then replied that he was completely detached from earthly matters, and that he had made a vow to live apart from the strife of the world, unless indeed God should order otherwise. "But it is God who orders it," replied in triumph the orator. "Thou art he whom God has chosen from among all others. Sid-es-Senoussi knows it well. He has had the revelation; he has declared thee *Madhime* the Sublime. Thou canst not, then, by an excess of humility, abstain from the designs of Allah upon thee." The other deputies thereupon clapped their hands, and Mohammed arising took the proffered sword, and raising it aloft, cried:

"El-Hamdou, illah!" (Praise be to God!) Turning to the Bagarrah, he said:

"O ye *Mouslimine* (resigned to the will of God). Here I am the *nazzir el Din* (the aid of thy religion). May God keep me upon the necks of the Infidel, and may his benediction rest upon us, Machallah!"

Early in July, 1881, the Maahdi gave the first signs of his military movements. Raouf Pasha was then Governor of Khartoum. He knew that the

Sid-es-Senoussi had given out to the Soudan people that the thirteenth century of the Hegira, by the grace of God, was about to close, and the fourteenth century would, according to prophecy, open to the world of believers an era of prosperity, of grandeur, and glory. The Prophet of the South, the Sublime Defender of the *Faith*, was now making an energetic appeal to arms.

Raouf ordered Mohammed-Achmed to come to Khartoum. The Prophet treated the message with silent contempt. A battalion of black soldiers, Chillouks, was sent to enforce his authority. The Bagarrah of the Prophet met them and cut them to pieces. A second and a third column shared the same fate.

Abd-el-Kader Pasha succeeded the feeble and timid Raouf. Yusef Bey was ordered to march against the Maahdi. They, too, were annihilated. The lance of the Prophet was now invincible. In September, 1883, El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, had fallen, and he had now become a menace and danger for Egypt itself.

The 9th of September, General Hicks Pasha, an officer of the Anglo-Egyptian army, with a force estimated at ten thousand men, and a staff of forty European officers, left El Duem, on the Nile, to

march against El Obeid. The trackless road ran through one of the most desolate, arid regions of the globe. Hicks had to fight a foe more relentless than the soldiers of the Prophet—the scarcity of water, and the heavens which covered them as with a canopy of fire. The ever-present mirage rendered more intense the consuming thirst of his soldiers, who at length, when driven to despair, endeavored to find in the stomachs of their dying animals wherewith to allay their sufferings. Of all that devoted band no one lives to tell the story.*

Osman Digma, on the shores of the Red Sea, has added prestige to the arms of the Prophet in the battles at Tokar, El-Teb, Trinkitat, and Sinkat. The waters of the Nile are at the flood at Khartoum, and we shall soon see if the Maahdi intends to play the *rôle* of the "Sublime" assigned him by the Sid-es-Senoussi.

Zebehr Pasha merits notice in connection with the "Maahdi"; he may be destined to play no unimportant *rôle* in the solution of this question of the Soudan. It may be as the vekil of Gordon, or

* It is reported that Baron Seckendorff, a German officer, is kept in prison in Obeïd, and a German, a servant of one of the officers, said to have deserted Hicks Pasha, is now organizing the army with which the Maahdi proposes to make his descent into Egypt.

of Mohammed-Achmed; it may be, if he should elude the surveillance at Cairo and escape, as a rival Maahdi to both Gordon and Mohammed.

Lord Churchill recently presented a resolution in the House of Commons to the effect "that he would inquire as to the position of General Gordon at Khartoum; the Prime Minister said he had stated that General Gordon's mission was essentially pacific, but he was now carrying on military operations. Were the Government now going to relieve General Gordon? Gordon's first act was to demand for the pacification of that part of the Soudan that 'that most *abandoned scoundrel* Zebehr should be sent to him.' He admitted the devotion with which General Gordon had come to the rescue of a dying government, but these two acts of his *deserved the severest censure of Parliament.*"

Zebehr, like Mohammed, is from Dongola, and is, therefore, in the Soudanish idiom, a *Dongolowee.* Years ago he left Khartoum as one of the irregular soldiers—the *hotariah*—engaged in ivory and slave hunting for the account of the house of Rataz, Agad Abou Saoud, and others.

In the regions of the Bahr-el-Ghazell, in the Dar Fertit, south and east of Darfour, he succeeded

in carving out among the negroes a state made up of vast *zeribas* or slave depots, over which he placed his sub-governors or *vekils*.

In 1867 he had become so strong that he defied the tax-gatherer and refused to pay the levy made upon him by the Government at Khartoum. An expedition was sent against him under the command of Balalaoui-Mohammed; but Zebehr met Balalaoui with an overwhelming force, and destroyed his little army.

The Government, finding that they were powerless to control Zebehr, offered him the rank of bey in its service. He accepted, and in conjunction with Ismail Pasha Ayoube, then Governor of Khartoum, marched against *Brahim*, the Sultan of Darfour, defeated him, and took possession of Fashr, its capital. In recognition of this important conquest, the Government created Zebehr a pasha. But the jealousy of Ayoube was now thoroughly aroused, and he commenced a system of intrigues and complaints against Zebehr, which finally decided him to go down to Cairo and appeal for justice to the Khedive in person. Zebehr was made a prisoner for his pains, and has lived in Cairo ever since upon the provision of £100 a month accorded him by the Government.

It has been seen that Gordon has insisted that Zebehr should be sent up to succeed him as the Governor-General. The proposition is certainly extraordinary, but Gordon is always dealing with the extraordinary. When appointed Governor-General, in 1874, he opened the prison-doors of Abou Saoud, where he had been placed by Sir Samuel Baker, who charged him with conspiracy, and the real cause of the disaster to him and his retreat from Masindi. Abou, named by Gordon his *vekil* during my absence at the Great Lakes, was in accord with Suleiman, whom the wily Abou had caused to be named as ambassador to Keba-Rega, the King of Unyoro, and who at M'rooli attacked me, five hundred strong, in August, 1874, while descending the Nile, returning from Ugunda.

Dr. Schweinfurth, in December of last year, thus writes of Zebehr:

More doubtful even than the result of Baker Pasha's expedition at Tokhar is another scheme which throws its dark shadow over us all, and over our efforts for the suppression of the slave trade—I mean this appointment of Zebehr Pasha, and the enrollment of negroes which he is making night and day. He is said to have some thousands of these already; but what a set! Former slaves, driven away by their masters for bad conduct, people without character,

thieves from the streets, a mob of the very worst kind, who are of less value even than Egyptian soldiers, and with this mob he is going to fight! How dangerous for the country to allow a man like Zebehr such unlimited power! Do they think that he will forget that the Government has slain his three sons? Once in his own country, he will place himself on the side of the Maahdi, and pay his army with slaves.

The expeditions under *Gessi*, who from an humble employé had been raised to the rank of pasha, have been extensively circulated in the English press. They have served to give a color of heroism and devotion to a crusade against slavery and slave-dealers, the truthfulness of which may well be questioned now in view of what has occurred at Khartoum. It must be remembered that the unfortunate Gessi was his own historian, and many of the grand battles against the slavers will be found perhaps to have been mere *razzias* against defenseless *zeribas*.

Zebehr, who has been interviewed lately in Cairo, gives this version of himself:

I need not go over my record. It is well known probably to you and the world in general. No man now living in Egypt has rendered such services to his country as I did, and you see the reward. It was Gordon's accusations which cut my heart out, but

now he has confessed that he was wrong. He has telegraphed for me to take his place, and to the Government that the confiscation of my property was unjust, and that it should be restored to me. He requested that some money should be given to me at once, and I have been paid five thousand pounds. That is a mere nothing, but the fault is not his. Do you know what the Government owes me? Alone in the conquest of Darfour I spent some ten thousand pounds out of my own pocket, certified and registered in the archives. The property of mine which has been confiscated must amount to three or four hundred thousand pounds.

About my son, this is what happened: Jealous intriguers at Cairo had poisoned the ear of the Khedive against me, and I was summoned to the capital. Conscious of no wrong, I came at once, leaving my family and my property in full confidence. Here I found Gordon. I protested my innocence, and at Kasr-El-Nil I offered to go with him and prove to him the falseness of the accusations made against me. He refused, but told me to write to my son Suleiman a letter, ordering him to submit to Gordon. I wrote to him, telling him that Gordon went up as the representative of the Khedive and of myself; that he was to treat him as a lord and as a father, and to serve him as a slave if he wished, and to obey his slightest word. I gave Gordon a letter of this sort. I accompanied him to the station, and my last words to him were to commend my young son of sixteen years to his protection. When Gordon arrived, my son met him, and Gordon treated him with great kindness, and

gave him a rook, and made him Governor of Bahr-el-Ghazal.

Shortly afterward, a servant of my house, one Edreis, fled away and went to Gordon, and told him that Suleiman was treacherous at heart and working against him. Gordon at once believed this scoundrel, and named him governor in the place of my son, without asking further. Suleiman, when he heard this, sent to Gordon nine Ulemas to assure him of his respect and loyalty. Directly they arrived Gordon shot them all. Two more were sent, and they were also immediately shot. I can not understand this treatment of ambassadors.

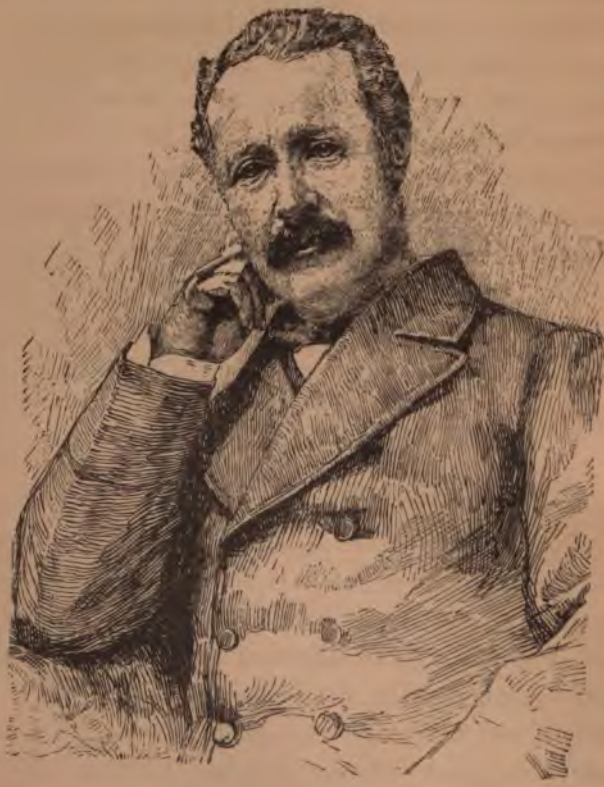
Suleiman then said he would go himself to Gordon, and started with twelve hundred followers for Dara, where he believed Gordon was. At six hours' distance from Dara he heard Gordon was at Khartoum. He turned to go thither, and met Gessi with one hundred and fifty soldiers. Gessi summoned him to surrender. He protested against being treated as an enemy. Gessi replied that he was Gordon's representative, and Suleiman had better show the loyalty he professed by coming with him. Suleiman said that if Gessi would give him his solemn word that the charges against him should be properly sifted, he should at once surrender and abide by the sentence. This was the greater proof of his loyalty, as he and his men so far outnumbered Gessi that had he wished he could easily have taken Gessi prisoner. Gessi, however, promised. Accordingly, Suleiman ordered his escort to lay down their arms, and then for six or seven days Gessi and he were friends, eating at the

same table, and living in each other's company. On the tenth day, however, Gessi called Suleiman and others of his family who were with him to come to him. They came to him and found him seated under a great tree. In five minutes he had shot them all.

I do not believe Gordon ever gave him the order to do such an act, for Gordon is a strangely merciful man. He can not speak our language, and so is often apt to get wrong impressions; but I do not think he would have shot my son without hearing him. However, that is a thing of the past. I have forgiven him, as we all hope to be forgiven. Gessi died at Suez afterward, and God will judge between him and me at the last day.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, in the story of "Chinese Gordon," has given a more heroic color to Gessi's "brilliant manœuvring." But it is not impossible that Gordon's startling demand that the "scoundrel Zebehr" should be sent up to succeed him, may be after all intended as the *amende honorable* to the father for the shooting to death of the son.

However this may be, Zebehr and myself are not the very best of friends. When I was in the Niam-Niam country, and south of the country occupied by Zebehr, twenty days' march to the north, he sent a troop of his *Dongolowee* to make a *razzia* against the tribe among whom I had established a military post. Concluding that they were too weak to at-



CHINESE GORDON.

tack, they made friendly overtures, and soon departed empty-handed, not, however, before attempting to assassinate me. On the night of the 19th of February, my guard caught a Dongolowee, with knife in hand and upon his knees, in the act of stealing into the hut occupied by me, at the same moment that several shots were fired into the hut, but without wounding any one.* I charged Zebehr subsequently when in Cairo with having ordered this, but he disclaimed all knowledge of the act.

III.

CHINESE GORDON.

Few men have lived to be so much written of as Charles George Gordon, C. B. Pietist, missionary, and soldier, he is at all times enveloped as with a mantle with the leaves of his Bible. He is a strange composition of a Cromwell, a Havelock, a Carlyle, and a Livingstone. Had he lived in the time of the great reformer, he would doubtless have played some important *rôle*. He is, however, more

* See "Naked Truths."

than all *Gordon* himself, with a profound contempt for his fellow-men, but with a certain sympathy—pity rather—for his inferiors; a characteristic made very apparent in his administration of the Soudan, where he soon got rid of all his equals, and replaced them in many cases by subordinates—menials to whom he gave extravagant pay, but to whom, when the occasion offered, he also administered a good kicking.

He was born at Woolwich, England, January 28, 1833, and is the fourth son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry W. Gordon. He comes of a race of soldiers, one of his immediate ancestors being a descendant of the Duke of Cumberland, and a distinguished actor in the Canadian war under Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham.

Gordon is a general in the Royal Engineers of the English army, and a C. B. He is also a *Ti-Tu*, and ranks as a mandarin in the Chinese service, where, as commander of the "Ever Victorious Army," he acquired the sobriquet of "Chinese Gordon"—a name which has made the circuit of the world. He belongs to the order of the Star, and is entitled to wear the "*Yellow Jacket*" and the "*Peacock's Feather*."

His fifty years sit very lightly upon him. An

active body and mind, ruddy complexion, and almost boyish manner, make him appear even younger than he is. His step is light, and his movements are quick and almost leopard-like. When aroused, he gives way to anger which is uncontrollable.

For the purpose of this book we shall only refer to him as the Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of the Soudan—a position to which he was appointed in 1874 by the Viceroy of Egypt, to succeed Sir Samuel Baker.

It was the night of the 20th of February, 1874, while seated at table in Cairo with a joyous company of Parisian friends, that I received a note which simply said:

My dear Chaillé-Long: Will you go with me to Central Africa? Come to see me at once.

Very truly,

C. G. Gordon.

Truly, Egypt is a country of the improbable, and where the unexpected always happens! I had entered the Egyptian army in the commencement of 1870, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, to combat for the independence of Ismail Pacha, the Khedive of Egypt, who for a moment only had

dreamed of throwing off the yoke of Turkey. With the exception of a few months of very pleasant service under General Loring, who commanded a *corps d'armée* at Alexandria, my service was purely nominal. I obeyed with precipitation the unexpected invitation. It was the work of *Kismet!*

Who was Gordon? I had heard of him only that day. I knew nothing of the man whom Destiny had decreed should be my chief in the wilds of unknown Africa.

Gordon came forward to meet me with a quick, glide-like step, and, seizing my hand, exclaimed: "How are you, old fellow? Come take a glass of *b. and s.*—brandy and soda. A *peg* will help us talk about Central Africa. The Khedive spoke to me about you to-day. You speak Arabic and French. I make you chief of staff; you shall command the entire *Soudanieh* army. I don't want the bother of soldiers, this must be your work. You shall have the rank of pasha. The Khedive has given me a firman as Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces of the Equator for three years. Will you go?"

Twenty-four hours afterward, on the 21st of February, 1874, a numerous assemblage of friends bade me an affectionate adieu as a special train took me

away to that Central Africa which to the Egyptian *fellah* is a land of exile and death. It had been a sort of *Nouvelle-Caledonie* for the Government of Egypt. To me, far differently from the somber presages of friends, I looked forward to my service there with great pleasure, and even then had formed the project of pushing my way to the sources of the Nile. Lieutenant Hassan Wassif, a fine young Egyptian officer, accompanied us as aide-de-camp to Gordon. He cried bitterly the whole night in his room at the hotel at Suez, at the thought of going to the dreaded Soudan, and refused to be comforted.

Arrived at Suakin on the 25th of March, we started on the 28th across the desert, at a maddening pace, on camel-back, with an escort of fifteen soldiers, furnished us by Eliadine Pasha, the Governor of Suakin, accomplishing the *traversée* within the incredible space of eight days, arriving at Berber the 8th of March, an achievement of which Gordon was very proud. Besides this, he wanted to put our mettle to the test, and I confess that but for a determination to see him out I would willingly have cried *peccavi*, as did poor Hassan and our used-up soldiers, whom Gordon termed "poor things" in a deprecating way.

Berber rises from the desert sand like a phantom city. Its majestic palms and tall acacias nod their broad-leaved tops from cool, shady gardens, as if in salutation to the wearied and sun-scorched traveler as he emerges from the Great Desert.

Hussein Halifa, now Hussein Halifa Pasha, the Governor of Berber, was then the Cheikh of the Great Desert (Cheikh el Atmour). His power and that of his family among the desert tribes on the road to Korosko and to Suakin makes him a great personage in the esteem of the Government at Cairo. It is due to him that these warlike bands have until now been kept in subjection; and Gordon's ride in January of this year, across from Korosko to Berber, loses some of its dramatic character when it is known that Hussein Halifa became sponsor for his safety, and committed Gordon's safe passage to his own son, who commanded the escort of Orbanes Bedouins to Berber.

Halifa is not unlike the graceful palm-trees in his garden. He is very tall and fine-looking, about sixty years of age, and belongs to that proud Nubian race whose skin, though black, has no connection with the negro. His features are finely chiseled, and his extremities are small and absolutely aristocratic. Hussein Halifa, in common with his race,

holds in contempt both the Arab fellah and the negro.

He advanced to meet us on our arrival with inimitable grace and dignity, and, seated in his garden, partaking of his proffered hospitality, I looked with amazement upon this gentleman of the desert, from whom the dude of these degenerate days might well learn a lesson in true politeness.

The garrison at Berber is reported as having fallen into the hands of the Maahdi—that which has remained—for it is said that 3,500 have been mercilessly massacred, and the fate of the heroic Halifa is not yet known. On the 13th of March we arrived at Khartoum. Gordon, in a letter to his sister, writes: "We left Berber on March 9th, and arrived here the 13th, at daybreak. The Governor-General, Ismail Pasha Ayoube, met your brother in full uniform, and he landed amid a salute of artillery and a battalion of troops with a band. It was a fine sight (the day before your brother had his trousers off, and was pulling the boat in the Nile, in spite of crocodiles, who never touch you when moving). He can not move now without guards turning out. I have got a good house here, and am very happy and comfortable.

"I had a review the day after my arrival, and

visited the hospital and the schools. They are well cared for, and the little blacks were glad to see me. (I wish that flies would not dine in the corners of their eyes!)

"Khartoum is a fine place as far as position goes. The houses are made of mud and flat-roofed. I leave on the 20th for Gondokoro, and hope to be there the 18th. The caravan comes after me, and will be there in two months. [This caravan was in charge of Major Campbell, a gallant American officer who died subsequently at Khartoum, M. Anson, De Witt, and Linant, who died at Gondokoro. Gessi was in charge of Colonel Gordon's baggage.]

"I am quite well, and have quiet times in spite of all the work. Tell ——, as he said, 'Self is the best officer to do anything for you.'

"I think the Khedive likes me, but no one else does; and I do not like them—I mean the swells, whose corns I tread on in all manner of ways. I saw —— at Suez. He agrees with me in one opinion of the rottenness of Egypt: it is all for the flesh, and in no place is human nature to be studied to such advantage. Duke of *This* wants steamer —say £600. Duke of *That* wants house, etc. All the time the poor people are ground down to get money for all this. Who art thou to be afraid of a

man? If He wills, I will shake all this in some way not clear to me now. Do not think I am an egotist. I am like Moses who despised the riches of Egypt. We have a King mightier than these, and more enduring riches and power in Him than we can have in this world. I will not bow to Haman."

Gordon commenced to shake the Soudan Government, as I have said, by the proclamation of monopoly of ivory, and by an unwise and unjust confiscation of property of those who are to-day in arms. It was "the egg which he laid of the insurrection in the Soudan."

IV.

AT KHARTOUM.

Back to a period prehistoric there had been a sort of ethnic, irresistible movement from Egypt toward the South. Ancient Egypt doubtless drew from Central Africa the slaves that built her imperishable temples and monuments. Mehemet Ali in his dream of conquest and empire turned naturally toward the head-waters of the Nile. The

Nile is Egypt itself; without it Egypt is a barren waste of desert.

It was in 1821, at a moment when Mehemet Ali had founded the dynasty of the Khedives over the slaughtered Mameluke, that he sent his son Ismail, and subsequently the Defterdar, to subdue the Soudan. How completely this was done redounds to the honor of this grand old statesman. He founded Khartoum, now a city of 30,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the Bahr-el-Azrak (Blue Nile), about two miles from the point Ras-Khartoum which marks the junction of the Blue Nile with the Bahr-el-Abiad (White Nile). As the natural *entrepôt* of the commerce of Sennaar, Kordofan, Darfour, Fazogli, and Taka, Khartoum has realized in commercial importance the hopes of the distinguished pasha.

The Central African provinces annexed these late years, although undeveloped, have materially added to its commerce. The exportations and importations of the Soudan are valued roughly at one hundred millions of francs; and as the fabrics and general merchandise are mostly English, it is to be presumed that England, in ordering an abandonment of these provinces, has done so with the view of imposing a new and permanent protectorate,

wholly detached from the Egyptian question. But let us return to Gordon in Khartoum. On the 14th of March he communicated to me as chief of staff the following note, addressed to the "gentlemen composing my staff, military and civil":

GENTLEMEN: As it is well that I should express to you my views before we enter into closer relations, I have thought fit to address you these lines on several subjects:

I. I consider that the provisional form which the expedition has at present will cease after two years' date, and after the lapse of that time it will rest with me to retain or dispense with the services of any or all of the members of the present expedition, as it may seem most conducive to the public service; that is the footing on which I am with respect to the Khedive myself.

II. We are all volunteers, and each one of us is free to come and go from the service as he may think fit.

III. I want from each one of you your best efforts. I want quick execution of orders. I want you not to content yourselves with giving the order, but to see that it is executed, and for you to inform me of its execution. To forget anything comes to the same thing as to refuse to execute it—indeed, is somewhat worse; for in the latter case I can give my orders to another, whereas in the former case I am deluded into a false security and do not take other steps. From my experience, the greatest defects that a man can possess in expeditions like our own are *forgetfulness*, the *not*

seeing to the execution of an order, being *contented* at having given it; procrastination and late rising. However talented a man may be, I prefer a stupid man to him if he has the above drawbacks.

IV. My duty toward you is to see that, as far as our means go, you are well cared for; that you are properly supported in your wish; that you have complete control over it, subject to my supervision. With respect to the subordinates you may employ, you will have full power to engage or to discharge, provided that the funds disposable are not exceeded. You shall have all the credit your exertions may merit, and I shall do my utmost to promote your interests.

V. I propose giving each of you so much for servants, whom you will select yourselves, my duty ending after I have paid their salaries.

VI. I propose to give you an assortment of the stores which have come from England. This assortment will be for a stated term; if used up before that time, I am not responsible if you suffer.

VII. I will mention that for your comfort it is necessary you have your traveling kit as complete as possible. You ought to pay the greatest attention to this. Do not forget your tooth-brush, your soap, towels, a hammer, nails, string, etc. Do not sleep on the ground, however hot; sleep with something across your loins; remember your mosquito curtains; if fatigued, take a little quinine, whether you have fever or not; take coffee or something before you go out in the morning; and mind, if you go out, take your water-bottle and food, and expect no one else to help you if you have not these things.

VIII. If possible, get on well with the Egyptian troops and with the natives. Be loyal toward the Khedive, and consider we can not weigh the actions of men in these parts in the same scale as we weigh the actions of our people.

Feeling sure that we shall agree with one another, I have the honor to be, gentlemen,

Yours very sincerely,

C. G. GORDON.

Communicated by the chief of staff, CHAILLÉ-LONG.

The Governor at Khartoum gave us a grand dinner. Many of the celebrities of the city were invited: Mgr. Camboni, of the Austrian Catholic mission; M. Hanzell, the Austrian consul; Geigler, an employé of the telegraph, whom Gordon subsequently, in a capricious mood, made a pasha. Hanzell delivered an eloquent oration in Arabic. He had lived for twenty-five years in Khartoum, had married a negress, and was the father of a numerous family of little blacks. He was addicted to a very liberal absorption of *raki*, and on this occasion became quite drunk. After the feast the Dinka and Chillouk soldiers, to the number of five hundred or more, gave in the open courtyard of the palace a *kamalalah* (dance) of the White Nile. This was followed by the startling appearance of a dozen young ladies of the Abyssinian type, entirely

nude, who moved around beating time with their feet, and producing with their compressed lips a sort of clucking sound. This was the *theâtro* ballet of Khartoum. Hanzell, owing to his deep potations, had now lost all sense of the *honos cum dignitate* which should hedge the consul, threw himself in the midst of these maidens, and joined in the mimic movement. The consul was acclaimed vociferously by Ismail. But it was too much for Gordon, who, no longer able to restrain his anger, leaped from the *divan* and abruptly left the scene, to the consternation of Ayoube and the dismay of Hanzell.

This was the commencement of those "skirmishes" of which he speaks as having had with Ayoube, and which ultimately ended in Ayoube's recall to Cairo.

V.

GONDOKORO.

TWENTY-SIX days afterward, on the 17th day of April, we arrived by steamer at Gondokoro, the future capital of the Equatorial Government.

Gondokoro, upon the right bank of the Nile, is situated about ten feet above the level of the river. It was then but a collection of one thousand or more straw huts of cone shape, surrounded by a high palisade of like material.

The brick *canissa* (church), created by the pious hands of the Austrian priests, had long since disappeared, and the red bricks, ground into dust and mixed with grease, had served to ornament the naked bodies of the Baris.

Gordon had been during the journey in the most depressed spirits. He said to me, as a species of stork would rise from the bushes along the river with a peculiar scream, frightened by the noise of our steamer: "Hear that, Long; they are laughing at us. What fools they think us to be in going up to live in this horrid country!"

At Gondokoro he said: "Well, I feel very low, Long. How do you feel? I think I shall go down to Khartoum. In fact, I don't see that anything can be done with these people. Let us go back. Even those geese mock us for coming here."

On the 20th of April Gordon returned to Khartoum, where he would meet his *impedimenta*, employés, and the famous Abou Saoud, who, notwithstanding Sir Samuel's sad experience, he

insisted, "was built and made to govern," but who, as the sequel proved, was a "scoundrel and a traitor."

I had now been associated with Colonel Gordon since the 21st of February. I had been drawn to him by the personal magnetism which he possesses to a great degree. The contradictions in his disposition, however, render him an enigma even to his intimate friends.

Dr. Schweinfurth says of him:

"At times he is condescending, affable, and cordial; again, he storms at everybody, is rough, crusty, and unapproachable. His plans are changed even during their execution, and his actions only proceed in a straight line when carried along by his enthusiasm."

The "Pall Mall Gazette" says that a man like this would be much more capable of crushing the Maahdi than of reconstructing in five years what he had destroyed in five days.

His ambition has taken the form of a positive mission. As the "Divine Figure from the North," Gordon dreams of empire—a king of the negro people of Africa—"without a crown."

On the 24th of April, in pursuance of the plan I had formed at the inception of the expedition, I left Gondokoro with the soldiers Said and Abd-el-

Rahman, who had *volunteered* to accompany me in the expedition southward.

The mysterious regions of Lake Victoria (where M'Tsé is king) and the sources of the Nile had been and were still the Eldorado of African explorers. The problem of the Nile sources was still an open question, because of the long gap between Lakes Victoria and Albert. My self-imposed task then was to complete the work of Speke and Baker.

The accomplishment of this purpose, together with the discovery of Lake Ibrahim or Lake Long, a third great basin of the Nile, amid untold hardships and sufferings, is recounted in the volume entitled, "Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked Peoples."

I reached Gondokoro, on my return, the 18th of October. Gordon met me in the most affectionate manner. He said: "Long, you have done a great work; you will be a hero now. I am going to photograph you. You must go down to Khartoum." He took me out to where the *canissa* had stood, and, pointing to the graves of Linant and De Witt, said, "Anson and Campbell are down the river at Khartoum."

In his book, "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa," he writes, October, 1874: "Long with

M'Tsé; have not heard of him for six months. Khedive was quite charmed with Long's account of M'Tsé, and is sending up a gorgeous carriage for him, which I do not think he will ever get from me. Long only saw him once." This refusal to send up the carriage to M'Tsé was a great source of regret to the king. The remark that I had only seen M'Tsé *once* was a singular statement indeed, since I had been the guest of that African king for one month, and saw him frequently; much too often for the poor victims who, notwithstanding my protest that it was unbecoming a king, were brutally sacrificed in my honor.

October 20, he says: "Long came in the day before yesterday. He has had a hard time of it. He left this place for Fatiko on April 24; got there in ten days; thence to Karuma Falls. He went to M'Tsé and got a good reception. He went down to Urondogani, and thence, with two canoes, descended the Nile to Foueira. He found no cataracts at all on the route. This is a great thing for me, for Fatiko is ten days from here, Foueira four days from Fatiko, and then I have a water-course to within three days of M'Tsé's palace. Long says he passed through a large lake between Urondogani and Foueira; he was attacked

by Keba Rega's men *en route*, and had to fight his way through near M'rooli.

October 22: "I am sorry for it, but two cheikhs are going to M'Tsé to teach him the Koran."

The fact is, that at Gordon's dictation I wrote a letter to the Khedive for the express purpose of asking that two *fikis* (priests) should be sent from Cairo, and I marveled much thereat at the time. The fikis were accordingly sent up in reply to this letter.

"I have been so cross since I wrote you, and why? The reason is, that I was made ill by the utter feebleness of my staff"—meaning me, without doubt. "Came back sick, took possession of me as servant, and of my things as his; lost his own bed, took mine; got wet, took a chill. I have now given orders that all illness is to take place away from me; that the staff are not to come near me except on duty."

"I am withdrawing all my men from Keba Rega, who with them was privy to the attack on Long; they were Dongola soldiers."

It may be interesting to the reader to note just here that, when about to return from Ugunda by the river Nile, King M'Tsé sent me his own daugh-

ter, about ten years of age, and several other young ladies and boys as a present. Do not start, dear reader: this is court etiquette in Ugunda—*noblesse oblige*—and one can not refuse, unless to give mortal offense, and besides endanger the life even of a daughter.

This Ugunda princess is in Cairo now; she has been tenderly cared for by the sisters at the convent there; she has been baptized and educated at my expense. I have hoped to send her back to her father, and proposed, had it not been for the present troubles in Egypt, to ask the Khedive to marry her off to an Egyptian officer and send him and his princess spouse to the court of her father, there to represent the interests of his government.

I submit that her *conversion* to Christianity is of more value, perhaps, than the conversion of her father, whom Mr. Stanley, subsequent to my visit to him, claims to have converted, and for his edification caused to be translated the Bible and psalm-books into the Ugunda language; a translation somewhat difficult to accomplish when it is understood that one year before, when I was in Ugunda, the idiom of that country was still unwritten.

Linant, who was in Ugunda at the same time as Stanley, says, after Stanley had gone away, M'Tsé

one day in his presence leveled his gun at one of his wives and blew off the top of her head, exclaiming, "Oh, what a good shot am I!"

It has been reported, I may add, very recently, that M'Tsé, distracted by the many dogmas which he has been urged to accept by the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and other missionaries sent out to him, in despair has ordered them all to go; and, having collected fifty virgins, he caused them to be slain in order to propitiate the gods of his ancient fetich.

I have said in "Naked Truths": "King M'Tsé had adopted the Mussulman faith when I entered the country. Being a soldier and not a missionary, I did not undertake his conversion. It was, in my opinion, only lost time." Time has proved the correctness of this conclusion.

VI.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

A SINGULAR error has been committed by the Royal Geographical Society of London, in the change of the name of Lake Ibrahim, discovered

by me, to that of Cojé, with Gordon's name thereon. I addressed a respectful protest to Sir Rutherford Alcock, K. C. B., President of the Society, and to my distinguished friend, the late Sir Bartle Frère. I said, "I am naturally jealous of this lien which attaches my name to those of Speke and Baker as a Nile-source discoverer." In reply they referred me to Gordon, who kindly wrote me a private note, inclosing a letter of rectification, saying:

I gave my sketch sheets to the Royal Geographical Society, rough as they were, and on them were written the native names. Old map was put together when I was in the Soudan, and had I known that you would have wished the name given to the lake to be inserted, it would have been so, thus: Lake Cojé, *alias* Lake Ibrahim, Lake Long.

The letter to the "Herald" was as follows, and dated:

MASSOWA, *December* 9, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR: Those who may be interested in geographical discoveries will remember that in 1874 Colonel Long, of the Egyptian staff, passed down the Victoria Nile, from Nyamyongo, where Speke was stopped, to M'rooli, thus at the risk of his life settling the question, before unsolved, of the identity of the river above Urondogani with that below M'rooli. He also discovered a lake midway between

these places, which he called Lake Ibrahim. Passing that way afterward, I ascertained that the native name of the Lake was Cojé, and wrote this name on the map. I think that you will agree with me that, as maps are made for the use of travelers, the native names should be inserted in preference to names given by explorers, and which are unknown to the native guides.

In writing thus I in no way wished to take from Colonel Long the merit due to him for his discovery of this lake, or for his perilous journey.

Those who care to study the successive steps which built up the map of the course of the Nile, will know that to Speke is due the discovery of one portion, to Baker that of another, and to Colonel Long that of another, and of the lake alluded to. Explorers in future times, who change the names of places given by their predecessors to those known by the natives, can not be considered to detract from their predecessors' merits.

Believe me, yours very truly,

C. G. Gordon.

The following letter, I am sure, will give real pleasure to the American Geographical Society, whose members are doubtless distinguished geographers, devoted to geographical research, and who will be glad to learn that a fellow-countryman has, in this absolute manner, attached his name to the discovery of the Nile sources :

BURLINGTON GARDENS, LONDON, *July* 1, 1881.

DEAR SIR: I am requested by Sir Rutherford Alcock to inform you that he laid your letter to him of the 19th May before the Council of the Society, and they have directed the attention of M. Ravenstein, who is engaged in compiling for the Society a large map of Equatorial Africa, to the matter, with a view to due credit being given to you for priority of discovery and naming of Lake Ibrahim on the map alluded to.

Your obedient servant,

H. W. BATES,
Assistant Secretary.

Lake Ibrahim, so named by the Khedive of Egypt in honor of his father, is the home of the lotus and the lotus-eaters. On the treacherous bosom of the lake, the broad-leaved plant grows luxuriantly, and incessant storms add to the dangers which beset the unwary traveler. This is not all: the immense vegetable matter when decayed breaks away and causes great islands to form; on these live the mythical lotus-eaters, whose sole food is the lotus-flower and dried fish. The discovery of the lotus and lotus-eaters is another fact taken from the poetic realm of fiction. There was a legend which said that the stranger who ate of it forgot his country, and remained forever within its

sacred confines—a lotophage—and by dire necessity obliged to eat the *fleurs en bouton* of this fabled flower. In the Thebaide the lotus may be found sculptured upon a column standing in Karnak, and of which a poet has sung:

"La s'elève un lotos dont les fleurs en bouton
Se peignent en s'ouvrant des couleurs de Sidon,
Ce lotos dont la pudique fleur
Ouvre en tremblant son calice bleuâtre
Au dieu du jour dont elle est idolâtre."

To return to Colonel Gordon: In the month of January, two English officers, Messrs. Watson and Chippendale, arrived at Lardo. They had been sent up through the influence of General Stanton, Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General at Cairo, whom Gordon had said was greatly opposed to my nomination as his chief of staff. But in reply to Stanton's protest, Gordon said to him: "I like Americans. I had them with me in China" (referring to Ward and Burgevine).

I regarded the arrival of these officers very naturally as the work of Stanton, and in the furtherance of his expression to Gordon, that he should be surrounded by English rather than Americans. Messrs. Watson and Chippendale did not remain long, however; they left the service a

few months afterward, Mr. Watson the first, and drew at Khartoum the exorbitant salary for the entire *two years'* service for which they had contracted, much to the disgust of the Governor of Khartoum who paid them.

Mr. Marno about this time came out as a botanist and geologist for the account of the Austrian Geographical Society. Mr. Marno and Messrs. Watson and Chippendale soon were on bad terms; finally, Marno came to me with a letter addressed to him from Colonel Gordon; it read: "I wish you to leave my provinces at once." Marno pleaded with me to take him as my guest to the Niam-Niam country, under a promise that he would publish nothing without my authority.

In the short intervals of my stay in camp, going or returning from expeditions, I had occasion to remark the singular habit which Gordon had of retiring to his hut, where he would remain, for days at a time, engaged in the perusal and meditation of his ever-present Bible and prayer-book. When in this retirement his orders were that he should not be disturbed for any reason of service whatever; *a hatchet and a flag* were placed at his door as a sign that he was unapproachable. When these were removed, Gordon would reappear in full

dress, cleanly shaven, and the ill-humor from which he had suffered had vanished to give place to cheerfulness. On such occasions he would come into my hut in almost boyish glee, and say: "Come now, Long, old fellow, let's have a good breakfast—a little *b. and s.* Do you feel up to it?" The *b. and s.* I took but seldom. Gordon and I generally drank coffee, very black, with a quinine-bottle always on the table, and from which we took *ad libitum* the quinine instead of sugar.

It occurs to me just here to mention a circumstance which happened subsequently during Gordon's visit to Cairo. The American officers frequently visited him. One day he wrote a letter to General Sherman, of the United States army, begging him to come out to Egypt and put aright these officers whom he thought in trouble. Now, why in any case General Sherman had been written to is not clear, unless, indeed, the gift of diamonds by Ismail Pasha, the Khedive, said to be worth sixty thousand dollars, was in the mind of Gordon a sufficient reason to look upon that officer as a sort of arbiter for the American officers in Egypt. However this may be, the distinguished general may have an opportunity now to restore these diamonds to the Khedive who gave them;

for Ismail must be sadly in want, if we may judge by his refusal to pay the bill of an employé who, only a few days ago, in Paris, met him in the Palais-Royal gardens and violently assaulted him. What a commentary upon the man of whom I have spoken in "Naked Truths" as the regenerator of Egypt! But then this was before the crisis in Egypt, and before the world could know of Ismail's misdeeds, and when the writer was an enthusiastic soldier in Central Africa.

Gordon writes, January, 1875, from Lardo, on the Nile, near Gondokoro:

A steamer has arrived with Long (returning from Khartoum); very glad to see him; but, unfortunately, he has brought up Arab soldiers. For two days I dared not ask Long, who told me that he had asked for four hundred soldiers for me at Khartoum, whether these troops were Arabs or blacks. At last I asked. They were Arabs! He did his best, but it was killing for me.

Gordon was right; these Arab soldiers (*fellahs*, not Arabs; for it must be remembered that there are no Arab soldiers in Egypt: it is a *misnomer* to call an Egyptian soldier an Arab) were a bad set—far worse than Gordon could suppose. The Prince Minister of War had given me these men, for the

most part sent from the prisons of Cairo—exiled criminals of all kinds, from the assassin to the petty thief; with these, and, fortunately for me, a column of the gallant black Soudanieh corps, I made the expedition to the Niam-Niam country, joining thus from the Nile the point reached by Dr. Schweinfurth; establishing military and trading-posts, and opening up to trade by annexation vast provinces rich in ivory, which the natives were glad to exchange for beads and cotton cloths.

On the 22d of January, 1875, Gordon wrote to me as follows:

COLONEL LONG: You will proceed with a detachment of Arabs to Makraka, obtaining from Covo Agha, on the best terms you can, the necessary number of porters.

On arrival at Makraka, see that a detachment of men are sent to the further station, Fadlallah, and that all spare arms and ammunition at each station are under the regular soldiers' supervision.

You will appoint a commandant of troops at each station; at the larger the officer will receive £3 a month extra, at the smaller the officer will receive £2 a month extra.

If you think good to establish a third station, do so, and make the officer you select its head, both military and political, with £2 a month extra.

With respect to Azib and Ali Effendi, they are

(you know) to try and raise three hundred men and to bring them here. If you think it possible you might bring me one hundred men more for another regiment; of course, if these natives will not go without one or two of the Dongolowee they know, then send Dongolowee to that extent with them. Men speaking Arabic can be made corporals and sergeants.

The porters I have written for from Achmet, the Mudir of Makraka, are to bring up such stores and ammunition of the Arab troops as you can not take. See Azib and Ali Effendi.

The twenty black soldiers now at Makraka are to come back with Ali and Azib Effendis, to whom I have given them.

If men can not be obtained in such numbers as I mention, then I must be content with lesser numbers. You will stay at Makraka as long as you think fit.

I have given my idea of how to proceed, viz., by marching to Lunguno, thence communicating with Covo Agha. The nuggar with stores, etc., can go to Lunguno. C. G. Gordon.

Inform the commandents of regular troops that while paying due respect to the Mudirs and Vakils, they are independent of those officials except in case of an attack, etc.

I brought back with me, besides the six hundred Niam-Niam warriors who had joined me in the battle against inimical tribes, six hundred ivory tusks, together with curious specimens of the races

of the country, and a specimen adult woman of the mythical Ticki-Ticki or Akka pygmy race. Ticki-Ticki is now in Cairo, and is the favorite plaything —being quite an acrobat—in the *harem* of the Khedive's mother.

Upon my return from this expedition I found Gordon awaiting me at Regaf. It was there that he proposed that we should divide the provinces between us. "Take," said he, "from Fatiko south —I will take the rest. We will govern here. These people should not belong either to the Arabs or the Turks."

I laughed, thanked him, and said: "No, Colonel, I have no ambition to reign among savages. I've had quite enough of savages and savage countries." Whereupon he said: "Well, you know you and I can never live together; it won't do. I am not mean, however. Here is a letter to the Khedive. Go to Cairo; I have recommended that you command an expedition in order to open an equatorial road from the Indian Ocean to the lakes. The road is much shorter than by the Nile, the difficulties of which you will tell the Khedive."

I quitted Gordon on the 21st of March, 1875, after very kind adieus had been said, and turned toward the north to return by the Nile to Cairo,

thus to complete my journey to and from the sources of the Nile to the Mediterranean.

I subsequently commanded the land forces of this expedition; McKillop Pacha, a distinguished English officer, commanding the naval forces. We took possession of the coast from Cape Guardafui to Kismayu and the Juba River. When my command, numbering one thousand men of all arms, had firmly established itself on the Juba River, Lord Derby addressed a note to the Khedive demanding the return of the expedition. Mr. Archibald Forbes has said of it:

> Trouble arose. Interests clashed. The Zanzibar merchants became alarmed for their *equatorial trade*, and the Aden settlement grew nervous about its Somali coast supplies. Finally, at the instance of the British Government, the expedition had to be abandoned.

Mr. Forbes should have stated this differently—for the trouble which arose and interests which clashed grew out of the capture by me of more *than four hundred slaves*, who fell into my hands and *were liberated*, when the forcible taking of Kismayu was made necessary by the hostile attitude of the troops of Said Burgash. This was the trouble which clashed with the interests of Dr. Badger, the

Anglo-Zanzibarite. The interests of humane England also were alarmed at the possible *concurrence* of an Egyptian trade with the Somali tribes. Hence Lord Derby's note.

In his book Gordon writes:

NOVEMBER 16, 1875.—Thick package from Khedive telling me he had put McKillop under my command, and had sent him with three men-of-war to Juba, with six hundred men to occupy it, and for me to put Long under him. He would not let me go. Grand career! Now look here, the man had gone to all this expense under the impression I would stick to him, etc. I am in for it.

Again he adds:

H. H. (His Highness) sent off McK. and L. to Juba and told them to wait for me. They will wait a long time, I expect.

VII.

GORDON'S RETURN TO THE SOUDAN.

IN 1879 there was no one in Egypt, not even M. Baring himself, the Comptroller of Egyptian Finances, who did not know that Gordon's administration had practically ruined the Soudan. When

M. Baring desired to make an examination of the cause of the deficit of his government which Gordon had avowed in a letter written to Rivers Wilson in the month of October, Gordon refused to permit any interference of the Anglo-Egyptian Comptroller, and accompanied his refusal by a letter couched in the most insulting terms. M. Baring thereupon demanded and obtained the recall of Gordon.

M. Baring, when it was first proposed to return Gordon to the Soudan, opposed it in the most pronounced manner. What are we to think of his final submission? Was it in obedience to the Missionary and British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Societies, with whom Gordon was considered in the light of a "*Divine Figure from the North*," or was it, as we have already said, in pursuance of that plan of absorption by his own Government which, the better to effect its purpose, was to cause Egypt to abandon the Soudan in order that Gordon with his vassal chief, the Maahdi, by persuasion of the Egyptian gold taken from the Egyptian treasury, might become the king of the negroes, with an empire whose limits we have already traced?

It is interesting to refer here to the fact that as early as 1880 Gordon wrote to the "Times" that

"he had always counseled the evacuation of the Soudan." This was evidently to prepare the public mind for the cry which has been persistently made before and since the appearance of the Maahdi.

A few months ago, on learning of the victories of the Maahdi, he wrote: "The danger now consists in the establishment near the Egyptian frontier of an active Mohammedan power which will exercise a great influence upon the Egyptian population placed under the power of England. They will say that they also can do what the Maahdi has done; that is, attempt to drive out the stranger and the unbeliever. This danger, besides, does not menace alone the English in Egypt. The success of the Maahdi has already created in Arabia and Syria a dangerous agitation. At Damascus notices have been placarded all over the city calling the population to revolt against the Turks. If the Eastern Soudan is entirely abandoned to the Maahdi, the Arab tribes established along the two banks of the Red Sea will rise. Turkey will be obliged to interfere, if only in self-defense. If, on the contrary, nothing is done, it is possible that the whole Oriental question will be opened by the triumph of the Maahdi. The fortifications proposed to be erected

at Wady-Halfai to serve as a defense will go for nothing, for these ramparts will not stop the contagion.

"The evacuation of the Soudan can not then be justified from the point of view of the defense of Egypt proper."

When Gordon arrived in Cairo *en route* to the Soudan, he again changed this language. To the delegates of the syndicate for the protection of the commercial interests of the Soudan, who went to him, he declared that England could not take upon herself the occupation of the Soudan, and therefore it must be abandoned.

"Abandoned to whom?" asked the committee.

"Who knows? To God!" replied Gordon.

"Do you think," said the delegates, "that the Maahdi and the cheikhs around him can constitute a serious government?"

"I know what you would say, and, believe me, I can do nothing. I do not think that you will ask me to reconquer the Soudan to give it to those who lost it" (*sic*).

"Listen: the Soudan is a beautiful woman who gave herself to Egypt. She now asks for a divorce. How will you refuse it?"

Mr. Forbes has said that there was a hope in

England that Gordon—who was on the eve of going to the Congo in the interests of the anti-slavery expedition of His Majesty the King of the Belgians—might go to the Soudan, and that the "universality of the aspiration had been kindled by an opportune stroke of journalistic perspicacity." Mr. Forbes refers to the interview published in the "Pall Mall Gazette," which gives a singular and yet faithful picture of Gordon. The *universality of the aspiration* included Her Britannic Majesty's Government. In fact, Mr. Gladstone has said that the Government had long previously entertained the desire to avail themselves of General Gordon's services, and that the hindrance was the *aversion* of the Egyptian Government. The aversion of the Egyptian Government was plain to the Egyptians and to M. Baring.

Mr. Gladstone has said in the House of Commons, General Gordon went not for the purpose of reconquering the Soudan, or to persuade the chiefs of the Soudan, the sultans at the head of their troops, to submit themselves to the Egyptian Government. He went for no such purpose as that. He went for the double purpose of evacuating the country, by extricating the Egyptian garrisons, and reconstituting it—by giving back to these sultans their ancestral powers, withdrawn or suspended during the period of Egyp-

tian occupation. We are unwilling, I may say we were resolved to do nothing which should interfere with the pacific scheme—the only scheme which promised a satisfactory solution of the Soudanese difficulty, by at once extricating the garrison and reconstituting the country upon its old basis of local privileges.

It is singular to remark upon the delicacy and tender regard for these *sultans* to whom is to be restored their *ancestral powers*.

Only a short time ago, they went in England by the name of blackguards, ruffians, robbers, and cut-throats, and I have always believed that they really deserved the epithet.

Now, has it ever occurred to the intelligent reader why, with an able and distinguished officer of the Anglo-Egyptian army already in Khartoum, General Gordon should be sent for to evacuate those provinces at a moment when that evacuation was perfectly easy, and when the Maahdi was not within five hundred miles of its garrisons, and when the retreat was always practicable by the river? The Governor, Halifa Pasha, it has been asserted, has loyally held the desert tribes in check, and has surrendered only after a heroic defense of Berber.

On the morning of the 18th of February of

this year, Gordon entered Khartoum. He is represented by the English press as having been received and acclaimed as a sultan, a father, and savior. He went to the palace. There, on the shelves, he found the Government ledgers, on whose pages were the long record of the outstanding debts that weighed down the overtaxed people; on the walls hung the *courbatch* whips and bastinado rods, implements of tyranny and torture.

He built a great bonfire in front of the palace, and into it pell-mell were thrown these frightful witnesses of the *Soudanieh's* wrongs. It was left him still "to cut off the tail of the dog." He issued a proclamation re-establishing the slave trade!

THE PROCLAMATIONS.

I.

To all the Notables of the Soudan:

In accordance with an agreement between Great Britain and the Khedive, I have been named *Vali* of the Soudan. In consequence thereof, this country has become independent and *autonome*, and I have given orders in this sense to all the Mudirs and employés of the Government. I am decided to give you back the happiness and the prosperity which you enjoyed formerly under His Highness Saïd Pasha. Know also that His Majesty the Sultan, Emir of Be-

lievers and Khalife of God, had the intention to send, in order to restore order, a powerful *corps d'armée* composed of Turkish soldiers famed for their courage and valor. But I have preserved, from the four years passed in the Soudan as Governor-General, a great affection for you. I have had pity of your situation, and I have contributed with all my force to prevent the sending of these Turkish troops. I have come myself, hoping to put an end to the effusion of blood, which is against the will of God, of his prophet, and of his saints. You have heard that for your good, and to obviate all complaints, I have formed a council composed of *Moulouks* (petty kings) of the Soudan, and it is they who will govern in the future. This council will assemble twice a week, and oftener if it is judged necessary.

I abandon to you all the unpaid taxes and imposts up to the end of 1883, also the half of that which you ought to pay now. That which I do by this present, is to show you my desire to give you back your happiness and prosperity, and to establish among you that justice which constitutes the progress of a country.

Believe that which I say, for I call God to witness that it is the truth.

(Signed) GORDON PASHA,
Vali of the Soudan.

II.

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE SOUDAN:

My desire is very great to give you peace and tranquillity. I know that the hardship which opposi-

tion to the slave traffic has caused you is very great. To-day I desire you to recommence with perfect freedom the traffic in slaves, and I have given orders that public criers shall make this known to all, that they may dispose of their domestics as they may see proper, and no one in the future shall interfere with the commerce.

(Signed) GORDON PASHA,
Vali of the Soudan.

Ye Salaam! Had the Sphinx started from its eternal pedestal, the surprise of the world — of Egypt even — could not have been greater. In Europe the unexpected millennium, when civilization has been asked to surrender to barbarism, has fallen upon the public like a frozen *douche*. Gordon, of all men, the Moses of the black race! He who, the other day, was ready to give his life for these poor people, comes now, instead of binding up their wounds, to rivet anew their chains! Shades of Wilberforce!

The "Times," however, endeavors to palliate the act, and says: "Every man who knows anything about the matter, knows that domestic slavery has existed in the East since the days of Abraham; that it is a very different thing from the slavery of kidnapped negroes on Southern plantations." But why descant upon the subject? The

truth is, it is the epilogue to the commencement of Gordon's government ten years ago; and it is the logical sequence to that system of disorganization which has been the aim alike of Gordon and the British Government. It is left us to exclaim: *O cruautés de la raison d'État!*

VIII.

THE MAMELUKE AND THE FELLAH.

Egypt began the present century under the banner of the Mameluke; she bids fair, at its close, to bivouac in the tent of the Maahdi.

Let us cast a retrospective glance at that period which preceded the advent of the French in Egypt. It will enable us to understand the chain of events which has brought Egypt to this unhappy hour, and at the same time show that, although the Mameluke is gone, his shadow is still upon the land.

The reign of the Mameluke had been for two hundred and sixty-seven years a long series of internecine strifes, crimes, and revolutions of palace. Forty-seven princes had sat upon the ancient throne

of the Pharaohs, and all of them finished their career by a violent death. In 1517 the Turk succeeded to the Mameluke in Egypt.

The memoirs of Napoleon thus resume their domination:

Selim I. left forty thousand men to guard his conquest, and divided them into seven militia corps, six of which were composed of Ottomans, the seventh of Mamelukes who had survived their defeat. He confided the government to a pasha, twenty-four beys, a corps of effendis, and to two divans. Of these twenty-four beys, one was a kiaya, or the lieutenant of the pacha. The corps of Mamelukes, composed of the finest and the bravest, became the most numerous. The first six corps weakened and died off, and in a little while did not number more than seven thousand men, while the Mamelukes alone numbered more than six thousand.

In 1646 the revolution was completed. The remaining Turks were sent away, and the Mamelukes reigned supreme. Their chief took the name of *Cheikh el Bélad* (Chief of the Country). The pashalik was no longer of any consideration.

In 1767 Ali Bey, *Cheikh el Bélad*, declared himself independent, issued coin, and took possession of Mecca. He made war against Syria, and allied himself with the Russians.

At this moment all beys were Mamelukes.

In 1798 each one of the twenty-four beys had his own home, and followers more or less numerous. The

least of them had two hundred Mamelukes. Mourad Bey had twelve hundred. These twenty-four beys together formed a sort of republic which submitted to the most influential; they divided among themselves the lands and the places.

The Mamelukes were Christian-born. They were bought at the age of seven or eight in Georgia, Mingrelia, and the Caucasus, and brought to Cairo by the merchants of Constantinople, and sold to the beys. They were white, and fine-looking men. From the lowest places in the household they raised themselves progressively, and became the *moultezims* of the villages, *kia*-chiefs, or governors of provinces, and finally beys. Their race did not propagate in Egypt; they married ordinarily with Circassians or strangers. They had no children; or, if so, they died before arriving at maturity. From their marriages with the indigenes their children grew up to advanced age; but the race rarely perpetuated itself beyond the third generation; and for these reasons they were obliged to recruit themselves by the purchase of children from the Caucasus. It is estimated that in 1798 the Mamelukes numbered fifty thousand, men, women, and children included. They could mount twelve thousand men.

The 21st of July, 1798, Bonaparte, in the famous battle beneath the Pyramids, destroyed seven thousand of this grand and magnificent cavalry corps, with which, and the French soldier, he boasted he could make the tour of the world.

The 1st of March, 1811, Mehemet Ali extermi-

nated the last of the Mamelukes, at the famous feast which ended in massacre, within the courts of the citadel.

The treaty of 1841, following the battle of Nezib and defeat of the Turks by his son Ibrahim the soldier, assured to Mehemet Ali the hereditary possession of Egypt with the title of Viceroy.

Mehemet Ali died in 1849, and Ibrahim succeeded him. He died four months afterward and gave place to Abbas.

In 1854 came Mohammed Saïd Pasha, surnamed "The Good." It was he who granted to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps the concession of the *Canal maritime de Suez.*

At his death in 1863, the public debt of Egypt was only three million pounds sterling.

Ismail Pasha, son of Ibrahim, succeeded him. Thirteen years afterward, when, under the political pressure of England and France, Ismail was forced to render an account of the financial situation which he had created, and accept the Anglo-French control, the public debt had reached the enormous sum of £105,184,380, and represented an expenditure of £6,574,000 a year over and above the annual income of the country.

How was it possible that thirteen years had sufficed to create such a deficit? Where had these millions gone? A few public works had been constructed, in order to play at progress and civilization, and several pasteboard palaces. It is true, he cut boulevards in every direction in the Frank quarter of Cairo, and did *Haussmannize* the already beautiful city. But the burden of this expense fell upon the proprietor, for the most part; ruin, in fact, if his property happened to be on the proposed road; and Ismail, under pretext of public necessity, confiscated the property oftentimes to his own use.

The greater part of this debt, however, had been accumulated by the missions, with unlimited credits, confided to Nubar Pasha, to obtain from the Sublime Porte illusory firmans to secure the adhesion of European diplomacy to his project of judicial reform, and the apportionment of exorbitant sums to the princes of his family. Add to these the contraction of usurious loans, enriching alike the banker, the minister, and their associates; the creation of scandalous fortunes from the public treasury, in favor of notoriously venal and ill-assorted adherents whom Daudet has admirably portrayed in the "Nabab"; the confiscation of the lands of the fellah, and their absorption into

his own private colossal fortune. These are some of the direct causes which contributed to the ruin of Egypt.

Gordon in his book says: "Nubar once summed up the Khedive as follows: 'He is a man of no principle, but capable of very chivalrous impulses, and if he was with a better *entourage* he would do well.'"

Nubar is an Armenian, and for the tenth time is Minister for Foreign Affairs in Egypt. He has been the faithful ally of British interests in Egypt, although he has elected to make himself a subject of the German Empire. He, too, has dreamed of empire, and hopes even now, as a reward for his services to Great Britain, that he may be the regent in Egypt, with the ulterior design of wearing a German crown in Syria, or an English one in Abyssinia. It was for this that Nubar insisted upon the unhappy expedition to Abyssinia. This man was the Mephisto who led Ismail to his ruin. Gordon says of him:

Nubar has never been to Egypt more than a comparatively low-born Armenian, who was clever enough to dispute with the consuls-general, and who, when Minister of Foreign Affairs, and in the Privy Council, was fully aware of all the loans, etc., of the

Mouffetish. In England one inquires how so-and-so becomes rich in the Government service; might not the same question be asked in this case?

When Ismail Pasha ascended the throne of Egypt in 1863, his fortune was insignificant. When he left it he had become the proprietor of immense domains.

The Commissioners of the Debt had scarcely entered upon the control of the finances, when they discovered that large sums of the revenue were being diverted—even in the face of the new order of things—from the public treasury. The Minister of Finance admitted that he had applied them to the *urgent obligations of the Khedive.* The 4th of November, 1876, Mr. Vivian, Consul-General of England, discovered a deficit of four millions of pounds.

The Khedive, alarmed lest a more minute examination might be made, and fearing thus an inevitable scandal, resolved, as Mr. Vivian has said in his dispatches, "to *finish by one of those dramatic incidents which one may see only in history and in Oriental life.*" A few days after the issue of the protest of the Commissioner of the Caisse he arrested his finance minister, *Ismail Pasha* the *Mouffetish.* This man was the foster-brother of

Ismail Khedive; from a simple *fellah* (peasant) he had risen in a few years to be the master of a colossal fortune in money, lands, and a harem composed of Circassian and Georgian houris, all of which had, it was well known, long since aroused the envy and cupidity of the Khedive. At one bold stroke he was to regain his feet, which were slipping from under him, and with the well-filled coffers of the Mouffetish save his menaced throne.

The day after the arrest, the 15th of November, 1876, there appeared, for the information of the good Cairene public, the following announcement:

The ex-Minister of Finance, Ismail Sadyk Pasha, has sought to organize a plot against His Highness the Khedive, by exciting the religious sentiments of the native population against the scheme proposed by Messrs. Goschen and Joubert. He has also accused the Khedive of selling Egypt to the Christians, and taken the attitude of defender of the religion of the country. These facts, revealed by the inspectors-general of the provinces, and by the reports of the police, have been confirmed by passages in a letter addressed to the Khedive himself by Sadyk Pasha in giving his own dismissal. In presence of acts of such gravity, His Highness the Khedive caused the matter to be judged by his privy council, which condemned Ismail Sadyk to exile, and close confinement at Dongola.

The same paper announced officially, a few days later, his death as having occurred the 4th of December. But in official circles in Cairo, at the consulates and elsewhere, it was known that Ismail Sadyk had died on the 10th of November, five days *before his condemnation* to exile, and that Mustapha Pasha, then Governor of Cairo, now minister and a colleague of Nubar, administered to him an *official cup* of coffee in the shape of cogniac, which had been the favorite beverage of the *fellah* Minister of Finance. It has been said that "dead men tell no tales." A scapegoat was necessary upon which to heap the odium for financial corruption and bankruptcy which had characterized the events of the last year.

Years before, the finger of suspicion had been pointed at Ismail as having arranged a little railway accident at Kaffir Azzayat, which was intended to shorten his road to the succession of Saïd by the death of Achmet and Halim. The princely party were returning from Alexandria to Cairo. Saïd Pasha, then Viceroy, had given a great *fête* in the former city. Prince Ismail should also have been there, but he made illness his excuse and was absent. As the train bearing its royal freight came thundering along to the river, too late the engi-

neer saw before him the open draw and the deep, raging Nile below. The train went into the river, one car upon the other, with a frightful crash. Halim Pasha, skilled in athletic sports and with great presence of mind, leaped from the carriage into the river and swam ashore. Achmet was a fat, ponderous man; he could not follow, and was lost. The murder of the Mouffetish brought vividly to remembrance and apparent confirmation the suspicions which attached to Ismail in procuring the death of Achmet.

It matters not whether Ismail realized what he expected from the confiscated minister's property. Rumor says that he did.

The financial condition of Egypt had become perilous in the extreme, when the nomination of the Commission of Inquiry was made under the leading control of England and France, but to which were now added Austria and Italy. M. Wilson, in his report to the Khedive, the 19th of August, 1878, said that the first reforms to realize would be to surround with guarantees the exercise of absolute control, and to assign to that control certain limits.

That the Khedive, in misusing the absolute authority and control which was his, had been the

cause of the deplorable situation of Egypt, and that he ought in consequence to be held personally responsible, and to this end cede to the state, in order to make good the deficit:

First—All the property of the Dairas Sanieh and Kassa.

Second—All the property of the Khedivial family.

Ismail had appropriated to himself 505,000 acres, and had distributed among the princes of his family 425,729 acres.

The principle of *l'état c'est moi* seemed to have been innate with Ismail.

From the moment of this enforced disgorgement, Ismail lost no opportunity to make trouble for the Wilson-Nubar ministry. He both hated and feared Nubar. Nubar's ambition, then as now, was unbounded, and he hoped that he might be called upon to replace his master!

The irony of the situation was complete, when, on the 19th of February, 1879, a mob of officers and soldiers assaulted both Wilson and Nubar, pulled their beards, and kicked Nubar in the most undignified manner.

These officers and men had been, for the most part, unpaid for a period of thirty months, and, un-

der the pretext of *reform*, Rivers Wilson and Nubar had menaced them with actual disbandment and without pay; while, at the same time that this discharge was being consummated, they were giving place to an army of English *employés* whose enormous salaries had become the scandal of the city.

The mob surrounded the Ministry of Finances. They cried, "Give us *feloos* (money)!" The Khedive, accompanied by the consuls-general, and escorted by a battalion of the *garde*, appeared upon the scene. He mounted the stairs of the ministry, and from the balcony harangued the infuriated populace. He promised them speedy satisfaction, and then ordered them to disperse. They paid no heed to the admonition, and Ismail Pasha, while descending, was seized by his clothes, and would have been violently dealt with but for the timely intervention of Abd-el-Kader, who ordered the battalion to charge with the bayonet. The officers drew their swords. The Khedive ordered the troops to fire, and they discharged their guns in the air. In Cairo it was openly charged that Ismail had invented the entire performance, with the object of ridding himself of the Nubar ministry. If so, it is another proof of

the danger of playing with fire, as Ismail soon learned to his cost.

This was the germ of the pseudo-national party, of which Ismail boasted that he was the "chief," and that "as the chief of state he felt it a sacred duty to give expression to its legitimate aspirations." It was an arm with which to sustain himself against the powers whose active hostility he had at length evoked—"Egypt for the Egyptians."

As the result of this military demonstration, Nubar resigned. A new ministry was formed under the presidency of Prince Tewfik, M. Wilson, and de Blignières, but for a month only. They gave place to a ministry called *National*, under the presidency of Cherif Pasha. Cherif undertook to present a scheme for the settlement of the public debt, which was promulgated in a viceregal decree dated the 22d April. It was considered an "open and direct violation of acquired rights" of the Governments of England and France, who refused to recognize the decree, and who deemed the acts which had marked the personal administration of the Khedive to be "incoherent, badly inspired, and inefficacious." They could not permit him longer to rule in Egypt. To this was added, to the surprise of every one, the protest of the German consul-

general. It was a *coup de grace* for Ismail. Afterward he was told that this action was in retaliation by Bismarck, who desired in this way to resent an insulting remark which the Khedive had made about the German consul-general. Ismail's bad temper had really lost him his throne.

The 26th of June, the firman of deposition arrived, and the same night the cannon of the citadel announced the accession of Mehemet Tewfik to the throne.

The curtain fell upon Ismail—whose reign may be likened to that of the Mameluke in its results—to rise upon the insurrection of Arabi.

IX.

THE EGYPTIAN ARMY.

For a period of seventy years, France has been engaged in the military education of the fellah, with the deplorable results which we have seen in the campaign of 1882, and when both patriotism and religion should have come to supplement the want of the natural desideratum of the soldier—courage.

The *fellahs* are not brave; patient toilers of the land, drawers of water, these *adscripti glebæ* have been in fact, though not in name, the slaves who, under the lash of the task-master, have been the inexhaustible mine from which the Pharaoh, and the Mameluke as well, have drawn their wealth. The fellah is neither Arab nor Egyptian: he is a nondescript, a strange intermixture with the negro and the servile class, of the conqueror and the conquered, who have handed him down from century to century, from Menes to Mohammed. Bound to the glebe, he has always been treated as a bondsman. For him patriotism is an unmeaning sound, and only his religion or his fanaticism, which he possesses in the maximum degree, are capable of inciting him to deeds of violence.

This was not an element out of which to form an army; but it was the best that could be had. The Arab Bedouin, scorning to submit himself to the authority of the Government, roamed over his native desert free and untrammeled. It is true there was another element out of which a magnificent army might have been created—the warlike Niam-Niam—and it was for this purpose that, in 1875, I recruited six hundred of those people, and incorporated them in the Soudanieh corps under

Gordon. Commanded by white men, it would have made an army that would have defended Tel-el-Kebir, and have turned that English promenade against the fellah into a serious and difficult campaign.

Among the distinguished engineers and doctors of all professions whom Mehemet Ali invited to come to Egypt to aid him in his work of construction, was Colonel Sèves, who, after Waterloo, rather than serve the Bourbon, accepted the invitation of Mehemet Ali, who committed to him the task of creating an Egyptian army. In a few years Sèves had established all the necessary machinery to this end: foundries of cannon, powder-mills, arsenals, and a military school at Abbasieh, over which presided the distinguished Larmée Pacha, the last of the French mission, who up to 1882 had done much to perpetuate that which had been accomplished by the lieutenants of Bonaparte. The fellah is extremely fanatical; his hatred of the Christian and the Frank is almost incredible. There has been no diminution in this feeling, which long contact and instruction by the European might be supposed to have effected. It was as pronounced in the years of my service there as in the days of Colonel Sèves. I remember that I have complained to the Minister

of War—for it was useless to make a complaint to an intermediary—of the insolence of the soldiers of a military post, before which I was obliged to pass: the sentinel, and even the officer commanding, derisively laughing, and assuming a sitting posture when he should have saluted. This was true of almost all these posts, and was of frequent occurrence to other officers; notably to General Mott, who had quite a scene with the Minister of War, to whom he had reported the insolence of a sentry.

It was told of General Sèves that one day, when exasperated by the insolent attitude of the troops, who refused to move when commanded, he turned his horse and galloped off to the palace, where he offered his sword to Mehemet Ali. The position was critical, and the Pasha knew it. The complaint was that Sèves was a Christian, and that Mehemet looked with an evil eye upon a Mussulman commanded by an infidel.

Mehemet Ali mounted his horse, and, preceded by a battery of artillery, said:

"Come with me, Sèves; we will see to this."

The battery, the Pasha, and the colonel arrived before the troops.

Mehemet Ali caused the battery to unlimber

and commanded, "Fire!" The first shot killed ten men. "Close up the ranks," he cried; and another shot recommenced the execution, and again, until six shots in this manner had been delivered with like effect. Mehemet Ali then ordered them to return to their *casernes*.

When the night came he explained to the horrified Sèves that, though justice had been done, it was necessary to do away with their religious pretext, and consequently he should change his religion. Sèves abjured his faith, and the morning afterward he called himself *Soliman Pasha*.

From this day forward his name has become a legend in the East, and the Egyptian soldiers under "Ibrahim" at Nezib—largely composed, it is necessary to say, of Albanians—were called the "Tigers of Soliman."

But there is a long way from Mehemet Ali to Ismail.

In 1869 the French mission was recalled to Egypt, with the exception of Minié and Larmée Pasha, and several other officers less distinguished.

It was succeeded in the commencement of 1870 by what was known as the *American Mission*, but which was no mission at all, but merely an individual and separate engagement to enter the service

of the Khedive. The mission was unfortunate *ab initio*.

The consular representation was then, and up to Arabi, notoriously bad, with the exception of the brief service of Mr. Beardsley and later Mr. Wolf, and had neither the dignity nor the influence necessary to protect the officers against the intrigues at court and the rivalries and jealousies of other nations. It was due rather to accident than anything else that, at the demand, first of the German consul-general and then of the English, we were not summarily dismissed the service in 1872. As it was, the mission had but a feeble existence and died from inanition.

Among the many very distinguished officers who entered the service, some of whom—gallant men—have left their bones to bleach upon the sands of Lower Egypt and in the Soudan, there is one, now living in this city, of whom a long intimacy and a strong affection permits me to make special reference. He was, in reality, the only officer who was ever permitted by the fanatic fellah to hold a command in Egypt, with the exception of Colonel Jenifer, who had a cavalry command, but from which he was relieved, by reason of the jealousy and animosity engendered. I refer

to General W. W. Loring, who has published just now an interesting account of his service in Egypt, entitled "A Confederate Soldier in Egypt." He commanded the Department of Alexandria, from 1870 to 1876, including the coast defenses from Alexandria, Aboukir, to Rosetta—a separate command, reporting directly to the Khedive, and known as "Loring's Corps." General Loring accepted the post of chief of staff to Ratib Pasha in the Abyssinian campaign, having with him a suite of distinguished officers. He left Egypt in 1879 with many honors, and a name which, both in civil and military circles, does honor not only to this gallant and warm-hearted soldier, but is a source of pride to those who served with him.

Apropos to the general-in-chief, Ratib Pasha, of whom General Loring has given an amusing picture. It was in the first year of my service in Egypt. I was ordered to duty to him as chief of staff. Chief of staff to the general-in-chief! Wallah! what an honor! Major Morgan, a gallant American officer who had recently arrived, shared with me the honor. We were quickly arrayed in the glittering dress-uniform of that day. We were dazzling to the eyes, with gold embroidery upon every seam. Our comrades came to look upon us

in ill-concealed astonishment. Amid their friendly felicitations we left to go to the headquarters, where, up to that moment, we had never been. We were well-nigh suffocated with enthusiasm. Our young Arab steeds, unaccustomed to the sight of soldiery and the threatening appearance of the troops, gave both of us—although Morgan was the *ne plus ultra* of cavaliers—not a little trouble to keep them under us. We arrived at the headquarters finally, not without many a grimace from the sentinels. The general-in-chief received us with a coldness difficult to describe. He turned over our nominations, evidently greatly embarrassed, although signed by the seal of Ismail himself. Finally I ventured to ask him if it was the *generalissimo* to whom I had the honor to report. After a long pause, he said: "It is true that I am the general-in-chief, but I have no headquarters, nor yet a staff. If I should have want of you later, gentlemen, I will write to you." We went back to our quarters with the stiffening somewhat taken from our necks, and fearing to meet in the place of felicitation the ridicule of our comrades. It is needless to add that we never received the promised letter, but I often met the general at the theatre. At the theatre he was a very amiable personage.

X.

ARABI.

THE deplorable weakness and helplessness of Tewfik gave a renewed life to the so-called National party; the jealousies and intrigues, in many cases, of the representatives of the powers adding greatly thereto.

The *fellah* had but little, if any, interest in this local movement in Cairo. The *condominium* of England and France had secured to him—

1. The suppression of onerous and vexatious taxes; and the tax-gatherer himself was placed under an organized central inspection.

2. The abolition of the *corvée*, or forced labor.

3. The adoption of a fixed and equitable term of military service, to replace the perpetual service to which, until now, he had been condemned, and from which he could purchase exemption only by an excessive *backsheesh*. For the first time in all his miserable existence he had been made a freedman. Pulverized by taxes, under the lash of the *courbatch*, he had been handed down from century to century, from one master more relentless than the other, until he had become what he was be-

fore the condominium, a mere chattel attached to the glebe.

The cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians" for him was a snare and a delusion, and had the "National party" succeeded in placing Egypt under the supreme control of Egyptians, it is a very great question whether the condition of the fellah would have been improved thereby. The plebeian *fellah* beys were merely playing the Mameluke. They aimed at the creation of a vast military power in the name of Mehemet, which was to found anew a *panislamism*, which it was foretold at the end of of the century would assume universal power.

The insurrection of Arabi had two well-defined phases—the first patriotic, the second *prophetic*. The burlesque defense of Tel-el-Kebir was a proof that Arabi and his followers were a very poor set of patriots, and the odious massacres at Alexandria and Tantah, that he was a very bad and impolitic prophet.

Mr. Gladstone said about this time: "It is a state of military violence aggravated by cruel and wanton crime," and that "within the circuit of associations such as these freedom could not grow"; and adding, that there had been periods in which it had been charitably believed in England that

the military party was the popular party, and was struggling for the liberties of Egypt. "There is not," said he, "the smallest rag or shred of evidence to support that contention."

A color of nationalism had been given to the movement by Baron de Ring, the consul-general of France, who, following the sympathies of his constituents and of the Italian and Greek colonies in Cairo, gave a certain adhesion to this cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians," it must be admitted; not that the French believed that an Egypt for the Egyptians was possible, but to oppose in common with the native element the *reform* of the English, which meant their discharge from the administration. This was not all: it was firmly believed in Cairo that Arabi was in reality the paid agent of Ismail, or, more likely still, of Halim, and Arabi was thus looked upon as a sort of *interregnum*. Arabi, flattered by the notice of Baron de Ring, went to the French consulate one day, and, throwing his sword at the feet of the consul-general, said: "We have confidence in France. Order, and you shall be obeyed."

M. de Blignières was then the French Controller-General of Finance, and rumor said that he was completely under the influence of Mr. Malet,

the English consul-general. Between the former, therefore, and the French consul-general was perpetual conflict—a house divided against itself. To this unfortunate rivalry a part of the evils which followed may be traced, for it is undoubted that the Baron de Ring may have controlled the movement of Arabi within its *patriotic* limits, and prevented him from becoming later the blind agent of the religious party. M. de Blignières's Anglophilism at Cairo was well known. The Germanophilism of a French chancellor, as avowed the other day on a steamer of the Transatlantic line, is another illustration of a positive disloyalty which has been permitted to grow at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under the Republic, and which has rendered possible both a de Blignières and a Poitevin. Let us refer briefly to some of the scenes and actors in what was a seeming comedy, but which was destined to end in a horrible tragedy.

Who was Arabi? It is not easy to establish positively either the age or birthplace of this fellah. Nor, indeed, is it necessary. It is not likely that a monument will be raised to him in the province of Charkieh, in Lower Egypt. Where born of *fellah* parents, he first saw the light of day approximatively about fifty years ago. Arabi is a tall, big, strong,

heavy-looking fellah, wears his fez thrown back upon his head, and when not conversing keeps his eyes closed, opening them at intervals with whites upturned, producing a very ugly and disagreeable impression of hypocrisy and fanaticism. His color is the dirty yellow common to the fellah of Lower Egypt. His head is rather pointed, with large mouth and thick lips, which move incessantly in mumbling the verses of the Koran, while his fingers are running over in ceaseless count the chaplet which he holds in the right hand.

He was in the army when Saïd Pasha was on the throne, and one among the eccentric acts of this most eccentric of men, whose attention to his army was almost a mania, was that in a fit of passion with Arabi, at some slight irregularity, he caused him to be bastinadoed and dismissed the army.

Arabi concealed his chagrin by consecrating himself to the fanatical studies of the religious university of El-Azhar.

When Ismail ascended the throne, Arabi re-entered the army, and shortly afterward married the daughter of a nurse of El Hami Pasha, the son of Abbas. In the Abyssinian campaign, Arabi, then a lieutenant-colonel, was in charge of a quar-

termaster's train, where, as General Loring has said, he did not succeed very well.

It was after his return from this expedition that Arabi made the acquaintance of Ali Bey Rouby, whom report says was the agent of certain European bankers in Cairo who desired a crisis in order to profit by a change of government. Ali Bey, who afterward became one of Arabi's most intimate counsellors, organized, in 1876, a secret society among the *fellah* officers, and the sympathy created for Arabi among the Liberal European element was brought about by the intimate relationship which existed between these officers and the Masonic lodge in Cairo.

It was at this time that Arabi might be heard to say to Europeans:

> We are all brothers, and spring from the same parents, Adam and Eve. God is the architect of the universe. Man is the king of creation. The peacock of vanity will never fly over my head.

Ismail Khedive called him the "eloquent babbler," and more than once threatened him with the Soudan, the terror of all Egyptians.

Tewfik, on succeeding to the throne, promoted Arabi to the rank of colonel. This was considered

as the measure of his ambition, but the vanity and the ambition of the man were not to be so appeased.

On the 17th of January, 1881, Arabi and his colonels assembled at Abdin and there made a *pronunciamiento* in which the fellah officers protested against the preference and privileges accorded to the Circassian, Turkish, and foreign officers in the service. Riaz Pasha, after expostulation, caused Arabi, Abdelal, and Ali Fehmy to be arrested and brought to trial by court-martial. They were, however, immediately released by the soldiers of the regiment of Ali Fehmy, who broke into the council chamber and carried back the three colonels in triumph to their barracks. The Minister of War, the Circassian Osman Rifki, was obliged to resign, and was succeeded by *Mahmoud Sami El Baroudi*.

About this time, between the ministry and the foreign representatives, there arose a question of the budget. It will be remembered that the Chamber of Notables had been chosen under the pressure of the revolution. It is needless to add, the candidates selected by them were chosen after their own hearts. Sultan Pasha had been designated by the Government as president of the chamber. Sultan was of *Bedouin* origin; as their grand cheikh he

was an element which acted, to a certain extent, as a balance of power. But for Sultan Pasha and his secret disdain for these *fellah* officers, there is but little doubt that Arabi, or Mahmoud Sami rather, would have dethroned Tewfik, and assumed the reins of government.

When the budget had been awarded to the different ministers, and notably the enormous sum of fourteen millions of francs for the Ministry of War, Mahmoud Sami claimed his right to dispose of this sum without submitting the expenditure to the control. The controllers refused, and referred the question to the powers from which they derived their authority. Their answer was an affirmation of that authority, and a recommendation to the colonels to respect the tranquillity of the country. On coming to power they had expressly declared that they would respect this financial control, and recognized its disinterested efficacy. A taste of power, however, now converted it into one of the griefs of the National party. They said: "How is it an Egyptian Chamber has not the right to vote an Egyptian budget? The French Chamber, does it not vote the French budget?"

Mahmoud Sami, the Minister of War, subsequently became the President of the Council of

Ministers. He was surnamed in Arabic El Baroudi (powder), for the reason that his father had been engaged in the clandestine commerce of powder. From the military school at Abbasieh he passed as lieutenant of the *garde*, and married a slave given him by Ismail Pasha. This insures always certain protection and advancement, but it does not always bring domestic happiness. Baroudi shortly afterward surprised his spouse in *flagrante delictu* with a servant; and he is said to have cut the throat of the seductive *Alâti*, and thrown his body from a window into the canal. This act may be taken as proof of his resolute character. Mahmoud Sami has been considered the life of the insurrection, and guided it from the commencement to its close. Under him the colonels were made generals; lieutenant-colonels, colonels; and so on down to the common soldier, who inversely commanded his sergeant, back to Arabi, who commanded and threatened with death the unhappy Tewfik.

In the month of September, 1881, the insurrection had become chronic. Another *pronunciamiento* was made at Abdin. This time their pretensions were more exacting. Arabi demanded that a constitution should be given them, and that the army should be raised to an effective of eighteen

thousand; adding, in reply to the Khedive who had advanced to ask them what they wanted, "Accord us our demands or we have your successor in readiness." Who was this successor? Was it Ismail or was it Halim? Briefly, Tewfik acceded to their demands. Cherif was called to replace Riaz, and in the month of February, 1882, Cherif, who had in vain endeavored to give intelligent direction to the cabinet, abandoned the task. He was succeeded as president of the council by Mahmoud Sami, and Arabi was made Minister of War. He was no longer Arabi Bey, but Arabi Pasha, and, with the other colonels, had been promoted to the pashalik in common with Abdelal, Ali Fehmy, and Toulba. These patriots were taking care of themselves at the expense of the *nation*. They had already created a very great increase of the war budget, by reckless promotion, and by the constitution of a new military regulation, which promised a happy refuge for the pensioned after a merely nominal and insufficient service. A journal at that time, in order to illustrate the ways of the new ministry, supposed the case of a claimant for advancement:

"Do you not remember that it was I who pulled Rivers Wilson's beard three years ago?" "Ah, it is

true," replied Arabi. "You pulled Wilson's beard; *tiib*, you shall be made a major."

"You exclude me from advancement, but I am the one who was the first to enter the palace of Abdin, in February." "Pardon, I had forgotten; you shall be a colonel."

"How is this you leave me without promotion? I deserted my post when I was on guard at the ministry of war, when you should have been tried by the court-martial, and when your troops delivered you." "You are right. For this service you deserve to be named a general."

There is but little exaggeration in this. Since the commencement of January, 1882, having resigned my commission in the Egyptian army at the end of 1877, on account of fevers contracted in Central Africa, I had returned to Cairo for the purpose of practicing law before the international tribunals. I went one day to Arabi to ask the promotion of a young officer, Lieutenant Hassan Wassif, who had accompanied Gordon and myself to the Soudan, and who had subsequently gone with me as aide on the Juba River expedition. Arabi promised to promote him for his long and excellent service to the rank of *captain*, but never did. It was enough that Hassan had served with a hated *nosorani* (Christian).

Among those associated with Arabi in the min-

istry, or who were his constant companions and counsellors, were the following:

Mahmoud Fehmy

was the minister of public works, and after Mahmoud Sami the most capable of the Arabi ministry. This was not saying much for him. When I served in Loring's corps, duty frequently threw me in contact with Mahmoud, who was then a *bimbachi* (major) of artillery, and attached as inspector to the coast defense. He is by birth half fellah and half negro—the latter half being by far the better part of him. He was fanatical and hated the *nosorani*, but in this he differed but little from his companions.

Toulba.

Toulba Pasha, who had been from nothing at all created a colonel and then a pasha by Arabi, was as ignorant as Arabi; arrogant, he had a shade more of vanity—the inherent quality of the negro as well as the fellah—than either Arabi or the rest of the ministers. Arabi was reproached one day by one of his friends upon the importance which he gave to Toulba. He replied:

"Toulba belongs to my family. [He had married a relative of Arabi.] I can't spit upon my shoe."

Abdelal.

Abdelal Pasha commanded the regiment of negroes at Tourah and afterward at Damietta. Ignorant and brutal, he was looked upon by his colleagues as the fighting member of the council. He boasted continually of putting his regiment on shipboard and making an attack upon Liverpool.

Ali Fehmy.

The third colonel was an abject creature; illiterate, and above all timid and cowardly. Nervous excitement and fear drove him to the mad-house.

Mustapha Pasha Fehmy.

was a former colonel of the guard, whose fortune Ismail Pasha Khedive had made. Mustapha, however, considered that whatever he owed to Ismail had been amply repaid by his service of putting out of the way at the bidding of Ismail, as already related, the poor fellah minister of finance, Ismail Sadyk.

He might justly claim, then, in the rebel ministry, that he had not joined the great army of the ungrateful against Ismail—he had purchased the right to do as he pleased.

Notwithstanding this, Mustapha was ill at ease,

and during the *crisis* feigned bad health; procured a leave of absence and went to France, where he remained until Nubar returned. It is a significant fact that he is now a minister in the Nubar ministry at Cairo. The reader will bear in mind that it is of Egypt we speak; it is the land of the improbable.

In the mean time the press everywhere had written up these men as patriots.

Correspondents were sent out by every steamer, and the Arabi ministry had little else to do except to be *interviewed*. It flattered the vanity of Arabi, it made the fortune of the journal, and, besides, it was a part of the *little game* cunningly devised by those interested in Arabi's success.

One of the correspondents of a well-known journal in Paris had made himself known by his ultra Arabiphilism. Arabi invited him to review his troops. But whilst the young Parisian journalist was enjoying with great delight his new-found honors, he received a note from M. Sienkewitch, the French consul-general, which ran thus:

CAIRO, *May 27th.*

DEAR SIR: I am told that you are visiting at this moment the barracks. Under other circumstances this would be natural. To-day your visit will have

the effect of encouragement by a French subject to the Egyptian army in rebellion against its sovereign.

I will be then very much obliged to you if you will desist from a military inspection, which places me in a false position with His Highness and does violence to the policy of our country.

Accept, dear sir, assurances of my distinguished consideration. SIENKEWITCH.

The fact is that R., the journalist in question, a very fine gentleman, had been promised, it was said, the grade of colonel by Arabi.

Arabi Pasha had now become the arbiter of the destinies of Egypt. If there were European governments who desired to profit by the disorder which reigned supreme, there were private individuals who succeeded in blinding the rebel dictator as to the dangers which he was unconsciously inviting. Between these and the ambitious of his own class there was no retreat. Egypt marched towards an abyss, led by invisible threads, without a voice being raised to warn her of the danger.

The illustrious president of the Suez Canal had been promised by Arabi the concession of a sweet-water canal and adjacent reclaimable lands running from Ismaïlia to Port Said. This circumstance

contributed without a doubt to inspire M. de Lesseps with confidence in this *soi-disant* National party.

Mr. Wolf was the United States consul-general in Cairo. He gave a banquet the 22d of February, 1882, to *fête* the anniversary of Washington's birthday. Arabi, Mahmoud Sami, and others of the rebel ministry were invited. The consuls-general of France, England, and others excused themselves. To say the least, it was a delicate undertaking, and, in the face of the insolent and rebellious attitude of the ministry toward the sovereign to whom the consul-general was accredited, the presence of the quasi-rebellious ministry might have been considered as highly undiplomatic. My advice having been asked, I gave it most emphatically in this sense.

At the banquet Mahmoud Sami, in a fine display of Arab oratory, discoursed much about "Egypt for Egyptians," and the names of *Howagah* (Mr.) Washington, Lafayette, and Garibaldi were frequently invoked. Arabi, with head thrown back in a posture of profound meditation, opened now and again his eyes, and closed them with a saint-like snap. But the "eloquent babbler" on this occasion was mute, and said not a word.

M. de Lesseps followed Mahmoud, and said:

I arise in the midst of this sympathetic assemblage not only to thank you for the kind words which have been pronounced upon my works at Suez and at Panama, but as the mentor of this assembly, for no one here was born when I came to Egypt for the first time, fifty years ago, as representative of France.

We celebrate the birth of liberty of a people in this anniversary of the greatest citizen of the United States. Permit me to establish a parallel between the old Egypt and the young American Union. Since thousands of years Egypt, which had the first given to the world examples of science and civilization, has been the last to proclaim the principle of liberty, bent as she has always been under the most absolute despotism.

The country of Washington, whose emancipation dates back scarcely a century, was commenced by liberty, and has surpassed the prosperity of all the countries of the globe. I can say that I have been all my life a friend of liberties and of nationalities, and after twenty-seven years of a diplomatic career, I have retired to private life as an ambassador of France, because I would not consent to participate in an attempt against the liberties of a people. It was then that Egypt opened to me her arms, and I could with the benevolent Saïd, son of Mehemet Ali, undertake the humane work of the Suez Canal. Thanks to this concession [De Lesseps here looked amiably at Baroudi and Arabi], Egypt has been the

first that has consecrated the freedom of a passage which she has assimilated to that of the seas.

This freedom has been practiced, since the opening of the canal, by all nations, who have respected its neutrality in time of peace as in time of war, and last year more than one hundred thousand men of all arms, and belonging to all nations, have freely passed the canal from one side to the other without any inconvenience.

It will be the same for the Panama Canal when it shall be opened six years hence. There will then reign, between all peoples, peace and universal fraternity.

I drink to the Egyptian Parliament, and to the members of the government, who, under the tutelar authority of the Khedive, will prove themselves worthy of liberty.

This public consecration of his *patriotic* course by the illustrious president of the canal had the effect of augmenting the folly of Arabi.

He was now to enter upon the second phase of the insurrection, and henceforth he was in obedience to a word of order from El-Azhar (?) to play the *rôle* of prophet.

Walking one day in the streets of Cairo, accompanied by a long train of followers, he suddenly stopped, and, assuming a beatific air, said, with upturned face and stamping upon the ground with his foot, "Here is the gun sent me from heaven!"

The attendants quickly upturned the ground, and there, in fact, was a gun, but on the lock-plate one might clearly read the name of the American inventor, "Remington."

The morning of the 4th of April Alexandria and Cairo were thrown into great commotion. The steamer "Arabia" was reported to have arrived at Alexandria, having on board Ismail, who had returned to take control. It proved to be his second wife, the princess mother of Ibrahim and one of the several step-mothers of Tewfik. Ill, she demanded to return from exile at Naples. Ismail had already sent to Tewfik the following dispatch:

NAPLES, *April 1st.*

The princess, your mother, is very sick. Returns to Egypt with several persons of her suite, who do not wish to remain longer at Naples. They are Mussulman subjects and there is no motive for their exile. I beg you to receive them well. ISMAIL.

Omar Pasha Loutfi, with a numerous guard, met the Arabia on her arrival, and insisted that the princess should receive several doctors whom Tewfik had ordered to find out if the princess was indeed ill. The princess refused to receive them and sent in reply to Tewfik a dispatch as follows:

My Son: I have arrived at Alexandria, ill; the Governor has come on board with a commission of doctors to determine my sickness. Such a thing has given me a painful impression. I am your mother. I am a Mussulman woman. I can not submit to such a humiliation. I beg you to give orders, then, that I may descend and be treated on land by the doctor. I appeal in the name of God and our Prophet to your heart and justice.

The Khedive replied:

If I insist, princess, that you shall receive the three doctors that I have sent you under the charge of Omar Pasha Loutfi, it is because I am greatly interested in your health.

The princess thereupon sent another dispatch to Tewfik:

My dear Son: I have received your dispatch. I have been very sensible of the interest which you take in the state of my health. I should have hastened to satisfy your desire if that medical visit, in the circumstances in which I find myself, were not incompatible with my situation as a Mussulman woman, and at the same time a humiliation which I pray you to have me avoid. When you shall have permitted me to land, I will receive the visit of the doctors which you have had the kindness to send me. I renew my appeal, as your mother and as a Mussulman, to your heart and to your justice. In the name of God and the Prophet.

To this letter Tewfik did not reply. The 6th of April the "Moniteur Egyptien," to the surprise of every one, published the following:

To the Director of the Press:

Upon the occasion of the arrival at Alexandria of one of the princess wives of His Highness the ex-Khedive Ismail Pasha, an interested public has circulated the report that the Minister of War and the officers of the army were favorable to the coming and the sojourn of that person in Egypt.

These reports have taken such form that certain persons have considered them well founded. I think it opportune to oppose these rumors by a formal denial in my own name, the name of the officers and the soldiers of the Egyptian army.

The army generally, in accord with the people, is opposed to the return to Egypt of any person, without distinction, without regard to rank or sex, who comes from the ex-Khedive Ismail, because the nation and the army are convinced in advance of the evils which will result to the country.

I invite you to give this letter the greatest publicity, in order that the truth may be known, and in order to put a stop to false reports.

The Minister of War,

AHMED ARABI.

The Europeans were amazed at this exhibition of stupidity on the part of Arabi.

The 8th of April the "Arabia," under the sur-

veillance of the police and unable to communicate with the land, notwithstanding the protestations of the Italian consul-general, returned to Naples.

The step-mother of Tewfik had in the palace of the Khedive a mortal enemy—her rival, the mother of Tewfik, the first wife of Ismail, whom he had taken as a slave and raised later to the rank of princess.

The princess nursed a savage hatred against the second wife of Ismail, who had refused to recognize her as an equal, and she dictated to her son the measure which now became the subject of conversation in Cairo and Alexandria.

The letter written by Arabi found, of course, great favor with the princess. She sent to him a ring set with precious stones, and a watch and chain, as an evidence of her appreciation of the act of hostility against Ismail and her enemy.

Arabi during this time continued to play the *rôle* assigned him. He openly declared that Mohammed had appeared to him in a dream and announced that he was the *Sublime*. The government was in reality transferred from the palace of Abdin to the humble house of the rebel colonel. He was the rising sun, and the flatterers and time-servers, the necessary appanage of every court,

abandoned Prince Tewfik, and went to pay their court to the fellah. Arabi would frequently stop all business, take off his shoes, and go to prayers before the assembled crowd. This was one method of publishing his piety to the public, and at the same time was a shield against their importunities. When he went out, it was a procession more like a funeral to the populace through which it moved, who looked on with pity at the timid and trembling officers who composed his escort. It is a fact that they were in constant dread of poison and assassination, either by the Circassians or the Europeans. It was comical as well as serious. Ali Pasha Sadyk, one of Arabi's ministers, under this nervous strain finally went raving mad. He cried out that Arabi was holding a poniard at his throat. He was removed to the hospital for the insane, from which a short time thereafter he went out recovered, but took good care not to go back to reclaim his portfolio in the ministry.

On the 9th of April the famous conspiracy of the Circassian officers to kill Arabi was invented. The 18th of April thirteen officers were arrested and dragged in the most brutal manner, the populace heaping every insult upon them, before a court-martial. They were condemned to exile. Others

were arrested in the same manner upon the most absurd charges. There was no doubt that it was an organized plan to get rid of every other element in the army except the *fellah*. The Khedive did not know what to do. He appealed to the Sultan, and finally to the consuls, who advised him to commute the sentences pronounced by the court-martial. He acted in accordance with this counsel. Subsequently, on the 10th of May, all the members of the Arabi ministry went to the palace and insolently demanded of Tewfik that he recall the commutation of the sentences against the Circassians. Tewfik, after further consultation, flatly refused. The ministry retired, not before telling the Khedive that they considered themselves insulted. Mahmoud Sami, in consequence of this act, informed the consuls of France and England that if he continued to be responsible for the property and lives of foreigners in Egypt, he could not extend that guaranty to the person of the Khedive.

The council of ministers decided to convoke the *notables*, and did so by telegraph, and without deigning to inform the Khedive, with whom alone this right rested.

The 25th of May the consuls of France and England sent an ultimatum to the President of the

Council, demanding the dismissal of the ministry, the sending away of Abdelal and Ali Fehmy, and the exile of Arabi. The ministry resigned, but Arabi signified his intention of remaining at the head of the army, and proclaimed himself "Chief of the National party."

On the 27th of May Tewfik convoked at the palace of Ismaïlia the notables and military commandants. It was in this reunion that Toulba threateningly placed his hand upon his sword, and, interrupting Tewfik, said that the army would not listen to the note of the powers, and recognized no other authority but that of the Sultan. Whereupon he abruptly retired, followed by the military, who everywhere, as if afraid of their shadows, were accompanied by a nondescript mob.

In the afternoon of that day the principal cheikhs-el-Islam, the Ulemas, Greek Patriarch, and the Jewish Grand Rabbi, presented themselves before the Viceroy, and begged him to return Arabi to the Ministry of War. The Khedive refused. But they continued to supplicate, and said that their lives were in danger, for Arabi had menaced them with death if they did not procure his reinstallment. The colonel of the *garde* stated "that the sentinels at the palace had been doubled, and

that orders had been given to prevent the Khedive from quitting it to go to the promenade of Choubrah, and that he was virtually a prisoner. That they had orders to fire upon him if he attempted to go out."

Tewfik, under this pressure, consented that Arabi should be renominated Minister of War.

It appears that on the preceding evening Arabi, with sword in hand, and followed by one hundred officers, went to the house of Sultan Pasha, President of the Chamber of Notables, and demanded the deposition of Tewfik, menacing with death those who refused to comply. Receiving no response to this, he insisted that within the next twelve hours he should be reinstated as Minister of War.

We have seen in what manner Arabi was reappointed. The Minister of War was now the *alpha* and the *omega* of his ministry; he was alone.

It was a sinister augury of the catastrophe about to take place.

Ismail Pasha, in exile at Naples, is reported at this time as having said to a correspondent of a journal: "You are going to Egypt. Remember this: The Oriental is nothing but an infant in matters of civilization. In the East the point of depart-

ure is fanaticism. Now, do not forget this as coming from a Mussulman. *Le fanatisme est comme le mal, il ne s'arrête pas*—fanaticism is like disease, it does not stop of itself." Who will say that this was not prophetic? Ismail understood his people. The pretense of a National party he knew concealed only fanaticism and hatred of the Christian.

The policy of *laisser faire*, which dominated the ministry of Freycinet, by whom was it inspired? Was it by those who awaited the concessions promised by Arabi? It is ridiculous, as urged by some, that France feared a complication with Germany. The excellence of her army, and above all the superiority in artillery and cavalry, as attested by German critics—the utter disorganization of the former being the cause of her defeat in 1870—is sufficient to have given a denial to this. The action of M. de Lesseps at Port Said in protesting against the landing of French troops, together with what has been already said upon this subject, would seem to show a fixed resolution on his part to favor Arabi. The private interests of the *Grand Français* were superior to his patriotism. How different to that *Frenchman* whose greatest glory was his immense love of country! Gambetta, in the Chamber of Deputies, on the 1st of June, in

reply to the remark made by M. Freycinet, "that never will the government accept a military intervention in Egypt!" said:

Messieurs: When I hear it said that, not content with having abandoned the special and exclusive position that tradition and firmans gave to France and England in Egypt; that, not content with handing over to an European concert, that is to say, to the adversaries of the policy of an Anglo-French concert, the judgment and the adjustment of a difference which is not to dismember the Ottoman Empire, but to defend the *status quo* established by the treaties. When I hear that, not content with abandoning that position, and to get out of these difficulties where, with a little firmness and without going to war—for there are other means in the resources of a great country in order to get out of difficulties—in the midst of which has been maintained a situation which, never mind what may be said, a situation which has never been abandoned, no more under the empire than under the monarchy, in the Egyptian question since eighty years. When I hear an absolute resolution affirmed in advance, that, never mind what the circumstances were, France would never interpose her military arm, I recall to myself the day when Berryer ascended that tribune in just such a circumstance, and uttered a word which I borrow from the greatest eloquence which has ever been heard within these walls. He said: "Do not speak thus; do not talk in that way of France."

The attitude of the French chamber produced consternation among its people in Egypt.

I returned to Cairo about this time, coming from Louksor, where I had gone several weeks before, having found the practice of the law in the courts of Cairo impeded by the already strained relations of the Arabic element toward all foreigners. My friend M. Lamothe, editor of "Le Temps" of Paris, accompanied me. He was an ardent admirer of the policy of *laisser faire*—a policy of which subsequent events, he has avowed to me, have shown him the fallacy. We had tarried in Louksor until the heat had become insupportable, although I considered myself in this respect almost fire-proof. I took occasion to sound the natives with reference to Arabi. They knew nothing of him as the chief of a National party. He had artfully made it appear that he had sent Ismail away. Everywhere the name of Ismail being received with that gesture of supreme contempt which characterizes the hatred of the fellah—namely, violently spitting upon the ground, followed with the expression *kanziah!* (pig) hissed between his closed lips. Arabi was called *Pasha betani* (our Pasha), and whose mission, half human, half divine, was to give them the land and goods of the Christian and clear them of their in-

debtedness. The fellah had already in many instances, to my knowledge, commenced to operate upon the Greeks and Syrians located in the valley, and to whom, as money-lenders, these fellahs were largely indebted. They had attacked them at night with *naboots* (sticks), beaten them, and taken their money. On one occasion I asked them, "Do you think Arabi is a prophet of God?" They said, "Imkin!" (perhaps so).

Returning down the Nile, I met a levy of recruits destined for the army, which Arabi was increasing.

Among them were several old soldiers who had served under me on the east coast of Africa. They asked me secretly what Arabi was doing, and seemed much astonished when told that he intended to fight against the Europeans.

Arriving in Cairo about nine o'clock at night of the 31st of May, accompanied by my Arab servant Ali, I walked from the station at Ghezireh across the river into the city, over which a mysterious and ominous silence seemed to hang like a funeral pall. Not a soul was in the streets, usually crowded with people; for at this season, more than any other, the air is filled with music, and night is turned into day. I had great difficulty in getting

admittance into my hotel. The proprietor and his wife told me, with every evidence of fear, that threats had been made of massacring the Christians, and that many had already adopted whatever means of defense could be devised.

On going into a *café* near by which was open, I met a number of friends who were discussing the measures which should be taken for defense. They proposed to give me the command of volunteers.

The Khedive was then virtually a prisoner at the palace of Abdin. The next day an officer attached to the person of the Khedive came to me and asked if I could in an emergency raise a volunteer troop to go to Tewfik's aid, and, if so, how many? It was understood that in case of need five hundred might be collected.

Arabi, who was threatening in his attitude, had caused *petitions* to be circulated demanding the deposition of Tewfik. Every day, in the afternoon, the panic-stricken populace were treated to the spectacle of the dictator promenading, followed in carriages by a number of officers in uniform.

The truth is that these fellah officers were much more alarmed than the populace, and the collapse of Mustapha Fehmy and Ali Sadyk, who

were dominated by fear, affected more than one of their distinguished colleagues.

They were not alone, for it is related of Arabi himself that, during the bombardment, a shell, among the several which skipped into the city, fell near the Rosetta Gate where he remained during the bombardment, and, bursting, killed two soldiers. An officer suggested to Arabi that they should order the batteries of Fort Napoleon to open. "Oh, no!" cried he, "don't do that; if you do, it will draw the fire of the *Inglisee* upon us."

The Sultan had decided to intervene. He sent Dervish Pasha as a commissioner. His arrival, the 8th of June, gave a ray of hope to the European population, justly affrighted at the menacing attitude of the fanatical populace. It needed but the slightest shock to put in movement the massacre which for days had formed a part of the prayers of the faithful in the mosques. It was becoming difficult for Arabi to hold in check his people until the appointed time.

Dervish was a *Muchir* or Marshal of the Ottoman Empire. He had commanded at Montenegro and at Batoum in 1876 and 1877. He was seventy years of age, tall, and solemn-looking. He spoke only Turkish, and was accompanied by his son and two

interpreters, one speaking Arabic and the other French.

At the same moment, Arabi had telegraphed to his agent at Constantinople, demanding to know the signification of the arrival of Dervish. He received the following reply:

The Sultan sends you Dervish Pasha. Don't trouble yourself.

Dervish was received with all the honors due the Sultanate. The entire population, native and foreign, were gathered along the line of soldiers, through whose opened ranks the *cortége* passed from the station to the palace. Mixing with the crowd, to my astonishment I witnessed a scene impossible to describe. In the commissioner's carriage Yacoub Bey, Arabi's delegate, had seated himself. Fifty or more *boyahs* (bootblacks) and *homars* (donkey-boys), beating their hands and gesticulating, were running in front of Dervish's carriage, and with loud voices were singing: "Down with the Christians! The dogs of Christians! Down with the Europeans! The dogs of nosorani!"

It was evident the movement was premeditated, and augured ill for the future.

I turned from the spectacle with the conviction

that the enactment of a bloody crime in the form peculiar to the Oriental was near at hand.

Three days thereafter, on the 11th of June, occurred the massacre at Alexandria.

XI.

THE MASSACRES.

It is known that a secret council was held in Cairo on the night of the 10th of June, at which were present Arabi, Toulba, Ali Fehmy, Nedim, Said Khandil, the Prefect of Police of Alexandria, and Suleiman Daoud (Colonel) and Hassan Moussa-el-Akhad. What was the nature of the deliberations of that council? It can not, perhaps, be absolutely determined. But it is a significant fact that Nedim had openly preached in the mosques at Alexandria the massacre of Christians—a fact well known to Arabi, as well as the violent denunciations of Suleiman Daoud. The mosques at that very moment in Cairo were resounding with prayers to Allah against the hated *nosorani*.

Moussa-el-Akhad and Nedim left Cairo by the

train for Alexandria on Sunday morning of the 11th. They arrived there shortly after midday. At three o'clock, at a given signal in the Rue des Sœurs, the fiendish work began. The time was well chosen. Sunday afternoon the beautiful Place des Consuls was filled with the *élite* of Alexandria. Toward this place rolled the tide of Arabs, armed with *naboots*—a stout stick, which is a deadly weapon in the hands of the Arab skilled from infancy to its use—and which had been distributed in *great numbers by the police.* They fell upon the peaceful populace and brutally beat them down. It commenced, it has been vaguely said, by a Maltese striking an Arab. While the Arab men battered out the brains of their victims, their women, howling like enraged hyenas, broke open stores, pillaged, and carried off hats, fabrics, ribbons, etc. The amount of property stolen was considerable. M. Ranghabé, the Greek consul, Machiavelli, Italian agent, and Mr. Cookson, the English consular judge, were wounded slightly in the *barouffe—barouffe* being a word to which the Christians in the East are accustomed. The massacres of Salonica, Syria, and Djeddah, are all spoken of as *barouffes.*

Finally, recovered from their surprise, the Maltese, Greeks, and Calabrians aroused themselves;

and, armed to the teeth, shot the enemy down in great numbers. Without their heroic succor, thousands must have fallen that day. As it was, one hundred and twenty Europeans fell under the *naboot*, while it is vaguely estimated that three or four hundred Arabs were slain. During all this time, and until seven o'clock, the Egyptian army rested upon its arms, waiting for orders from Arabi. It came only when the Christians had made it too warm for the Arabs. The *Moustafazins*—soldiers of the police—were ordered out, but turned their arms against the whites; or, under pretense of conducting them to a place of safety, took them to the *Zaptieh* (police station), where, locked in a cell, they were butchered in cold blood. It may be interesting to the reader to cite the following correspondence, taken from the English "Blue Book":

Sir E. Malet to Earl Granville.—(*Received November* 15.)

CAIRO, *November* 6, 1882.

MY LORD: With reference to my dispatch of the 19th ultimo, I have the honor to inclose, herewith, copy of a further and final report which I have received from Mr. Keith Grosjean, detailing additional evidence which he has been able to procure respecting the massacres of the 11th June. In closing his report, Mr. Grosjean expresses his regret that

many broken links in the chain of evidence still exist, and states his opinion that to connect them a Juge d'Instruction with the fullest powers would be required. I have, etc.

(Signed) EDWARD B. MALET.

Mr. Grosjean to Sir E. Malet.

ALEXANDRIA, *November* 4, 1882.

SIR: Confirming my previous report of the 10th ultimo, and in pursuance of your instructions to close the same, I have the honor to report as follows.

With regard to the distribution of naboots I have obtained evidence that on the afternoon of the 11th June last, one Ahmed-el-Gouda, a dealer in naboots, carrying on business at Warcha Moro, Sikket-el-Ghedidah, near the Fort Napoleon, distributed large quantities of naboots to the mob—his place of business being within sight of the battery of the fort where Arab sentries were posted—and that at about 3.4 P. M. persons showing themselves at the windows, or on the terraces of their houses, were fired at by the sentries. I have been unable to find the names of the sentries on duty at the time mentioned, owing to the utter absence of regimental or official calls, which ought to be forthcoming. Doubtless the sentries did not fire without orders.

That Ahmed-el-Gouda's shop was for a long time the receptacle for loot there is little doubt, inasmuch as although he has disappeared, his servant, a black slave, has been in the habit of removing boxes from the premises for several nights; clearly not the stock-

in-trade of Gouda. I understand that no proceedings have been taken against the persons distributing naboots, probably for want of a public prosecutor; notably, Mohammed Effendi-el-Makhadi and his son are still tranquilly occupying their house from which so many naboots were thrown.

I am informed that one Francesco Strengel, an Italian subject, formerly an officer of police, and now possibly in Naples, on Saturday the 10th June, 1882, tendered in writing his resignation to the then Prefect of Police, Saïd Bey Khandil, on the ground that his warning to the prefect that a disturbance was imminent was disregarded.

I have fixed the departure from Cairo of Hassan Moussa-el-Akhad at 6 A. M., 11th June, from Cairo station, whence he traveled in a first-class carriage to Alexandria accompanied by John Ninet the Genoese, arriving in Alexandria shortly after midday. One Hamama, an Algerine, but apparently not registered at the French consulate, a person of good repute, who is supposed to have been killed during the bombardment, is said to have seen Hassan Moussa-el-Akhad smoking inside the Caracol-el-Libbani at the commencement of the disturbance near the Café Vetri in the Rue des Sœurs.

I have information that a signal for the rising was given, to wit, a feigned funeral of an Arab, followed by persons, probably cheikhs, several of whom wore green turbans, passing on the morning of the 11th June last, the day of the massacre, through the main and minor streets of Alexandria; I think feigned, because such funeral procession coming from the lower

quarter of the town had certainly, if a real one, no reason whatever to pass by the European quarter, even so far as the Boulevard de Ramleh; this took place between 10 A. M. and noon.

Here I would recall the fact of the cipher wire of the 10th June from the Ministry of War, dated Kasr-el-Nil, 5.20 P. M. (probably Arabic time), deciphered in the annex to my report of the 18th ultimo, and the reason given in my report as to its importance, and I connect this with M. Petrovich's letter to me, dated the 2d October ultimo, copy whereof annexed to my previous report, wherein he says:

"À un moment donné et comme s'il eut un mot d'ordre donné, tout vacarme cessa dans la rue, comme par enchantement; après quelques instants, ayant demandé à un soldat si c'était fini, il me répondit que 'oui, l'ordre étant venu de ne plus frapper.' Était-ce naïveté de sa part ou bien dans la presque obscurité ou nous nous trouvions il ne reconnut pas qui le questionnait, croyant probablement que c'était un Arabe. Mais la réponse est exacte, et je la trouve caractéristique."

I refer further to the evidence of Mr. F. Lanzon (Printed Papers, No. 16, p. 5), with regard to the remarks by a clerk of a customer to Mr. Lanzon (since the bombardment this man has not appeared; there is no advice of where he may be), and to evidence received that servants of some people warned them on the 11th June that there was danger in going out on that day, and recalling M. Vernoni's further evidence, annexed to my previous report, especially as to the police at the Caracol refusing to act

against the mob, and to the words he heard Hassan Moussa-el-Akhad use at Damanhour.

I submit that the above facts all tend to show a preconcerted scheme, whereof Moussa-el-Akhad was fully cognizant, with the execution of which he appears to have been intrusted, and the early and industriously-propagated story that the riot commenced by a quarrel between an Arab and a European, wherein the Arab was killed, falls idle.

And if the slightest credence were given to such report, it would be strange that the guard at the Caracol-el-Libbani, almost opposite the place of such quarrel, took no notice of the matter, nor any steps to arrest the suggested culprit.

By whose instructions Moussa-el-Akhad was acting can doubtless be gathered in Cairo. M. Goussio, director of the Anglo-Egyptian bank, has lately informed me that the firing of the town was commenced by the infantry, who marched into the square in regular order, with bugles playing; and that while they effected their destructive work the officer in command of them sat on a chair in the square smoking.

I have lately been advised that, previous to the 11th June last, Abdalla Nedim frequented Damietta, making inflammatory speeches, and that he was in the habit of staying with a very notable person of that town, who prided himself openly on being the chief of the National party there, and at whose house, during the month of May last, meetings, so called of "bienfaisance," whereof Arabi Pasha was the honorary president, were actually presided over by Abdalla Nedim.

Another notable of Damietta is said to have put great pressure upon the native commercial community for war levies, having at his disposal soldiers told off to him.

I am given to understand that one of the nephews of this person has been imprisoned, but that his son and another nephew are still at large and unchallenged.

In closing my report I regret that so many broken links exist, and am of opinion that to connect them into a complete chain of evidence a Juge d'Instruction, with the fullest powers, is required; and even such a one would fail unless supported by *bona fide* official co-operation and assistance.

I have, etc.

(Signed) J. KEITH GROSJEAN.

It may interest the reader to cite the following extract of the petition of Mrs. R., an English subject to the queen, received at the Foreign Office, September 12:

Mr. Ribton and his party rowed ashore at the Marina, and on landing saw two Arab officers. They also noticed that the gate of the city was closed; they were allowed to enter by a small door through the police office. Many of the Europeans were returning from the ships at the same time; the shops were closed, and the streets were filled with Arab soldiers, but there was no appearance of any disturbance. Mr. Ribton and his party were in the rear of the Euro-

peans who were returning from the ships. Suddenly the Arab soldiers called out "Quick! quick!" and all the Europeans commenced to run. In a moment or two the Europeans in front wheeled round, crying that the mob were coming. Mr. Ribton and his party turned at the same time, but the Arab soldiers, with fixed bayonets, drove them back, and in an instant they found themselves face to face with the mob, who had already overwhelmed the Europeans in front. This mob consisted of the lowest class of Arabs in the city; they were armed with clubs which were studded with nails, with which they beat the Europeans to death. As soon as the Europeans fell, the better class Arabs dragged them out by the feet into the back streets, stripped their bodies naked, and flung them into the sea, or buried them in the sand. The Arab soldiers, so far from interfering to prevent this massacre, joined with and aided the mob by bayonetting all who attempted to escape towards the shore.

Between two and three hundred Europeans were thus brutally massacred. Mr. Ribton and his three male companions in vain attempted to shield his daughter from the blows; they were overwhelmed. Mr. Ribton was twice felled to the ground, and again staggered to his feet attempting to save his daughter. The third time he was felled to the ground he rose no more; his three male companions were also butchered. Petitioner's daughter was frightfully beaten about the head and shoulders, and as she was falling almost insensible, she was seized by an Arab soldier, who threw her across his shoulders, and carried her off to the Arab quarter; here she was rescued by a friendly

Arab cheikh, who heard her screams, and who kept her in his house till nightfall, when he sent her home disguised as an Arab. Her escape was truly miraculous; she was, however, dreadfully bruised, and was for days in a most precarious state, and required the utmost care and attention. She is still in extremely delicate health, and wholly unfitted for any employment requiring bodily exertion.

During this odious *barouffe*, the two admirals commanding the English and French ships in port were in the city, and while returning to their respective shipboards, they had been spectators of the scene. With their boats in readiness for embarking, they awaited the orders of their governments. But the orders came not. The men under this combined command, nay, under the command of Admiral Conrad alone, were more than sufficient, not only to have swept the city of the mob, but also to have punished, as it merited punishment, the cowardly regiments that every one knew were sympathetic witnesses to the massacre.

This was the supreme moment for action. It is difficult to understand the hesitancy of an officer to assume responsibility, however great, in the presence of a great crime like this, committed against humanity.

Here, under their very guns, their compatriots

and co-religionists were being butchered in cold blood. It was an instance, if ever, when international law should be set aside at the cry of humanity. But there were no restrictions, even in the treaty, for both France and England were, by virtue of a right conveyed in the foundation by the Great Powers of the dynasty of Mehemet-Ali, in the organization of the control, and in the act of the dethronement of Ismail, the custodians *de jure* of the peace of Egypt, as they already were the custodians *de facto* of the finances.

The obligation to protect life and property, therefore, was binding from whatever point of view. Then why defer to the Minister for Foreign Affairs of either country? It has been charged that the bombardment of the 11th of July was a crime. This was not the feeling of the foreign population in Egypt. The crime was committed in the refusal to land troops on the 11th day of June, and the bombardment one month after was a tardy recognition of this fact. It was universally asserted at the time, and I submit that subsequent events have proved it to be so, that it was only necessary to show to the fellah the slightest disposition to employ force, and the army of Arabi would have melted away like the rays of the morning sun. Egypt then would

not have been lost to France. England would not have escaped by this act an occupation which may cost her more than her prestige, and, above all, humanity would not have been called upon to weep over the calamities which since have befallen Egypt.

In Admiral Seymour's report of the massacre he says:

Early this afternoon, June 12th, I received the following telegram from Her Majesty's Minister at Cairo:

Viceroy says if men land from the ships, or the garrison apprehend hostile action, there will be a general conflagration throughout the country. The representatives of the powers are now going to Dervish Pasha to attempt to obtain a temporary arrangement by which the security of the Christians may be insured. A few hours later, says Sir Beauchamp, the following guaranties have been given us and accepted: "Arabi Pasha undertook to obey implicitly all orders given to him by the Khedive, and stated that he would stop all inflammatory preaching, meetings, and newspaper articles, and guaranteed the maintenance of public order by the troops. Dervish Pasha said he would assume joint responsibility with Arabi Pasha."

Precisely! Arabi had succeeded admirably in proving that he was the power in the country; he

had ordered a massacre to prove this, and now he was appealed to to keep order.

Arabi, of course, had counseled not to land troops under a threat of a general conflagration; had he said a general consternation and stampede, it would have been more like it.

The morning after that shameful day, shameful alike for the two governments interested, the consuls and representatives of the powers must needs add another act of shame to the drama. They caused to be placarded on the walls of Alexandria the following proclamation:

To the Europeans of Alexandria.

Fellow Citizens: Grave disorders have broken out in Alexandria. The Egyptian army and its chiefs engage themselves to re-establish order and cause it to be respected. We have confidence in it. We are in perfect accord with the civil and military authorities upon the measures necessary to assure public tranquillity. We appeal to your wisdom to aid us in the accomplishment of this common task. Do not bear arms. Stay at home. Avoid all occasions for fights or quarrels.

In view of the common good, it has been understood between the undersigned members of the consular corps that all the *cawas* (consular police), without distinction of nationality, will have the same powers of police over strangers.

We invite you to respect our authority.

The German Consulate . .	HUMBOLT.
The Austrian-Hungarian Consulate,	SUZZARA.
Belgium	BARKER.
Brazil	NACOUZ.
Denmark	DE DUMREICKER.
Spain	DE UNCILLA.
United States	MENASCE.
France	KLECKOWSKIE.
Great Britain	COOKSON.
Greece	RANGHABÉ.
Italy	MACHIAVELLI.
Netherlands	ANSLYN.
Portugal	Count DE ZOGHEB.
Russia	SVILARICH.
Norway and Sweden . . .	BŒDTKER.

A journal of that day comments upon this proclamation. What might it not have said if it had known that the consuls ordered its citizens to turn over into the hands of the Arab soldiery thousands of rifles, shot-guns, and revolvers, their private property, thus disarming their own people! The journal said:

It is impossible to tell more clearly to the European population that it is in the hands of the army. Three battalions and a squadron of chasseurs arrive from Cairo to-night. Should the army make common cause with the population, I leave you to divine the

perspective. The fleet does not give any more sign of life than if two hundred miles away. The members of the different colonies have held meetings protesting against this massacre, and placing the responsibility upon Arabi and his acolytes.

We consider ourselves for the moment as victims of European diplomacy. It remains to be seen what will be the extent of the hecatomb to which we are threatened with furnishing a contingent.

Some of the consuls, signers of this unfortunate proclamation—unfortunate because it gave courage to a cowardly and treacherous soldiery—were Levantines, born in Alexandria, and, when they signed the proclamation, had already secured their tickets to go to Europe. Of the number was the acting consular agent of the United States, Baron Menasce, a Levantine and Austrian subject, the son of the titular agent, who was absent in Europe, his leave having expired several weeks before.

At the request of Judge Barringer and General Stone, with other members of the American colony, I was urgently recommended to fill the place of Mr. Menasce, and left Cairo to take charge of the post. Mr. Menasce, although on shipboard, had not yet sailed. When I arrived at Alexandria, Judge Barringer, Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals, told me that he had endeavored to make

him understand that his action in leaving his post at such a moment would be severely criticised, and that he had said to him: "Sir, if you do so, it is a base desertion, and the arm of the government will reach you wherever you go." To which he replied that his "personal safety was of more importance to him than the office, which cost him a great deal of money," etc., etc. In turn, I advised him to remain, and pleaded that I should have to sacrifice my own personal interests if I were obliged to serve. To all of which he replied: "I am going away. I am thoroughly frightened at what has occurred."

The "Egyptian Gazette" of the 24th of June said:

> By reason of the departure of the titular agent of the United States at Alexandria, the American colony finds itself abandoned at a moment when it has most need of a consul. . . . We congratulate Colonel Long in the renewed proof of abnegation which he has given in accepting, in this critical moment, the grave and delicate functions of consul in Egypt.

The following morning, as a sort of rejoinder to the above, there appeared a line in the same paper which said in explanation that Mr. Menasce had been called away by urgent affairs "*auprès de son grand père*"—with his grandfather.

The editor added to this: "*When one is a consul he should not desert his post, and there are no family interests which should induce him to violate his trust. We maintain that which we have said.*"

The letter, dated June 15, appointing me, read thus:

To Colonel Chaillé-Long, *Cairo:*

I have the honor to inform you that, in accordance with the recommendation of the American colony in this city and in Alexandria, in view of the present state of affairs, you are hereby appointed to the post of acting consular agent at Alexandria during the absence of the titular agent, Baron B. L. de Menasce.

. . . . . .

(Signed) N. D. Comanos,
United States Acting Agent and Consul-General.

The morning after the massacre Tewfik, accompanied by Dervish, went to Alexandria. Arabi rode with him to the station in an open carriage between the ranks of soldiers who lined the way. The Khedive was pale and anxious. Arabi gave the excited crowds assembled at the station the notion that he was taking to execution the sovereign he had in reality replaced. Tewfik, on his arrival, caused the following proclamation to be posted upon the walls of Alexandria:

By reason of the incident of Sunday, as unlooked for as regrettable, His Highness the Khedive, with the view to calm public feeling and to establish order, has deigned to come in person to Alexandria, accompanied by Dervish Pasha. His presence in the city, as well as the efficacious measures taken, assure the maintenance of order.

By order of the Khedive, the Governor of Alexandria has the honor to make known to the public—both European and native—that tranquillity being restored, business may be resumed as in the past.

THE GOVERNOR OF ALEXANDRIA.

It is needless to add that this did nothing to stop the flight and exodus of Europeans, and especially Syrians, who, from long experience, snuffed afar the danger which menaced them.

XII.

THE BOMBARDMENT.

ON the 14th the consulates moved with their archives to Alexandria. It was the signal for a general flight. I had been chosen as the commandant of a *forlorn hope* of two hundred and fifty or three hundred ancient soldiers, composed of all

nationalities, principally French, who it was said would remain for common defense. It was agreed that a meeting should be held on the morning of the 13th, at the *Café de la Bourse*, to determine upon necessary measures. I went there. Only four persons had responded. The French consul, in a circular addressed to his people, had declared that he would not, under the circumstances, take the responsibility of advising them to remain, and our volunteers had concluded, therefore, to be off with the crowd. This conclusion was undoubtedly the wisest. I went to Alexandria on the 15th to take charge of the United States consulate.

The confusion at the station was indescribable. Thousands of refugees invaded the trains, which, taxed to their utmost capacity, were running day and night, carrying their human freight packed like sardines in a box. From this day to the bombardment, more than one hundred thousand Europeans left Egypt.

Tewfik, under a pressure of the consuls-general of Germany, Austria, Italy, and Russia, had formed a ministry composed of Rachid, Zulfikar, and Zeky Pashas, with Ragheb Pasha as President of the Council and Arabi as Minister of War.

This apparent compromise with the crime of the

11th of June had been inspired, it was said, by the humane policy of the consuls to do all to avert a general massacre, and gain time to get their compatriots out of the country. The panic and exodus, even to the dull comprehension of the *prophet*, was a proof that if *Egypt* was to be *for the Egyptians*, the legacy would be barren, for the *money* and *industries* were possessed by this *fleeing* people, who since Mehemet-Ali had acquired a right in the soil, and who, in fact, were as truly Egyptian as the *fellah*. The fellah gave to the country his labor, the European his money. Their interests were thus identified, and consequently the flight of the European and the withdrawal of his capital from the country meant little else than the ruin of the fellah. The cry which had been raised of "Egypt for the Egyptians!" was understood, when too late, to have been a deception and a snare.

Arabi was really alarmed. He returned to Cairo and paraded the streets for the first time on horseback, and implored the Europeans to remain. The police, under his orders, were particularly polite, and their *salaams* to the *nosorani*, whom a few days before they had treated with the vilest epithets, were in striking contrast to their former insolence. But the die had been cast. The mas-

sacre of the 11th had sent a chill of horror to the heart of the public, who believed Arabi to have been its author.

Failing to stop the *stampede*, he came back to Alexandria. I saw him as he passed the consulate. The Europeans who had not left—either because the necessary transportation had not arrived, or on account of their business relations they still hoped some favorable termination—were grouped along the streets. Arabi, in imitation of the Khedive, waved his hand constantly in salutation. No one responded to his salaam, but stood with hands in their pockets, silent and motionless, until he had gone by. The rebuke was only too apparent.

He had seen me, doubtless, and sent a Greek merchant who was in his good graces to ask me why the Europeans had refused to salute him. "Tell him," I said, "that they attribute to him the responsibility of the crime of the 11th of June. If he wishes their good-will, and desires to be considered the real chief of a National party, let him hang in the Place des Consuls Said Bey Khandil, the prefect of police, with fifty of his *naboutiers* (assassins), and all the people of the different colonies will prove to him that they are not hostile to the liberal aspirations of his people, and will support

him. If he does not do so, then they will consider him, as they should do, the author of the massacre of the 11th of June." The messenger told me subsequently that Arabi's reply was, "That he was in the hands of God." "Tell him for me," I added, "that he will be, sooner than he thinks, in the hands of the devil."

The Marquis de G——, at that time one of the editors of the "Phare d'Alexandrie," told me, in speaking of his intimate relationship with Arabi, that one day he said to him: "I will be to Egypt what Mehemet Ali was, with this difference—Mehemet Ali was an Albanian slave, while I am a Bedouin and free, and am more educated than Mehemet Ali." The marquis laughingly said: "You can imagine the effect upon me of this declaration, for I knew that Arabi was not a Bedouin, and, beyond his familiarity with the Koran, was absolutely without instruction." The vanity of the fellah is amply illustrated in this vulgar pretension and total disregard of the truth.

In the interval between the 15th of June and the 10th of July, I was occupied, with the approval of Rear-Admiral J. W. Nicholson, commanding the American squadron at Alexandria, in giving refuge on board the ships under his command to Ameri-

cans, and to the Belgians, Swedes, Syrians, Armenians, Greeks, and others who had sought the protection of the consulate. To these were added many French citizens, with their families, who came to me on the day preceding the bombardment, having arrived from Cairo to find their consulate closed. The consuls, early on the 10th, having gone on board of the ships already crowded to repletion. To have abandoned these people to the savage brutalities which ensued was to have insured their murder and thus add to the unnumbered victims who, hiding in their houses, were subsequently driven into the streets by the mob and butchered. How many will never be known, but doubtless hundreds perished in this way.

The prompt action of Admiral Nicholson, seconded by the captains of the Lancaster, of the Quinnebaug, of the Galena, and of the Nipsic, with the gallant officers under their commands, while rendering service in the cause of humanity, has made the name of Americans a household word of endearment in Alexandria.

On the 3d of July Admiral Nicholson informed me officially, and for the information of the consulates of other nationalities, that he should dress ship and fire the usual salutes on the fourth, in com-

memoration of the anniversary of American independence. The Khedive sent his master of ceremonies to me, asking if it were possible that the admiral might forego the firing, as the Arab population might take it to be a commencement of hostilities. I said: "My friend, wait here. I will let you know the decision of the admiral; but I don't think he will accede to your request. The fourth of July is the American *Beiram*." I saw the admiral, and, as I expected, he said: "No, sir! I shall do nothing of the kind. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

The fact that, notwithstanding the publicity given to the expected *fête*, the Arabs were dreadfully frightened at the noise and stampeded in great numbers, until finally reassured, they returned, overjoyed to find that it was not the guns of the dreaded *Inglisee*.

Colonel Macomb Mason, an American officer formerly in the Egyptian army, was then an inspector in the cadastral survey, and was living in the *Fayoum* district. I had written warning him that he should hasten to Alexandria. He wrote me at the last moment asking my opinion as to the situation, and evidently had not received my communication. I therefore wrote and telegraphed him to go to Cairo and thence to Port Said, know-

ing that communication with Alexandria would be cut within twenty-four hours. Mason remained, however, and, I am glad to say, is the present Egyptian Governor of Massowah.

On the night of the 9th the English consul communicated to me in person the following:

ALEXANDRIA, *9th July*, 7 P. M.

MR. CONSUL: I have the honor to inform you that it is desirable that you inform your citizens that they should quit Alexandria and embark on board of ships in the port within the twenty-four hours following this notice.

With sentiments of esteem and consideration,

(Signed) W. CARTWRIGHT,
H. B. M. Consul.

It will be remembered that since the 4th of July Toûlba had been covertly strengthening the defenses. On the 6th of July Admiral Seymour had warned the military governor that such work should cease.

"I have to notify your excellency," he said, "that, unless such proceedings be discontinued, or if, having been discontinued, they should be renewed, it will become my duty to open fire on the works in course of construction."

To this he received the following characteristic response:

To my Friend the English Admiral: I had the honor to receive your letter of the 6th of July, in which you state that you had been informed that two guns had been mounted, and that other works are going on on the sea-shore, and in reply I beg to assure you that the said assertions are unfounded.

Toulba.

A powerful electric light had been thrown upon the forts Saleh-Aga, Pharos, and Silsileh, and had discovered Toulba's soldiers hard at work.

The electric light was stronger than Egyptian veracity. On the 10th the admiral again addressed Toulba:

"I shall carry out the intention expressed to you in my letter of the 6th inst. at sunrise to-morrow, the 11th inst., unless previous to that hour you shall have temporarily surrendered to me, for the purpose of disarming, the batteries on the isthmus of Ras-el-Tin and the southern shore of the harbor of Alexandria.

To this Ragheb Pasha replied:

I regret to announce to you that the Government of His Highness does not consider this proposition as acceptable. . . . Nevertheless, as a proof of our spirit of conciliation, and of our desire, to a certain extent, to accede to your demand, we are disposed to dismount three guns in the batteries you have mentioned, either

separated or together. If, in spite of this, you persist in opening fire, the Government reserves its freedom of action, and leaves with you the responsibility of this act of aggression.

The answer to this was brief and final:

I regret that I am unable to accept the proposal contained therein.

It is significant to note just here that His Highness the Khedive presided at the council of ministers at Ras-el-Tin on the morning of the 10th, and with them gave his adhesion to the defense of the city. In this movement, therefore, he adopted the cause of Arabi. May it not be asked, then, why the Khedive left Ras-el-Tin on the evening of the 10th, accompanied by his military and domestic household, and retired to the palace of *Ramleh?* It had been said that if a gun was pointed against Alexandria, "Tewfik would place himself at the head of the army, and would wade in blood against the foe." He did not do so, nor did any of his military household go out to aid Arabi, whose inexperience and gross ignorance unfitted him for command. As it was, he had no other adviser but the civilian adventurer, John Ninet. It would be curious to hear Arabi on this subject.

From Admiral Nicholson I received, on the following morning, a note as follows:

U. S. Flagship Lancaster, *July 10th.*

Sir: Hostilities may possibly break out between Her Britannic Majesty's forces now in the harbor and the Egyptian authorities within the twenty-fours from four A. M. of this day. You will please notify all persons who are desirous of, and entitled to, the protection of the American flag, to repair on board of the ships under my command.

(Signed) J. W. Nicholson.
Rear-Admiral, com'g U. S. Naval Force.

In the arduous labor which had fallen to the lot of the United States consulate—for, in addition to the care of its own *protégés*, it assumed the protection of hundreds who were unable to be received on the already overladen ships of their own nationality—I had been aided by M. Latad, an Italian subject, and M. Filus, a native of Corfu.

MM. François Lamotte and Paul Chaix, French citizens and old friends, voluntered to assist in the clerical labor; for, besides the transfer of these people and enregistering of property of the American *protégés*, no one could be received as a refugee on shipboard unless by an order from the consul. Attached to the consulate as secretaries, these gentlemen rendered valuable service.

"Ali," the janissary of the consulate, deserves special notice. The janissary is the *factotum* of every consulate. Armed with a Turkish cimeter, and in Turkish costume of any bright hue (each consulate having its particular color), ornamented with gold lace and with gold-embroidered turban, he is the *open sesame* for the consul. Ali was a pious (?) Mohammedan, but, in defiance of his faith, never refused ardent spirits. Twenty-five years' service in the American consulate had gotten him over that prejudice. Ali was a born diplomat, and I delighted at night to engage him in conversation about Arabi. "Ye saatak," said he, "shohal beta Arabi mashara, *Wallahi sahiah!* Your Excellency, the work of Arabi is the work of the devil. By Allah, it is true!"

He was faithful and devoted during all the time he served the consulate, and rendered great aid. He brought his wife and children to me, and I offered to put them on shipboard. They promised to go, but disappeared suddenly. Ali wept bitterly and said with great feeling: "I shall never see them again, by Allah!" The truth is, Ali had sent them to Cairo to the house of a relative, where they were free from danger.

At ten o'clock of the 10th of July all the other

consuls, with their *personnel*, had embarked on their respective ships. There were no Europeans left in the city save those who had the unhappy inspiration to conceal themselves in cellars—principally Syrian Jews. The employés of the Anglo-Egyptian bank had barricaded themselves in the building and resolved to remain.

It was about one o'clock when an American officer with a guard came in and interrupted our frugal repast, which consisted of onions and dry bread. "The admiral," he said, "has been waiting your coming on ship since ten o'clock, and I have orders to close the consulate and request you to accompany me on board at once." I immediately placed upon the door a placard which read thus: "*Par ordre supérieur. Ce consulat est fermé jusqu'à nouvel ordre.*" By superior authority, this consulate is closed until further orders.

Accompanied by the secretaries and Ali we left the consulate to go on board, in obedience to the peremptory summons of Admiral Nicholson. The streets at this moment presented a singular aspect. The black *boabs*, whose particular vocation had been to guard the doors of the Europeans, were now without occupation, for their masters had fled; they were moving about through the soldiery, who at

intervals of twenty paces occupied the Place des Consuls or were posted in the adjacent streets. The consulates of other nations had been closed since the early morning, and the city was apparently abandoned by all Europeans. The coachman (*arbagee*) who conveyed us to the wharf was well known to me; with Ali on the box by his side they quietly replied to the threats and insults of the crowd that "we were friends and not the *Inglisee*," against whom the curses of the people were directed. The *arbagee* turned to me and said: "*Ye Bey, Arabi howah megnoon Wallah!* [O Bey, Arabi is a fool, Wallah!] He has driven out the Europeans. What shall we do with our *arabiahs* [carriages]? It is not the *fellah* who will ride in them. We shall starve." I simply replied in the manner common to the Oriental when he assents to the argument of his interlocutor, but waives all comment, "*Malech*." (Never mind; it was written that it should be so.) This magic word in the mind of the Arab closes all discussion, and expresses his submission to the inevitable.

We arrived without incident at the *Marina*, on the wharf, where the admiral's boat was in waiting, and which quickly conveyed us on board of the

Lancaster, already under way and slowly steaming out of the harbor.

The admiral kindly invited me to remain as his guest, but, having accepted the hospitality of Captain Whitehead, I rejoined him on the Quinnebaug, when the squadron had reached the anchorage outside.

The decks of the American vessels, and indeed those of every other nationality, crowded with their refugees, presented a curious scene. The bright, vari-colored costumes of the Oriental, mingled with the more somber hues worn by the European, presented a *coup d'œil* both unique and picturesque.

As the squadron passed the English fleet, unmistakable signs of preparation for action were apparent. To quote in nautical language from Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, who was standing at the time on the after deck of the Lancaster:

> The lower rigging was "come up" in the line of fire and was carried inboard. The top-gallant masts were struck, bowsprits rigged in until the cap touched the stem, leaving the whiskers and head-rigging outboard. The lower and topsail yards were kept aloft.

On board the gun-boats the yards were sent down and the topmasts housed, in addition to other preparations usual on such occasions. The men of

each ship stood at quarters, and amid a salvo of salutes the band of the Lancaster played "God save the Queen," to which the Englishmen responded with "Hail Columbia."

A little before sundown Admiral Conrad, commanding the French squadron, likewise saluted in passing, and then gave the order to go to sea, and, steaming away in the direction of Port Said, was soon lost to view.

This strangely impolitic act, dictated by the French Chamber of Deputies, evoked among the French refugees on the ship a storm of angry denunciation. A French writer has thus spoken of the conduct of the Chamber:

C'en est fait de nous là bas sur la terre des Pharaons et de Mehemet Ali. Pendant cinquante ans nous y avons semé et les anglais vont y recueillir aujourd'hui le fruit de nos labeurs. Plus d'un marin eut le cœur gros et maudit secrètement la pusillanimité nationale.

(It is all over with us in the land of the Pharaohs and Mehemet Ali. There during fifty years we have sown, and the English will reap to-day the fruit of our labors. The heart of more than one sailor was full to bursting, and secretly cursed the pusillanimity of the Chamber.)

The Conference which had been convened to consider what action should be taken in the Egyp-

tian crisis assembled on the 23d of June at Constantinople. Each of the great powers was represented by two delegates, one of which was the accredited ambassador to the Porte.

Among the various propositions presented, a collective note was submitted to the Porte, in which it was advised that the Sultan, acting for the great powers, should send troops to occupy Egypt for the limited period of three months, the expense to be borne by Egypt. The Porte refused to accede to the proposition.

The embarrassment and jealousies of the powers led the Sultan to hope that he might re-establish his authority in Egypt. The conduct of Dervish, the Turkish commissioner to secure that end, was not only known in Downing Street, but the decoration of Arabi, after the massacre of the 11th of June, was attributed to Dervish, who, with a view to a big *backsheesh*, had striven to make the rebel cause popular at Constantinople.

The Sultan in the seat of the caliphs at Cairo, the *Cheikh-el-Islam* of the Faithful, would constitute him, in the mind of the English Government, a permanent menace to the peace of the Indian Empire, and put an end, perhaps forever, to English ambition in Egypt. It was not, therefore, so

much to punish the massacre of her people that England would bombard Alexandria, as it was necessary to anticipate the policy of the Porte, which would have been ratified by the powers, had Dervish been more energetic and less bent upon *backsheesh*.

The danger was imminent, and England averted it only by the sudden presentation of her ultimatum. Admiral Seymour, as may be seen by his report, decided to make two simultaneous attacks against the defenses; one by the Sultan, the Superb, and the Alexandra, on the north face of Ras-el-Tin, supported by the fire from the after turret of the Inflexible, anchored off the entrance to the Corvette Pass, thus enfilading the light-house batteries; the other by the Invincible, Monarch, and Penelope, from the inside reefs, aided by the fire of the Inflexible's forward turret and the Téméraire, which took up a position close to the fairway buoy of the Boghaz, or principal pass leading into Alexandria harbor. The Helicon and Condor were detailed for duty as repeating ships, the Chiltern as a telegraph ship, and the Beacon, Bittern, Cygnet, and Decoy were employed as directed by signal during the day.

The morning of the 11th broke clear and cloud-

less upon a calm and mirrored sea. In the gray of the early dawn the English fleet could be seen manœuvring for position. It was a moment of breathless and fearful expectation to the peaceful refugees on shipboard, who were thus to witness the employment of the heaviest guns ever used in naval combat.

At seven o'clock the heavy boom of a shot came across the water, and a thick column of white smoke indicated that the Alexandra had opened the engagement in response to the admiral's signal from the Invincible: "Attack the enemy's batteries."

For a few seconds there was a painful suspense. The Egyptians could be distinctly seen at their guns, however, and in a moment answer was made in the form of a round shot, which gayly tripped across the bow of the Inflexible. From this moment the entire fleet let go an avalanche of shrieking, bursting shell, which, vieing with the roar and *wobble* of heavy projectiles, made the noise both deafening and appalling. Belching flame and smoke, the ships were soon enveloped in such a way as only to be seen through the vivid flash as it left their black iron sides. The sullen, hoarse rumble of the monster 81-ton gun was clearly to be recog-

nized. Upon the line near Mex a fearful explosion took place, a sheet of flame ascending as if to the very heavens. It proved to be a store of gun-cotton some distance in the rear.

In front of Marabout the Condor, commanded by the gallant Lord Charles Beresford, made a splendid fight against the large guns opposed to him. He kept his wooden ship constantly in motion, the enemy striking him only once in the bow, and inflicting some slight damage in the rigging. He dismounted one by one the guns of the fort with such precision and celerity that Sir Beauchamp signaled him during the action, "Well done, Condor." I witnessed the landing of Lieutenant B. R. Bradford, of the Invincible, with a party of volunteers, who, under cover of a concentrated gun-boat fire, landed through the surf and destroyed with gun-cotton charges two 10-inch muzzle-loading rifle guns and spiked six smooth-bore guns in the Mex battery. This and the action of the Condor were the most notable episodes of the day. Sir Beauchamp says of the bombardment:

A steady fire was maintained on all sides until 10.30 A. M., when the Sultan, Superb, and Alexandra, which had been hitherto under way, anchored off the Light-house Fort, and by their well-directed fire, as-

sisted by that of the Inflexible, which weighed and joined them at 12.30 P. M., succeeded in silencing most of the guns in the forts on Ras-el-Tin; still, some heavy guns in Fort Ada kept up a desultory fire. About 1.30 P. M., a shell from the Superb, whose practice in the afternoon was very good, blew up the magazine and caused the retreat of the remaining garrison.

The casualties to the English fleet* were six killed and twenty-seven wounded. On the morning of the 12th the flags of the squadron were placed at half-mast, and a dispatch-boat sent to sea to bury the dead.

The loss of the Egyptians was greater than has been reported; from actual observation, judging from what I saw in Fort Ras-el-Tin, it could not have been far short of five hundred killed. The soldiers to whose gallantry the English commandant has paid a tribute of praise, it has been ascertained, for the most part were not *fellahs* nor *Egyptians*, but blacks from Upper Nubia and the regions of the White Nile. If Egypt's entire army had been composed of this material, commanded by Ameri-

* For a full and complete report of the British naval and military operations during the campaign of 1882, the reader is referred to the work of Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, of the United States Navy.

can and European officers, Arabi could not have been commander-in-chief, and certainly Tel-el-Kebir would have proved to be for the English something more than a dress-parade!

An Arabic journal, the "El Taïf," published in Cairo, thus speaks of the bombardment:

On Tuesday, 25 Shaban, 1299 (July 11th, 7 A. M.), at 12 o'clock in the morning, the English opened fire on the forts of Alexandria, and we returned the fire.

At 10 A. M. an ironclad foundered off Fort Ada.

At noon two vessels were sunk between Fort Pharos and Fort Adjemi.

At 1.30 P. M. a wooden man-of-war, eight guns, sunk.

At 5 P. M. the large ironclad was struck by a shell from Fort Pharos; the battery was injured, and a white flag was immediately hoisted by her as a signal to cease firing at her; whereupon the firing ceased on both sides, having lasted for ten hours without cessation. Some of the walls of the fort were destroyed, but they were repaired during the night. The shot and shell discharge from the two sides amounted to about six thousand, and this is the first time that so large a number of missiles have been discharged in so short a time.

At 11 A. M., on Wednesday, the English ships again opened fire, and were replied to by the forts; but after a short time the firing ceased on both sides, and a deputation came from Admiral Seymour, and made propositions to Toulba Pasha which he could not accept.

At 9 A. M., on Thursday, an English man-of-war was seen to put a small screw in place of the larger one which she had been using, and it was then known that her screw had been carried away by a shot from the forts.

In order to discover the reason of the enemy's silence, Admiral Seymour, on the morning of the 12th, opened upon Fort Pharos. After several shots had been fired, a white flag was hoisted on Fort Ras-el-Tin. An officer was sent to discover the cause; he met Toulba Pasha on the Khedive's yacht, Mahroussah, moored within the inner harbor. Toulba said to the officer who accosted him, "I was on the point of going to see the admiral." He was told that the admiral could hold no communication with him until the Mex and Adjemi batteries were surrendered. Toulba replied, "I must communicate with the Khedive." A surrender was demanded by 2 P. M.; Toulba asked that the time might be extended until 3 P. M., claiming the physical impossibility of communicating with Tewfik at Ramleh, in the time given by the officer. Toulba asked, "What will the English admiral do if we can not accept his terms?" "Destroy the whole of the fortifications," replied the officer. Toulba rejoined, "There will be no men in them."

To this the former said, "The admiral will be delighted to know that—for his object was the demolition of the forts, not the destruction of men." Toulba ostensibly hurried off to Ramleh to consult the Khedive. The English officer awaited his return on board the Mahroussah, but he waited in vain, for Toulba went out to the Moharrem Bey gate and there rejoined Arabi. The officer, in his report to the admiral, said: "In my opinion, the sole object was to gain time to enable the soldiery and rabble to pillage and burn the town without the danger of a stray shell disturbing their operations." Commander Brand, of the Bittern, he adds, informed him that at least five hundred troops in heavy marching order had evacuated Ras-el-Tin while he was on board of the Mahroussah.

The odium which attaches to England—to Sir Beauchamp Seymour—for permitting the destruction of Alexandria, is justly merited. As seen by the report of the admiral's aide, dated the 12th, and about the time that flames were discovered, he incorporated in his letter the suspicion of the intent of the rebels to burn the city. Why, it has been asked, did not Sir Beauchamp, under cover of his guns, land a force sufficient to hold the city, and

thus render impossible the pillage, burning, and massacres which followed?

It has been asserted that England, for political reasons, really desired the destruction of Alexandria. Its mixed population of French, Italian, and Greek represented anything but English interests. The city burned beyond hope of resurrection, they would be driven away from Egypt. England could thus build upon its ruins an English city where Englishmen only would be invited or encouraged to reside. If this conjecture be true, then Sir Beauchamp deserved well of his country, and all the honors which have been awarded him have been bestowed in this sense. Were it otherwise, he would have been summoned to answer before a court-martial his criminal inaction, which was not unlike that of the 11th of June. The orgy of pillage, fire, and murder in which the Arabs were indulged after the bombardment was construed by them as a confession by the English admiral of defeat. It was, in fact, a victory for the rebels, for it was Christian property which they had burned, and Christian people whom they had massacred.

On the night of the 12th, dense black clouds of smoke were seen covering the city as with a pall, and soon the very vault of heaven seemed to be a

mass of fire. The calm which had settled upon the harbor where lay the English fleet was unbroken, save by the echoes from the roar of flame and the crash of falling tower and minaret. The stars were out, but these were half hidden by the black smoke which obscured them from view. The lurid glare projected from the flames reflected in a thousand fantastic shapes, upon the sides of the ships and upon the smooth sea, the fiery fiend which held the devoted city in its fatal embrace.

Captain Whitehead and myself, from the afterpart of the Quinnebaug, leaned over the rail in painful contemplation of the horrible panorama which spread itself before us. Those of the refugees who had their habitations in Alexandria were half wild with grief at the spectacle of the destruction of their homes. Those who had fled from Cairo trembled at a like fate which they doubted not was in reserve for that city. Amid the lamentations and tears of these unhappy people, the inspiration suddenly came to me to go into the city and ascertain at least the situation which condemned the fleet to inaction. "Why do not the English enter the city?" had been the natural and universal cry, both of officers and civilians, since the cessation of firing. The white flag had been raised, hostili-

ties had ceased, it was possible the enemy had evacuated the city; it was therefore a proper thing, nay, a duty, to re-establish the consulate.

Mr. G——, a correspondent of an English journal, was the guest of Captain Whitehead. We decided to make the attempt to enter Alexandria. Fortune seemed to favor our design, for at that very moment we espied a Greek who was passing in a small boat. We hailed him, brought him alongside, and, after a great deal of bargaining, engaged to give him one hundred francs *per diem* for his services.

At five o'clock, on the morning of the 13th, we went over the ship's side. The American marines and sailors stood by in silence. They would have cheered us had they dared, for the attempt really seemed foolhardy, and was to be attended with no little risk. The commandant kindly grasped our hands as we said "Adieu." "Oh, no," replied he, "*au revoir*."

As our crazy little craft slowly worked its way, guided by our Greek boatman, into the harbor, we had time to scan the companion of our enterprise. The inspection was not reassuring. He had a lean and hungry look, and seemed every inch a pirate; I said as much to G——. "Yes," replied he; "and look

there, stowed away in the bottom of the boat, there is all manner of plunder; the fellow has been 'looting.'" It was only too true; we were destined to be still further astonished when we perceived that he had worked the boat alongside a strange, rakish-looking craft, a two-masted schooner, on board of which there were a number of villainous-looking Greeks, who were undoubtedly the associates and copartners of our boatman—in a word, pirates. We had interrupted him the night before, in his work of looting in the city, under cover of the darkness, and when we halted him he had evidently but just returned from a night's "haul." We made him keep away from the schooner, and threatened to shoot him if he did not obey with alacrity. He cried out to his friends not to wait for him, and obeyed our orders to enter the port.

It was our intention to report the case to the British admiral; but when we returned, the mysterious craft was no longer there, and our boatman, when asked as to its business, affected not to understand the Italian in which we addressed him. The honor of being the first to re-enter the city was thus to be shared with our boatman, who was, without a doubt, one of a band of professional thieves and pirates, who still ply their vocation in the

Mediterranean as in the good old time of the buccaneers.

As our boat passed the Helicon, the officer of the deck hailed us. "Where are you going?" "Into the city," we answered. "You can't go," he replied; "there is danger from torpedoes." Taking from my pocket a letter, I held it up, and, significantly touching it, said, "Official!" The officer, as I supposed, would not object, if he presumed us to be acting as bearers of an official communication. Ali, the janissary of the consulate, whom we had stowed away in the bottom of the boat, was in uniform, and wore his sword. This was sufficient to confirm in the mind of the officer our pretensions. "All right," said he, and we went on our way. I was puzzled at the objection on the score of torpedoes, for I suspected, notwithstanding Arabi's boast that he would blow the English fleet to pieces with them, that there were but few in Alexandria fit for use, and that they were in the magazine; and no one having been found, up to the 10th, capable of laying them, I was willing to take the risk.

We pulled away quickly for the palace of Ras-el-Tin. Landing at the steps, Ali was ordered with drawn sword to keep the Greek in place and in readiness. G—— and myself cautiously took our

way through the deserted passage-way. We knew nothing of the retreat of the garrison of Fort Ras-el-Tin, but, as we peered through the gate upon the passage-way to the fort, ample evidence of the fact was to be seen—here and there a body bursting with corruption, and knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, and guns, were scattered about in great confusion. A shell had passed through the harem part of the palace, and torn away one half of the building. The fire, though still burning, was nearly extinguished.

The Phare had been picked and battered by pieces of flying shell, and the base partly torn away. The Armstrong forty-pounders, with which, Arabi said on the morning of the 10th, "I will sink the entire *Inglisee* fleet within an hour if they dare attack me," were smashed and knocked about in every position. They lay upon their backs, or, dismounted in a sitting position, they seemed like some monster dogs upon their haunches, their great black noses poked in air, baying to the moon their plaintive tale of distress. There was one, its carriage completely crushed, which had toppled over, burying beneath its colossal form twenty or more soldiers. They were *fellahs*, and, it is significant to note, *their hands were tied behind them.*

Hastening back to our boat, we left the palace for the Marina, where, moored to the wharf, there was a sea of small boats, whose owners, Arab fishermen, were either with Arabi, or had fled from the city. Where there was a bedlam of voices but a few days ago, there was now the silence of death, made more sinister by the ghastly, swollen corpses of both sexes, who had been murdered and thrown into the sea. We made our way through these, and, cautiously approaching the wharf, landed.

The roar of the flames and the crash of the falling buildings rendered the scene highly dramatic. As the wind now and then swept away the black, stifling smoke, we could catch a glimpse of the forms of the wretches who, with torch in hand, were flitting to and fro, burning and *looting*. The deserted quay gave me an opportunity to approach the corner of the street leading from the port to the city; there, concealed from view, I could safely watch their movements. If possible, it was my purpose to procure information as to the actual condition of affairs, and the whereabout of Arabi. Very soon an Arab, his arms filled with plunder, came running toward me, with the evident design of getting away with his burden. As he passed, I extended my foot, and, tripping him, he fell sprawling upon

the ground; the cigars, cigarettes, and tobacco rolled away in every direction. It was the work of an instant to spring upon him, and with my revolver in his face ask him in Arabic, "Arabi, where is he, and where is the army?" He commenced by a protestation as to his honesty and his innocence: "Ana raghil tiib, ana mosh harami Wallah" (I am an honest man, I am not a robber, God is my witness!) "Where is Arabi?" I repeated, in a threatening tone; "tell me, or I will shoot you!" He then said, "Arabi is at the Moharrem Bey gate, and the army, which left here yesterday (the 12th) after firing the town, is now posted along the Mahmoudieh Canal." Satisfied that he had told me the truth, I released him. He regained his feet, and, without deigning to notice his booty, made good his retreat with all speed.

Hastening to rejoin my companion and Ali, who hallooed to me that we were being pursued, I regained the boat not a moment too soon, as we were admonished by the whistling of balls over our heads.

In passing by the Palace of Ras-el-Tin on our way to the telegraph-ship, to communicate the result of our *reconnaissance* in the city, we noticed that, in the interval of our absence, a landing had

been effected; and while scouts were searching for the enemy in the vicinity of the forts, we saw to our surprise that the palace was being *looted*. The British sailors and marines were in charge of an officer who superintended the stowing away in his boats of rich silk curtains, costly divan covers, pillows, and mattresses, which I recognized as a part of the furniture of the palace. In answer to my protest, the officer smiled and said nothing.

The Chiltern (telegraph-ship) had been anchored ten miles out. It was somewhat hazardous to go to her on the heavy sea which was running; but both G—— and myself decided to do so, and the Greek, who affected to be quite devoted to us, called us "master," and said, "Command me, and you will be obeyed." It was about eight o'clock when we reached the ship; but, owing to the tremendous sea, we were unable to board her. It was therefore necessary to pass up our dispatches in a basket attached to a rope thrown us from the Chiltern. G—— sent his communications to the London "Telegraph" and "Post," while mine were addressed to the "New York Herald," a journal for which I was acting at my own expense, and to serve the regular correspondent, who was lying desperately ill on the Quinnebaug. The faithless-

ness of the Eastern Telegraph Company, against which Mr. Burleigh has recently brought suit, was even then apparent. The dispatches sent by me were communicated to Admiral Seymour, and were forwarded later, after the receipt of those received from more favored sources. An urgent dispatch sent me was retained on board the Chiltern for several days, although my address, of course, was well known. Was the irregularity to be attributed to "military necessity," or was it to be ascribed to the ill-will of the director whom Sir Beauchamp removed from office and sent away?

The news of the evacuation was received by Admiral Seymour about the same time that Ahmed Tewfik Effendi, aide-de-camp to Dervish Pasha, and Zorab Bey, aide-de-camp to the Khedive, who had made their way from Ramleh Palace, came on board to ask the admiral if he would receive the Khedive, whom they reported as having been in great danger from the troops who had surrounded him.

It appears that Mustapha Effendi Bimbachi, on the afternoon of the 12th, paraded the troops under his command, and then threw them around the palace. When sent for by Dervish, he is reported as having declared that "Arabi had ordered him to put the Khedive to death and to burn the palace."

It is said in Egypt that this little *coup de théâtre* was the invention of Dervish; and that Mustapha had been paid in advance to play the little comedy, and had accepted with alacrity the *backsheesh* and the jewels contributed by the Khedive and the alarmed women of the harem as the price of his loyalty to the Viceroy.

Dervish, as the savior of the Khedive, assured in this manner his own kind reception by the English, who might otherwise have been disposed to hold him responsible for his intrigues since he had been in the country—intrigues, it was believed, which he had set in motion for his own selfish purposes, and without the knowledge of the Sultan.

As if in corroboration of this story, Dervish and his *suite*, the morning after his arrival at Ras-el-Tin, hastened away to Constantinople on the yacht Izzedin. Mr. Mackenzie Wallace declares, in his book on Egypt, that—

> Dervish Pasha, Ahmed Essad, and Sebib Effendi carried off as *backsheesh* something like £40,000, and, notwithstanding a solemn promise to share it equitably with his accomplices, Dervish selfishly kept it all to himself, while two of the subordinates sold to the Khedive, for £200 and £400 respectively, the keys of the telegraph ciphers by which the Sultan communicated with the chief commissioners.

The following is Dervish Pasha's report, translated from the Turkish. If the commissioner had broken faith and failed to divide with Ahmed and Sebib, it will be seen that he was in accord with Arabi:

During the past year Arabi, at that time a colonel in the army, complained that in all the Egyptian public departments a large number of foreigners were employed, especially English and French, who received high salaries for merely nominal duties. These gentlemen, sustained by their respective consuls, and by the controllers, had managed to acquire too great influence in the Egyptian administration. Arabi, troubled by this state of things, determined to form a party. He contended that the Khedive ought to take the necessary steps to put an end to this state of things, which was in no sense a result from the operation of any international obligations. By that remark Arabi showed that he recognized the respect due to the conventions to which Egypt is a party. The Minister of War at that moment, Osman Rifki, a Circassian by race, imprisoned Arabi, with two colonels, who were his principal friends, Abd-el-Al and Ali Fehmy. On the day they were apprehended two regiments proceeded to the Ministry of War, with a view to effect the deliverance of their chief officers.

By this act Arabi gained the confidence of the entire army; and, after some months had elapsed, Arabi with his regiment surrounded the palace of Abdin, and demanded by the hands of two commis-

sioners—Ali Nizami Pasha and Ali Fouad Bey—the summoning of the Chamber of Notables and a change of ministry. The Khedive yielded to this demand; the Chamber was convoked, and the Cabinet reconstructed. Arabi entered the Government as Minister of War and Marine, and the differences between him and the Khedive were at an end. The Chamber of Notables began to examine the proposals of the Cabinet before it considered the budget. A rumor was circulated that the Chamber wished to interfere in the affairs of the controllers, which was contradicted by a declaration of the Chamber itself. Arabi Pasha wished to dispatch some Circassian officers for service in the Soudan, but they were unwilling to go. They met, to the number of about twenty-eight, to prepare a petition for presentation to Arabi Pasha; but he, believing that they were plotting against his life, caused them to be imprisoned. A court-martial was held, which sentenced them to be exiled to the Soudan. The sentence was submitted for approval to the Khedive; but His Highness wished to commute the punishment. Arabi and the Cabinet were opposed to this, and the relations between the Khedive and the Cabinet began to be unpleasant. In the end the Khedive exiled the mutinous officers to Constantinople. It was upon this occurrence, which had no international significance or importance whatever, that England and France sent their ships of war to Alexandria.

The Imperial Government several times intimated to those powers that the dispatch of their fleets would aggravate the situation, and might disturb the tran-

quillity of the country. All the legitimate steps which were taken led to no result. Thereupon His Majesty the Sultan dispatched to Egypt the commissioners (whose names have been furnished), with a view to effect a reconciliation between the Khedive and his Cabinet. Arabi Pasha declared to the Turkish commissioners that his only objects were the maintenance of the rights of His Majesty the Sultan in Egypt, the continuation of the authority of the imperial firmans, the preservation of the *status quo*, and the prevention of abuses on the part of foreigners who were not parties to the International Conventions. The commissioners, three days after their arrival in Egypt, accomplished a reconciliation between the hostile authorities. But, unhappily, the presence of the fleets, and a trumpery dispute between a Maltese and a —— (the Arabic word is not translated), were the cause of the lamentable events which next occurred at Alexandria. Everybody agrees that there was no premeditation on the part of the Egyptians; that the Arabs only used sticks; and that the Egyptian army, which was regarded as rebellious, assisted in stopping the massacre. It was also established that among the killed and wounded many Egyptians had received bayonet-thrusts. As soon as the Khedive at Cairo heard of this outbreak, His Highness, the Sultan's commissioners, and the ministers, hastened to Alexandria, and the Khedive took the necessary measures for restoring order and arresting the guilty ones. He instituted a tribunal for their trial, but the French and English consuls refused to be represented at this court.

The other consuls followed their example, and this refusal can not be explained except on the supposition that it sprang from ill-will. Arabi Pasha declared officially that he would submit to the orders of His Majesty the Sultan, as well as to those of the Khedive; and all the Notables, the chiefs of the tribes, and the priests (ulema) declared their submission to the Khedive. At this time the Khedive charged Ragheb Pasha with the formation of a ministry. The president of the Cabinet declared that his policy would be based upon the maintenance of the sovereignty of His Majesty the Sultan, as well as of the firmans, and the continuance of the *status quo* and the International Conventions. The programme of the new government also included a plenary amnesty for the persons arrested for the affair at Alexandria. Although the necessary measures for the preservation of public order were taken, and although Arabi Pasha had declared himself ready to obey the orders of the Sultan and the Khedive, the foreign residents had commenced and they continued to leave the country. The consuls, who were well acquainted with all the efforts made by the Khedive and the Cabinet to maintain order, did not prevent this emigration; indeed, they accelerated and encouraged it, and the latest events gave a further impulse to this movement. We have now seen how the Khedive and his Cabinet arrived at the stage of establishing order and preventing emigration. But certain "instigations," and the refusal of the consuls to take part in the trial of the prisoners, demonstrate that a resolve had been taken not to allow the Egyptian question to be closed.

After everything was ended and the army had submitted, Admiral Seymour assumed a menacing attitude. At first he complained that repairs were being made in the fortifications. The Khedive and Arabi declared officially (notwithstanding that England was making military preparations at home and even on board the ships of war in the port) that the Egyptian Government and army only wished the maintenance of the *status quo*, and were not making any military preparations. After this assurance had been given, Admiral Seymour reverted to his former contention—that is to say, he declared that, if within twenty-fours the preparations on the forts did not cease, he would open fire upon them. Again the Khedive and the Cabinet repeated their declarations, and they proposed to the admiral to accompany him to the fortifications in order to satisfy him of the absence of all preparations. The admiral refused the offer, and after the expiration of the twenty-four hours he sent a new ultimatum, wherein he demanded the disarmament of the fortifications, and that they should be surrendered to him within twenty-four hours. The Khedive hastened to convince the admiral that he could not consent to this demand, because he did not see what reason there was to justify it. Thereupon the admiral, four hours before the expiration of the time fixed upon by himself, thereby trampling under foot the principle of the right of nations, commenced the bombardment. One very significant fact is the following: Not only did the English and French abstain from sending delegates to the tribunal appointed to try the rioters of Alexandria,

but during the bombardment the English admiral fired upon the vessel where those rioters were confined, and killed several of them, while others took to flight. One can scarcely think that the English admiral's shells were directed with the view of releasing the prisoners; doubtless those shells were fired with a special object which is for the moment unknown.

XIII.

THE OCCUPATION.

Admiral Seymour says in his report:

On the evening of the 13th a party of blue-jackets landed with a Gatling gun and cleared the streets of the Arabs who were setting fire to and pillaging the town.

On leaving the Chiltern, Mr. G—— and myself returned to the Quinnebaug, where the fleet-signals had already conveyed the news of the evacuation as telegraphed by us. We were received with many expressions of sympathy by the refugees, and by the officers and men of the ship. After accepting a luncheon offered us by the commandant, we started again into the city, where we arrived at the

same moment as the marines and blue-jackets sent by Admiral Seymour.

Apparently unmindful of the presence of this force, the Arabs were still engaged in the work in which we had seen them in the morning.

The Gatling was placed in position, and, in a few moments, the street was cleared, but great numbers fell under the rapid fire of the mitrailleuse. The detachment pushed its way along the quay to the arsenal. Arrived there, to my surprise, a man dressed in the official costume—the stambouline and fez—approached, and, in reply to my challenge, said in Arabic, "I am Mustapha Bey, prefect of police, and have come in advance of the Khedive, who is on his way from Ramleh."

"What did he say?" asked my companion, who did not understand Arabic. I replied, "He says that he is the prefect of police." "The devil he is!" said G——, and, turning upon his heel, he cried, "Soldiers, you have before you the infamous prefect of police of the 11th of June!"

"Halt, men; don't fire!" I had barely time to say, as twenty or more rifles covered the trembling Mustapha. "This man is not Saïd Khandil, but his successor, and has not been connected with Arabi."

Mustapha Bey sank back upon the stone bench

at the gate, and, when sufficiently recovered from his fright, told us of what had occurred at Ramleh. At this moment the Khedive and his attendants, escorted by the now loyal Bimbachi, passed along the road on his way to Ras-el-Tin.

Dressed in a white linen suit and white canvas shoes, my clothes in the morning had been quite clean. The day's work, the black smoke and ashes, added to an accident in the capsizing of a boat, had changed the color to an indescribable hue. In a word, my dress was anything but presentable. Notwithstanding this, however, I went to the palace, where the master of ceremonies insisted that my costume was quite correct, and he caused me to be admitted at once to the viceregal presence.

Among the many Europeans who had followed the fortunes of Tewfik Pasha to Ramleh on the afternoon of the 10th, and who had returned with him, I saw seated on the divan General Stone Pasha, Dr. Abbate Pasha, and M. Dauphin. I had last seen General Stone on the morning of the 10th. He had accompanied me on a visit to the Lancaster for the purpose of confiding his son to the care of Admiral Nicholson. M. Dauphin, a French citizen, was an old friend for whom I had entertained grave fears during the bombardment. He had

declined at the last moment to accept the hospitality of the American ships for himself, wife, and daughter. He told me that he had had a very hard time of it; that Dr. Hassan Bey, of the "Intendance Sanitaire," had invited him to remain with him at the hospital. When the bombardment commenced, a shell accidentally carried away a corner of his house. He thought it prudent to go in quest of Hassan. The streets were filled with the howling savages, intent upon murder and pillage. Disguised in Arab garments furnished them by a faithful servant, he picked his way, accompanied by his wife and daughter, to the hospital. Hassan Bey, for some reason, had abandoned his post, and M. Dauphin was obliged to seek safety elsewhere. Amid scenes of shocking brutality and murder they finally found their way, on foot, four miles distant, to the palace at Ramleh, where they were warmly welcomed by Tewfik Pasha. M. Dauphin promised me that, if Alexandria should be treated to another bombardment, he would gladly accept the hospitality of the American consulate.

On account of the fire and falling buildings, it was found impossible to enter the heart of the city that day. The troops occupied the arsenal and the quay, and detachments were sent to patrol certain

streets yet unburned and which permitted locomotion. From these they drove out the murderers and plunderers, or shot them down if caught in any suspicious act.

On the morning of the 14th Captain Whitehead kindly caused a boat to be lowered, notwithstanding a very high sea, to take me on board of the Lancaster. After having reported the *reconnaissance* of the day before to Admiral Nicholson, I said: "The city is burning, and will be entirely destroyed if no effort is made to extinguish the fires. I wish to re-establish the American consulate." The admiral replied, "I shall go into the inner port, and will send you a force during the day to aid you in defending your consulate and put out the fires."

Midshipman Perkins was in charge of the boat which took my secretary, Ali, and myself on shore. He was enjoined that, having landed us, he should return immediately. The admiral naturally desired to avoid any act which might be construed into a participation with the belligerents. The moment, however, the consulate should be re-established, there could be no reason to refrain from entering the city, which had been evacuated by the enemy; above all, when the supreme authority, the Khedive himself, was now at Ras-el-Tin, and had in-

voked the action of the commandants of the naval forces present with a view to secure the re-establishment of order. Tewfik Pasha made this demand personally to Admiral Nicholson, and subsequently acknowledged the service in a special letter of thanks addressed to the admiral.

The fires had burned down sufficiently to permit the passage of the troops, who were now preparing, as we landed at the Marina, to enter the city for the purpose of securing its entire occupation. In my diary I made these notes:

July 14, 9 A. M.—Accompanied by my secretary and Ali, pushed my way through the black smoke stifling with lime and dust. In many places a wall of flame burst from windows and doors, and, leaping across the narrow street, barred the way. We could only pass by climbing over the burned buildings and the fallen walls. When the streets were regained in places where the fire had capriciously leaped over and left houses intact, there were to be seen the scattered *débris* of the plundered shops. There were iron safes, which had been dragged from the houses, and the marks of chisel and bar upon them, which showed the ineffectual attempts in some cases to open them. Books and papers in the greatest confusion were strewed about, and upon them were to be seen the blood-stains which told their significant story more plainly than words.

Great numbers of starving cats dragged their bodies along the pavement and mewed in plaintive

notes their great distress. There were dogs, half mad with hunger, who followed and snapped at you in passing.

We rejoined the English detachment as we emerged from a street near the Zaptieh. A party of Arabs were engaged in rifling the dead bodies of their victims. The officer commanding the detachment and the mitrailleuse manned by the blue-jackets cried out, "Give her a turn, boys!" and, when the smoke cleared away, there was only a heap of bodies piled one upon the other.

Amid such scenes as these we reached the *Place des Consuls*. The once beautiful square was now a mass of blackened ruins. It was difficult to recognize a spot which a few days before had been the pride of the Alexandrians. Through the smoke and blinding cinders the American consulate, the adjoining Episcopal church, and the Palace of Justice, were discerned to be standing. All else was in ashes save the statue of Mehemet-Ali, which seemed to look down with horror upon the ruins around.

It was midday, and we retraced our steps, having lost sight of G—— in the confusion, the streets being almost impassable by reason of the falling buildings.

In the afternoon an armed force from the United States ships Lancaster, Nipsic, and Quinnebaug—as promised by Admiral Nicholson—landed and occupied the United States consulate. It was composed of a company of marines, a Gatling gun, and a company of sailors, a three-inch breech-loading rifle and crew, under the command of Lieutenant-Commander

Goodrich, Lieutenant-Commander Hutchings, U. S. N., Captain Cochrane, and Lieutenant Denny, U. S. M. C.

At nightfall, accompanied by Captain Whitehead, I returned to the consulate and formally reopened it for business. It is unnecessary to say that at this moment there were no citizens to protect on shore. The city was still a perfect blaze of fire, and the heat, smoke, and cinders were almost insupportable. The enemy, too, was reported to be still on the Mahmoudieh Canal, and a *rush* might be made at any moment to regain possession of the town. The officer in command placed the Gatling in the doorway of the large corridor, which presented facilities for defense as well as served for quarters for the one hundred and sixty men of all arms which composed the detachment.

We found two females, an Italian and a Greek, badly wounded, lying among the murdered in the street. They were taken up tenderly by the United States soldiers and carried into the consulate. The Italian woman had been transfixed through the thigh with an iron bar. They were sent to the hospital under the care of Drs. Ardouin and Dutrieux.

The 15th of July.—Lord Charles Beresford was made prefect of police, with Lieutenant-Commander Barton Bradford as deputy. They have their quarters in the Palace of Justice, only a few paces opposite.

A great number of refugees of all nationalities have been landed from their respective ships and ordered to go to their homes (*sic*). The unexpected length of time they have remained on shipboard

overtaxed their commissariat, and the disembarkment was necessitated by reason of short rations.

The French, English, and other consulates have been totally destroyed, and the consuls-general therefore remained on board ship with their subordinates. The French refugees, and many of other nationalities, to the number of five or six hundred, have collected in the Place Mehemet-Ali. Under the rays of a July sun, without shelter and without food, their situation was really pitiful. Commander Bradford would not permit them to enter the unburned houses unless they could present a certificate or pass as a voucher of the honesty of the bearer. He adopted this measure to prevent *looting*, it having been reported to him that several white men had been caught stealing. The French citizens were greatly incensed at what they denounced as abandonment by their consular officers. They came to the American consulate, asked the protection of the consul, and threatened to address a paper to the Minister of Foreign Affairs on the subject.

The 15th.—Commander Bradford proposed to me that should I act in behalf of the refugees, he would recognize my certificate. Accordingly, with the secretaries, I placed a table on the sidewalk in front of the American consulate, and there, during two days, from early morning until late at night, we issued passes to the applicants, who, for the most part, were known to me individually, or were vouched for by the secretaries and Ali, who took great pleasure in the service. Ali was very proud of his new-found dignity and importance. He said, "Mr. Consul, please let the 'Khedive in America' know how much I have done for these

poor people." I promised him to do so. Mr. B——, the Consul-General of Sweden, kindly volunteered to replace me during an enforced absence of several hours (the Swedish Government, it is said, has decorated him since for this service). The consul-general was the guest of the admiral during the bombardment, there being no men-of-war of Sweden in port.

Finally, when exhausted by fatigue, I sent word to the several consulates, and especially that of France, that they must send a representative on shore to take charge of their *protégés*.

The 16th.—The consuls returned and established themselves wherever they could find quarters in the unburned districts.

The American officers, Lieutenant-Commanders Goodrich and Hutchings, Lieutenants Denny, Cochrane, Burnett, Graham, Waller, Dent, Smith, and Drs. Gardner and Anderson, have worked with indefatigable energy in putting out the fires. The consulate has taken fire twice, and the Episcopal church and the adjoining rear buildings have only been saved by the most untiring energy and devotion of officers and men. Among other buildings saved through the exertions of the American officers were the Crédit Lyonnais, the house of Padoa and Borelli, the Palace of Justice, Abbat's Hotel—in fact, all that part of Alexandria left standing.

A United States marine was wounded while standing in the uncovered corridor of the consulate by a stone thrown from the opposite building. A sentry gave the alarm. Search having been made, an Arab was found secreted in a room. He held in his hand a

smoking torch with which he was burning the building. He was saved from the infuriated English soldiery with difficulty, and was taken before the drumhead court-martial, which sat at all hours upon the piazza of the Palace of Justice.

The prisoner, his hands bound behind him, maintained a stolid silence, and one could easily perceive from his demeanor that he was a religious enthusiast. His trial and condemnation were the work of a few moments. Tied to a tree with his back to the guard, the detail fired, and the sergeant delivered the *coup de grâce;* the cords were cut, and his body was thrown into one of the open graves which had been prepared, dug side by side in long rows beneath the trees, which served as posts to which the victims were bound. The trial, condemnation, shooting, and burial, had not consumed twenty minutes!

Arabi, it is said, has adopted this means of regaining possession of Alexandria. The man who has been shot was one of the many soldiers who, dressed in the gown (*gallabiah*) of the fellah, came into the city bearing white flags, and at night secreting themselves in the houses, endeavor to complete the destruction of the town by fire. Quite a number have been caught in the act and shot. Drs. Dutrieux and Ardouin, whom I have installed in Aïde's house as the headquarters of the sanitary commission, have complained that unless the interment of bodies in the Place ceases, they will not be responsible for the pest which must ensue.

To-night (the 16th) Lord Charles Beresford and Commander Bradford came to the consulate. Lord

Charles tells us that Arabi has caused it to be made known that he will attack the city in great force, and that he has sixty thousand men at Mehellah and Kafr-el-Dawar. The prefect of police claimed that he did not have men enough on shore to make a resistance, and he therefore proposed, in the event of an attack, that we should re-embark, and that the Americans "should bring up the rear with the mitrailleuse." The officers proposed in turn that Lord Charles should first fall back upon the American consulate, a remarkably strong building and well adapted for defense. "The Americans," on being informed of the desire of Lord Beresford, were greatly elated, and gave expression to their enthusiasm by cheers.

This information, it seems, had a contrary effect upon the Germans and Russians, who had landed only that day to re-establish their consulates. They packed up, and at nine o'clock at night marched past the American and English guards, and down to the quay, where they re-embarked. The sentries and soldiers who witnessed this withdrawal were by no means complimentary in the remarks which were made at what seemed an abandonment in a moment of danger. The refugees became alarmed, and many of them stampeded and returned to the ships during the night for protection.

In the mean time, the American consulate was being placed in a state of defense ; mattresses, pillows, and bedding of all kinds, which had been recovered in great quantity from the streets, and which had been left in the hasty retreat of the Arabs, served to pack doors and windows, and in a few hours the house was

declared to be proof against Arabi and his sixty thousand men—at least so said the American sailor and marine!

The rebels made a feint attack during the night upon the Moharrem Bey gate. A mine was said to have been exploded under the attacking party, but it had no practical significance. The truth was, Arabi never seriously entertained the idea of a return to Alexandria.

On the 17th I rode down to Fort Ras-el-Tin, for the purpose of procuring information for my former comrade, Colonel Beverly Kennon, as to the battery which he constructed for the coast-defense in 1870, when he was an officer in that branch of the service in the Egyptian army.

The fort was circular in form and subterraneous, it mounted a breech-loading rifle forty-pounder on a lift-carriage and counterpoised platform. After firing, it was intended that it should descend to the bottom of the pit, where the magazines, shell-rooms, and quarters were situated. To prevent dropping shells, it was designed to have a conical turret. This admirable battery, the construction of which was due to the genius and skill of Colonel Kennon, an experienced naval officer, had not been used at all, and, judging from the quantity of dust which choked the gun and nearly filled the well, no one had visited it since the day when Kennon, fatigued with Egyptian intrigues, resigned and returned to America.

The 18th.—It will be interesting to mention here a singular character, a familiar figure to Al-

exandrians, and who had been known to me for many years as "Nikor the Philosopher." Nikor was crazy, and crazy people of whatever caste or religion are deemed holy and under the special care of the Mussulman. Was it to this fact that he was spared the knife of the assassin during the rude days of the 11th, 12th, and 13th? In the flight from the city no one had paid heed to Nikor. He concealed himself in the kiosque near the statue of Mehemet-Ali. From his hiding-place he witnessed the scenes of horror which were enacted around him, and within a few paces he saw Colonel Suleiman Daoud when he gave the order to burn the city. Later he stood around the gallows and looked upon Suleiman when he hung by the neck for the deed committed one year before.

Nikor came to Alexandria a little more than fifteen years ago. Reason had not entirely left her throne when he arrived, and the kindly Alexandrians listened to the story of his wrongs with sympathetic ear. Born in Armenia, of rich parents, he was confided to the care of Armenian priests, who robbed him and turned him adrift. In vain he sought redress. No one would espouse his cause. In Alexandria, for fifteen years, he has lived in the streets upon the charity of the pub-

lic; never asking alms, he accepts the proffered piastre, but, having by custom established a tariff, he will return the coin if it should exceed the value of a piastre, or tender you the change. His appetite is simple, except in the matter of *pâtisserie*, of which he is an absolute gourmand. He has the singular habit of standing for hours with one foot raised and resting upon the knee. Clad in a thick coat and pantaloons, the inside invariably turned out, he is always barefooted and bareheaded. The *sobriquet* of "Nikor the Philosopher" has been given him for the reason that he has carried, all these years, a very large stone (the philosopher's stone?) under his arm during the day, and which serves him as a pillow at night, when he curls himself up to rest with no other covering save the canopy of heaven, and no companion save the scavenger-dogs in the street.

He came to the consulate on the 14th of July; his gaunt and emaciated appearance too plainly told the story of his sufferings; he was given meat and drink, and Nikor went out as silently as he had come. I noticed that Nikor no longer carried the philosopher's stone. What revolution had taken place in his mind that had caused him to discard the treasure he had carried for years? Was it the scenes through which he had passed that had driven

him from his philosophy? Be this as it may, Nikor can not be induced to approach his hiding-place in the kiosque, but this does not prevent him from going elsewhere upon his accustomed round, and he indulges in *pâtisserie* whenever he can, with the same voracity as of old.

The 20th.—The massacre at Tantah has created great excitement in Alexandria. Tantah is the third city of Egypt, situated along the line of the Cairo and Alexandria Railway, midway between these two cities. It has a population of sixty thousand souls, principally Mussulmans, but among whom there are also many Greeks, Syrian Jews, and a number of French and Italians. It has been an attractive spot to travelers during the *fêtes* which occur every year in honor of the saint, Cheikh Saïd-el-Bedaoui, the patron of sterile women, who make yearly pilgrimages to his tomb and there invoke his beneficent aid. The United States Government was represented in Tantah in the person of Mr. Dahan-Dahan, a grave, and distinguished-looking gentleman. Dahan is a Syrian Christian, and has been both honorable and dignified in his consular office. He left Tantah after the massacre at Alexandria, for, guided by his experience in Syria, and knowing the ferocity of the ignorant fanatic, he felt sure that Tantah would not escape, since threats had been made by the Moslem *fiki* (priest) for several months to massacre the Christians and Jews. Dahan, having no subjects to protect, wisely closed his office and came to Alexandria.

Dr. Fredda, an Italian physician, for many years in the Sanitary Intendance of Egypt, was one of several hundred who remained in Tantah. Duty was one consideration which led him to remain, and the other was that he, in common with those who were brutally murdered, could not believe that the gentle *fellah*, with whom he had been until then upon terms of friendship, would raise his hand against his benefactors. The sequel proved the fallacy of this confidence. On the 13th of July, trains, filled with plunder gathered in Alexandria, brought also the mass of the wretches whose appetite for blood had been whetted in the scenes enacted the day before. Frenzied with fear and drunk with religious fanaticism, they invaded Tantah, crying, "Death to the Christian!"

The Europeans, men, women, and children, were seized, bound with ropes, and dragged through the streets, their limbs pulled from their sockets, or, followed by women, their viscera torn from their bodies and wound around their necks in mock ornament. As if this were not sufficient to gratify the measure of their hideous brutality, they beat with bludgeons the quivering flesh of their victims into a jelly.

Dr. Fredda told me that from his hiding-place he witnessed these scenes, and further said that he saw a woman cut the flesh from a child still living and offer it for sale in mimic auction, as in the market-place: "*Achterez laham betai Nosorani*" (Buy the meat of a Christian), "*wahad girsch el oke*" (one piastre per oke).

Minchoui-Bey was a Mussulman who had many

Christian friends in Tantah. On the night of the 13th, at the head of a band of Bedouins, and when these hideous butcheries were at their height, Minchoui dashed in among the demoniac fiends and, forming square, snatched from their bloody hands, or took from their hiding-places, more than four hundred Christians. He escorted them safely to Ismaïlia and Port Saïd, and thence they arrived safely at Alexandria. In the distribution of medals, decorations, and titles, made after the English occupation, it would have been a graceful thing to have rewarded Minchoui for this act of humanity and heroism.

The 10th of August.—Menasce wrote, asking me to assume the control of his property. His city residence, a large and elegant building, had been sacked by the Arabs. Notwithstanding this, I put General Stone and his family in possession, and I also wrote to Judge and Madame Barringer, offering them a part of the house when they should return from Europe. Houses were at a premium, and rents had already doubled, and but for the beautiful suburban collection of residences stretching along the sea, and known as Ramleh, it would have been impossible for Alexandria to have accommodated its inhabitants.

Order has finally been re-established. The admiral has decided to withdraw the guard from the consulate, and they have re-embarked. The attitude of the natives, however, continues to be one of sullen defiance.

The 18th.—As usual, after the work of the day, I drove out for recreation to the canal, where, every afternoon, the iron-clad train was pushed forward

toward Mehallah, Arabi's advance post. The cannonading which then ensued was very severe, and the Alexandrians would have enjoyed it, but for the unpleasant precision of the batteries of Mehallah. Accompanied by an English correspondent and the secretary of the consulate, we drove swiftly along the Gabarri road about six o'clock in the afternoon. After passing the newly formed English post some considerable distance, and when at the intersection of a street, we were surprised to see a crowd of Arabs. The quarter was isolated, and it looked suspicious. I felt for my pistol, but to my dismay discovered that for the first time I was unarmed, having left it by accident on my dressing-case. To the cry of the *saïs* (groom), "*Ouarda ye, geddah*" (Look out, O men!), the Arabs wheeled suddenly, and, assuming a threatening attitude, barred the passage of the road. It was evidently a preconcerted attack. Lashing my horse with a stout whip, for the purpose of forcing a passage, we dashed into the crowd, and, passing through, knocked down and ran over one of their comrades. In a moment the mob, numbering forty or more, drew from under their gowns their concealed *naboots*, and with cries of "*Mootou!*" (Kill him) they threw themselves upon us. Cautioning my friends not to move, and to draw their revolvers, I leaped from the low, open carriage in which we were seated, and sprang toward the man who appeared to be the chief, and who had seized the horse by the head, and was struggling to throw him backward upon the carriage. With a heavily loaded whip I struck him a violent blow which stunned him; he fell, but,

recovering, ran away. The infuriated crowd quickly advanced toward me, and, backing against a stone wall, I defended myself with the energy of desperation. It was *naboot* against whip, and the latter was the most efficient. My friends in the mean time covered them with their pistols, which had the effect to keep them in check. Finally, the English soldiers, attracted by the yells of the mob, came at a double-quick to our rescue. The officer arrested the ring-leader, who was badly wounded, but the rest of them escaped. Although covered with blood and dust during the *melée*, I had not received even a scratch. The commandant of the post made a charge against the prisoner, and a few days thereafter I was summoned before a court-martial as a witness against him.

The president of the court, a pasha loyal to the Khedive, and the Arab members, were little inclined to show mercy. The statement made by the English officer to the court, I was certain would result in hanging the accused. I pleaded for his life, and obtained his release. The pasha, however, insisted that the prisoner should be bastinadoed. The Arab, from the depths of grief, was transported with delight; and as I passed from the room he blessed me with extravagant invocations, and endeavored to cover my hand with kisses.

The reason for this attack has not been absolutely ascertained, but it was said that, having frustrated Arabi's purpose to complete the burning of Alexandria, it was determined to seize and take me prisoner to Kafr-el-Dawar.

The United States acting consul-general has been

for a number of years the vice-consul-general of the United States in Egypt. He is, it is strange to relate, a Greek *riah* (Turkish subject). I received the following communication from him, and cite it not only for the information it contains, but for its originality. It read thus :

PORT SAÏD, *August* 24, 1882.

MY DEAR COLONEL LONG : I have received your letter, and am very glad for your good health. M. Menasce arrived here this morning by Brindisi boat, and left for Alexandria by the Egyptian steamer. I have seen him for a few moments, because it was very hot to-day here, and I could not go out.

The Egyptian officers now are here, because from Ismaïlia commenced the regular attack, and every day we have movements of troops, and yesterday arrived here Zorab Bey, Dulier Bey, and some other officers of the Royal Guard assigned by H. H. the Khedive, to follow and accompany the General Wolseley, and they were very satisfy.

When I saw you give your resignation I was thinking that you should ask to accompany the troops from Ismaïlia advancing to Cairo. Mr. M—— told me that you had written to him that you want to go away, and I thought immediately that you like to go with the English campaign from the part of the Khedive as an officer of his staff, and have a new reputation of excursion and make your reports ; for this reason I thought you were in a hurry to resign the consular function because of this English expedition in Egypt, which at the end will have good success, and every officer, besides the good name he will have, he will also

receive grades and decorations from the British Government. If the military movements will continue as quick as was this week, I trust and believe that soon from here we shall go to Cairo, if it will not be burned.

Ali's son, Hassan, told me as soon as they arrived in Cairo he went up to a village to meet their family, and he never came back, and he send not news; perhaps he remained in the village.

I told Hassan when he went back to try and know something about him; but now, unfortunately, since the occupation of Port Saïd, the communication with Cairo and interior is intercepted entirely, and we can not receive any more news except when the English will take Tel-el-Kebir then they will walk directly for Cairo. Very sincerely,

COMANOS.

On the 17th of August I resigned the provisional post which I had accepted in the emergency. The consul-general appointed in April had not yet come out to take his office,* and the consular agent at Alexandria was still in Europe. The office of the latter is unsalaried, and the time, labor, and expense necessarily fell upon me. I wrote to Menasce, insisting that he should return, and on his arrival, the 26th, I turned over to him the archives.

* Congress has recently abolished the office of United States Consul-General to Egypt. The State Department, thereupon, appointed Mr. Comanos as United States Consul at Cairo.

In my letter of resignation I have taken occasion to inform the State Department of the gallant conduct of the American officers and men. I have said Lord Charles Beresford, chief of police, and Lieutenant-Commander Bradford, his deputy, had both personally expressed to me their sense of appreciation of the general aid given them by the Americans, and had further declared that but for such aid the Palace of Justice, the Crédit Lyonnais, the Bourse, and in fact all that remains of the Place des Consuls and vicinity, including the American consulate, would have been inevitably destroyed.

Admiral Nicholson, without my knowledge, with great courtesy, addressed to the department the following letter. It has therefore a special value from this fact:

U. S. FLAG-SHIP LANCASTER, SECOND RATE, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, *July* 15, 1882.

HON. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, *Secretary of the Navy, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.*

SIR: May I recommend to the notice of the State Department, through yourself, the high appreciation that I have for the acting vice-consul at this place, Colonel Chaillé Long. He was indefatigable in aiding the poor refugees before the bombardment, and since then has endeavored in every way to be of use to the interests of the United States.

He did not *desert* the consulate at an early date, but remained on duty until *ordered* to bring the archives on board of this vessel.

The United States consulate under his charge was also the first one reopened on shore; in fact, his services have been in the past, and will, I think, in the future, be of such a nature as to merit the consideration of the department.

Very respectfully,

J. W. A. NICHOLSON,

Rear-Admiral commanding United States naval force on European station.

Later I received the following letter from the Department of State, dated—

WASHINGTON, *September* 8, 1882.

SIR: I have to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 17th ultimo, tendering your resignation of the office as acting United States consular agent at Alexandria, to which you were recently appointed, and giving an interesting account of the past and present condition of affairs in Egypt.

In accepting your resignation, it gives me pleasure to say that the department has a high appreciation of your valuable and humane services rendered in the interest of humanity during the recent active operations at Alexandria, and for which I desire to express to you its approval and thanks.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) W. HUNTER,

Acting Secretary.

The author has made no attempt to follow in detail a campaign which has had no really serious claim to be so considered. It was purely a military promenade for the Englishmen, and as such served as a manœuvre, somewhat costly, it is true, of all arms, both naval and military.

Arabi was the commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army, and was also considered by his fellah-adherents in the light of a prophet.

He proved a very bad soldier and a very poor prophet, and his former counselors of the University of El-Azhar speak with much bitterness of the vanity of the man whom they attempted to inspire.

With a force estimated at 50,000 men of all arms, including a large number of mounted Bedouins capable of excellent service, he made no serious attempt to annoy or drive back to their ships the few hundred men who, stretched along the Mahmoudieh canal to Ramleh, held Alexandria in the first days of the occupation. Arabi had read certainly in Arabic the tale of the counsel which Omar gave to his son, when the latter was about to set out upon a voyage. "Remember," said Omar, "there are three things which never return to one in this life—a sped arrow, a spoken word, and a lost

opportunity." Three weeks of inertia was the lost opportunity which the unheeded counsel of Omar had warned Arabi would never come back to him.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, the commander-in-chief of the expeditionary army, arrived in Egypt on the 15th of August.

On the 19th, under pretense of an attack against Aboukir, widely circulated, the better to deceive the enemy, Sir Garnet, acting with Admiral Seymour, occupied the Suez Canal. M. de Lesseps protested in vain its neutrality; his opposition to the landing of French troops at Port Saïd, under Admiral Conrad, unfortunately for French interests, had been sustained by the French ministry. Had the French, even at that day, asserted their authority, they would have retrieved the error of non-action on the 11th of July, and the dual control would have been re-established under exceptional circumstances for France, and England alone would still bear the odium which attaches to her for the burning of Alexandria. It was a lost opportunity. M. de Lesseps, it is said, hoodwinked Arabi into the belief that England would respect the neutrality of the canal, and the canal for this reason was left intact. One can scarcely conceive of such simplicity, nor understand why Suez should have been left unde-

fended, when it was expected that the dreaded Indian contingent would land there. With Suez uncovered and the canal abandoned, the enemy could lay siege to Cairo as well as Tel-el-Kebir.

It is well, however, for Egypt that Arabi staked his fortunes at Tel-el-Kebir. Had he fallen back upon the apex of the Delta, he would have destroyed the grand old city of Cairo—an irreparable loss—and made good his retreat to Upper Egypt, where he might have prolonged the struggle and lent such dignity and prestige to his cause as to have won a title to the scepter of Egypt and to the mantle of the Prophet now worn by the Mahdi. But the Mameluke blood of Mourad and Yusef Bey did not flow in the sluggish veins of the fellah, and he thought only of flight and his personal safety.

At sunrise, on the morning of the 13th of September, Sir Garnet, with 11,000 bayonets, 2,000 sabres, and sixty field-guns, attacked Arabi in his works, which extended a distance of three miles and a half almost due north from a point on the canal one mile and a half east of the railway-station of Tel-el-Kebir.

The rebel forces consisted of 38,000 men, including 6,000 Bedouin irregulars, and fifty-nine siege-

pieces, and the position occupied by them was exceptionally strong.

The indolence and neglect of the Oriental have been ingrafted in his nature by the climate; his fatalism, however, is a gift of his faith, for everything, even in the military service, is committed to *Al Allah* (to God), and the omnipotent *bokra* (to-morrow) is the positive sin of the Egyptian. Is it to be wondered at, then, that he was found by the English on the morning of the attack soundly sleeping in the trenches? General Wolseley writes:

In moving over the desert at night there are no landmarks to guard one's movements; we had, consequently, to direct our course by the stars. This was well and correctly effected, and the leading brigades of each division both reached the enemy's works within a couple of minutes of one another. The enemy was completely surprised, and it was not until one or two of their advanced sentries fired their rifles that they realized our close proximity to their works. These were, however, very quickly lined with infantry who opened a deafening musketry-fire, and their guns came into action immediately.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich says:

The black regiments, composed of negroes from the Soudan, were specially noticeable for their pluck, fighting bravely hand to hand with the British; more

intelligence and less downright cowardice in the upper grades might have converted these men into a formidable army.

Arabi and his second in command ran away at the first alarm, and, riding their steeds in hot haste to Bulbeis, there took the train, which it is said awaited him, and thus entered Cairo, where he proposed to his friends to burn the city. But the proposition met with little favor, for Cairo is essentially an Arab city, and the greater part of the property is owned by wealthy natives. Alexandria was the reverse of this, being almost entirely European.

Sir Garnet, in his report, says:

The result of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir has been the entire collapse of the rebellion. The only place that has not as yet surrendered is Damietta, and its capture or surrender can be easily effected at our leisure.

The men of the rebel army having laid down or thrown away their arms in their flight, have now dispersed to their homes, and the country is so rapidly returning to its ordinary condition of peace, that I am able to report the war to be at an end, and that the object for which this portion of Her Majesty's army was sent to Egypt has been fully accomplished.

The loss of the Egyptians was about 2,500, the greater part of whom fell while fleeing under the

sabres of the British cavalry. The loss of the English army was only fifty-seven killed, including officers.

A handful of cavalry of the Indian contingent, under Major-General Drury Lowe, entered Cairo on the afternoon of the 14th. The garrison at Abbasieh, 7,000 strong, threw down their arms and surrendered on the approach of the English, while at the same time the mounted infantry was sent against the 3,000 men who held the citadel. Warned of their approach, the garrison marched out and dispersed, and when the infantry arrived they found no other occupants but the political prisoners and suspected persons who had been incarcerated by order of the rebel chief. Cairo, the El-Kahirah (victorious), had submitted without a blow; it was no longer the city of the caliphs, and of the valiant Yusef Saladin, whose shadow was still reflected in the citadel which he had built, and from El-Azhar, where his spirit was supposed to rest: it was the city of the fellah.

Sir Garnet, on quitting England, it has been said, laid a wager that he would be in Cairo on the 16th of September, and back in London to accept a dinner some time in October. He entered Cairo by rail on the 15th, and returned to England in

time to claim the wager made. Critics of the English expedition to Egypt have seen in this incident a corroboration of the charge that it was English sovereigns—cavalry of St. George—which had captured the timid Arabi, rather than the undoubted valor of the English soldier and the acknowledged skill of Sir Garnet.

The epilogue of this odious *bouffonerie* was no less strange than the acts which had preceded it. Arabi, Mahmoud Sami, Toulba, Fehmi, and Nadar, after a stipulated plea of guilty, were condemned to death, but, as agreed upon at the same moment, the sentence was commuted to exile at Ceylon.

The inquest and trial of the rebel chiefs established their absolute culpability. England, however, for political reasons, desired to succeed Arabi as the chief of the *national party*, and his letter to the Egyptians committing them to the tender care of his friends, the English, is a rare exhibition of hypocrisy and servility. It was a fitting epitome, however, to the movement which had never been other than burlesque.

On the 1st of September I accepted the kind invitation of Commandant Whitehead, of the Quinnebaug, and of Lieutenant-Commander Barbour,

who represented the ward-room mess, to return with them to Nice. The voyage to Europe was exceptionally pleasant, and the friendships which were made amid the horrors of a besieged city were strengthened by the genial associations which marked my stay on shipboard.

XIV.

THE INTERREGNUM.

In the month of April of the last year, business of importance required my return to Egypt. Alexandria was still a mass of ruins, from which innumerable wooden shanties had arisen for the transaction of business. England had done nothing toward causing the indemnities to be paid, and the inhabitants were suffering very great hardships, and were scarcely able to subsist, much less commence the work of reconstruction of their homes. The Egyptian Government, after much delay, on the 13th of January, 1883, six months after the disaster, issued the following decree:

We, Khedive of Egypt:

Whereas, we have decided to grant indemnities to the victims of the insurrection which has taken place in Egypt since the 10th of June, 1882, in accordance with our decree, dated the 4th of November, 1882, on the advice of our Council of Ministers and in agreement with the powers interested.

DECREE.

Article 1. An international commission is constituted, with exclusive jurisdiction to receive and examine the claims of the victims of the insurrection which has occurred in Egypt since the 10th of June, 1882, and to decide, without appeal, on each one of these claims, either by rejecting them, or confirming them by fixing an indemnity.

Art. 2. Indirect losses, loss of specie, of jewelry, plate, works of art or antiquities, bonds or securities of all kinds, rents or crops, shall give no claim to indemnity.

Nevertheless, the loss of jewelry, plate, works of art, antiquities in shops for sale or on pledge with third parties, may give a right to indemnity, provided that the existence of the lost articles can be established by the trade-books or written documents having a positive date. Other means of proof will only be admitted in exceptional cases, and when the commission shall judge it absolutely necessary.

The proprietors of crops stored or ready for thrashing, directly appropriated or destroyed by the rebels, should be indemnified.

The indemnities for buildings shall be calculated

on the value which the edifices had before their destruction.

ART. 3. The commission shall be composed as follows:

Two members nominated by the Egyptian Government, the president and vice-president.

One member nominated by each of the Governments of Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, and Great Britain, Italy, Russia, the United States, and Greece.

One member nominated by agreement between the Governments of Belgium, Denmark, Spain, the Netherlands, Portugal, and Sweden and Norway.

If this last member is not nominated at the time of the meeting of the commission, of which the date shall be fixed by a future decree, to be issued simply on the suggestion of our Council of Ministers, it shall be proceeded with notwithstanding; but in this case a special delegate of the unrepresented nations shall take part in the deliberations and decisions of the commission, when the interests of one of the subjects of that power shall be under discussion. If the delegate is himself a claimant, the commission shall summon to take part in the deliberations one of the delegates of the unrepresented powers.

ART. 4. The commission shall decide in every case by an absolute majority of votes, and, if the votes be equal, the president shall have the casting vote.

It shall be legally competent to make all decisions even in the absence of one or several delegates.

Nevertheless, when a claim for indemnity shall come before the commission in the absence of the delegate of the nation to which the claimant belongs,

the delegate shall be apprised; but his absence shall not delay the hearing of the case more than forty-eight hours.

ART. 5. The commission shall, on application, open an account with our Council of Ministers for the funds necessary to carry on its work.

The commission shall have full powers to proceed to the investigation of claims presented to it, and it shall be able to associate with itself in its labors persons whose assistance may appear useful.

ART. 6. The time and ways and means of paying the indemnities awarded by the commission shall be decided hereafter.

ART. 7. Our ministers are charged, each in so far as it concerns him, with the execution of the present decree.

Given in our palace at Ismaïlia, the 4 Rabi-el-Ewel, 1300.

(Signed), MEHEMET TEWFIK.

The President of the Council of Ministers,

CHÉRIF.

A very liberal interpretation has been given to Article 6, as to the time, ways, and means of payment of these indemnities; for, so late as August 11, 1884—as appears by recent dispatches—a deputation of indignant claimants, to the number of five hundred, went to the British consulate to protest against their non-payment.

It is difficult to understand why any member of

the commission should have been decorated. The Khedive desired, however, to confer a mark of special favor upon certain members of the commission. It could not be done, in view of their insignificant service, without marked discourtesy to the others. He, therefore, with a *naïveté* truly Oriental, *decorated them all!*

Under the head of indirect damages, paintings, works of art, bonds, and securities, had been eliminated as rightful claims. This unjust discrimination worked great hardship, and to none more than to my distinguished friend Judge Barringer, of the Court of Appeals, whose house I endeavored to save on the 14th, with a special knowledge of its valuable contents.

A journal published in Alexandria, "Le Phare d'Alexandrie," in a series of articles from the pen of an anonymous writer, had published during my absence a series of articles entitled "Histoire Contemporaine."

The services rendered the people and city of Alexandria by the American officers, sailors, and marines, had been forgotten, or attributed to others. I sent a communication to the "Egyptian Gazette," in which the unfriendly omission was noted, and the facts as herein appear affirmed, and adding the

following letters, received about that time, as irrefutable evidence of my statement:

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH, *April* 24, 1883.

MY DEAR COLONEL CHAILLÉ LONG: You must please excuse the delay in replying to your letter of the 11th inst., but it has only reached me now. If my memory is correct, I reached the Tribunal on the morning of the 15th of July, and found that you, with a detachment of American seamen and marines, were already in possession of the consulate. While I remained there I received the greatest assistance in restoring order and extinguishing the fire, both from yourself and the officers and men of the Lancaster. The statement, published in the "Phare d'Alexandrie," that the American detachment returned on board, is entirely incorrect, and I am sure the thanks of the European population are due to you for the zeal and energy you displayed in replacing them in possession of their homes. You were always at your post ready to assist everybody, without regard to nationality, and I may say that no man worked harder during that eventful week. I now thank you and your officers and men for their assistance, and also for the kindness we received at your hands. With the best wishes for your welfare, believe me, yours sincerely,

BARTON R. BRADFORD,
Commander, R. N.

From Sir Edward Malet, H. B. Majesty's minister plenipotentiary, I received the following:

CAIRO, *May* 27, 1883.

DEAR COLONEL LONG: It will give me much pleasure to forward a copy of the inclosure contained in your letter of the 24th to Lord Granville by the next English mail. I hope, also, that you will allow me to take this opportunity of expressing the high sense which I entertain of the services you rendered immediately after the bombardment of Alexandria.

Believe me to be, dear Colonel Long,

Yours very faithfully,

EDWARD MALET.

Shortly after, and wholly unexpected by me, I received the following note, dated

MAISON DU KHEDIVE, RAS-EL-TIN, 25 *Juin*, 1883.

CHER BEY: Par ordre de S. A. le Khedive, je viens vous prier de vouloir bien venir cet après-midi au Palais de Ras-el-Tin.

Votre devoué,

TONINO BEY,

Maître des cérémonies.

CHAILLÉ-LONG BEY.

His Highness Tewfik Pasha said to me, "Colonel, I confer upon you the cross of *Commander of the Osmanieh*, as a token of the esteem in which I hold, as does His Majesty the Sultan, the very great services you have rendered to Egypt, and particularly those immediately before and after the bombardment."

About this time Lord Dufferin, claiming that Egypt was unable to bear the expense of the Soudan, advised the evacuation of that country, and the recognition of the authority of the Maahdi.

He drew the political and physical boundary of Egypt as far north as Assouan, and it is significant to note that the British press, with singular unanimity, re-echoed the proposition of Lord Dufferin, adding that "it was no business of England to fight the battles of Egypt except in Egypt proper." At that moment Cherif Pasha, the President of the Council of Ministers, was being importuned to grant a concession to an English company to construct a railroad from Suakin to Berber—Berber being within the territory which Lord Dufferin had proposed should be conceded to the Maahdi.

I called upon Cherif one morning, and found him at his ministry, surrounded by the English applicants for the concession. He saluted me with that cordial familiarity which distinguishes him. "Colonel," he said, "will you not give these gentlemen your views as to the practicability of building the road from Suakin?" I replied: "Certainly. In my judgment, every interest of Egypt, economical and political, forbids its construction. The road, two hundred and eighty-eight miles in

length, runs through a sandy and rocky desert, with insufficient water, and the land is absolutely irreclaimable. An army of five thousand men would be required to protect it against the Amhra, Bisharеen, and other tribes whose animosity would be invited, to say nothing of the incursions of the natural enemies of Egypt along the frontier. In the valley of the Nile the unfinished road projected by Fowler presents none of these obstacles; its completion is an absolute necessity for the development of Upper Egypt and Nubia—the irrigation and reclamation of the land along the Nile. Direct communication with the Soudan, secure from interruption by an enemy beyond the borders of Egypt, is thus obtained. Khartoum, three or four days distant by rail, will be then, in fact, an Egyptian city, and a great emporium of trade. Permit the road to be built from the Red Sea, and the trade of the Soudan will be diverted from Egypt, and Suakin will become an English port."

There was little fear that Cherif, who had the interests of his country sincerely at heart, would grant the prayer of those who urged the Suakin route. But Nubar is in Egypt again, and Nubar is quite as much of an Englishman as an Egyptian. More than this, he is an Armenian, and ambitious,

and therefore England will doubtless build the road from Suakin to Berber, unless coming events shall curtail her assumption of power in Egypt.

One other act remained to conclude the drama of the year before. Suleiman Daoud Bey had been arrested in one of the islands of the Mediterranean to which he had escaped. We have seen him, with Moussa-el-Akhad, leave Cairo on the mission of massacre, the morning of the 11th of June. On the 12th of July, under cover of the white flag hoisted by Toulba on the fort, he sat on his chair opposite the French consulate, and, leisurely smoking a cigarette, gave the order to burn and pillage the city.

Suleiman was in prison, and, learning of my presence in Alexandria, he sent me an urgent request to visit him; he wished me to defend him before the court-martial where he was soon to appear. I had no intention of doing so, but, yielding to the request of M. Hoyami, who was acting as my secretary, and who had known Suleiman for many years, I went to his prison, and found him anxiously awaiting me.

He said: "Ye Bey, you were an officer in the Egyptian army. I wish you to defend me. My defense is, that whatever I did was done by Arabi's orders. Arabi has been acquitted, and exiled. I

shall be also, for the governor has sent me word that I am destined to go to Massowah. I will give two thousand francs to my counselor to secure for me an amelioration of this prospective sentence, for I do not wish to leave Egypt."

"Daoud," I replied, "I can not undertake your case; but undeceive yourself. You require very experienced counsel, and the sum you name is too trifling to merit attention. A friend of mine, a distinguished criminal lawyer in Paris, will defend you if you authorize me to send for him."

"How much will it cost me?" said he.

"Twenty-five thousand francs," I answered.

He laughed at this and said: "I will give three thousand francs and no more. I am certain of being exiled."

"Very good," I said, in turning to leave him; "if you engage counsel, let me advise you not to plead Arabi's order. Remember, Daoud, you do not stand in Arabi's shoes: he is in Ceylon, and, before he went, sold out his boasted birthright to England in order to save his neck. The Government of Egypt may be allowed, perhaps, to make an example of you, having failed to do so with your chief, who was undoubtedly the real criminal." Daoud was visibly affected by my frank diagnosis

of his situation, and asked me excitedly if I knew anything positively as to the intentions of the Government with reference to him. "No," I said, "I do not, but these are my convictions." He thanked me, as M. Hoyami turned to leave, and, reassured, said: "I am sure the governor was right; I shall only be exiled."

A few days later, in a large room of the governor's palace, amid a dense crowd, Hoyami and I sat near Daoud, who was arraigned for trial. His counsel, in a preliminary examination, had taken exception to the ruling of the court, as to the admission of certain witnesses, and at the last moment withdrew from the case.

The public prosecutor was a young Turk, who was bitter in his denunciation of the atrocious crime which the defense had avowed as having been committed by Arabi's order. The court retired to deliberate, and was absent scarcely twenty minutes. They returned; amid the most profound silence the president announced their unanimous verdict to be death. Raouf Pasha, whom I had last seen at Gondokoro, was the president of the court; he motioned the guards to seize the doomed man and bear him away, while the young Turkish advocate fell forward on his face in a paroxysm of tears.

A few days later, in the gray of the morning, and while the city was wrapped in sleep, I was awakened by an unusual noise, and looking out from the window of my room, situated but a few paces away, I observed a troop of English soldiers and another of Egyptians facing each other around a scaffold which had been hastily erected. A man apparently unconscious was held upright, while a noose was adjusted around his neck. The caisson upon which he was then placed was driven from under him, and left him swinging in mid-air.

This was Suleiman Daoud, who thus expiated the crime of the 11th of June. The real criminals, having been sent to Ceylon, were at that moment the much-esteemed wards of England and Mr. Wilfrid Blunt.

In the month of December, with a view to utilize the special knowledge possessed of the countries of the Soudan and the Abyssinian frontier, I submitted to the Minister of Foreign Affairs in France a note, which created no little interest at the time. Recent events in Abyssinia have given it renewed importance in its possible bearing upon the Egyptian question. It ran as follows:

King John of Abyssinia, in 1876, at Kaya-Khor, with an army of one hundred thousand men, defeated

the Egyptian army, taking a large quantity of arms, cannons, and munitions of war. Egypt retired from the country, on the payment of a large sum of money.

King John, it is stated, has the intention of invading Egypt. The French Government can in any case profit by the present situation in the Soudan and make herself the arbiter in the Egyptian question, and thus place herself *in statu quo ante bellum* in Egypt.

To this end a mission should be sent to King John officially recommended, with the *nominal purpose* of encouraging and developing commerce between Abyssinia and France. The mission should be composed of a certain number of officers (*hors rang*), who should be under the orders of the chief of the mission charged with the immediate mobilization of the Abyssinian army, which possesses extraordinary qualities of courage and endurance. It lacks discipline and organization. In a very short time, under the instruction of such officers, it could be made so serviceable as to be marched to the frontier of Egypt, and there dictate its own terms to Egypt, to England, and if need be to the Maahdi.

King John is ambitious of having Abyssinia recognized as a Christian state. Himself a Christian, he would be proud to treat with France, as both tradition and actual experience tend to prove.

There is no fear that the *fellah* in Egypt will make any resistance. He has neither the courage nor the patriotism necessary, the want of which will become most conspicuous in any conflict against the redoubtable Abyssinian warrior, who, since Kaya-Khor, has become the terror of the Egyptians.

The Maahdi, who is in fact more a merchant of ivory and slaves than prophet, can play, perhaps, an important *rôle* in the negotiations, since he has already made overtures to King John, with the object of making an alliance with him. The king's letter in reply is as follows:

"The letter of Johannes, the elect of God, King of Sion, King of the kings of Ethiopia and the country around, may it come to him who is Prophet with the Turks:

"Thanks to the God of Saints, by the intercession of our lady, me and my army, we are well. Blessed be always the goodness of the Very High. And thou, how art thou?

"Thou hast written me: 'I am a great prophet. I do not wish to dispute with thee. Let there be peace between us.'

"I do not know if the will of God is that we may go to war, me and thee, but what does that signify? is it not in our hearts? I am a Christian and thou art a Mussulman. There, where I am, thou canst not be; there, where thou art, I can not live in peace! Written in the camp of Micael Dion, the 10th Sivan of the year of grace 1875 (August, 1883)."

The Maahdi hesitates certainly to-day to descend the Nile, because he fears to leave upon his flanks a force so powerful as Abyssinia.

That King John may be brought to act in accord with the Maahdi, or with the government at Cairo against him, will be determined by succeeding events.

The principal point will be to have an experienced

agent near the king who will cause him to act according to the wishes of France.

No time should be lost if the Government would profit by an exceptional situation. It is therefore urgent to act at once.

This note, dated Paris, the 11th of December, 1883, and submitted *in propria persona* to the ministry, strange to say, appeared shortly after in the "Morning News," an enterprising Anglo-American journal in Paris!

H. B. Majesty's Government ordered Admiral Hewett at once to proceed to Abyssinia, and, if recent dispatches be confirmed, he has made a treaty with King John, which secures to England the political and commercial benefits which the note above cited proposed to M. Ferry in the interests of France.

In January of this year, when news of the disaster to Hicks Pasha had created great alarm in Cairo, I telegraphed to the Khedive from Paris, offering him my services in the campaign, which I supposed would be undertaken to suppress the revolt.

Tewfik Pasha addressed me in reply, through my friend Doctor Abbate Pasha, a very courteous note of thanks, in which he took occasion to say that "the movement was a religious one, and that all Euro-

peans should be eliminated from the element to be sent to combat it."

A few days later, on the 18th day of January, Gordon Pasha, who was about to start for the Congo, in the service of King Leopold of Belgium, President of the International African Association, was suddenly ordered to the Soudan.

He was, in the words of the letter of instructions given him by Lord Granville, "to consider and report upon the best mode of effecting the evacuation of the interior of the Soudan, and to counteract the stimulus which, it is feared, may possibly be given to the slave-trade by the insurrectionary movement."

Gordon's apparent disobedience of orders has not been disapproved by the ministry, notwithstanding the declaration of Lord Churchill in the House of Commons that his conduct deserved the severest censure of that House. The *dénoûement* will, perhaps, show that it has been a part of the methods of England to which reference has already been made. Mr. Gladstone has been threatened with censure for having "abandoned Gordon to his fate," for his "vacillation" and "want of a policy," but he seems to have explained this satisfactorily; at least, there is no longer a question of the vote of censure,

and the dogs have been called off. The shipment of railway material to Suakin lends additional significance to these methods, which, in the end, may show that Mr. Gladstone has had a policy not so wide or deep as Lord Beaconsfield's would have been, perhaps, but a policy which will do.

In Gordon's madness, then, there will be found a great deal of method, doubtless inspired in his unwritten and supplemental orders; the attacks against the ministry having been adroitly made the better to conceal the purpose of the Government.

Shut up in Khartoum, a color of heroism has been given to Gordon's desperate condition. It is a fact, however, that, since the 15th of June, with a high Nile, he could have withdrawn with his troops, with the fleet of steamers at his disposition, southward by the river to Gondokoro, thence to my old friend M'Tse, King of Uganda, where he might have turned westward down the Congo to the sea in the interests of His Majesty King Leopold. But, whether he remains in Khartoum in his own interests as the Vali of the Soudan, or in the special interests of Great Britain, the Maahdi has been wise to refuse his presents, and the proffered Emirat of Kordofan. The Prophet may with truth warn his people of the danger, and, in the words of Laocoön,

exclaim: "O wretched countrymen, what desperate infatuation is this! Do you believe the enemy gone? or think you any gifts of the Greeks can be free from deceit?"

"TIMEO DANAOS ET DONA FERENTES."

XV.

THE FUTURE OF EGYPT.

THE morning after Tel-el-Kebir, the task which Great Britain had assumed before the world was virtually achieved. Sir Garnet Wolseley, on the 16th of September, 1882, in his report, says:

> The country is so rapidly returning to its ordinary condition of peace, that I am able to report the war to be at an end, and that the object for which this portion of Her Majesty's army was sent to Egypt has been fully accomplished.

Two years have elapsed since Sir Garnet reported the war to have ended, and yet Egypt is further away from peace and good government than on the morning after the battle.

Sir Samuel Baker, once the Governor-General of

the Soudan, is an eminent authority upon questions relating to Egypt and the Soudan. He has lately written to the "Times" as follows:

The country is bankrupt; brigandage, which was formerly unknown, is rampant even in the Delta—seventy-four cases within one month. The Soudan is in a blaze of insurrection, and General Gordon in a most dangerous position, as, by a letter I received from him of the 11th of March, he doubts the possibility of defending Khartoum beyond a certain period. . . . The excuse for our intervention during the Arabi revolt was declared "as only directed toward the restoration of the Khedive's authority." In fact, the expression was used, "to set him upon his legs and then to evacuate the country." We have so completely abstracted every vestige of power and authority from the unfortunate Khedive that he can not even nominate his own officers in any branch of the military or civil services. Having divested the legal ruler of the country of all importance, we add insult to injury by utterly disregarding his personal existence in Egypt. When the lamented Hicks started from Cairo in the spring of 1883, the Soudan was regarded as a valuable territory, which only required a railway for its development, and this *railway from the Nile to the Red Sea* was advocated by Lord Dufferin in his most able and interesting report. But, when Hicks was defeated, all ideas of development were at once paralyzed by panic, and the Soudan was denounced as a worthless incumbrance, and the so-called "authority"

of the Khedive was rudely if not brutally negatived by direct orders from Downing Street to abandon the Soudan, against the wishes of the ruler, supported by his ministry, who resigned *en masse* at the presumptuous intrusion of the British *dictum*.

Nothing can be more thorough than the result of our philanthropic mission to Egypt, where the misrule of the East was to disappear before the civilizing influences of Western institutions, and the introduction of British administration was to transform, with magic haste, the semi-barbarous land of the Khedive into the semblance of a European state. Great Britain has accomplished this arduous task, to the astonishment if not to the admiration of the world. Egypt has changed its features, and, through the guiding hand of England, it has, within two years, become transformed into an Oriental Ireland. . . .

It is simply appalling to observe the frightful condition of Egyptian society in its political aspect, and it is a humiliation and disgrace to England, upon whom the actual responsibility undoubtedly must rest.

This state of Oriental Ireland is the natural result of a cowardly and unjustifiable policy, which commenced when the first shot was fired at the forts of Alexandria, at the same time that instructions from Downing Street prohibited the landing of a military force to protect the city. Alexandria was pillaged and destroyed, and Egypt will be mulcted in nearly five million sterling for indemnities. Everybody knew that England was the only power in Egypt; that the Khedive could not move his little finger without her special permission; and that, as

England had completely fettered the Egyptian authorities, she alone was responsible for the situation. It was, therefore, her duty to afford material aid. This might have been offered without delay by troops dispatched from India, or a British force from Cairo. England would not move. She had declared that "the Soudan was beyond the sphere of her intervention." Garrisons were starving; the dogs were eaten at Sinkat; a blood-thirsty enemy which gave no quarter had cut off all supplies, and Tewfik Bey sent urgent messages for help, or he must fall. General Valentine Baker was the only man available, but he had no troops; his *gendarmerie* had been divested of all military character. He addressed them on parade and called for volunteers. "Are you men, or cowards?" asked this energetic commander when not a man responded to the appeal. "We are all cowards," shouted the abject fellaheen; "we don't want to fight."

Sir Samuel adds:

We have been a grievous curse to Egypt, and we are entirely responsible for the miseries and disasters which have befallen this unhappy country.

To this severe indictment may be added the responsibility which primarily attaches to England for the wrong which the Rivers Wilson-Nubar ministry committed, and which, as we have shown, was the hinge upon which the military insurrection of Arabi turned.

And, finally, as Sir Samuel has said: "The unwarranted interference by which an enormous area of the Ottoman Empire was wrested from its legitimate ruler and thrown into the direst anarchy—an act which awakened Egypt to the hypocrisies of British declarations." *

It is singular that, in the face of the avowed hypocrisies of these British declarations, Sir Samuel should pronounce for the protectorate of Great Britain, and yet Sir Samuel has returned to the charge, and again written to the "Times" as late as the 15th of August of this year: "England may thank God that the conference has fallen still-born. Englishmen, not the politicians, must now determine our future action. England must be mistress of Egypt; let France go to the deuce. To evacuate the Soudan would be an indelible dishonor."

It is extremely doubtful whether the Egyptians would welcome such a government as depicted by

* The abandonment of the Soudan is a direct violation of the rights of the Sultan of Turkey. The firman of investiture delivered to Tewfik, the 19th Chaban, 1296 (17th of August, 1879), contains this pertinent clause:

"The Khedive shall not, under any pretext or motive, abandon to others, in whole or in part, the privileges accorded to Egypt, and which are emanations of the rights and natural prerogatives of my imperial government, nor shall he abandon any part of the territory."

Sir Samuel, the blessings of which are not apparent even to the obtuse senses of an abject *fellaheen*. Besides this, he hates the *Inglisee* to-day with a hatred which is aggravated and rendered cumulative by the religious *confrérie* of El-Azhar, and by the resident Europeans, menaced in their commercial interests by the manifest animosity of the English *régime*.

The conference which Sir Samuel "thanks God has fallen still-born," was, nevertheless, convoked by his Government, and the need must have been urgent, even from his own showing, of the bad government which England has given Egypt.

Much has been said about the future of Egypt, her people, and the stranger which is within her gates. Recent events have dissipated the sentiment of an "Egypt for the Egyptians." It was a brief dream, from which the liberalist awakened after the massacres of Alexandria and Tantah, and the disgraceful flight at Tel-el-Kebir. The cry of the reformed Egyptian army of Valentine Baker, "We are all cowards!" was the expiring wail of a nation which had been prematurely brought to life by Arabi, but was neither brave nor patriotic. It is not

to the *fellah*, certainly, that the future of Egypt may be confided.

Must England, then, be the mistress of Egypt? Mr. Gladstone declared in the House of Commons, only a few months past, that the situation in Egypt "is one of utmost anomaly, inconvenience, and perhaps political danger"; he said that he had not created that situation, but he had inherited it from "the more adventurous geniuses who had preceded him." He repudiated the cry for the annexation or a protectorate for Egypt, and said:

I must remind the House that the onerous duty which we have undertaken in Egypt is to put down disorder, and then establish some beginnings of tolerable government. That is a duty we have undertaken, not on our own behalf only, but for civilization. We undertook it with the approval of the powers of Europe—the highest and most authentic organ of modern Christian civilization—we must fulfill it as we received it from them. I know the word protectorate is sometimes spoken; perhaps it is not spoken in its technical sense, but it is a dangerous word.

On the other hand, a distinguished member of the House, in the course of the same debate, said:

You need not pretend to be disinterested; it is all a sham. The first object you had when you went to Egypt was to establish English interests. It was

for the gospel of selfishness that you went, it was for British interests, and, thank God! there are some people who will stand up for British interests.

Has the gospel of selfishness to which the member referred been a revelation to Mr. Gladstone?

Be this as it may, Lord Dufferin's plan for the evacuation of the Soudan, and General Gordon's non-evacuation of that country, however unintelligible to the disinterested public, have been tacitly approved, if not recommended, by the distinguished premier.

The Earl of Northbrook has been sent out to Egypt to make inquiry and advise the home Government concerning the new position which the Soudan disasters and Egypt's financial troubles have created. It is singular that the superior intelligence and experience of Sir Evelyn Baring have not been sufficient to make clear at the Foreign Office the fact that the Soudan disasters and Egypt's financial troubles have been created by England herself. Sir Garnet Wolseley has been appointed to the so-called Gordon relief expedition. It is the last act in the "evacuation" comedy which separates the Soudan from Egypt, and constitutes that country a British province, over which Gordon has already proclaimed himself the *vali*. The army commanded by Sir

Garnet is doubtless destined to become an army of occupation, and, if Gordon shall be found in Khartoum when it arrives there, it will perhaps install him as Her Britannic Majesty's Viceroy of the Soudan.

The result of the recent Egyptian Conference has not been satisfactory to England. She has discovered that France, by a policy of *laisser-faire*, has finally won the sympathies of the powers, which, menaced in their commercial interests and wearied with England's arrogance, have at length given signs of protestation, and have determined to put an end to her ambition and unlimited expansion. The conference at Varzin, if rumor may be credited, will declare that England neither must nor shall be the mistress of Egypt.

The powers of Europe, then, "the highest and most authentic organ of modern Christian civilization," as Mr. Gladstone has said, should assume the joint control of Egypt, whose position is analogous to that of Belgium in 1830, and make of her an African Belgium, subject to the supreme authority of the Sultan.

The Caliph of Stamboul, as the grand Cheikh-el-Islam, in the seat of the faithful, in accord with the powers, would be bound by a common interest to

repress the schisms of his own Moslem subjects and those of England and France.

This is the future of Egypt to which a manifest destiny would commit her. The diverse interests and jealousies of the stranger within her gates would merge into this *condominium* for the benefit alike of the European and the *fellah*.

The eternal question of the East, so long a menace, may yet become a pledge for the peace of Europe. *Caveant consules!*

THE END.