THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT WITH LIFE OF GENERAL GORDON

AND OTHER PIONEERS OF FREEDOM.

PICTORIAL RECORDS

OF THE

ENGLISH IN EGYPT,

WITH LIFE OF GENERAL GORDON.

EGYPT.

Pomp of Egypt's elder day,
Shade of the mighty passed away,
Whose giant works still frown sublime
'Mid the twilight shades of time;
Fanes, of sculpture vast and rude,
That strew the sandy solitude!
Lo! before our startled eyes,
As at a wizard's wand, ye rise,
Glimmering larger through the gloom!
While on the secrets of the tomb,
Rapt in other times, we gaze.
The Mother Queen of ancient days,
Her mystic symbol in her hand,
Great Isis, seems herself to stand.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

Hail! Egypt! land of ancient pomp and pride,
Where Beauty walks by hoary Ruin's side;
Where Plenty reigns, and still the seasons smile,
And rolls—rich gift of God—exhaustless Nile.
Land of the Pyramid and Temple lone,
Where fame, a star, on earth's dark midnight shone,
Bright seat of wisdom, grand with arts and arms,
'Ere Rome was built, or smiled fair Athens' charms;
What owes the past, the living world to thee?
All that refines, sublimes humanity.

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

GENERAL GORDON.

"FOR ALL MEN RECOMMEND PATIENCE; FEW, HOWEVER, THEY ARE WHO ARE WILLING TO SUFFER.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

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LONDON:
JAMES SANGSTER & CO.,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

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OF THE

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WITH A

FULL AND DESCRIPTIVE LIFE OF

GENERAL GORDON,

THE HERO OF KHARTOUM.

Together with Graphic Narratives of the Lives and Adventures of Lord Wolseley, Stewart, Burnaby, Horatio Nelson, Abercromby, Sidney Smith, Sir John Moore, Bruce, and other World-famous Heroes.

WITH UPWARDS OF

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY WOOD ENGRAVINGS,

AND A SERIES OF COLOURED PORTRAITS FROM AUTHENTIC PHOTOGRAPHS,

PRINTED IN THE BEST STYLE OF CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.

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PICTORIAL RECORDS OF THE ENGLISH IN EGYPT

INTRODUCTION.

ENGLAND and Egypt! How strange it seems that these two countries should in any way be connected! How wonderful that the one should now so powerfully influence the other! In the whole world it would be impossible to find any pair that are more dissimilar. The one, though cold in climate, wanting in sunshine, is inhabited by a race of hardy and active men, who have however to turn the very disadvantages under which they labour into advantages; to spread themselves over all the world, and to fill the whole earth with the fame of their deeds.

The other is placed under a burning sun, which produces either the terrible sterility of the desert or the rank luxuriance of the moistened valley. It is inhabited by a race of princes, oppressors, and their miserable serfs. Here is liberty, progress, widespread comfort, Christian civilization; there is slavery, ignorance, heathen barbarism. Yet it was not always so. Unlike in many things, England and Egypt are most unlike in their past history. The history of our own country is all a thing of yesterday; the history of Egypt takes us back to the most remote past. It is connected with the very earliest annals of our race. Let us take a thousand years from the records of England: there remains but the story of a barbarous people. The exploits of Julius Cæsar in Britain belong to Rome, not to England. It is only from a good many centuries later that we can really say our history begins. Nay, if we take little more than five hundred years from our records, there is very little that is worth recording left. Let us take a little more than this. Let us go back to Magna Charta, which was obtained in 1215. There is perhaps no event before this, with the exception of the exploits of Alfred, which Englishmen can dwell upon with unmixed pleasure. After it came the growth of parliament and of constitutional freedom; all the great names in English literature; all the prosperity of our country; all the world-wide fame of our empire.

Look now at Egypt, and consider how great the difference. A thousand years ago all that makes Egypt famous in the history of the world had not only already happened, but was already in the distant past. The pyramids had been built, her great cities had flourished and decayed, Alexander and Cæsar had passed as conqueror over her; the lustre of her renown had at that distant time a hoary antiquity which is not perceptibly greater now than it was then. In old times Egypt was famed for the wisdom of its learned men and the fertility of its soil. It is said that Plato, one of the greatest men the world ever saw, travelled to Egypt 2,400 years ago, and learned the germs of his system of philosophy from the priests of that country.

According to the most authentic account, Greece derives many of her arts from it. Cecrops and Danaus were Egyptians.

"The countries which these adventurers abandoned had not, according to modern ideas, attained a very high degree of maturity in laws and government. Yet it cannot be doubted that the natives of Egypt and the East were acquainted with many improvements unknown to the Hellenic tribes. Conjectures are not to be placed in the rank of facts; yet, in matters so ancient and obscure, we may be allowed to conjecture from the only facts on record, that the invaders of Greece introduced into that country the knowledge of the Phœnician alphabet, improved the practice of agriculture, multiplied the rites of religion, and discovered to the Greeks several uses of the metals."

The fertility of Egypt was so highly esteemed in later times that that country was known as the granary of Rome. From this "granary" the supplies were drawn with which the pauper masters of the world were fed. It is to her wealth as much as to that of India, that the term "exhaustless" is applied by our own poets. How her riches had impressed the minds of our greatest poets let this extract from Shakespeare, telling of the splendid appearance of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, testify:—

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumèd, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold, of tissue—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy out-work nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

* * * *

From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature."

This is a splendid description of female beauty; but it is the beauty of an Egyptian woman, and it is painted with the rich luxury of her country for a background.

The same English notion of Egyptian wealth appears in Spenser, though in a more commonplace and almost comical form:—

"As when old father Nilus 'gins to swell
With timely pride above the Ægyptian vale,
His fattie waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plain and lowly dale."

And then the poet goes on to tell us how out of this rich and rank fertility all sorts of strange shapes are produced.

Within the past hundred years or so English interest has on several occasions been most powerfully attracted to Egypt. Our travellers, from Bruce to Livingstone, have sought the long hidden sources of the Nile; our wise men have studied the monuments of distant ages which abound in Egypt; and our soldiers have dyed its sands with their blood, and gained just glory on many a hard-fought field in that country.

Napoleon attempted through it to strike at our Indian empire; but he was checked, and his soldiers were at last utterly routed by the bravery of our troops and the skill of our generals. In our own day we have been obliged to interfere in the affairs of that country. Here our soldiers, Wolseley, Burnaby, Stewart, and many others, have added to their laurels by deeds of skill and daring. It was here that Chinese Gordon performed actions so heroic and remarkable that they are almost without parallel in the history of mankind. His former exploits were indeed remarkable, but these are more so, and his name will go down to a remote posterity connected rather with Egypt, with the Soudan, and with Khartoum still more, than with China. When will that adventurous

and almost solitary journey to Khartoum, and his heroic defence of that town against fearful odds and with the scantiest of resources, be forgotten?

It is the purpose of this work, then, to tell of the famous deeds of our countrymen in Egypt. We shall take occasion to describe that country, and to record the most remarkable and interesting facts in the past and present condition of its people. We shall tell of the brave deeds of former days wrought by Britons there; but with special and particular fulness we shall describe the war that grew out of Arabi's rebellion, and give prominence to the varying fortunes of the expedition for the relief of Khartoum.

We shall intersperse our narrative with copious and entertaining biographies of men like Gordon, Wolseley, Burnaby, and Stewart. In this we shall not only describe their Egyptian exploits, but also note what is of interest in their past life.

Our work will be copiously illustrated by some of the best artists of the day, and altogether it will form a highly entertaining and instructive record of British valour and heroism in one of the most remarkable countries in the world.

SCENE ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

THE English in Egypt.

CHAPTER I.

The Egypt of To-day — The Mysterious Nile.

IN order that we may start with a clear and precise idea of the country about which we are writing, let us give first some account of Egypt as it exists at the present day. The name Egypt, we may remark, means *black;* thus Egypt is the black land, and it is so called from the dark colour of its fertile soil. In Hebrew it has a name meaning fruitful; in Greek, also a word of the same signification.

"The extent of the cultivated land in Egypt," says Mr. Lane, "is equal to rather more than a square degree and a half; in other words, 5,500 square geographical miles. This is less than half the extent of the land which is compassed within the confines of the desert; for many parts within the limits of the cultivated land are too high to be inundated, and consequently are not cultivated; and other parts, particularly in Lower Egypt, are occupied by lakes, or mostly a drifted sand. Allowance also must be made for the space which is

occupied by towns and villages, the river, canals, etc. Lower Egypt comprises about the same extent of cultivated land as the whole of Upper Egypt." Of late years there has been a slight increase.

Some years ago the rule of the Viceroy was established over an extensive region to the south, officially called the Soudan, which comprises Lower Nubia, Senaar, Dongola, Tabia, etc., etc. Also this being taken in, Egypt comprises about 730,000 square miles. "With the exception of a few small rivers that empty into the Red Sea, the Nile is the main irrigator of the country. The White and Blue Nile unite near the city of Khartoum, forming the Nile proper, which assumes a winding north-east course through Nubia, and receives near El-Damar the Atbara coming from the south-east. It enters Egypt proper at Philal, where it descends the famous cataracts, and flows thence, unbroken by falls or rapids, and not augmented even by a rivulet, till it reaches the Mediterranean. From the cataracts the river, whose general breadth is about half a mile, flows for 600 miles through a valley bounded by hills varying in height from 300 to 1,200 feet. The average breadth of the valley is seven or eight miles; its greatest breadth is eleven miles. Anciently the whole of this valley was called Upper Egypt, but afterwards the term Middle Egypt was applied to the northern part of it. About 100 miles from the sea the hills disappear, and the river enters an extensive and perfectly level alluvial plain, where, twelve miles north of Cairo, it separates into two great streams which continually diverge until they reach the Mediterranean by mouths about eighty miles apart: the eastern at Damietta, and the western at Rosetta. This great plain is Lower Egypt. The triangular space inclosed by the two arms of the river and the sea is called the Delta, from its resemblance in shape to the Greek letter Δ; but the term Delta is sometimes applied to the whole plain, or to so much of it as consists of fertile land. The greater part of the country consists of deserts, with the exception of the valley of the Nile and a few oases. The one which was said to contain the temple of Jupiter Ammon is the largest. The desert between the Nile and the Red Sea is intersected by chains of mountains, whose highest summits attain an elevation of 6,000 feet. The most noted lake of Egypt is Berbet-el-Keroon, which is thirty miles long and three miles broad. The remains of the famous ancient artificial lake, Moeris, have been identified. North of it, at the distance of fifty miles, are the *natron* lakes, from which the water evaporates in the dry season, leaving the ground covered with a crust of natron, or carbonate of soda. Along the sea-coast of the Delta is a series of lagoons, stretching for nearly 200 miles. From a very ancient period Egypt has been divided by canals, chiefly constructed to facilitate the distribution of the water of the Nile for irrigation.

The most striking geological feature of Egypt is the vast bed of alluvium deposited by the Nile, which covers all Lower Egypt to a depth that probably averages thirty or forty feet. The predominant rocks are limestone, sandstone, and granite. The great pyramids are built of limestone, and stand on a limestone plateau. From the quarries of this sandstone most of the temples of Egypt have been built. At Assuan, at the southern extremity of the country, granite predominates, and the quarries there have chiefly furnished the materials for the obelisks and colossal statues of Egypt. The soil is of unsurpassed fertility, and its richness is annually revived by the inundation of the Nile, which deposits upon the land a coating of mud, rendering needless any other manure. In many parts ploughing is dispensed with, the seed being thrown upon the mud, and sheep, goats, and oxen turned loose in the fields to trample in the grain; though in other parts agriculture is carried on with considerable labour and care, especially where artificial irrigation can be resorted to."

"As a waterway," remarks Mr. H. A.

Webster, the well-known scientist and geographer, in his article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "leading into the heart of Africa, the Nile at first sight might appear to be of more importance than it is. Steamers, it is true, as well as sailing craft, can pass up from Egypt as far as Bedden, a distance of 2,900 miles; but even at the period of high water (June to August) the ascent of the cataracts between Wády Halfa and Berber is so dangerous for vessels of any size that the river-route is seldom followed throughout. From Wády Halfa the traveller may proceed by camel to El Ordeh (New Dongola), thence take boat to El Dabbeh or to Old Dongola, and again proceed by land either to Berber, Shendy, or Khartoum. Or, instead, he may leave the river at Korosko, and strike through the Nubian desert direct to Berber. From Berber, which is also the terminus of a route often used from Souakim (Suakin) on the Red Sea, steamers ply up the river, but it sometimes takes nineteen days to reach Khartoum. The difficulties of navigating the Kir have already been described. Above Bedden the steamer again finds a free course from Dufile to the neighbourhood of the Murchison Fall; but the route to Victoria Nyanza is again overland from Magungo. It is found more expeditious to come to the equatorial regions from the east coast than up the Nile valley.

The ancients knew little of the course of the Nile above MEROE. Juba, in his *Libyca*, quoted by Pliny, makes the Nile rise in western Mauretania, not far from the ocean, in a lake presenting characteristic Nile fauna, then pass underground for several days' journey to a similar lake in Mauretania Cæsariensis, again continue underground for twenty days' journey to the source called Nigris, on the borders of Africa and Ethiopia, and thence flow through Ethiopia as the Astapus. This tissue of invention received strange favour in the eyes of many subsequent geographers, and actually left its traces in some of our maps down to a comparatively modern time. Strabo, who ascended the river as far as Syene, states that very early investigators had connected the inundation of the lower Nile with summer rains on the far southern mountains, and that their theory had been confirmed by the observations of travellers under the Ptolemies. Nero despatched two centurions on an expedition for the express purpose of exploring the Nile; and Seneca informs us that they reached a marshy impassable region, which may be easily identified with the country of the White Nile above the mouth of the Sobat. To what they referred when they reported a great mass of water falling from between two rocks is not so readily determined. By the time of Ptolemy information had somewhat accumulated. Two streams, he says, issuing from two lakes * (one in 6° and the other in 7° S. lat.), unite in 2° N. lat. to make the Nile, which in 12° N. lat. receives the Astapus, a river flowing from Lake Coloe (on the equator). Thus it would appear that he had heard vaguely about the lakes which we know as Victoria Nyanza, Albert Nyanza, and Tana. His two southern lakes, he conceived, were fed by the melting of snows on a range of mountains running east and west for upwards of 500 miles—the Mountains of the Moon. To this opinion he was probably led by hearsay about the snow-clad summits of Kilimanjaro and Kenia. On all the subsequent history of the geography of the Nile Ptolemy's theory had an enormous influence. Mediæval maps and descriptions, both European and Arabian, reproduce the Mountains of the Moon and the equatorial lakes with a variety of probable or impossible modifications. Even Speke congratulated himself on identifying the old Ptolemean range with the high lands to the north of Tanganyika, and connected the name with that of Unyamwezi, the 'country of the moon.' Attacking the lake region from the east coast, the Portuguese ex-

* The two lakes afterwards received the names Lake of Crocodiles and Lake of Cataracts.

plorers gained a good deal of information, which found its way into such maps as those of Pigafetta (1580); but it was not till the present century that the geography of those parts was placed on the basis of fully accepted observations. On November 14th, 1770, Bruce reached Lake Tana, and considering, as he did, that the Blue Nile was the main branch, very fairly claimed for himself the honour of being the discoverer of the long-sought *caput Nili*, the source of the Nile."

In Egypt* grapes are plentiful, and other fruits abound, of which the most common are dates, figs, pomegranates, apricots, peaches, oranges, lemons, citrons, bananas, mulberries, and olives. There are no forests in Egypt, and few trees of any kind except the palm, of which there are usually groves around the villages. From the absence of forests there are few wild beasts, the principal species being the wolf, fox, jackal, hyæna, wild ass, and some herds of antelope. The chief domestic animals are camels, horses, asses, horned cattle, and sheep. The hippopotamus is no longer found in Egypt, though it is met with in the Nile above the cataracts; and the crocodile has abandoned the lower part of the river and is rare even in Upper Egypt. Among the birds are vultures (which sometimes measure 15 feet across the wings), eagles, falcons, hawks, the ibis, and the beautiful hoopoe, which is regarded with superstitious reverence. The ostrich is found in the desert. Among the reptiles is the deadly asp. Fishes abound in the Nile and in the lakes, and furnish a common and favourite article of food. Locusts occasionally invade the country and commit great ravages.

The climate of Upper Egypt differs from that of Lower Egypt, which has occasionally considerable rain, while the former is an almost totally rainless district. The average temperature of Lower Egypt ranges between 80° and 90° in summer, and 50° to 60° in winter. In Upper Egypt it is about ten degrees hotter. One of the most disagreeable features of the climate is the *khamsin*, a hot wind from the desert, which prevails for fifty days, beginning generally about May 2nd, and has a peculiarly oppressive and unhealthy effect. The population is about 6,000,000, of whom about 100,000 are foreign. The inhabitants are nearly all Mohammedans. They call themselves Arabs, though they are probably in great part descended from the ancient Egyptians. They are handsome, well-made, and courteous. In Northern Egypt they are of a yellowish complexion, growing darker towards the south, until they here become a deep bronze. Mr. Lane speaks highly of their mental capacity, and gives them credit for considerable quickness of apprehension and readiness of wit. They are highly religious, and are generally honest, cheerful, humane, and hospitable. The Arabs of pure blood belonging to Egypt are chiefly Bedouins, who dwell in tents in the desert. The native Christians, termed Copts, are the recognised descendants of the ancient inhabitants. Agriculture is the occupation of the greater part of the people.

At the head of the Government stands the Khedive, a vassal of the Sultan of Turkey, whose office is hereditary from father to son. He pays an annual tribute to Turkey. Such then is a brief picture of the present state of Egypt.

* Consult *American Clyclopædia* for a complete account.

EGYPTIAN WOMAN.

CHAPTER II.

GORDON—THE HERO AND DELIVERER.

MOTLEY and excited crowd thronged the streets of old Khartoum on the morning of February 19th, 1884. A proclamation had been issued the previous day by the famous General Gordon, promising the natives that their grievances would be redressed, and the iniquitous rule of Turk and Egyptian broken for ever. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thus described the remarkable scene that took place :—

"General Gordon arrived at Khartoum on February 18th. His arrival led to a wonderful demonstration of welcome by the people, thousands of them crowding to kiss his hands and feet, and calling him the 'Sultan of the Soudan.'

The *Times* correspondent, telegraphing the same day, says: His speech to the people was received with enthusiasm. He said: 'I come without soldiers, but with God on my side, to redress the evils of the Soudan. I will not fight with any weapons but justice. There shall be no more Bashi-Bazouks.' It is now believed that he will relieve the Bahr Gazelle garrisons without firing a shot. Since they heard that he was coming the aspect of the people has so changed that there are no longer any fears of disturbances in the town. They say that he is giving them more than even the Mahdi could give. He is sending out proclamations in all directions. Such is the influence of one man, that there are no longer any fears for the garrison or people of Khartoum.

What happened on the day of his arrival is thus described by Mr. Power: Yesterday was one series of acceptable surprises for the people of Khartoum. General Gordon's proclamation preceded him, and immediately on his arrival he summoned the officials, thus preparing the people for some salutary changes. He next held a *levée* at the Mudirieh, the entire population, even the poorest Arab, being admitted. On his way between the Mudirieh and the palace about 1,000 persons pressed forward kissing his hands and feet, and calling him 'Sultan,' 'Father,' and 'Saviour of Kordofan.'

General Gordon and Colonel Stewart at once opened offices in the palace, giving to every one with a grievance admittance and a careful hearing. The Government books, recording from time immemorial the outstanding debts of the overtaxed people, were publicly burned in front of the palace. The kourbashes, whips, and implements for administering the bastinado from Government House were all placed on the blazing pile. The evidence of debts and the emblems of oppression perished together.

In the afternoon General Gordon created a council of the local notables, all Arabs. Then he visited the hospital and arsenal. With Colonel Stewart, Coetlogon Pasha, and the English consul, he visited the prison, and found it to be a dreadful den of misery. Two hundred wretches loaded with chains lay there. They were of all ages, boys and old men, some having never been tried, some having been proved innocent, but forgotten for over six months, some arrested on suspicion and detained there more than three years, many merely prisoners of war, and one a woman, who had spent fifteen years in the prison for a crime committed when she was a girl. General Gordon at once commenced to demolish this Bastille. All the prisoners will be briefly examined, and, if it be advisable, set at liberty. Before it was dark

scores of wretches had had their chains struck off, and to-day Colonel Stewart is continuing this work.

Last night the town was in a blaze of illumination, the bazaar being hung with cloth and coloured lamps, and the private houses beautifully decorated. There was even a fine display of fireworks by the negro population, who indulged in great rejoicings till midnight.

The people are devoted to General Gordon, whose desire is to save the garrison and for ever leave the Soudan—as perforce it must be left—to the Soudanese.

General Gordon has appointed Afresh Bey Shilook, a negro, who won the Legion of Honour under Bazaine in Mexico, commandant of the troops remaining in Khartoum. All the Soudanese are to stay, all the white troops are to go to Omdurman, on the other side of the White Nile, and to be sent down the river in detachments, with their families, and the Europeans who wish to go. On the 20th he opened two new gates in the fortifications, and abolished the octroi and market duties.

A correspondent thus reports his proceedings on the 21st:—

All the fellaheen troops have been ordered back to Cairo. General Gordon is perfectly confident that he will accomplish the pacification of the Soudan without firing a shot, such is the effect of the almost incredible influence which he has hourly manifested.

Colonel Stewart is hard at work examining the prisons and liberating the poor wretches confined in them. Many of them have been waiting several years for trial; many have remained long after their sentences had expired. In many cases the offences are unknown to the gaolers, and one man has been in confinement for a year awaiting his trial for stealing property to the value of five shillings.

To-day Sheikh Belud, of Khartoum, was carried into General Gordon's presence with his feet fearfully mutilated. Six weeks ago Hussein Pasha Cheri, the late Vice-Governor, bastinadoed the old man till the sinews of his feet were exposed. General Gordon has telegraphed to Cairo to have £50 stopped from Hussein Pasha Cheri's pay for the benefit of the sheikh. If he objects to this deduction he is to be returned for trial.

The minor authorities are accustomed to demand baksheesh from all people entering the one gate which is left open. General Gordon has now opened two more gates and prohibited the custom, and he has proclaimed a free market. He has also established boxes, into which the people can drop petitions and complaints. All these are examined, and the blame is quickly saddled on any official guilty of not allowing a petitioner the full benefit of the proclamation.

The proclamation is posted everywhere. It gives more than the Mahdi has promised, and is quickly restoring peace and secure government. The General believes that the petition-box system is equally applicable to Lower Egypt, and that it would go far to abolish the abuses incident to pasha rule."

For long years the inhabitants of the countries bordering on Upper Egypt had been ground down by taxation and harried by the slave-dealers. The brave Gordon came amongst them as their friend; under his former rule the resources of the country had been wonderfully developed, and when he left the Soudan in the year 1879—after five and a half years of unwearied and unselfish labour—he could say with truth, "I have cut off the slave-dealers in their strongholds; and I made the people love me!"

Gordon has ever shown amazing patience in his dealings with the African natives. "Theirs is a life," he said, "of fear and misery night and day! One does not wonder at their not fearing death. No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands—heat and mosquitoes day and night all the year round. But I like the work, for I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people."

This spirit of unselfishness and of a sublime charity runs through all his work. Every man, black or white, was "neighbour" to him, and he ever fulfilled the command of his great Master, to "love his neighbour as himself." Against oppression and vice he could, however, be stern and severe. Not a few ruffians whom he caught red-handed in flagrant acts of cruelty were executed without mercy. So that the same man who, by the down-trodden people, was called the "Good Pasha," was to the robber and murderer a terror and an avenger. Gordon was determined to do what lay in his power, even if it cost him his life, to put down the slave-trade. "I will do it," he said, "for I value my life as nought, and should only leave much weariness for perfect peace."

The same record is borne of his previous career in China. He found the richest and most fertile districts of that country in the hands of the most savage brigands. The silk districts were the scenes of their cruelty and riot, and the great historical cities of Hankow and Soochow were rapidly following the fate of Nanking, and were becoming desolate ruins in their possession. Gordon recovered the great cities, isolated and utterly discouraged the brigand power, and left them nothing but a few tracts of devastated country and their stronghold of Nanking.

Writing to Earl Russell in the year 1864, Sir Frederick Bruce, the English ambassador at Pekin, bore the following testimony to Gordon's services:—"Independently of the skill and courage he has shown, his disinterestedness has elevated our national character in the eyes ot the Chinese. Not only has he refused any pecuniary reward, but he has spent more than his pay in contributing to the comfort of the officers who served under him, and in assuaging the distress of the starving population, whom he relieved from the yoke of their oppressors. Indeed the feeling that impelled him to resume operations after the fall of Soochow was one of the purest humanity. He sought to save the people of the districts that had been recovered from a repetition of the misery entailed upon them by this cruel civil war."

The life of General Gordon has been full of deeds of daring and hairbreadth escapes. He was not much past middle life, but in his adventurous career he saw more active and arduous service than most veterans of threescore and ten. Events follow each other in the life of Gordon with such rapidity that it is almost as difficult to give a sketch of his career as it is for an artist to draw his features. He flashes from Asia to Europe, and then to Africa, more after the manner of a telegraphic message than of a living being subject to the fatigues and necessities of a mortal man.

That he was a genius none will deny, but he had higher qualities than mere superiority of intellect or force of will. Gordon combined within himself not only the strength of purpose, the nobility of soul, the bravery and contempt of personal danger, that characterize the Paladin of romance, but within and above all this, are modesty, unselfishness, devotion to duty, and unquestioning faith. "His individuality," says Archibald Forbes, "stands out in its incomparable blending of masterfulness and tenderness, of strength and sweetness. His high nature is made the more chivalrous by his fervent piety. His absolute trust in God guides him serenely through the sternest difficulties. Because of that he is alone in no solitude, he is depressed in no extremity. The noble character has its complement in a keen sense of humour. No matter how sombre the situation, if there be a comic side to any incident, Gordon sees it and enjoys it. That he has lived through strain so intense, and toil so arduous, is probably due to the never-failing fountain of blitheness that wells up in his nature. He must be richly endowed with the rare gift of personal magnetism. Without that men have attained to greatness: but never with the scantiness of means at command that has thrown Gordon back

GORDON ON THE WAY TO KHARTOUM.

mainly on the resources of his own personality; nor ever with the scrupulousness that has been one of the most strongly marked traits of his career.

This may be a plodding and prosaic age; but no age can be so conventionalised that a man of Gordon's attributes may not find his opportunities to perform achievements the lustre of which stirs the astonishment and admiration of peoples who can yet appreciate the gifts that alone render those achievements possible. Gordon's modesty is great, but it would be unnatural and impossible that he should not feel an honest pride in the implicit confidence that leans on his ability to perform, single-handed, the seemingly impossible. This confidence has been earned by deeds, not words; no arts have fostered its growth; it may be said to have come almost in spite of the man in whom it is reposed."

Gordon's career may be roughly divided as follows:—In the Crimea, during the war with Russia; settling the frontier lines in Bessarabia, and afterwards in Asia Minor; suppressing the Taiping rebellion in China; engaged on the defences of the Thames at Tilbury; appointed to the control of the Soudan; a visit to the Mauritius, and a brief sojourn at the Cape (the latter colony, it is said, being the only place in which his great capabilities and high character were unappreciated); and a briefer visit to India as private secretary to Lord Ripon; and finally his defence of Khartoum, and murder there.

But China was the country destined to give to the young engineer the sobriquet by which he is now best known—"Chinese Gordon." Here he first developed that marvellous power above all other men, of engaging the confidence, respect, and love of wild and irregular soldiery.

With the rank of captain he joined the army before Pekin, in 1860. Accompanied by Lieutenant Cardew, of the 67th Regiment, he soon after made his celebrated tour, on horseback, to the Great Wall of China, at Kalgan.

We next hear of him at Shanghai, defending it against the Taipings, who threatened its destruction. In storming the town of Kintang, Gordon was shot through the leg; but the rebels were beaten off, and the Chinese Government, in its gratitude for his services, made him a mandarin and gave him the highest rank in their army, and well did he deserve the honour. "Never," wrote the *Times*, "did soldier of fortune deport himself with a nicer sense of military honour, with more gallantry against the resisting, and with more mercy towards the vanquished, with more disinterested neglect of opportunities of personal advantage, or with more active devotion to the objects and desires of his own Government, than this officer who, after all his victories, has just laid down his sword." This was in 1864.

CHAPTER III.

GORDON — HIS YOUTH AND EARLY CAREER — ADVENTURES DURING THE SIEGE OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE life of Gordon is so remarkable, and contains so much of unique and special interest, that we intend to describe even the parts of it that are not directly connected with Egypt with some moderate degree of fulness. At the end of our last chapter we gave in a few lines the headings, so to speak, of the various divisions into which his life naturally falls. This division we now proceed to follow :—

Charles George Gordon was the fourth son of Lieutenant-General Henry William Gordon, of the Royal Artillery, and was born at Woolwich, in January, 1833. His early education was received at a school at Taunton. At the age of fifteen he entered the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. He must have worked hard at the Academy, for in July, 1852, he received his commission as second lieutenant in the Royal Engineers. For a short time he was engaged in making plans for forts at the entrance of Pembroke Haven, and in November, 1854, he received orders to sail for Corfu.

Charles Gordon was naturally anxious to see more active service, and lived in the hope of being sent to the Crimea. The accounts of the protracted siege works aroused deep interest in the mind of the young lieutenant of Engineers. It was natural that he shou'd display no great eagerness to revisit the Ionian Islands, where his father had commanded the Artillery at Corfu for some years during Charles's boyhood. He therefore asked two months' leave, to be spent on duty at Pembroke. This he obtained, and at length his heart's desire was granted, his route was changed, and in December he left England for the Crimea.

On January 1st, 1855, Gordon landed at Balaklava from the transport *Golden Fleece*. A few months earlier the *Times* correspondent, Dr. Russell, had voyaged in this same vessel, when he had a rough time of it. On rounding Cape Malea, he says, "the wind rushed at us with fury, and we saw the sea broken into crests of foam, making right at our bows. In fact we had good reason for believing that the old mariners were not without warranty when they advised 'him who doubled Cape Malea to forget his home.' We had got right into an Etesian wind—one of those violent Levanters which the learned among us said ought to be the Euroclydon, which drove St. Paul to Malta. Its violence was considerable, and sheltered as we were to eastward by clusters of little islands, the sea began to get up, and roll in confused wedges towards the ship. She behaved nobly, and went over them buoyantly and with great ease, but with her small auxiliary steam power she could scarcely hold her own against the stiff breeze. As it increased we were driven away to leeward, and did not make much headway. The gusts came down furiously between all kinds of classical islands, which we could not make out, for our Maltese pilot got frightened, and revealed the important secret that he did not know one of them from the other! The men bore up well against their Euroclydon, and emulated the conduct of the ship, and night came upon us, labouring in black jolting seas, dashing them into white spray, and running away into dangerous unknown

parts, without caring in the least for the consequences. It passed songless, dark, agitated, and uncomfortable, and much was the suffering in the hermetically-sealed cells in which our officers reposed."

Gordon landed in the very middle of the terrible "black winter." The great storm of the previous November had caused great havoc with the encampments, and had shipwrecked a great fleet of vessels laden with stores that would have mitigated the rigour of the bitter winter. Everywhere prevailed misery, disease, and discontent.

"Evidence of military capacity is not wanting," says Mr. Hake, "even at this early period of Gordon's soldiering; and the serene, earnest, and religious fervour which has since been characteristic of the man was at this time distinctly marked. Years have only served to strengthen, not to change it."

From February 28th to April 9th, Gordon's duty was limited to the making of new batteries in the advance trenches. During the whole of this time active operations against the enemy seemed to have almost ceased, save for a prolonged and feeble duel between the French rocket battery and the Russian artillery, the effect of which was very slight on either side. Now and then the wearisome work of throwing up battery after battery was relieved by the excitement of a dropping fire, either from the enemy's trenches or from the heights in the rear, and this was returned by the working-party under the command of the Engineer officer.

It was during this time that Gordon met with a very narrow escape from a bullet fired at him from one of the lower Russian rifle-pits, some 180 yards away. The missile passed within an inch of his head; but in referring to the incident in one of his letters home his only comment is: "The Russians are very good marksmen; their bullet is large and pointed."

A few days after this one of his captains, named Craigie, was killed by a splinter from the enemy's shells; and Gordon, writing home of the casualty, winds up by saying: "I am glad to say that he (Captain Craigie) was a serious man. The shell burst above him, and by what is called chance struck him in the back, killing him at once."

On April 9th, heavy firing, which had ceased for a little, was resumed on both sides, and continued, with short intervals of cessation, up to the 30th. During this time the casualties in the trenches were many, with a large proportion of officers to men among the killed. Gordon was untouched, though actively engaged during the whole time, and present at several sorties in front of the Redan, in one of which several officers and seventy men were killed and wounded. Writing on April 20th, he refers to the weakness of our allies. He says: "I think we might have assaulted on Monday, but the French do not seem to care about it. The garrison is 25,000, and on that day we heard afterwards that only 800 men were in the place, so the rest had gone to repel an attack (fancied) of ours at Inkerman." And on April 30th he says: "We are still pushing batteries forward as much as possible, but cannot advance until the French take the Mamelon, as it enfilades our advance works. Until that occurs, things are at a standstill." This was on April 30th. Thenceforward, until early in the month of June, active operations ceased; and, though innumerable councils of war were held, nothing definite was done or decided upon.

Gordon's letters home during this time have no special interest for readers now-a-days. In one he says, "We have a great deal to regret in the want of good, working clergymen, there being none here that I know of who interest themselves about the men." He had a high respect for the soldierhood of the Russians: "The Russians certainly are inferior to none; their work is stupendous, and their shell-practice beautiful." Again he says, "The Russians are downhearted though determined; they are much to be admired, and

their officers are quite as cool as our officers under fire."

On the 6th of June the English opened fire from all their batteries, and there ensued a tremendous artillery duel, in which 1,000 guns were engaged. The casualties on the Russian side were numerous, while our own were few. Gordon, who was in the trenches during the whole time, was returned as among the wounded, but his injury was such that he was able to continue his duty. A stone, thrown up by a round shot, stunned him for a second, but did him no further hurt.

On the following day the French attacked the Mamelon, and the redoubts of Selinghinck and Volhynia. The Russians retreated towards the Malakoff, and were rapidly followed by the French; but the latter were so punished by the guns from the tower that they had to retire, pursued

GORDON'S BATTERY, CRIMEA.

by the very enemy they had been pursuing. However, they attacked again, and while we secured the Quarries, they carried the Mamelon, as well as the redoubts beforenamed. "Only a few lines," writes his brother from the scene of action, "to say Charlie is all right, and has escaped amidst a terrific shower of grape and shells of every description. You may imagine the suspense I was kept in until assured of his safety. He cannot write himself, and is now fast asleep in his tent, having been in the trenches from two o'clock yesterday morning during the cannonade until seven last night, and again from 12.30 this morning until noon."

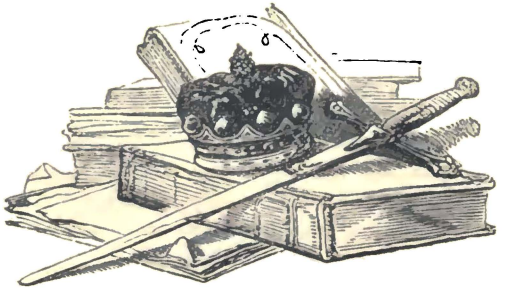
Gordon, in his account of this successful assault says: "I do not think the place (Sebastopol) can hold out another ten days; and once taken, the Crimea is ours." Sebastopol did hold out for nearly ten times ten days, but many officers in high command have since expressed their belief that the siege might have been brought to an end

in June instead of September. When Gordon wrote, the allied armies numbered nearly 165,000; the French were erecting a battery on the Mamelon; the Russian works had been completely ruined, and their fleet—its old position made untenable by the capture of the redoubts—had moved out into the middle of the harbour. There was an armistice for a few days for the burial of the dead, and had it been succeeded by a bold assault upon the Malakoff Tower, the Redan, and the central bastion, the probability is that Gordon's impression as to the duration of the siege would have proved correct.

Instead of this, however, there ensued a period of inactivity, during which Gordon in his letters home for the first and only time alludes to his wants,—a map of the Crimea and a bottle of Rowland's Odonto. From this time forth to the evacuation of Sebastopol on September 8th, the siege operations were proceeded with slowly and deliberately, but with a lack of energy and activity that was wearisome and irritating. Gordon's duty kept him in the trenches during the whole time.

In writing his biography of "Gordon of Gordon's Battery," Colonel Chesney takes occasion to say something of the character his Crimean service had earned for that gallant officer's junior of the same name. He says: "Gordon had first seen war in the hard school of the 'black winter' of the Crimean War. In his humble position as an engineer subaltern he had attracted the notice of his superiors, not merely by his energy and activity (for these are not, it may be asserted, uncommon characteristics of his class), but by an extraordinary aptitude for war, developing itself amid the trench-work before Sebastopol in a personal knowledge of the enemy's movements such as no other officer attained. 'We used always to send him out to find what new move the Russians were making,' was the testimony given to his genius by one of the most distinguished officers he served under."

Here is another bit from Gordon's experiences during this great siege, which was indeed a baptism of fire to him: "During the night of the 8th I had heard terrific explosions, and going down to the trenches at four next morning, I saw a splendid sight. The whole of Sebastopol was in flames, and every now and then terrible explosions took place, while the rising sun shining on the place had a most beautiful effect. The Russians were leaving the town by the bridge; all the three-deckers were sunk, the steamers alone remaining. Tons and tons of powder must have been blown up. About eight o'clock I got an order to commence a plan of the works, for which purpose I went to the Redan, where a dreadful sight was presented. The dead were buried in the ditch—the Russians with the English—Mr. Wright reading the burial service over them." The fires in the town continued until the following day, so that it was not safe for the English troops to attempt to effect an entry until the evening of the 10th; and when they did enter it was but to take possession of the heap of ruins that had once been the strong fortress of Sebastopol.



CHAPTER IV.

GORDON—IN ASIA MINOR—ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT—RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

YOUNG as he was, Gordon had made his mark. His devotion to his profession had well earned the warm commendation of his superiors. Sir Harry Jones especially mentioned him as an officer who had done gallant service, and indicated that he had earned promotion, if the regulations of his corps had permitted that advancement. From the French Government he received the order of the Legion of Honour, a token of distinction conferred on few officers of his rank, for as yet he was a subaltern. His promotion as first lieutenant had come to him in February, 1855, just as he began his trench work, but he was not to get his captaincy until three years after the Crimean War had ended.

Gordon was afterwards engaged for a period of four months, almost without interruption, in destroying the dockyard, forts, quays, barracks, and store-houses of the fallen stronghold. With this work of demolition—a work as uninteresting as it was arduous—his duties in the Crimea came to an end.

In May, 1856, Gordon was appointed Assistant Commissioner, and ordered to join Major Stanton in Bessarabia, to help in the work of laying down the new frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Roumania. The duties of Gordon and his colleague James were to trace a boundary about 100 miles in length, and then to compare the Russian maps with their own—to discover in fact whether the former were correct, and in case they were not, to survey the ground afresh. To go about in the summer days and nights, with Eastern cities to visit, and a new and delightful country to explore, was no unpleasant change for two young fellows, war-worn and weary with a year's service in the Crimea, and with month after month of bitter work in the trenches. Gordon enjoyed himself greatly, and was keenly interested in all he saw.

So many disputes arose between the various representatives that the settlement of the question detained the commissioners eleven months in these districts. During this period Gordon was engaged in travelling from place to place, now on surveying expeditions, now as the bearer of despatches, now as the maker of fresh maps of disputed points. In this way he visited Akerman, Bolgrad, Kotimore, Kichenev, Reni Seratyika, and Jassy. There was great variety in the life he led, and with his inquiring mind and sunny temper he was not the man to let time hang heavily on his hands; yet when the survey came to an end, he was sorry to find himself ordered to undertake similar duties in another country. Indeed, in April, 1857, when he received instructions to join Colonel Simmons for delimitating the boundary in Asia, he sent a telegram home asking whether it were possible for him to exchange. But his value was already known, and the answer said: "Lieutenant Gordon must go."

While in the execution of his duties as commissioner he visited many places—Erzeroum, Kars, Erivan, the ruins of Arni—he yet found time to study the strategic points of a country illustrious and interesting as the scene of many battles. And while at Erivan he ascended Little and Great Ararat, with the view of personally ascertaining their respective heights. Here it was that he first met with uncivilized tribes—tribes not unlike those with which in

later life he was so brilliantly to deal; and he already showed how he would one day influence such in the manner in which he mixed with Kurds, and fraternized with their chiefs.

After six months thus spent in these regions, he went back to Constantinople to be present at a conference of the commission. Here he remained longer than he expected, to nurse his chief, who had fallen ill. This done, he was not sorry to return to England after his three years' absence. Another six months in England and he was once more sent to Armenia as commissioner. Here he remained from the spring of 1858 until nearly the end of the year, employed in verifying the frontier he had taken so active a part in laying down, and in examining the new road between the Russian and Turkish dominions.

In April, 1859, Gordon attained the rank of captain, and for some months he was engaged at Chatham as Field-work Instructor.

GORDON IN ARMENIA, 1857.

What was thought of Gordon at this early period of his career by those with whom he was brought into contact? Their opinion was highly favourable, it is true, yet they scarcely could fathom as yet the nobility of his character or the greatness of his genius. England hardly gave scope in which the character of such a man could develop itself, though it was characteristic of him that he soon attacked the most difficult task in all modern England—that task being the spiritual and material improvement of the masses lapsed in vice and ignorance. It was however among the crowded population of China and among the vast and solitary deserts of Africa that he was to prove how great a man he was. He was also there to show, not only that he was a great man, but that he was a humble Christian.

CHAPTER V.

GORDON—THE CHINESE WAR—SACK OF THE SUMMER PALACE—JOURNEY TO THE GREAT WALL.

GORDON now entered upon one of the most interesting parts of his romantic career. He left England for China in 1860, and on reaching Hong Kong the mail came in with the news of the capture of the Taku forts. He continued his journey to Tientsin, where he learned that the representatives of the British ambassador, with their escort, had been made prisoners and carried off to Pekin. One of the party was his old friend

GORDON IN CHINA, 1863—NARROW ESCAPE NEAR SOOCHOW.

De Norman, with whom he had served in India, Messrs. Parkes, Loch, and Boulby, the correspondent of the *Times*, Captains Anderson and Brabazon, and fourteen others. They were taken prisoners by Sankolinsin, the Chinese general, and treated with horrible cruelty in the dungeons of Pekin, whence few of the party emerged alive.

To avenge this barbarous insult, Lord Elgin at once informed the Chinese authorities that he would sign no convention with the Imperial commissioners except within the walls of Pekin. The penalty must be one that would ring throughout the whole empire. The British troops, under Sir Hope Grant, were set in motion, and Pekin was reached on October

6th. Giving the Chinese till noon of the 13th to surrender the Anting Gate, the allied troops prepared for the assault. Gordon was busy getting the siege-train ready for action. "We were sent down," he writes, "in a great hurry to throw up works and batteries against the town. . . . We made a lot of batteries, and everything was ready for the assault of the wall, which is battlemented, and forty feet high, but of inferior masonry." The day previous, however, the gate was opened, so their work was of no avail.

As it was proved that the prisoners had been tortured in Yuen-ming-yuen, the celebrated Summer Palace, the clothing of the victims having been found in it, and their horses in the stables, orders were given to destroy it by fire.

"What remains of the palace," sternly said Lord Elgin, "which appears to be the place at which several of the British captives were subjected to the grossest indignities, will be immediately levelled to the ground: this condition requires no assent on the part of His Highness Prince Kung" (the plenipotentiary of the emperor), "because it will be at once carried into effect by the commander-in-chief."

The costly bonfire was kindled on October 18th, and burned fiercely during the whole of the next day. Prince Yung unconditionally submitted to the demands of the allies, and a few days later a treaty was signed with much pomp in the Hall of Ceremonies, around which bristled British bayonets in the very heart of the Imperial city. The Imperial palace, with its surrounding buildings, upwards of two hundred in number, covered an area of eight by ten miles in extent. Gordon deplored the stern necessity; he says, "It made one's heart sore to burn them." And we cannot wonder at this, for the Summer Palace was at once the Windsor Palace, the South Kensington Museum, and the British Museum of China. And though it was all this it was set on fire, and in two days the splendid palace was completely destroyed.

The author of "Our Own Times" thus writes of this Summer Palace:—"It covered an area of many miles. The palace of Adrian, at Tivoli, might have been hidden in one of its courts. Gardens, temples, small lodges and pagodas, groves, grottoes, lakes, bridges, terraces, artificial hills, diversified the vast space. All the artistic treasures, all the curiosities—archæological and other—that Chinese wealth and Chinese taste, such as it was, could bring together, had been accumulated in this magnificent pleasaunce. The surrounding scenery was beautiful. The high mountains of Tartary ramparted one side of the inclosure."

With Sir Hope Grant's force Gordon went into winter quarters at Tientsin, and here he remained in command of the Royal Engineers until the spring of 1862.

In December, 1861, accompanied by Lieutenant Cardew, he made a tour on horseback to the Outer Wall of China, at Kalgan. A Chinese lad, of the age of fourteen, who knew a little English, acted as their servant and interpreter, while their baggage was carried in two carts. In the course of their journey they passed through districts which had never before been visited by Europeans. Against the northern side of the city of Sinen-hoa they found that the sand had drifted with the wind, till it had formed a sloping bank so high that it reached to the top of the walls, though they were nearly twenty feet high. Nature had followed in the steps of the generals of old, and had cast up a bank against the tower. At Kalgan, the Great Wall was, with its parapet, about twenty-two feet high and sixteen feet broad.

A good account of a recent visit to this border town of China, is given by Mr. Gilmour in his vastly interesting book, "Among the Mongols." He says:—

"The traveller coming from the north by the zigzag course of the torrent-bed leading down from the 'Handle Pass,' travels ten or twelve miles without seeing anything of Kalgan, till, turning a corner, he comes upon houses so crowded upon insufficient

standing-ground in a recess of the valley, that some of them are perched high up on natural or artificial terraces on the hillside. This may be called the north-west suburb of Kalgan, and here it is that the Russians engaged in the tea trade are located. From this point down to Kalgan proper, the traveller passes between two almost continuous lines of Chinese shops, defended from the river by substantial masonry, and pressed back close to the steep hill, looking like spectators forced up against the walls when the street is cleared to allow a procession to pass along a narrow roadway. The great highway from the river-bed into Kalgan goes straight up a breakwater, rising so high and so abruptly, that it is only with great difficulty that loaded carts can ascend or descend. Attempts are made from time to time to make the ascent more gradual by heaping up gravel, but it seems to be no one's duty to keep this part of the road in permanent repair; the continual traffic, or a flood in the river, wears down, or carries away, this temporary embankment, and the struggling of horses and oxen to drag their loads up this breakwater are painful to witness. Most likely, when this point is reached, the traveller finds the way blocked by some disabled team, which makes repeated and ineffectual efforts to scramble up the steep, the obstruction thus offered to the traffic not only causing a crowd of carts to collect in the river, but packing up the narrow street leading to the gate in such a way as to make it difficult even for a horseman to pass. At the gate itself, it seems to be the custom for riders to dismount, probably as a means of showing respect to, and thus in a manner propitiating, the officials and underlings who watch the traffic in the interest of the inland revenue.

Kalgan is divided into two parts, upper and lower, and is a busy, crowded place, with streets not much too wide for carts to pass, and paved with great blocks of stone. When first laid, these stones were doubtless smooth and made a good road, but long wear has made havoc of them. In some places they are worn into deep ruts, and in some places large parts seem to have disappeared. Bounded on one side by the river, the houses are built so closely into the foot of the steep hill that forms the limit of the town on the other side, that some considerable danger is to be apprehended lest masses of rock, disintegrated by frost and rain from the precipices that frown above, should rush down the hillside and crush the houses beneath. One night in summer people in bed heard the rush as of an avalanche on the side of the hill, and the light of next morning revealed a mass of stones that had descended from a position high up the cliff. Many of the stones were large, but one larger than the rest, and of a shape somewhat resembling that of a block from which a millstone nine feet thick and twelve feet in diameter could be conveniently hewn, had bounded away far beyond them all, and had been brought up only by having happened to leap down into a water-cut gully, where it stuck fast. Had this boulder not been stopped here, it would have leaped crashing down through the roofs of the outhouses of a Chinese merchant's store. The story goes that some time before, a missionary had made some attempt at buying or renting the premises in question, but unsuccessfully. The sight of the stone, however, and the narrowness of the escape, were not without effect on the Chinaman's mind, and it is said that a few days afterwards word was sent to the foreigner that he might have the place if he wished it.

In some places the houses come so closely in to the foot of the mountain that in climbing it is needful to be careful lest the foot should dislodge a stone that might fall down, endangering life and property. The houses so situated, however, are for the most part those of the poorest class; but the shops and establishments of many wealthy firms, though situated on the main street, do not consider themselves safe from the dangers of the floods; and the observing

stranger on his first arrival may be puzzled by noticing grooved stones or timbers standing on either side of the front entrances of places of business. A set of planks are kept in readiness somewhere inside, and when a dangerous inundation seems imminent, these planks are brought out, let into the grooves, and driven home, thus forming a barrier to the flood, should it come surging down.

One of my most weird recollections of Kalgan, is that of making my way to an inn along the great length of its streets one summer evening, fording or being carried across the yellow streams that flowed from a thunderstorm in which I had been caught when out on a visit. The light of day was prematurely extinguished by the great clouds that were fast gathering, black and thick among the mountain-tops; belated travellers hurrying homewards clambered eagerly on the backs of bare-legged men that stood on the edges of the streams ready to transport passengers for a few cash; and from end to end the streets resounded with the din of the shopmen hammering in their water-boards, afraid of a flood in the night. The weirdness of the situation was heightened by the recollection of the flood which a year or two before had broken its bounds, and, amid the horrors of storm and darkness, had swept to destruction some scores of panic-stricken people."

An adventure in a dust storm which Gordon experienced is thus described in his own words:—"The sky was as dark as night; huge columns of dust came sweeping down, and it blew a regular hurricane, the blue sky appearing now and then through the breaks. The quantity of dust was indescribable. A canal, about fifty miles long and eighteen feet wide, and seven feet deep, was completely filled up; and boats which had been floating merrily down the Tientsin found themselves at the end of the storm on a bank of sand, the canal being filled up, and the waters absorbed. They will have to be carried to the Peiho, and have already commenced to move. The canal was everywhere passable, and will have to be re-excavated."

But we cannot go fully into all Gordon's wonderful adventures during this journey. Let us again pick up our travellers at Taitang, on the Great Wall of China, which Gordon minutely examined.

There they saw huge caravans of camels, laden with "brick tea," going towards Russia. They were now forced to have the axle-trees of their carts widened, for they had come into a part of the country where the wheels were always set wider apart than in the province whence they came. Their carts, therefore, were no longer fitted for the deep ruts which had been worn in the roads. The chief object of their journey had been to ascertain whether there was in the Inner Wall any pass besides the Tchatiasu, which on that side of the country led from the Russian territory to Pekin. They pushed along southwards, in vain trying for a long time to find a way eastward over the mountains. It was not till they reached Taiyuen that they struck into the road that led to Pekin or Tientsin.

In this town, for the first time on their journey, they got into any kind of trouble. When the bill was brought them for their night's lodging, they found that the charge was enormous. Seeing that a dispute would arise, they sent on their carts, and waited at the inn till they felt sure that these had got well on their way. They then offered what they thought a reasonable sum. It was refused. They tried to mount their horses, but the people of the inn stopped them. Captain Gordon took out his revolver, for show more than for use, for he allowed them to take it from him. He thereupon said, "Let us go to the mandarin." To this they agreed, and at the same time they gave him back his revolver. They all walked towards the mandarin's house, the two Englishmen alongside their horses. On the way Gordon and his companion mounted quietly and went on with the people. When they reached the mandarin's, they turned their horses, and scampered after

their carts as fast as they could. The people yelled and rushed after them, but it was too late.

Some way beyond Taiyuen they came upon the pass over the mountains which led down into the country drained by the Peiho. The descent was a terrible one. All along the cold had been intense, so much so, that raw eggs were frozen hard as if they had been boiled. To add to their troubles, when they were on in front their carts were attacked by robbers; but the Chinese lad—an ugly imp—kept them off with his gun. When they drew near Paoting-fu they sent on with the lad the two carts and their tired horses, which had now carried them for three weeks without the break of a single day, and they hired a fresh cart, in which they thought to ride to Tientsin. But with the boy gone they had no interpreter, and in their impatience, "their new driver got rather crossly dealt with." They stopped near Paoting-fu for the night. Early next morning, as they were washing, they heard the gates of the inn open, and the rumble of cart-wheels. They guessed what was happening. "Half-stripped as I was, I rushed out, and saw our cart bolting away. I ran for a mile after it, but had to come back and hire another, with which we got to Tientsin more than fourteen days over our leave."

CHAPTER VI.

GORDON—THE TAIPINGS AND THE EVER-VICTORIOUS ARMY—OUR HERO'S WONDERFUL EXPLOITS.

ABOUT thirty years ago a religious sect arose in the south of China, near Canton, under the denomination of "God-worshippers," whose tenets were based upon the leading doctrines of Christianity. "The leader of the sect was a poor, unsuccessful schoolmaster named Hung-tsue-tsuen, who had imbibed his views from reading religious tracts in the Chinese language, issued by Protestant missionaries. He was a man of a fanatical disposition, and in his enthusiasm for the new doctrines that dawned upon his mind, he mingled political views of a revolutionary character to overthrow the reigning Manchoo Tartar dynasty, and restore in his person one purely Chinese. This politico-religious movement found acceptance among the many discontented people that always exist in China, where rebellion is the rule in one or other of its provinces.

At the outset, it comprised a small resolute band of men, who came into collision with a party of Imperial troops, whom they defeated. They marched northwards in their career, increasing in strength until they became a mighty host, numbering millions in their ranks, devastating the fairest provinces and capturing some of the greatest cities.

For twelve years they traversed the country from south to north through twelve hundred miles of latitude, and from west to east over six hundred miles of longitude, creating an internecine strife over an area approximating to seven hundred and twenty thousand square miles, equal to six times the superficies of the entire United Kingdom. Like a vast flight of locusts devouring every green thing in their way, 'leaving

not a wrack behind,' this revolutionary horde swept over the land, consuming the food of the industrious inhabitants, burning and sacking cities, towns, and villages, and strewing their path with victims until more than ten millions of human beings were either killed in fight or died from famine, disease, and massacre. Yet the leaders of the movement impiously promulgated their dogmas as sanctioned by the Almighty for the establishment of a 'Peaceful Heavenly Kingdom,' based upon Christianity.

When the first accounts of the movement reached Europe, most people thought they saw in it the hand of Divine Providence for the regeneration of the Chinese through the dissemination of the gospel. But these hopes gradually faded away as the movement progressed in its hideous career, subversive of all the laws of God and man. As the monster horde increased in power and success, its leader from time to time abandoned the quasi-Christian views he had started with, until he assumed the attributes of divinity, and styled himself the 'Heavenly King,' who had ascended into heaven and held converse with the Deity."

From the impious assertion that he held communication with the heavenly host, it is evident that Hung-tsue-tsuen was conversant with the Koran, and had taken a leaf out of Mohammed's book to mingle with the garbled quotations from the Scriptures. Be that as it may, there is abundant reason in all his writings, sayings, and doings to pronounce him one of the most blasphemous impostors the world has ever seen. Neither at this time nor in 1847, when he went to Canton and put himself under the teaching of Mr. Issachar Roberts, a resident American missionary, did he show any disposition to be a sober searcher after religious truth, but only sought that which would give force and shape to his own Divine mission.

From the hour when Hung arose from his sick-bed, after his first forty-days' trance, and, poor and nameless, proclaimed his *avatar* by fixing on his door-post the proclamation, "The noble principles of the Heavenly King, the Sovereign King Isuen," on through success and defeat and Imperial opposition, up to the hour of his death at Nanking, when human flesh was selling in the market at so much per catty, he seems never to have wavered or abated one jot of his claim to supreme rule on earth.

The son of a small peasant farmer, and himself a poor literate, afflicted with fits of madness, and trances, and visions, he was to sweep over the great Flowery Land, and cause devastation in sixteen provinces and six hundred cities. His earthly existence was extinguished amid the horrors of the siege of Nanking; his body was found by the Imperial conqueror "enveloped in yellow satin embroidered with dragons; his head was bald, without hair; his moustache remained, but had become grey." As soon as the examination had been concluded, the head was secured, and the remainder of the body was burned, almost all China exclaiming, with Pekin officialdom, "Words cannot convey any idea of the misery and desolation he caused: the measure of his iniquity was full, and the wrath of both gods and men was roused against him."

Soon after establishing himself at Nanking, he entirely secluded himself within the walls of a large palace, beyond the outer court of which no male attendants were allowed to enter. In the interior the Heavenly Prince was waited upon by females alone—by his numerous wives, and still more numerous concubines. Occasionally he held *levées* of the leading kings and chief men; but only his brothers and the Kan Wang, his cousin and prime minister, were admitted freely into his presence. Notwithstanding this seclusion, the Tien Wang exercised despotic power, and his edicts were usually implicitly obeyed. According to his own belief, and the profession of his followers, he was distinguished from men by being a veritable son of God, coequal with Christ, and commissioned to afford a new revelation to mankind.

According to the account of that eminent

Chinese missionary, the Rev. J. L. Holmes, who had a conference with this pretender, he said,—they had received a new additional revelation; and upon this they could adopt a new mode of worship. "I replied, that if the Tien Wang had obtained a revelation, we could determine its genuineness by comparing it with the Scriptures. If they coincided, they might be parts of the same; if not, the new revelation could not be true, as God did not change. He suggested that there might be a sort of *disparagement* which was yet appropriate, as in the Chinese garment, which is buttoned at one side. To this comparison I objected, as comparing a piece of man's work with God's work. Ours were little and imperfect; His great and glorious. We should compare God's works with each other. The sun did not rise in the east to-day and in the west to-morrow. Winter and summer did not change their respective characters. Neither would the Heavenly Father capriciously make a law at one time and contradict it at another. His Majesty seemed rather disconcerted at thus being carried out of the usual track in which he was in the habit of discoursing; and we parted, proposing to talk further upon the subject at another time.

At daylight we started for the Tien Wang's palace. The procession was headed by a number of brilliantly coloured banners, after which followed a troop of armed soldiers. Then came Chung Wang, in a large sedan, covered with yellow satin and embroidery, and borne by eight coolies; next came the foreigner on horseback, in company with Chung Wang's chief officer, followed by a number of other officers on horseback. On our way several of the other kings who were in the city fell-in ahead of us with similar retinues. Music added discord to the scene, and curious gazers lined the streets on either side, who had, no doubt, seen kings before, but probably never witnessed such an apparition as that. . . . Reaching, at length, the palace of Tien Wang, a large building resembling very much the best Confucian temples, though of much greater size than these generally are, we entered the outer gate, and proceeded to a large building to the east of the palace proper, and called the Morning Palace. Here we were presented to the Tien Wang and his son, with several others. After resting a little while, during which two of the attendants testified their familiarity with, and consequently irreverence for, the royal palace, by concluding a misunderstanding in fisticuffs, we proceeded to the audience-hall of the Tien Wang. I was here presented to the Tien Wang's two brothers, two nephews, and son-in-law. They were seated at the entrance of a deep recess, over which was written, 'Illustrious Heavenly Door.' At the end of this recess, farther in, was pointed out to us His Majesty Tien Wang's seat, which was as yet vacant. The company awaited for some time the arrival of the Western King, whose presence seemed to be necessary before they could proceed with the ceremonies. That dignitary, a boy of twelve or fourteen, directly made his appearance, and entering at the Holy Heavenly Gate, took his place with the royal group. They then proceeded with their ceremonies as follows:—First, they kneeled with their faces to the Tien Wang's seat, and uttered a prayer to the Heavenly Brother; then kneeling, with their faces in the opposite direction, they prayed to the Heavenly Father, after which they again kneeled with their faces to the Tien Wang's seat, and in like manner repeated a prayer to him. They then concluded by singing in a standing position. A roast pig, and the body of a goat, were lying, with other articles, on tables in the outer court; and a fire was kept burning on a stone altar in front of the Tien Wang's seat, in a sort of court intervening between it and the termination of the recess leading to it. He had not yet appeared; and though all waited for him for some time after the conclusion of the ceremonies, he did not appear at all."

Such was the extraordinary individual

who was destined to ravage such vast districts of the Flowery Land, and to inflict such misery on its inhabitants. Before very long, as his band felt their strength increase, they determined to attack Shanghai.

One by one the walled towns and large villages in the immediate vicinity fell into their hands. A force of more than two hundred thousand armed men had driven in the Imperialist troops at every point, and only a few hundred foreign soldiers, with several men-of-war, were left to defend Shanghai.

"At that time it was calculated that the value of merchandise and bullion in the foreign hongs and banks was not less than five millions sterling, and that belonging to native merchants and bankers upwards of two millions sterling. Added to these were other descriptions of property afloat in the harbour, such as opium, that swelled the amount to at least ten millions, that might be plundered by a successful enemy.

GORDON IN CHINA, 1863—THE STORMING OF LEEKU.

Knowledge of this was conveyed to the Taipings by their spies, who had free ingress and egress to and from the city. This spurred them on to prosecute the winter campaign with vigour. Emboldened by their previous success, they swept down upon the devoted settlement, 'like the wolf on the fold,' from every point of the compass. While the inhabitants supposed themselves living in comparative security, they were suddenly startled by the reports of the fugitives from the country, that the dreaded *Chang-maou* were rapidly approaching. These accounts were verified by distant clouds of smoke by day and fires by night, which were visible on the horizon from the high buildings in Shanghai. Reconnoitring parties were sent out to ascertain the extent of danger which threatened the place. On their return, the authorities were informed that the accounts of the affrighted inhabitants were in no way exaggerated. The neighbouring towns and villages were devastated by fire and sword, and stockades erected in all directions, with an advancing force of 120,000 armed men.

This alarming aspect of affairs roused the foreign community from their lethargy. A meeting was convened of military, naval, and consular officials, together with the most influential civilians, at which a Committee of Public Safety was formed, to find means for constructing defensive works under the superintendence of the military. On looking round the settlement, they saw, with increased feelings of alarm for the safety of life and property from attack, that it was vulnerable at almost every approach. The available defensive force comprised about 2,000 infantry, one-half French, the other Indian troops and volunteers; and about 300 marines and sailors from the British squadron, under Admiral Hope, besides a half-battery of artillery. That gallant officer took the command of this small force, to contend against the overwhelming Taiping hordes until reinforcements could be brought from Tientsin and Hong Kong. From day to day he reconnoitred the country in all directions, and came upon the most direful scenes of terrorism, bloodshed, and anarchy. It was evident that the remorseless rebels were determined to capture Shanghai at all hazards.

Matters continued in this alarming state for two or three weeks, during which time much fear and dread was entertained by foreigners as well as natives. Almost every resident went about armed, and had weapons handy in his house night and day; the native domestics were held in distrust, especially if they were Cantonese. The ordinary affairs of the settlement were in a measure suspended, and all who were friends of law and order cheerfully lent their aid in money and person to defend it. Besides doing so, the walled city was garrisoned by Indian troops.

At last the banners of the Taiping advanced force could be seen in the suburbs, and a notice was surreptitiously posted up, proposing to the foreign authorities that if they gave up the native city the settlement should not be interfered with. This proposition was rejected, although it was favourably entertained by those who carried on a contraband traffic in arms and munitions of war. However, there were good men and true at the helm of affairs, who informed the invaders that unless they retired beyond the thirty-mile boundary around the port, as stipulated with the chiefs at Nanking, they would be driven over it by main force. Still it was abundantly evident that both city and settlement were in imminent peril.

Just at this time, when everything presented the most gloomy aspect, a providential check was given to the progress of the main body of the rebels by an unprecedented fall of snow. This heavy snowstorm continued almost incessantly for fifty-eight successive hours, and covered the ground to the height of thirty inches. It remained more or less for several weeks, to obstruct communications before it entirely thawed away. On ordinary land this would not have been the case, but the country around Shanghai is so intersected with creeks, canals, and ditches, that it is a most difficult matter for any body of men to traverse it at other times. About a fortnight elapsed before any of the rebels made their appearance again within view of the settlement, leaving time to finish the construction of substantial inner barricades, and push on the works forming an embankment and ditch for the outer defences.

This providential delay of hostilities was most valuable in allowing time for the arrival of reinforcements. Among the first to make their appearance at this fresh seat of war were the Royal Engineers, under the command of Major Gordon, who subsequently performed so distinguished a part in crushing this hydra-headed monster of rebellion.

These were days of great rejoicing to the inhabitants, both foreign and native, of the beleaguered settlement and city, when they saw regiment after regiment of British soldiers land upon the spacious Bund, or marine parade. As they marched through the streets with bands playing, colours fly-

ing in the breeze, and bayonets glittering in the sun, crowds of Chinese, male and female, lined the route, every one grinning and chin-chinning with the greatest satisfaction. It was curious to note their high estimation of the valour of our forces, and the protection of our authorities, as compared with those of their own soldiers and mandarins. In them they had little or no confidence for the protection of their persons and property against the insurgents, and they openly solicited the aid of the British authorities.

As to the Chinese authorities, they were in raptures at the arrival of our forces, and did everything in their power to make them comfortable. There being no barracks in the city or settlement, the greater number of the troops were quartered in the Buddhist temples, some of which are spacious buildings, with abundance of accommodation. In these cases the priests were confined to some obscure part of the edifice, or turned out altogether, while all public service in them was suspended."

Before commencing operations, the British and French military and naval authorities held a council of war, at which they drew up an agreement for the defence of Shanghai, and resolved to capture all the towns and fortified posts in possession of the rebels within a radius of thirty English miles. The allied force to take the field was calculated at about three thousand military and one thousand naval British officers and men of all arms; about two thousand French, equally furnished by the army and navy, and some thirty-five guns.

The campaign began in March, and in two months five of the enemy's strongholds were captured, with great loss on their side, and comparatively small on that of the allies. During the progress of the operations, the force was augmented by two thousand disciplined Chinese and Imperial troops under the command respectively of General Ward, an American, and a native general.

The next successful affair was at the recapture of Tsing-poo, in about the middle of May. This was a walled city of great strength, which the insurgents had held for several years. It was taken by escalade, after a stubborn resistance, and two thousand prisoners were captured, besides half that number killed and wounded. The French did good service in this engagement, where they made a great breach in the city wall with a 68-pounder gun in a gunboat which they managed to navigate up the intricate channel leading from the Wong-poo River to the city moat.

These operations were carried on to the north-west, west, and south-west of Shanghai, within the circumscribed radius. After the capture of Tsing-poo, the allied army marched in a south-eastern direction from the boundary, crossing the Wong-poo River into the country between its eastern bank and the sea, where the Taipings held a chain of fortified stockades and towns leading along the coast to Ningpo. The first stronghold attacked was called Nan-jao, where the Allies sustained a great loss in the death of Admiral Protet, who was shot through the heart while bravely leading his men on to the attack. His death was felt as a severe loss by his brother commanders; and from the universal esteem in which he was held as a man and an officer, great sympathy was felt by all ranks at his untimely fate. His remains were brought to Shanghai, and interred with the highest honours that could be bestowed upon the deceased, not only by the representatives of his own nation and foreign powers, but by the highest Chinese functionaries. Even the Emperor of China issued an imperial decree acknowledging the services he had rendered to His Majesty, and conferred posthumous honours on his memory, according to the formula for a high mandarin.

By this time the deadly heats of summer had set in, with the rainy south-west monsoon, which annually brings in its train increased disease and mortality on the pestilential plain around Shanghai. The allied ranks became decimated, and the forces

returned to Shanghai and other towns. So great were the effects of the oppressive heat and disease, that a cessation of hostilities took place for several months.

Meanwhile the Taipings took advantage of this stoppage of the campaign. They attacked Tsing-poo, which was garrisoned by the ordinary Chinese soldiery, who could make no stand against the enemy, and it was once more in their hands. General Ward, the American, seeing this, advanced with his disciplined Chinese upon the city, and recaptured it. He also achieved further successes, in all of which it was evident that Chinese troops, armed and disciplined in the European manner, with foreign officers to command them, were not much inferior to ordinary British or French infantry and artillery. The men had confidence in their commander, and so had he in them, for he displayed great coolness and personal courage. Unfortunately his fearless disposition led him into danger, and he met with a premature death in action. This was at a place named Tzoo-che, twenty-five miles from Ningpo, his mortal wound having come from the hands of a foreigner in the rebel ranks, armed with a rifle. As in the case of Admiral Protet's death, the emperor issued a decree recounting the eminent services of General Ward, in which it states that, "His Majesty has inspected the report, and is filled with admiration and grief. Truly he was a brave man—a soldier that caused no shame. We order the Board of Ceremonies to bestow rites upon him, according to his rank, to comfort his departed spirit: publish it far and wide. Respect this!"

After Ward, Burgevine had charge, but this was not found to be a good appointment. He was cashiered, and Captain Holland was placed in command. Holland was not successful however, and finally the British commander, General Staveley, promoted Gordon, of whom he had already said, "What he was before Sebastopol he has been since—faithful, trusty, and successful. Before Pekin and at Shanghai he has evinced just the qualities that are needed now. Although he has never been in command, he will rise to this occasion, to which he is more fitted than any other man whom I know."

In a letter to a relative Gordon thus writes of the matter: "I am afraid you will be much vexed at my having taken the command of the Sung-kiang force, and that I am now a mandarin. I have taken the step on consideration. I think that any one who contributes to putting down this rebellion fulfils a humane task, and I also think tends a great deal to open China to civilization. I will not act rashly, and trust to be able soon to return to England; at the same time I will remember yours and my father's wishes, and endeavour to remain as short a time as possible. I can say that if I had not accepted the command, I believe the force would have been broken up and the rebellion gone on in its misery for years. I trust this will not now be the case, and that I may soon be able to comfort you on this subject. You must not fret on this matter: I think I am doing a good service. . . . I can assure you and my father that I will not be rash, and that as soon as I can conveniently, and with due regard to the object I have in view, I will return home."

Others spoke of him more enthusiastically.

Of this appointment Colonel Chesney thus writes: "If General Staveley had made any mistake in the operations he personally conducted the year before, he more than redeemed it by the excellence of his choice." The Ever-Victorious Army found itself under a leader whose courage it had constant occasion to admire, whose justice it honoured, whose firmness availed to suppress the daily quarrels of its officers and to shield the men from abuse of their power. The private plundering which disgraced the force when with Ward disappeared under a general whose eye was as keen as his soul was free from the love of lucre. Stern against iniquity as the

Baptist himself (for Gordon was of the religious type of soldier which England has learnt to reverence in such characters as Havelock and Hedley Vicars), he from the first taught his force to "do violence to no man, and be content with their wages"; whilst the milder side of the gospel by which he lived was displayed to the defeated Taipings; and the humane treatment which their prisoners met with at his hands did almost as much after the first for the cause which he served as his inborn skill in the art of war. Among the strange medley of adventurers who held commissions under him were Englishmen, Americans, French, Germans, Spaniards. Some were ex-mates of merchant ships, some old soldiers of good character, some refugees of no character at all. Among them were avowed sympathisers with the rebels, and avowed defiers of Chinese law; but all classes soon learnt to respect a general in whose kindness, valour, skill, and justice they found cause unhesitatingly to confide; who never spared himself personal exposure when danger was near; and beneath whose firm touch sank into insignificance the furious quarrels and personal jealousies which had hitherto marred the usefulness of the force.

CHAPTER VII.

GORDON—THE WAND OF VICTORY—COLLAPSE OF THE REBELLION.

WITHOUT delay Gordon took the field, and struck out an entirely new plan of military operations from that pursued by his predecessors, which proved in the end to be most successful.

A mere summary of that brilliant campaign would fill many chapters. Instead of marching by land to the seat of war across the boundary line, the army was conveyed by water up the estuary of the Yang-tsze, to a point where a wide creek led into the very heart of the country around Soochow, occupied by the enemy. The first operation of General Gordon was the relief of Chang-za, a considerable walled town built on the slope of a hill, and commanding an extensive view of the country from its heights. It contained a crowded population who had fled to it for refuge from the surrounding villages; and at one time the authorities and inhabitants had to become Taipings in order to save the place from destruction.

However, when they saw the approach of a relieving force, they closed their gates against the rebels, who closely invested the city. Then they suffered from famine, having no animal food, and only a scanty supply of rice. They were likewise out of ammunition, and were unable to take any offensive measures against the besiegers, depending on the stout walls of the city for their defence. Great delight was manifested on the arrival of Gordon's force, and the defeat of their assailants. The gates were opened wide for their entrance, and the general was received with great honour by the authorities in their official robes, and by crowds of the rejoicing inhabitants.

Several other successful engagements followed this, the most important being the capture of Tai-tsang, where the disciplined force had been defeated. This proved to

be one of the toughest encounters with the enemy, as the place was garrisoned by ten thousand men, of whom one-fifth were veteran soldiers. There were also a number of foreigners in the place as artillery officers. It was captured, however, but at a heavy loss to the disciplined force, while the English officer bravely leading the storming party was killed in the breach.

"In almost all these engagements Colonel Gordon was very much exposed, for he found it necessary, or at least expedient, to be constantly in the front, and often to lead in person. Though brave men, the officers of his force would sometimes hang back, and their commander had occasionally to take one of them by the arm and lead him into the thick of the fire. He himself seemed to bear a charmed life, and never carried any arms, even when foremost in the breach. His only weapon on these occasions was a small cane, with which he

GORDON'S SHIP, THE "HYSON."

used to direct his troops; and in the Chinese imagination this cane soon became magnified into

'GORDON'S MAGIC WAND OF VICTORY.'"

Besides the land force brought into the field in these engagements, Gordon saw, with his astute mind, that in a region so intersected with navigable channels for vessels of light draught, it would be advantageous to bring up a small armed steamer. Accordingly he obtained one, and putting on board 300 riflemen and some field artillery, he was enabled to do great execution to the surprise of the foe. But what astonished the enemy even more was the extraordinary rapidity of his movements with the attacking force from one point to another. Hitherto it was the practice on both sides for the combatants to rest on their arms for several days after an engagement before another was commenced. Now each success was followed up by the immediate advance of the victorious troops, who carried everything before them. The Taipings saw at once that they had a

different foreign general to deal with from any previously brought against them, and his name was mentioned with dread throughout their ranks.

The most gallant exploit of this little man-of-war, which was named *Hyson*—a peaceful cognomen suggestive of tea—was before the capture of Quinsan, the chief strategical point at the seat of war. To reach this place it was necessary to make a detour through the country held by the enemy for a distance of twenty miles.

Gordon discovered that the only land communication between Quinsan and Soochow was by a single causeway, narrow in places, flanked all the way by a canal, and that canal accessible to his flotilla approaching it by a creek from the south. By seizing this causeway he would cut the communication between the two cities, and so the reinforcement of the Quinsan garrison from as well as its retreat to Soochow being hindered, he might deal with it presently as circumstances should suggest. "He started on this romantic expedition," says Mr. Archibald Forbes, "on board the *Hyson* with a flotilla of sailing gunboats, which carried, too, a picked but small infantry battalion armed with rifles. The *Hyson*, which mounted a 32-pound gun and a 12-pound howitzer, was commanded by a rugged but valiant American skipper, named Davidson, and craft and skipper had already made their names. She had the reputation of being amphibious—able to drive over the bed of a creek on her paddle-wheels, when there was not water enough to float her; he, man enough to fight the *Hyson*, as if she had been a puissant ironclad. Chunye, about eight miles west from Quinsan, was the point at which Gordon's flotilla approached the causeway. The approach was protected by piles, which had to be pulled up, and by stockades on the land about the causeway, within which was a strong stone fort. This position he did not need to assault. A panic seized the defenders, and they bolted, a part running in upon Quinsan, the rest making along the causeway westward for Soochow. The troops were landed to occupy a position so important and so fortunately acquired, and the *Hyson* made a reconnaissance along the canal towards Soochow, her fire sweeping from the adjacent causeway, and from the canal banks, alike detachments on the march, and those holding intermediate stockaded positions. The little craft pushed to within sight of Soochow, went about and returned towards Chunye.

She was only just in time. A desperate fight was raging in the darkness on the causeway and its vicinity. The garrison of Quinsan, scared by the tidings the fugitives had brought in, and, since Gordon had beset the town on the three other sides with his own and Imperialist troops, in a panic lest their means of retreat should utterly fail them, had sallied out under cover of darkness, and were heading along the causeway in the direction of Soochow, when they encountered Gordon's detachment commanding it at Chunye. To this struggling confused *mêlée*, the *Hyson* came steaming through the darkness, her lights ablaze, her steam whistle emitting demoniacal yells—a mysterious, awe-inspiring monster. At the sight a spasm of frantic terror seized the hapless Taipings. They recoiled and drew apart from the close struggle with Gordon's men. Into them, thus huddled, tore the fire from the steamer's foregun, and sent them back on the beleaguered town a crazed mob of fugitives. The Imperialists on the east side of the city marched in and took possession. Quinsan had fallen without having been assaulted!"

In this and similar cases of prisoners captured General Gordon made it a *sine quâ non* with the Imperial generals that they must not be cruelly punished according to the barbarous practice of Chinese warfare, but that they should be dealt with as having surrendered to a British officer. This is an important point for consideration by those who might consider Gordon's services under the Chinese authorities as a

servile obedience to their behests; for, as will be seen presently, a breach of this condition was the cause of his first throwing up the command. Not only did this magnanimous officer show his humanity on such occasions, but he repelled the insinuations that he was merely a mercenary soldier by refusing a large money reward for his services offered by the Government beyond his legitimate pay.

These honourable features in the character and conduct of General Gordon were exemplified at the siege of Soochow and the surrender of its garrison. By this time his armed force afloat was augmented into a flotilla of two steam gun-vessels and sixty Chinese boats armed with small brass guns. His land force was increased also, to about four thousand disciplined troops, assisted by double that number of undisciplined Imperialists commanded by General Ching. On the other hand, the Taipings had an addition to their foreign auxiliaries, under the American Burgevine, who had joined the rebels with an armed steamer, which he and his companions had stolen from an Imperial arsenal. At the first engagement between these mixed forces Gordon was victorious, and the foreign renegades intimated their intention to surrender if he would guarantee their safe conduct to Shanghai. With his usual generosity he agreed to this, and his fallen predecessor arrived safely at the settlement, where he was tried by the United States' consul-general, and sentenced to be deported from China.

It was now evident to the Taiping leaders in Soochow that the capture of the city by Gordon and his "Ever-Victorious Army" was only a question of time, so they counselled together as to the best terms on which they should surrender. Among the five Wangs there was one who dissented from the course, namely, the Mo Wang, who was determined to hold out to the last. Nevertheless, his colleagues opened negotiations with Gordon and the Chinese general, and the former had an interview with the Na Wang, who had been the first to propose capitulation. This interview took place in a vacated stockade outside the walls, and Gordon told him that he wanted to make the Taipings and Imperialists friends, so that the shedding of blood should cease; and that since the rise of the rebellion the latter did not dare to perpetrate the wholesale executions they had done at Canton from fear of the foreign forces in China. Moreover, he explained to him the small chance of success the garrison had against the disciplined corps, and that his cause was about lost. The Na Wang, in reply, said he had every confidence in the honour of his noble foreign adversary, but he had not much faith in the promises of the mandarins. However, he would see General Ching, and if he showed the same clemency the garrison would surrender.

At their next meeting in the Council Hall the question of surrender was proposed by the Kang Wang. A stormy discussion ensued, and the Mo Wang denounced the proposed capitulation as cowardly, and praised the faithfulness of the Cantonese, saying that the followers from the other provinces were neither brave nor trustworthy. These insinuations caused the other Wangs to resent the affront in strong language, and an angry altercation took place, which grew hotter and hotter, until the chamber was in an uproar. Then the Kang Wang stood up, divested himself of his robe, and from underneath his vestment drew a sharp dagger, which he plunged into the heart of the Mo Wang, who fell dead on the spot. One of the other Wangs then drew his scimitar, and cut off his head. The council then resolved to surrender, and the Mo Wang's head was sent to General Ching as a proof that they were ready to capitulate.

Next day, returning from marching his troops out to Quinsan, Gordon rode into the city to the Na Wang's house. There he found all the Wangs, their horses saddled, just starting to go out to Governor

Li, for the meeting at which the city would be formally given over. In his anxiety to be assured that everything was well, he called aside the Na Wang, who told him all was right. Then he bade them good-bye, and saw them ride off to the *rendezvous*.

Gordon saw that decent burial was given to the Mo Wang's body, and then sauntered towards the East Gate. He had not gone far when a great force of Imperialist soldiery went by firing and yelling. After a few minutes General Ching appeared on the scene, looking pale and agitated.

Gordon addressed him sharply, asking, "Was the interview between the rebel chiefs and the governor satisfactory, and is the ceremony of submission over?"

"Your excellency," replied the treacherous general, "they have not seen Governor Li."

"That is strange, for I saw them in the city with some twenty attendants, all mounted, proceeding towards the East Gate on their way to the governor's camp. How was it, then, that they did not see him?"

The lying mandarin said he did not know, but supposed that they had run away. He also made some other excuses and statements which Gordon could see were all subterfuges, and he was impressed with the conviction that something serious had befallen the insurgent Wangs, who themselves had been accessory to the assassination of their chief colleague. Now, as the general had given his word for their safety, and had relied upon the faith of the governor, who had written to his Government that mercy would be extended to these men on giving in their allegiance, he felt his honour involved in the matter.

Accordingly he rode into the city to see if the Na Wang was in his palace, and to learn the true state of affairs. The streets were full of rebels standing to their arms, while bands of Imperialist soldiers were plundering the houses. When he reached the Na Wang's palace, he found it ransacked, and there met the uncle of the chief, who begged him to come to protect his house. Night was far advanced, and from the alarming appearance of affairs Gordon was apprehensive of a general massacre in the city.

It was barely daylight when Gordon's party got out of the city and arrived at the governor's stockade, to await the armed steamers. Major Bailey, who commanded the artillery in General Ching's army, now came up to Gordon and informed him that the four Taiping Wangs had been beheaded. He also said that the general was very much put out about the affair, and had sent him to say that he was not responsible for the act, that Governor Li Hung-chang had ordered General Ching to execute the rebel chiefs, and also gave permission to the troops to plunder the city. The major further stated that he had the Na Wang's son at his quarters, and he afterwards brought him up.

The young man was in great distress as he pointed to the opposite side of the creek, saying that his father and the other Wangs had been beheaded there. Gordon crossed over in a boat to examine the place, and saw the six bodies fearfully gashed and cut down the middle. It appeared that the chiefs, on reaching the camp, were received with friendly demonstrations by the governor and General Ching, and that while conversing with them the executioners suddenly rushed forward and decapitated these victims of treachery. It is said that Gordon burst into tears at the sight. They were tears not alone of sorrow, but of disappointment, shame, and fierce wrath. The foulest despite had been done him. His honour had been mocked at by the wanton butchery. "It is not to be wondered at," writes Mr. Hake, "that Gordon was enraged beyond bounds; it is not surprising that for the first time during the war he armed himself and went out to seek the life of an enemy. He took a revolver and sought the governor's quarters, fully resolved to do justice on his body and accept the consequences.

But Governor Li had come to realize what manner of man Gordon in his wrath could be, and had escaped into the town. Gordon pursued him, but he got into hiding and eluded his search. By this time one of the steamers came up, and General Gordon, seeing that he could do no more in this sanguinary affair, took his departure for Quinsan. On the voyage he discussed with his officers this cold-blooded act of treachery, and announced his resolve to resign his command of the disciplined force and to quit the Chinese service." As it would be injudicious, however, to do so precipitately he wrote to the General Brown, the British commander at Shanghai, giving a detailed account of the affair as far as that came under his own observation, and intimating his desire to give up the command.

This put the Chinese Government in a great state of fear, and to pacify Gordon they issued the following command.

CHINESE JUNKS.

"Gordon, specially appointed a general in the army of Kiang-soo, has shown profound skill and great zeal. Let him therefore receive a military character of the first rank and a sum of 10,000 taels (£3,300)." He replied:

"Major Gordon receives the approbation of His Majesty the Emperor with every gratification, but regrets most sincerely that, owing to the circumstances which occurred since the capture of Soochow, he is unable to receive any mark of His Majesty the Emperor's recognition, and therefore respectfully begs His Majesty to receive his thanks for his intended kindness, and to allow him to decline the same."

He was at length persuaded to again resume command with better prospects of extinguishing the rebellion than had ever before presented themselves.

Hitherto Gordon had no difficulty in obtaining commissariat supplies, as his base

of operations was open to Shanghai, where unlimited stores could be obtained. In this part of the campaign he could not depend upon these resources, as he was marching his army into the heart of the rebel forces; consequently it was necessary for his men to carry sufficient provisions for their consumption in the field. Notwithstanding this extra encumbrance, and in spite of most inclement weather, his force captured the posts and carried all before them. The last of these was the strongly fortified city of Liyang, where twenty thousand rebels surrendered themselves; and he took good care that none of them should be handed over to the tender mercies of Governor Li. By this strategic success the enemy's forces were cut in two—the hour-glass was broken at the waist. Not only did it sever their communications, but it relieved fifteen thousand men of the Imperial army, under Tsen-kwo-fan (one of the greatest mandarins in China), who marched on to Nanking. Gordon followed up this success in the opposite direction, to co-operate with the Franco-Chinese, and was successful in every engagement, although the enemy fought with despairing energy and considerable military skill.

Such an instance occurred during the siege of Chang-chow. The disciplined force had arrived before the city, driving the rebels from the posts previously captured. They attacked twelve formidable stockades, and carried them with comparatively small loss. Next day the siege batteries were placed in position, and the artillery encamped in the trenches near their guns. In the night General Gordon rode with his staff to superintend the operations, and unfortunately, in the darkness, his own men mistook them for a reconnoitring party from the enemy, and fired on them. Most providentially the general himself escaped harmless, but one of his staff, Colonel Tapp, was unfortunately killed on the spot, while several officers were seriously wounded, amongst others myself.

This untoward circumstance was followed up by a still heavier loss amongst his officers and men in an assault upon the city. On that occasion the storming party encountered such desperate resistance that it was compelled to retire, after a severe struggle, with the loss of twenty-seven officers and three hundred men killed and wounded. The marvel is that General Gordon came almost scathless out of these desperate engagements, for, excepting a slight flesh wound on one occasion, he was never disabled, although he exposed himself to the enemy's fire as much as any of his officers. In the opinion of his men he led a charmed life, which excited in them a superstitious reverence for his person. This idea was also entertained by the Taipings, which, coupled with the rapidity and success of his movements, overwhelmed them with a kind of awe on his approach at the head of his troops.

After the repulse of his forces at the assault on Chang-chow, General Gordon set to work in making engineering approaches, by raising breastworks within eighty feet of its walls. When these were finished an attack was made simultaneously at two breaches in the south wall. A severe struggle ensued, but the rebels were overpowered and the city captured. It was evident that the Taipings were fighting with the courage of despair. Next to Nanking this city was their chief stronghold; its loss, therefore, was a severe blow to their failing strength.

Several other places were taken by both disciplined and undisciplined troops, until the ancient southern capital was the only important city under the rule of Taipingdom, which had been in possession of the Wangs for eleven years. The besieging force under Tsen-kwo-fan learned that the Tien Wang, seeing that his cause was lost, committed suicide by eating gold leaf. This caused them to push on their works, and an enormous mine, which had been run up to the north-east gate, was exploded, destroying about one hundred and twenty feet of wall, sixty feet high and forty feet

thick, by a discharge of sixty-eight thousand pounds of Chinese gunpowder. Through the breach the Imperialists rushed, and when they reached the Tien Wang's palace, they found his wives hanging on the trees in the garden, where his own body lay unburied.

By this time General Gordon had returned to Quinsan with his "Ever-Victorious Army," and seeing that there were no fears to be entertained from Taiping incursions, he prepared to disband the force. This was done in the most cautious manner, by ordering the men to deliver up their arms and accoutrements, with the exception of some batteries of artillery. So the disciplined Anglo-Chinese force, which had been mainly instrumental in recovering the province of Kiang-soo from the rebels, was broken up, and the British officers connected with it returned to their respective regiments. This was in pursuance of an order in council after the account of the Soochow assassinations.

Gordon shortly afterwards left for England, where his eminent services were acknowledged by her Majesty the Queen, in conferring upon him the honourable order of Companion of the Bath.

Thus was brought to a successful conclusion one of the most brilliant campaigns of modern warfare in the far East, in which British valour and generalship maintained its supremacy in the field. "And so," writes Colonel Chesney, "parted the Ever-Victorious Army from its general, and its brief but useful existence came to an end. During sixteen months' campaigning under his guidance, it had taken four cities and a dozen minor strong places, fought innumerable combats, put *hors de combat* numbers of the enemy, moderately estimated at fifteen times its own, and finding the rebellion vigorous, aggressive, and almost threatening the unity of the Chinese empire, had left it at its last gasp, confined to the ruined capital of the usurper."

The large money present again offered to Gordon he declined, as he had done the previous grant. He had spent his pay in promoting the efficiency of his force. "I leave China as poor as when I entered it," were the simple, modest words he wrote home. He left China, however, with the goodwill, respect, and esteem of all with whom he had to do. The merchants and bankers of Shanghai expressed their collective gratitude. The British minister wrote, "Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon well deserves Her Majesty's favour, for independently of the skill and courage he has shown, his disinterestedness has elevated our national character in the eyes of the Chinese."

We will close this chapter with the following extract from Colonel Chesney's sketch of Gordon and the Taiping rebellion. He writes: "Much has been said, and fairly said, in eulogy of the moderation and patriotism of those volunteer generals of the victorious armies of the Union who, at the close of the American Civil War, laid down their important charges to return cheerfully to the counting-house, the factory, or even to the humblest appointment in the regular service on the frontier. Englishmen who bestowed admiration on this conduct of their transatlantic kinsfolk should certainly yield no less to that of their own countryman, since he, his task once accomplished, sought for no irregular employment in China, asked for no prolongation in any form of his high command, but laid it down to return straightway to the ordinary life of a captain of Engineers on home duty, his highest ambition the furtherance of some local good work, his daily business for years to come the building obscure forts from the designs of others on an Essex swamp. The very papers in which the record of his services was inscribed lay thrust out of sight, their existence forgotten save in Mr. Wilson's mention of them. They might have mouldered for him away unread, but for that appeal, made almost as a demand, of certain of his brother officers, awakening to the knowledge that out of their own corps there were few who were

GRAVESEND—GORDON AND "HIS KINGS."

aware of the extent and bearing of Gordon's services, and the importance of the Chinese campaign of 1863-4.

The writer is far from being one of those who would have the world racked with war in order that we may learn what generals lie hid among us; but he cannot be insensible to the fact that England's interests are so vast, so numerous, so complicated, that it is impossible to predict that the day shall ever come when the hero's arm and the captain's brain shall be unnecessary to her greatness or her safety. Ever and anon, too, there comes across the ocean the cry of some one of her scattered offspring, abandoned perhaps by a vacillating policy and false humanitarianism (akin to those which misguided us in our Chinese dealings) to a disastrous war. Fitly, therefore, may we close this brief record of great deeds done from no mere love of glory or of gain, with words suggested long since by one who, himself a soldier, whose name has become a household word in England, had been among the first to note the warlike genius of young Gordon when together they bore the fire of Sebastopol:—'Another Colonial war, and no help to be given! If we can't spare an army, if we can't spare a staff, let us at least send them one captain of Engineers. If there is a man in the world who can conduct such a war with honour, thoroughness, and humanity, and bring it to a satisfactory close without needless delay or expense, England has that man in Chinese Gordon!'" After-events make these words read like a prophecy, so true and apposite are they.

CHAPTER VIII.

GORDON—RESIDENCE AT GRAVESEND—DEEDS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY—HIS RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

"THE gratitude," says Mr. Hake, "of the Empress, the Regent, the Mandarins—in fact of all China—for the great service Gordon had rendered was unbounded. But it was enough for him that he had done his duty, and had brought to its end a strife involving so much misery. Therefore when the Court of Pekin twice sent him a fortune as his reward, he twice declined to accept it. He had spent all the surplus of his pay in contributing to the comfort of his followers, now disbanded and scattered. But he preferred the reward of his choice; and it was with great difficulty that Prince Kung persuaded him to leave the Empire a Mandarin and the bearer of the Yellow Jacket. This, however, he did, and with a magnificent gold collar which the Prince had transferred from his own neck to Gordon's, saying: 'This, at any rate, you shall not refuse.' The fate of this collar was the noble fate of many other gifts. On the voyage back to England a subscription was got up for a poor widow on board, and Gordon was asked to subscribe. He looked in his pocket, and there found only enough to take him home. Then he went down to his cabin, and returned with the collar, which he handed in as his contribution. The act was a symbol of his life, but especially of the six years he was about to enter on at Gravesend. There, as commander of the Royal Engineers, he lived a life of charity and peace, giving to the poor

and attending the bedsides of the sick and dying; and when in 1871 he was called away to his new duties at Galatz, the gratitude and sorrow that followed him were heartfelt and universal."

A local paper at the time of his departure thus gave expression to their feelings of gratitude and sorrow:—Our readers, without exception, will learn with regret of the departure of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, C.B., R.E., from the town, in which he has resided for six years, gaining a name by the most exquisite charity that will long be remembered. Nor will he be less missed than remembered: for in the lowly walks of life, by the bestowal of gifts; by attendance and ministrations on the sick and dying; by the kindly giving of advice; by attendance at the Ragged School, Workhouse, and Infirmary; in fact, by general and continual beneficence to the poor, he has been so unwearied in well-doing that his departure will be felt by many as a personal calamity. There are those who even now are reaping the rewards of his kindness. His charity was essentially charity, and had its root in deep philanthropic feeling and goodness of heart; shunning the light of publicity, but coming even as the rain in the night-time, that in the morning is noted not, but only the flowers bloom and give a greater fragrance. Colonel Gordon, although comparatively a young man, has seen something of service, having obtained his brevet and order of Companion of the Bath by distinguished service in China. He is thus eminently fitted for his new post, and there is no doubt but that he will prove as beneficent in his station under the Foreign Office as he was while at Gravesend; for it was evidently with him a natural heart-gift, and not to be eradicated. Colonel Gordon's duties at Gravesend terminated on the 30th September, and by this time he is on his way to Galatz, in Turkey, where he will take up his residence as British Commissioner on the Danube. He is succeeded by Colonel the Hon. G. Wrottesley, as Commandant of Royal Engineers for the Gravesend district. All will wish him well in his new sphere; and we have less hesitation in penning these lines from the fact that laudatory notice will confer but little pleasure upon him who gave with the heart, and cared not for commendation.

Of some of his good deeds at Gravesend we shall now give a short account. First let us give a short note written by a gentleman in Woolwich, and hitherto unpublished, about Gordon's father and Gordon in his youth: When I came to this town thirty-five years ago, the father was head of the 'carriage department' in the Royal Arsenal. At the time I mention young Gordon must have been sixteen years old, and was probably a cadet. His brother was afterwards the head of one of the departments in the Arsenal. He has had his services recognised since then by a title.

The men who then worked under him are all passed away. I think they have to retire at the age of sixty.

I recollect that Gordon's name was constantly mentioned in one's hearing, as his power was so extensive in admitting men to Government employment. There was no other name I so often heard, though there are some three or four heads, as of the Carriage Department, the Royal Laboratory, etc., etc.

The next memorandum we give is one of peculiar interest. As far as we know, no part of the circumstances in it has yet found its way into print. Perhaps it never would, but the "fierce light" that must now beat upon the defender of Khartoum as long as tales of courage and heroism charm the human race has brought it to notice. This, as will be plainly seen, is in accordance with no wish of Gordon's, who was certainly one of those who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame." The circumstances of the discovery are as follows: A gentleman of position in the city became very much interested in the career of Gordon, and began to follow all his movements with interest. It occurred to him to go down

to Gravesend, and find out what the people there thought of him. He found his praise in every mouth. Somehow or other he heard mysterious whispers of a man in a terrible state of infirmity who was supported by the subject of our memoir. He has written out the following account, which will be read with painful interest. We give it in his own words, merely assuring the reader of its absolute authenticity :—

Only three weeks ago, when at Gravesend, we were told of the case of a poor man who for the past fourteen years had been a pensioner of General Gordon. We were taken to the house of a poor widow in whose care this unconscious being was passing away his life, perfectly ignorant of the affairs of this world, or even of those kind people who attended him. His history is not well known save to those who were in General Gordon's confidence, and who will not on any account divulge the secret, or even that the General pays a monthly sum for his food and nursing.

In the small, clean room into which we were shown there lies C. Carter, bedridden, blind, almost deaf and dumb, and unable to move a limb. Not even when his attendant strove to rouse him from his death-like pallor by shouting "Mr. Carter, here is a gentleman that wants to speaks to you about Colonel Gordon," did he take the least notice, or make the slightest effort to move, speak, or show signs of life. "Yes," said the maiden daughter of the widow, "he has been like that, sir, the past ten years, and only mother's voice will rouse him. He knows none of us, and if we were to neglect feeding him he would be dead before the morning. But please not to tell Colonel Gordon, sir, for he will be angry at its being known that we let you know anything at all about him."

It appears from what I gathered elsewhere that the life of this most distressing object was somewhat shrouded in mystery. He had been either a lawyer or banker, the girl said, but she wasn't sure, and a lady had the paying of the money; so far from the facts of the case being made public, she was bound to study Colonel Gordon's orders, and to let no one know that he was the benefactor of this distressing object.*

We were further told of other good works carried out by Gordon when residing in Gravesend, and of his constant attendance at the Parish Church, where he always sat in the gallery, but this is pretty well known by the public already.

One remarkable proof of Gordon's power over his fellow-creatures is the influence he had with the ragged boys of the neighbourhood. He taught in the ragged school, where he was very popular. "Many of us went to the night school only that we might be near him: we loved him so much," said one of them afterwards. Rough testimonies to his worth were written up by some of these youngsters all over Gravesend. Such were "C. G. is a jolly good feller;" "God bless the Kernal;" "Long life to our beloved teacher, Gordon."

Many lads who seemed destined to a life of sin and misery were rescued and placed in a fair way of becoming worthy citizens by this noble man. In a great number of cases berths on board ship were procured for them. He had a large map of the world which was stuck all over with pins. A friend of his noticed this, and saw that these pins were continually changing their position. He asked the reason, and Gordon told him that each of these pins represented a ship, where one of "his kings," as he loved to call his boys, was, and that as the ship moved so the pins were changed.

Our illustration represents him explaining to a number of ragged boys the map of the world, and the position and fortunes of their predecessors in the class.

We conclude this chapter with some account of Gordon's religious opinions, which we have excerpted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The religious convictions of General Gordon play so conspicuous a part in his

* C. Carter has now passed away.

political actions that it may be worth while to endeavour to form some idea of the theological ideas which dominate his life. To begin with, General Gordon is a believer in the pre-existence of the soul. "I think," he wrote in January, 1876—("Colonel Gordon in Central Africa," p. 306)—"that this life is only one of a series of lives which our incarnated part has lived. I have little doubt of our having pre-existed; and that also in the time of our pre-existence we were actively employed."

In the present life, everything that happens to man of good or evil he believes was settled from all eternity—or, as he once phrased it, "one million million years ago"—by a Higher Power who is infinite wisdom. "No comfort is equal to that

GORDON VISITING CARTER AT GRAVESEND.

which he has who has God for his stay, who believes, not in words but in fact, that all things are ordained to happen, and must happen. He who has this has already died, and is free from the annoyance of this life."

In following the Divine direction you have not to think, to consider difficulties. Keep your eyes on the cloud by day, and the pillar by night, and never mind your steps. The direction is the main point. He dwells in communion with the Almighty, and feels in close and active alliance with God. It is the Divine will, he thinks, that we should be His friends, and not His servants.

On one occasion when in terrible difficulties he wrote:

"I will tell you a story of 1848 years ago. There was a workman of Bethlehem

who did not agree with the great teachers of an old religion, who answered them roughly, and who did not conform to their views, or pay them the attention to which they were accustomed. He was always in the slums with very dubious characters. This annoyed the church class. 'Why do you frequent those slums?' He said, 'These slums need me to go to them; for they are sick at heart, and I bear them good news. I tell them they are worth something, in spite of their ill deeds. I tell them their God is a merciful God, and that He has worked out their salvation not for their merits.' Now, these slum people liked their visitor. He had kind words for them. He did not look on them as pariahs. He rather encouraged these people, and He never said words of despair against their evil ways; but He pointed out that happiness resulted from a holy life. His strong rebukes were against the white-robed, clean, respectable people, who thought they were everything that was good, because they had prayer-meetings and sacrifices, and washed their hands before eating. Well, you know the story. The good people could not bear the home-thrusts they received, and so they murdered Him. They were too good to do it directly, but they worked up others to do it. The slum people liked this man; He was never hard on them. Some very dubious characters were well received by Him; but He was not polite to those who thought themselves good. He found fault with the invitations they gave to dinner, though He was their guest. He would have called on the 'divorced.' He would have tried to cheer their life, and have aided them to see that, though the clerical party would not notice them, they were still God's children. Fancy that none of these slum people ever went to church, or ever gave a sacrifice! They were like our own slum people. They would not have liked any of the clerical people to come among them, for the clerical people would have exclaimed, 'I am better than you;' and human nature does not like that, and will never crush and crowd to hear it."

In speaking of professing Christians, General Gordon sometimes permits himself to be carried away into extravagances which he would be the first to regret if he could be prevailed upon to read in print that which he has spoken or written. But as he refuses even to look at anything printed relating to himself, there is probably no one who would be more surprised at seeing what he said on many subjects than Gordon himself. It is impossible that he can entertain so very contemptuous an idea of Christians generally when he is constantly asking for their prayers, and declaring, as he did immediately before his departure, that he would rather have the prayers of a small company of Christians at Southampton than all the riches of the Soudan. But in 1878 this is what he said of those whom he calls "Christian Pharisees": "I say the Christian Pharisees deny Christ. They ignore Him, or at the most throw Him in as a makeweight. I see no resemblance to Him in them. A hard, cruel set they are from high to low. You can form some idea of what Christ was like. Do you know any single one of Christ's pretended successors who is like Him? Pure religion and undefiled, to visit the poor and afflicted, and to keep unspotted from the world. Tell me one you know, who professes to teach you, who does this. I am sick of your burnt-offerings and your prayer-meetings; my soul hateth them; they are a trouble to me. I am weary of them."

The essence of a Christian life, he is never weary of repeating, is the same as that which was the essence of Christ's life, whose quiet, peaceful existence he holds was solely due to His submission to God's will. Those who submit to the will of God will pass through many tribulations, but as their day is so shall their strength be. Or, as he put it in 1874, "There will be times when a strain may come on me, but as the strain so will your strength be." Many people say this; Gordon believes it.

Naturally enough there is a strong sympathy in his character with Mahommedanism. Replying to a correspondent who had spoken of Mahommedanism as being imperilled, he said: "Not so. I find the Mussulman quite as good a Christian as many a Christian, and do not believe he is in any peril. All of us are more or less Pagans. I like the Mussulman; he is not ashamed of his God; his life is a fairly pure one; certainly he gives himself a good margin in the wife line, but, at any rate, he never poaches on others. Can our Christian people say the same?"

There is a story to the effect that when the King of Abyssinia said to him, "You are an Englishman and a Christian," Gordon replied, "I am an Egyptian and a Mussulman." But whatever truth there may be in this story, he certainly views all religious questions in a very broad and catholic spirit. "The heathen are God's inheritance, and He hears their prayers." The incantations of the native magicians, when employed in good faith, are to him prayers which the Highest does not disdain to hear. When a Moogi Balaam cursed him from the river bank he noted that it was odd a disaster soon afterwards followed. "I believe," he writes, "that God may listen to the cries for help from the heathen who know Him not. These prayers were earnest prayers for celestial aid, in which the pray-er knew he would need help from some unknown power to avert a danger. That the native knows not the true God is true, but God knows him, and moved him to prayer and answered his prayer."

General Gordon is absolutely free from all fear of death. The story of his conversation with the King of Abyssinia is well known, in which he informed the King that, so far from dreading him because his life was in his hands, he would be exceedingly obliged to any one who would relieve him of the burden of life. That expression, however, conveys a very erroneous impression of Gordon's habitual mode of thought. No one is more cheerful, and few people have less patience with what he calls "the cruet-stand" expression of countenance.

"Why are people like hearses, and look like pictures of misery? It must be from discontent with the government of God, for all things are directed by Him. If by being doleful in appearance it did good, I would say, be very doleful; but it does not do any."

So strongly indeed does he follow this out, that on one occasion he maintained that a cheerful man of the world was much more acceptable in God's sight than a gloomy Christian. The passage is as follows:—

"Taking two people, one who is called a worldly person, and one who is called a religious person, the one taking evil with good with calmness, doing what he or she can to alleviate the evil and yet enjoying the good; the other bearing, or in vain imagination bearing, the burden of the world, always sad and discontented; of the two I should say the first (although seldom reading his Bible, and knowing little beyond the fact that he had done and can do nothing to pay or purchase God's mercy) is more pleasing to God than he who lives a gloomy life, however much he may read or pray. 'So-and-so is dead'—who caused or permitted his death? 'God.' Then if you are content with His government, and if you believe that the future world is better than this, there is no cause for any melancholy about it: and the same with every event. If we believe, we ought to show it, and to acknowledge openly that we agree to God's government. I think that, taking the two parties as a mass, the worldly-minded—so called, remember, by their religious brethren—live more pleasing in the sight of God than the religious—so called, remember, by their worldly brethren. There are the true religious and the true worldly-minded, and my remark does not apply to them, but *we* cannot sift the two."

Gordon's view of death was that it was a release, and an entry upon a world of

greater activity; although sometimes he sighs for death that would be merely rest. He writes in January, 1876:—

"I would that all had the full assurance of future life. It is precisely because we are despicable and worthless that we are accepted. Till we throw over the idea that we are better than others, we can never have that assurance. We must give up keeping credit lists with God, which are not true ones; they are all debtor lists. Do you know that verse, Eph. ii. 10, which says that ye are ordained to bring forth good works? If certain good works are ordained to be brought forth, why should you glory in them? Do not flatter yourself that you are wanted—that God could not work without you—it is an honour if He employs you. No one is indispensable, either in this world's affairs or in spiritual work. You are a machine, though allowed to feel as if you had the power of action. When things turn out in a way we do not wish, we quarrel with God if we feel put out. Most difficult is this lesson, and only to be learned by a continual thought of this world being only a temporary one—*i.e.*, by continually thinking of death as a release. What a calm life a man living thus would have! What services he would render! Nothing would move him, whether he were soldier, statesman, or what not.

I do nothing. I am a chisel which cuts the wood. The Carpenter directs it. If I lose my edge He must sharpen me. If He puts me aside and takes another it is His own good will. None are indispensable to Him. He will do His work with a straw equally well."

His attitude in relation to this question was expressed as follows in 1876:—"Here I am, a lump of clay. Thou art the Potter. Mould me as Thou in Thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it. Just as Thou wilt, but I rely on Thy unchanging guidance during the trial. Oh, the comfort that comes from this!"

There is a long passage in one of his letters concerning the relations of man to his Maker, which is too long to quote here. But his philosophy in life is expressed with much fulness. "God," he writes, "is truth, love, wisdom, and all might. We are, as it were, blind. By degrees He opens our eyes and enables us by dint of sore trial to know Him little by little. Every time the flesh is foiled by the spirit, so often is a rent made in the veil, and we know more of God. Every time the reverse takes place, so often does the veil fall again and God disappears from our view. When death occurs the veil is rent altogether and no mystery remains. The flesh is finally vanquished by the spirit, who lives the conqueror of his lifelong foe." The doctrines of men thicken this veil, and the first thing for the acceptance of truth is to unlearn human doctrines and become as a little child. "Hence a publican finds it easier to accept the truth than a Pharisee."

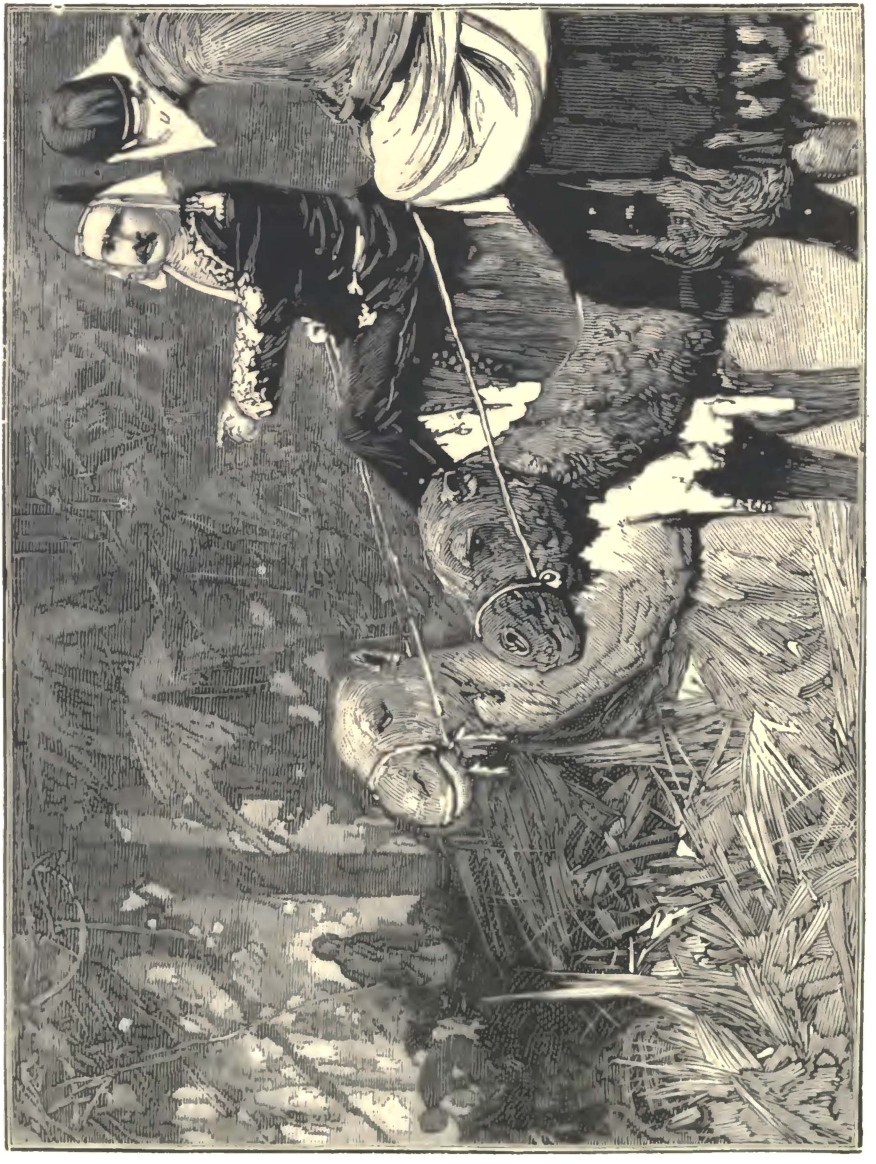
Nothing seems to rouse his indignation so much as the doctrine of eternal damnation; and whilst many will not be able to agree with him, it is at least interesting to know what he has to say on the question. General Gordon himself has never felt the least doubt about his own salvation, not because of his worthiness, but of the infinite goodness of God. A passage from a letter written in 1878 on this subject is very much to the point:—

"I may say I have died suddenly over a hundred times; but in these deaths I have never felt the least doubt of our salvation. Nothing can be more abject and miserable than the usual conception of God. Accept what I say—namely, that He has put us in a painful position (I believe with our perfect consent, for if Christ came to do His will, so did we, His members) to learn what He is, and that He will extricate us. Imagine to yourself, what pleasure would it be to Him to burn us or to torture us? Can we believe any *human being* capable of creating us for such a purpose? Would it show His power? Why, He is omnipotent! Would it show His justice? He is righteous

—no one will deny it. We credit God with attributes which are utterly hateful to the meanest of men. Looking at our darkness of vision, how can He be what we credit Him with? I quite wonder at the long time it has taken us to see that the general doctrine of the Church is so erroneous. Think over what I say. Is not the preaching of every place of worship you have entered this—'If you do well, you will be saved; if you do ill, you will be damned'? Where is the Gospel or 'good

THE PRAYER IN THE DESERT.

news' in this? I know it, for the law says it; it is implanted in every human being, but the 'good news' is, 'Whatever you do, God, for His Son's sake, pardons you;' and thus the love of God constraineth us from evil. For one feels that, enticing as evil is, it is not compared to the peace one derives from being in accord with Him. When one thinks of the millions on whom weighs that yoke of bondage, one wonders. I do not know a single person who says the real truth straight out. When one



GORDON DISCOVERING HIDDEN SLAVES.

thinks of the real agony one has gone through in consequence of false teaching, it makes human nature angry with the teachers who have added to the bitterness of life."

Speaking of the future he says:—"The future world must be much more amusing, more enticing, and more to be desired than this world, putting aside its absence of sorrow and sin. The future world has somehow been painted to our minds as a place of continuous praise, and though we may not say it, yet one cannot help feeling that if thus, it would be monotonous. It cannot be thus; it must be a life of activity, for happiness is dependent upon activity. Death is cessation of movement. Life is all movement."

"I believe," he writes on another occasion, "in our active employment in future life, and like the thought. We shall, I think, be far more perfect in a future life, and indeed go on towards perfection, but never attain it."

CHAPTER IX.

GORDON—SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SOUDAN—ITS RESOURCES AND HISTORY.

WE shall not give a detailed account of the doings of Gordon at Galatz, or of his work as British Commissioner on the Danube. Suffice it to say that he was very successful in this post. It was whilst engaged in it that he met Nubar Pasha, minister of the Khedive of Egypt, who was so much struck by what he saw of him, that he, after obtaining Gordon's permission, got the Khedive to apply to the British Government in order that the Egyptian Government might have the benefit of his services. This was granted, and Gordon was appointed Governor of the Soudan, to carry out the suppression of the slave-trade there, at which suppression Sir Samuel Baker had already laboured from 1869 to 1873.

Thus the scene of Gordon's labours was again to be changed. The contrast, and yet the essential unity in diversity, is forcibly presented to the eye by the three pictures with which, at this part of our work, we present our readers. The one represents Gordon visiting the unfortunate Charles Carter at Gravesend; the second depicts an incident in his efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade in the Soudan; the third shows him in one of his adventurous camel journeys.

The reader will not fail to remark that the two first pictures bear witness to deeds of self-sacrificing kindness—the one, under the burning sun of Africa; the other, amidst the fogs of England; but the man and the motive the same.

But now let us try to reply to a question which during Gordon's life so often rose to the lips of those who read about him. What is the Soudan?

The Soudan must be regarded in the light of a rich country, to which there is practically no access. It would be of the greatest value if developed by modern engineering, but it would remain as a millstone, upon the neck of Egypt, unless such means of transport are encouraged without delay.

There is, probably, no other country so eminently adapted for the cultivation of cotton as the Soudan.

The soil is extremely rich; the climate is perfection, as there is a perfect dryness

in the atmosphere, which, during the process of ripening and gathering, is indispensable. The cotton can be dried, cleaned, and packed without a moment's hindrance from adverse weather; and, were railway communication established to Souakim, the crop would be shipped direct to Liverpool within three weeks by steamer.

The cultivation of flax and hemp is entirely neglected, but these valuable commodities could be produced to any extent upon the fat soil bordering the Atbara River, between Sofi and Kadarif.

In England we are so fully occupied with the affairs of everyday life, and our food supply is delivered with such unbroken regularity, that few persons consider the danger that would be caused by a sudden interruption during a time of war in which we might be ourselves engaged. We are a hungry nation, dependen upon foreign shores for our supply of wheat, and our statesmen should devote particular attention to ensure that supply under any circumstances; otherwise the democratic power which they are about to raise will be exerted in a manner that may surprise the ministers of the day when the high price of wheat shall have doubled the cost of the quartern loaf.

There is no portion of the world that will be better guarded in time of war than the route from Egypt to Great Britain. With Cyprus, Malta, and Gibraltar in our possession, the Mediterranean will be secured from Alexandria to the Straits.

It is accordingly important to provide a food supply that would be transported through the well protected route. The Soudan would supply England with the two great commodities required—cotton and wheat.

Nothing has been done by the Government to encourage the industry of the people; on the contrary, they have been ill-treated and oppressed. Before the rainy season, the surface of the earth, parched and denuded of all semblance of vegetation by the burning sun, is simply scratched by a small tool similar to an inferior Dutch hoe, and a few grains of dhurra are dropped into a hole, hardly one inch in depth. This is repeated at distances of about two feet. The rain commences towards the end of May, and in a few days the dhurra shoots appear above the ground. The extreme richness of the soil, aided by plenteous rains and a warm sun, induces a magical growth, which starts the hitherto barren wilderness into life. The surface of the country, which in the rainless months appears a desert incapable of producing vegetation, bursts suddenly into a brilliant green, and the formerly sunburnt area assumes the appearance of rich velvet, as it becomes carpeted throughout with the finest grass. Dhurra, that first threw up delicate shoots above the hardened and ill-tilled soil, grows with extreme rapidity to the height of nine or ten feet, and the produce can be imagined from the fact that there were once counted 4,840 grains in only one head of this prolific sorghum. Cotton, and all other vegetation, grows with similar vigour immediately after the commencement of the rains.

This picture of abundance is confined to those districts which are beneath the influence of the rainy zone, but there are other lands equally rich and capable of production which must be cultivated by artificial irrigation. In the absence of any organized method, such as exists in Lower Egypt, by the extension of a canal system, the banks of rivers, including the Rahad, Blue Nile, and Main Nile, are alone watered by the ordinary cattle-wheels (sakeeyahs); the cultivation is accordingly restricted to a comparatively small area that is within the power of irrigation by the simple machinery of the inhabitants.

If any person will study the map of the Soudan, he will at once observe the natural facilities for a general plan of irrigation that would combine the supply of water with the means of transport by canals. As the uniform drainage is from S.E. to N.W., the rivers Rahad, Dinder, Blue Nile, and

Atbara, traverse the rich lands of the Soudan exactly in the same direction. These rivers are impetuous torrents, which by their extreme velocity quickly exhaust themselves after the termination of the rains in Abyssinia. A series of weirs upon the Rahad, Dinder, and Atbara would thoroughly control the waters, that would thus be kept at higher levels, and would enable them to be conducted by canals throughout the fertile lands which at present are neglected in the absence of sufficient moisture. As those rivers are unnavigable, the weirs might be constructed in the most simple manner, as there is no traffic to require special adaptation.

Another account of the Soudan is here transcribed, as it gives us, among other interesting matter, a brief view of the former dealings of Egypt with that country. That account, after remarking that the Soudan is as large as India, goes on to say that it stretches 1,600 miles in one direction, and 1,300 in another. Unlike India, it is inaccessible by the sea. It is inhabited by warlike tribes of the same faith; it has neither railways, canals, nor navigable rivers, except the Nile at some periods of the year; and its only roads are camel tracks. From first to last it has never paid its expenses. The attempt to hold it has cost fifty thousand lives at the least.

This country is a vast tract of Africa, stretching from Egypt on the north to the Nyanza Lakes on the south, and from the Red Sea on the east to the western boundary of Darfur on the west. Khartoum, lying, as it does, at the junction of the Blue and White Niles, is about equally distant—that is to say, between 1,100 and 1,200 miles as the crow flies—from the northern boundary of Egypt, the Mediterranean, and from the southern limit of the Khedive's equatorial dominions, the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and the kingdom of Uganda. From Khartoum to the ports of Souakim and Massowa on the Red Sea, the eastward limit of the Soudan, is about 400 miles, and to the westward limit, which is the most indefinite of all, but is generally fixed at the western boundary of Darfur, it is nearly 800 miles. Going down the Nile from Khartoum, in the direction of Egypt, the principal places are Berber, about 200, and Dongola, about 350 miles to the north. The direct route from Khartoum to Egypt does not, however, go through Dongola, but, leaving the Nile at Abu Hamet, 220 miles below Berber, where the river makes its great bend to the west in the direction of Dongola, it strikes across the desert to meet the river again at Korosko, and to follow it thence down to Assouan, the nearest point of Egypt, which by this route is about 850 miles from Khartoum. Berber is a point of special importance, because it is here that the desert route from Souakim, the chief port of the Soudan, strikes the Nile. From Souakim to Berber is 280 miles, and this is the line of the proposed railway, which would open out all the Soudan country east of the Nile, and bring it into direct communication with Egypt and the commerce of the Red Sea.

If we look in the other direction—namely, southward—and follow the course of the White Nile from Khartoum towards the Equator, the principal places are El Duem, rather more than 100 miles; Fashoda, 500 miles; and Gondokoro and Lado, 800 miles from Khartoum. These distances are measured as the crow flies. By river the journey from Khartoum to Gondokoro is estimated by Baker Pasha at 1,400 miles. Gondokoro (Ismailia) and Lado were the headquarters of Baker and Gordon Pashas during the years in which, as Governors of the Equatorial Soudan, they were engaged in attempts to suppress the slave-trade.

The sovereignty of the Soudan was first seized by Egypt in the year 1819, when Mehemet Ali, hearing of the anarchy prevailing in that country, wishing to introduce the benefits of a regular government and of civilization, and at the same time to occupy his troops, ordered his son, Ismail, with a large army of regulars and irregulars, and with many learned men, to invade the

country. Ismail reached Khartoum, and for a time governed the Soudan; but he and all his followers were burned alive by a native ruler, who first made them drunk at his own table, and then burned his house over their heads. Terrible vengeance was taken, and Egyptian sovereignty was established over Senaar and Kordofan. It was

GORDON—A JOURNEY THROUGH THE DESERT.

not until the year 1826 that the Soudan derived any benefit from its Egyptian rulers. In that year Khurshid Pasha was appointed Governor of the Soudan. He reigned for eleven years, establishing Egyptian sovereignty over Fashoda, and teaching the people of Khartoum to substitute brick houses for their huts of skin and thatch.

In 1841 a rebellion broke out in Kassala, which was quelled only to break out next year, when it was finally suppressed. At that time the Soudan consisted of seven provinces, namely, Fazaglou, Senaar, Khartoum, Tokha, Berber, Dongola, and Kordofan. In 1856 the Khedive, Said Pasha, visited the Soudan, and had almost decided to abandon the country, but desisted in deference to the representations of the skeikhs and notables, who laid great stress upon the inevitable anarchy which would result from such an abandonment. He decreed five reforms, most of which appear to have been punctually neglected. One Governor-General succeeded another, their chief duty being border-warfare with Abyssinia, and the suppression of rebellions which periodically broke out. In 1865, 8,000 negro troops at Tokha, whose pay was in arrear for eighteen months, revolted. Troops were sent from Cairo by Korosko, while others were landed at Souakim. The rebellion was quelled, the negro troops sent to Egypt, and the Soudan garrisoned with Egyptian troops. In 1866 Massowa and Souakim were given to Egypt by the Sultan of Turkey. In 1870 Sir Samuel Baker set out to conquer the Equatorial Provinces, and in the same year the German Munzinger annexed Senaar to Egypt. Sir Samuel Baker having returned from the Equator in 1873, Colonel Gordon was appointed Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces in the following year. In 1875 Darfur was annexed in the west, and in the extreme east, to the south of Abyssinia, Harrar was conquered.

Such, then, is that remarkable country, which will be for ever associated with Gordon's name, since it was the scene of his heroic labours and heroic death.

CHAPTER X.

THE WONDERS OF ANCIENT EGYPT—ITS GREATNESS, THOUGH IN RUIN.

WE have already given some account of modern Egypt, and we now (chiefly following the carefully compiled version of the entertaining M. Rollin) proceed to place before our readers a description of ancient Egypt, combining with this some description of the marvels of that wonderful land.

Egypt comprehended anciently, within limits that were not of a very wide extent, a* prodigious number of cities, and an incredible multitude of inhabitants.

It was bounded on the east by the Red Sea and the Isthmus of Suez, on the south by Ethiopia, on the west by Libya, and on the north by the Mediterranean. The Nile ran from south to north, through the whole country, about two hundred leagues in length. This country was enclosed on each side with a ridge of mountains, which very often left, between the foot of the hills and the river Nile, a tract of ground of not above half a day's journey in length,† and sometimes less.

On the west side, the plain grew wider in some places, and extended to twenty-five or thirty leagues. The greatest breadth of Egypt was from Alexandria to Damietta, being about fifty leagues.

* It is related that under Amasis there were twenty thousand inhabited cities in Egypt.

† A day's journey is 24 eastern, or 33¼ English miles.

Ancient Egypt may be divided into three principal parts: Upper Egypt, otherwise called Thebais, which was the most southern part; Middle Egypt, or Heptanomis, so called from the seven Nomi or districts it contained; Lower Egypt, which included what the Greeks call Delta, and all the country as far as the Red Sea, and along the Mediterranean to Rhinocolura or Mount Castus. Under Sesostris, all Egypt became one kingdom, and was divided into thirty-six governments or Nomi; ten in Thebais, ten in Delta, and sixteen in the country between both.

The cities of Syene and Elephantina divided Egypt from Ethiopia; and in the days of Augustus were as bounds to the Roman Empire.

Thebes, from whence Thebais had its name, might vie with the noblest cities in the universe. Its hundred gates, celebrated by Homer, are universally known, and acquired it the surname of Hecatonpylos, to distinguish it from another Thebes, lying in Bœotia. It was as large as populous; and according to history could send out at once two hundred chariots, and ten thousand fighting-men at each of its gates. The Greeks and Romans have celebrated its magnificence and grandeur, though they beheld its ruins only, so august were the remains of this city.

In Thebes, now called Said, have been discovered temples and palaces which are still almost entire, adorned with innumerable columns and statues. One palace especially is admired, the remains whereof seem to have existed purely to eclipse the glory of the most pompous edifices. Four walks extending farther than the eye can see, and bounded on each side with sphinxes, composed of materials as rare and extraordinary as their size is remarkable, serve for avenues to four porticos, whose height is amazing to behold. Besides, they who give us the description of this wonderful edifice, had not time to go round it; and are not sure that they saw above half; however, what they had a sight of, was astonishing. A hall, which in all appearance stood in the middle of this stately palace, was supported by a hundred and twenty pillars six fathoms round, of a proportionable height and intermixed with obelisks, which so many ages have not been able to demolish. Painting had displayed all her art and magnificence in this edifice. The colours themselves, that is things which soonest feel the injury of time, still hold amidst the ruins of this wonderful structure, and preserve their beauty and lustre; so happily could the Egyptians imprint a character of immortality on all their works. Strabo, who was on the spot, describes a temple he saw in Egypt, very much resembling this we have been speaking of. Our illustration represents a part of it.

The same author, describing the curiosities of Thebais, speaks of a very famous statue of Memnon, the remains whereof he had seen. It is said that this statue, when the beams of the rising sun first shone upon it in the morning, gave an articulate sound. And, indeed, Strabo himself was an ear-witness of this; but then he doubts whether the sound came from the statue.

Memphis was the capital of Middle Egypt. Here were many stately temples, especially that of the god Apis, who was honoured in this city after a particular manner. We shall speak of it hereafter, as well as of the pyramids which stood in the neighbourhood of this place, and rendered it so famous. Memphis was situated on the west side of the Nile.

Grand Cairo, which seems to have succeeded Memphis, was built on the other side of that great river. We give a picture of the town as it now is. The castle of Cairo is one of the greatest curiosities in Egypt. It stands on a hill without the city; has a rock for its foundation, and is surrounded with walls of a vast height and solidity. You go up to the castle by a way hewn out of the rock, and which is so easy of ascent that loaded horses and camels get up without difficulty. The greatest rarity in this castle is Joseph's well, so

called, either because the Egyptians are pleased with ascribing their most remarkable particulars to that great man, or because there is really such a tradition in the country. This is a proof, at least, that the work in question is very ancient; and it is certainly worthy the magnificence of the most powerful kings of Egypt. This well has, as it were, two stories, cut out of the rock to a prodigious depth. One descends to the reservoir of water between the two wells, by a staircase seven or eight feet broad, consisting of two hundred and twenty steps, and so contrived that the oxen employed to throw up the water go down with all imaginable ease, the descent being scarce perceptible. The well is supplied from a spring, which is almost the only one in the whole country. The oxen are continually turning a wheel with a rope, to which are fastened buckets. The water thus drawn from the first and lowermost well is conveyed by a little canal into a reservoir, which forms the second well; from whence it is drawn to the top in the same manner, and then conveyed by pipes to all parts of the castle. As this well is supposed by the inhabitants of the country to be of great antiquity, and has indeed much of the antique way of the Egyptians, we thought it might deserve a place among the curiosities of ancient Egypt. We afterwards give a portrait of it.

Strabo speaks of such an engine, which by wheels and pulleys threw up the water of the Nile to the top of a vast high hill; with this difference, that instead of oxen, a hundred and fifty slaves were employed to turn these wheels.

This part of Egypt we are treating of is famous for several rarities, each of which deserves a particular examination. We shall mention only the principal, such as the obelisks, the pyramids, the labyrinth, the lake of Mœris and the Nile.

Egypt seemed to place its chief glory in raising monuments for posterity. Its obelisks form at this day, on account of their beauty as well as height, the principal ornament of Rome; and the Roman power, despairing to equal the Egyptians, thought it honour enough to borrow the monuments of their kings.

An obelisk is a quadrangular, taper, high spire or pyramid, raised perpendicularly and terminating in a point, to serve as an ornament to some open square, and is very often filled with inscriptions or hieroglyphics, that is with mystical characters or symbols, used by the Egyptians to conceal and disguise their sacred things, and the mysteries of their theology.

Sesostris erected in the city of Heliopolis two obelisks of an extremely hard stone, brought from the quarries of Syene, at the extremity of Egypt. They were each one hundred and twenty cubits high, that is, thirty fathoms, or one hundred and eighty feet.* The Emperor Augustus, having made Egypt a province of the Empire, caused these two obelisks to be transported to Rome, one whereof was afterwards broken to pieces. He durst not venture upon a third, which was of a monstrous size. It was made in the reign of Rameses. It is said that twenty thousand men were employed in the cutting of it. Constantius, more daring than Augustus, ordered it to be removed to Rome. Two of these obelisks are still seen, as well as another of a hundred cubits, or twenty-five fathoms high, and eight cubits or two fathoms in diameter. Caius Cæsar had brought it from Egypt in a ship of so odd a form, that, according to Pliny, the like had never been seen.

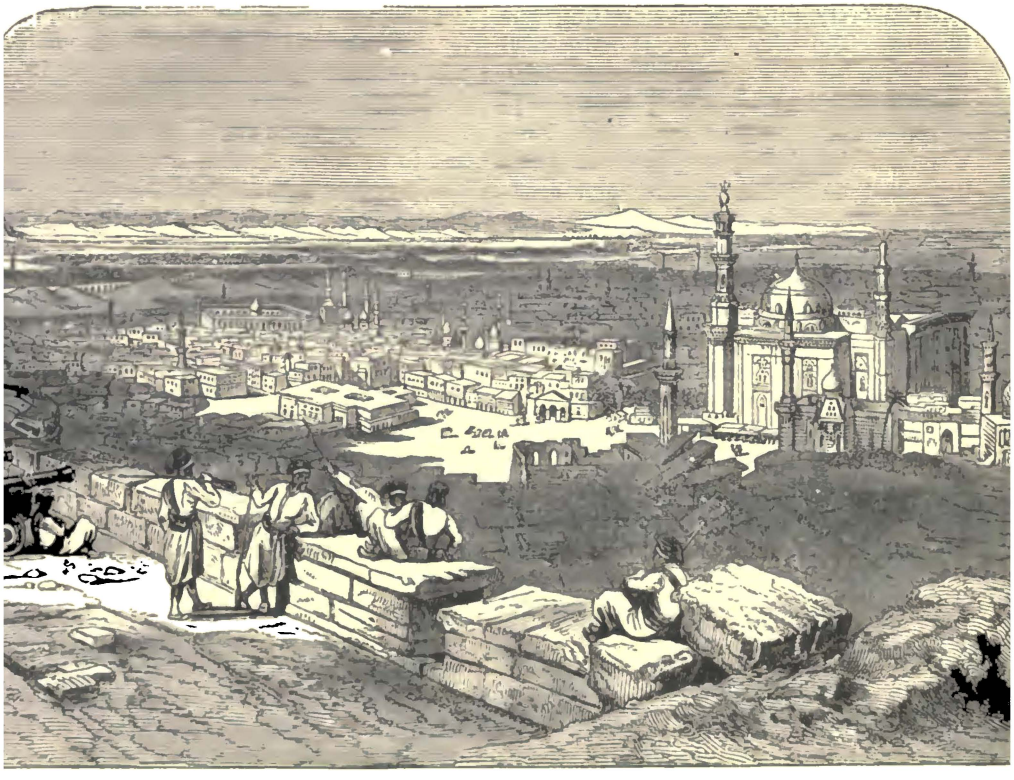
Every part of Egypt abounded with this kind of obelisks; they were for the most part cut in the quarries of Upper Egypt, where some are now to be seen half finished. But the most wonderful circumstance is, that the ancient Egyptians should have had the art and contrivance to dig even in the very quarry a canal, through which the water of the Nile ran in the time of its in-

* It must be observed once for all, that an Egyptian cubit, according to Mr. Greaves, was about 1 foot 9¾ inches of our measure.

undation, from whence they afterwards raised up the columns, obelisks, and statues on rafts, proportioned to their weight, in order to convey them into Lower Egypt. And as the country abounded everywhere with canals, there were few places to which those huge bodies might not be carried with ease, although their weight would have broken every other kind of engine.

A pyramid is a solid or hollow body, having a large and generally a square base, and terminating in a point.

There were three pyramids in Egypt more famous than the rest, one whereof deserved to be ranked among the Seven Wonders of the World; they did not stand very far from the city of Memphis. We shall take notice here only of the largest of



CAIRO FROM THE CITADEL.

the three, though two are depicted in our illustration. This pyramid was built on a rock, having a square base, cut on the outside as so many steps, and decreasing gradually quite to the summit. It was built with stones of a prodigious size, the least of which were thirty feet, wrought with wonderful art, and covered with hieroglyphics. According to several ancient authors, each side was eight hundred feet broad, and as many high. The summit of the pyramid, which to those who viewed it from below seemed a point, was a fine platform composed of ten or twelve massy stones, and each side of that platform sixteen or eighteen feet long.

M. de Chazelles, of the Academy of Sciences, who went purposely on the spot

in 1693, gives us the following dimensions:

The side of the square base	110 fathoms.
The fronts are equilateral triangles, and therefore the superficies of the base is	12,100 square fathoms.
The perpendicular height	77¾ fathoms.
The solid contents	313,590 cubical fathoms.

A hundred thousand men were constantly employed about this work, and were relieved every three months by the same number. Ten complete years were spent in hewing out the stones, either in Arabia or Ethiopia, and in conveying them to Egypt, and twenty years more in building this immense edifice, the inside of which contained numberless rooms and apartments. There was expressed on the pyramid, in Egyptian characters, the sums it cost only in garlic, leeks, onions and the like, for the workmen, and the whole amounted to sixteen hundred talents of silver, that is, four millions five hundred thousand pounds sterling, from whence it was easy to conjecture what a vast sum the whole must have amounted to.

Such were the famous Egyptian pyramids, which by their figure, as well as size, have triumphed over the injuries of time and the barbarians. But what efforts soever men may make, their weakness will always be apparent. These pyramids were tombs, and there is seen at this day, in the middle of the largest, an empty sepulchre, cut out of one entire stone, about three feet deep and broad, and a little above six feet long.* Thus all this bustle, all this expense, and all the labours of so many thousand men, ended in procuring a prince in this vast and almost boundless pile of building, a little vault six feet in length. Besides, the kings who built these pyramids had it not in their power to be buried in them, and so did not rest in the sepulchre they had built. The public hatred which they incurred, by reason of their unheard-of cruelties to their subjects, in laying such heavy tasks upon them, occasioned their being interred in some obscure place, to prevent their bodies from being exposed to the fury and vengeance of the populace.

This last circumstance, which historians have taken particular notice of, teaches us what judgment we ought to pass on these edifices, so much boasted of by the ancients. It is but just to remark and esteem the noble genius which the Egyptians had for architecture; a genius that prompted them from the very first, and before they could have any models to imitate, to aim in all things at the grand and magnificent, and to be intent on real beauties, without swerving ever so little from a noble simplicity, in which the highest perfection of art consists. But what idea ought we to form of those princes, who considered as something grand the raising by a multitude of hands, and by the help of money, immense structures, with the sole view of rendering their names immortal, and who did not scruple to destroy thousands of their subjects to satisfy their vain-glory! They differed very much from the Romans, who sought to immortalize themselves by works of a magnificent kind, but which at the same time were of public use.

Pliny gives us in few words a just idea of these pyramids, when he calls them a foolish and useless ostentation of the wealth of the Egyptian kings; and adds, that by a just punishment their memory is buried in oblivion, the historians not agreeing among themselves about the names of those who first raised those vain monuments. In a word, according to the judicious remark of Diodorus, the more the industry of the architects of these pyramids is valuable and praiseworthy, the more the attempt of the Egyptian kings is contemptible, and deserves censure.

But what we should most admire in these ancient monuments is, the true and standing evidence they give of the skill of the Egyptians in astronomy, that is, in a science

* Strabo mentions the sepulchre—lib. xvii., p. 808.

which seems incapable of being brought to perfection, but by a long series of years, and a great number of observations. M. de Chazelles, when he measured the great pyramid in question, found that the four sides of it were turned exactly to the four quarters of the world, and consequently showed the true meridian of that place. Now, as so exact a situation was in all probability purposely pitched upon by those who piled up this huge mass of stones above three thousand years ago, it follows that during so long a space of time there has been no alteration in the heavens in that respect, or (which amounts to the same thing) to the poles of the earth or the meridians. This is M de Fontenelle's remark in his eulogium of M. de Chazelles.

What has been said concerning the judgment we ought to form of the pyramids, may also be applied to the labyrinth, which Herodotus, who saw it, assures us was still more surprising than the pyramids. It was built at the most southern part of the lake of Mœris, whereof mention will be made presently, near the town of Crocodiles, the same with Arsinoe. It was not so much one single palace, as a magnificent pile composed of twelve palaces, regularly disposed, and which had a communication with each other. Fifteen hundred rooms interspersed with terraces were ranged round twelve halls, and discovered no outlet to such as went to see them. There were the like number of buildings underground. These subterraneous structures were designed for the burying-place of the kings, and (who can speak this without confusion, and without deploring the blindness of man!) for keeping the sacred crocodiles which a nation, so wise in other respects, worshipped as gods.

In order to visit the rooms and halls of the labyrinth, it was necessary, as the reader will naturally suppose, for people to take the same precaution as Ariadne made Theseus use, when he was obliged to go and fight the Minotaur in the labyrinth of Crete. That is, to take a thread with him, so as to have a clue by which he might retrace his steps. Virgil describes it in this manner,—

"And as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering ways, and many a winding fold,
Involved the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which denied recess:
Not far from thence he graved the wondrous maze;
A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways."

The noblest and most wonderful of all the structures or works of the kings of Egypt, was the lake of Mœris; accordingly, Herodotus considers it as vastly superior to the pyramids and labyrinth. As Egypt was more or less fruitful in proportion to the inundations of the Nile; and as in these floods the too general flow or ebb of the waters was equally fatal to the lands, King Mœris, to prevent these two inconveniences, and correct, as far as lay in his power, the irregularities of the Nile, thought proper to call art to the assistance of nature; and so caused the lake to be dug, which afterwards went by his name. This lake was about three thousand six hundred stadia, that is, about four hundred English miles round, and three hundred feet deep. Two pyramids, on each of which stood a colossal statue, seated on a throne, raised their heads to the height of three hundred feet, in the midst of the lake, whilst their foundations took up the same space under the water, a proof that they were erected before the cavity was filled, and a demonstration that a lake of such vast extent was the work of man's hands, in one prince's reign. This is what several historians have related concerning the lake Mœris, on the testimony of the inhabitants of the country. And the Bishop of Meaux, in his discourse on universal history, relates the whole as fact. But we confess that we do not see the least probability in it. Is it possible to conceive, that a lake of about four hundred English miles in circumference could have been dug in the reign of one prince? In what manner, and where, could the earth taken from it be conveyed? What should prompt the Egyptians to lose the surface of so much land? By what arts could they fill this vast

tract with the superfluous waters of the Nile? Many other objections might be made. In our opinion, therefore, we ought to follow Pomponius Mela, an ancient geographer; especially as his account is confirmed by several late travellers. According to that author, this lake is but twenty thousand paces, that is, about twenty English miles, in circumference.

This lake had a communication with the Nile, by a great canal, ten miles long, and fifty feet broad. Great sluices either opened or shut the canal and lake, as there was occasion.

The charge for opening or shutting them amounted of itself to an enormous sum. The fishing of this lake brought the monarch immense revenue; but its chief use related to the overflowing of the Nile. When it rose too high, and was likely to be attended with fatal consequences, the sluices were opened; and the waters, having a free passage into the lake, covered the lands no longer than was necessary to enrich them. On the contrary, when the inundation was too low, and threatened a famine, a sufficient quantity of water, by the help of drains, was let out of the lake, to water the lands. In this manner the irregularities of the Nile were corrected; and Strabo remarks, that in his time, under Petronius, a Governor of Egypt, when the inundation of the Nile was twelve cubits, a very great plenty ensued; and even when it rose but to eight cubits, the dearth was scarce felt in the country; doubtless because the waters of the lake made up for those of the inundation, by the help of canals and drains, through which they were widely distributed wherever required.

CHAPTER XI.

Ancient Egypt—Opinions about the Nile—Fable of the Phœnix.

THE Nile is the greatest wonder of Egypt. As it seldom rains there, this river, which waters the whole country by its regular inundations, supplies that defect, by bringing, as a yearly tribute, the rains of other countries, which made a poet say ingeniously: The Egyptian pastures, how great soever the drought may be, never implore Jupiter for rain.

To multiply so beneficent a river, Egypt was cut into numberless canals, of a length and breadth proportioned to the different situation and wants of the lands. The Nile brought fertility everywhere with its salutary streams; united cities one with another, and the Mediterranean with the Red Sea; maintained trade at home and abroad, and fortified the kingdom against the enemy; so that it was at once the nourisher and protector of Egypt. The fields were delivered up to it; but the cities that were raised with immense labour, and stood like islands in the midst of the waters, looked down with joy on the plains which were overflowed, and at the same time enriched by the Nile.

This is a general idea of the nature and effects of this river, so famous among the ancients. But a wonder so astonishing in itself, and which has been the object of the curiosity and admiration of the learned in all ages, seems to require a more particular description, in which we shall be as concise as possible.

The ancients placed the sources of the Nile in the Mountains of the Moon (as they are commonly called) in the 10th degree of south latitude. But our modern travellers

have discovered that they lie in the 12th degree of north latitude: and by that means they cut off about twelve hundred English miles of the course which the ancients gave to that river. It rises (so it was supposed a little later) at the foot of a great mountain in the kingdom of Goyam, in Abyssinia, from two springs, or eyes, to speak in the language of the country, the same word in Arabic signifying eye and fountain. These springs are thirty paces from one another, each as large as one of our wells or a coach-wheel. The Nile, said the ancients, is increased with many rivulets which run into it; and after passing through Ethiopia, in a meandrous course, flows at last into Egypt.

The name of *cataracts* was given to some parts of the Nile where the water falls down from the steep rocks. This river, which at first glided smoothly along the vast deserts of Ethiopia, before it enters Egypt, passes by the cataracts. Then growing on a sudden, contrary to its nature, raging and violent in those places where it is pent up and restrained, after having at last broke through all obstacles in its way, it precipitates from the top of some rocks to the bottom with so loud a noise that it is heard a great way off.

The inhabitants of the country, accustomed by long practice to this sport, exhibit here a spectacle to travellers that is more terrifying than diverting. Two of them go into a little boat, the one to guide it, the other to throw out the water. After having long sustained the violence of the raging waves, by managing their little boat very dexterously, they suffer themselves to be carried away with the impetuous torrent as swift as an arrow. The affrighted spectator imagines they are going to be swallowed up in the precipice down which they fall; when the Nile, restored to its natural course, discovers them again, at a distance, on its smooth and calm waters. This is Seneca's account, which is confirmed by our modern travellers.

The ancients invented many subtil reasons for the Nile's great increase, as may be seen in Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, and Seneca. But it is now no longer a matter of dispute (it being almost universally allowed, that the inundations of the Nile are owing to the great rains which fall in Ethiopia, from whence this river flows. These rains swell it to such a degree, that Ethiopia first, and then Egypt, is overflowed; and that which at first was but a large river, rises like a sea, and overspreads the whole country.

Strabo observes that the ancients only guessed that the inundations of the Nile were owing to the rains which fall in great abundance in Ethiopia; but adds that several travellers have since been eye-witness of it. Ptolemy Philadelphus, who was very curious in all things relating to arts and sciences, sent thither able persons, purposely to examine this matter, and to ascertain the cause of so uncommon and remarkable a circumstance.

Herodotus, and after him Diodorus Siculus, and several other authors, declare that the Nile begins to flow in Egypt at the summer solstice, that is, about the end of June, and continues to rise till the end of September, and then decreases gradually during the months of October and November; after which it returns to its channel, and resumes its wonted course. This account agrees almost with the relations of all the moderns, and is founded in reality on the natural cause of the inundation; viz., the rains which fall in Ethiopia. Now, according to the constant testimony of those who have been on the spot, these rains begin to fall in the month of April, and continue during five months, till the end of August and beginning of September. The Nile's increase in Egypt must consequently begin three weeks or a month after the rains have begun to fall in Abyssinia, and accordingly travellers observe that the Nile begins to rise in the month of May, but so slowly at first that it probably does not yet overflow its banks. The inundation happens not till about the end of June, and lasts the

three following months, according to Herodotus.

The just height of the inundation, according to Pliny, is sixteen cubits. When it rises but to twelve or thirteen, a famine is threatened; and when it exceeds sixteen, there is danger. It must be remembered, that a cubit is a foot and a half. The Emperor Julian takes notice in a letter to Ecdicius, prefect of Egypt, that the height of the Nile's overflowing was fifteen cubits, the 20th of September, in 362. The ancients do not agree entirely with one another, nor with the moderns, with regard to the height of the inundation; but the difference is not very considerable, and may proceed: (1) From the disparity between the ancient and modern measures, which it is hard to estimate on a fixed and certain foot; (2) from the carelessness of the observators and historians; (3) from the real difference of the Nile's increase, which was not so great the nearer it approached the sea.

As the riches of Egypt depended on the inundation of the Nile, all the circumstances and different degrees of its increase have been carefully considered; and by a long series of regular observations, made during many years, the inundation itself discovered what kind of harvest the ensuing year was likely to produce. The kings had placed at Memphis a measure on which these different increases were marked; and from thence notice was given to all the rest of Egypt, the inhabitants of which knew, by that means, beforehand what they might fear or promise themselves from the harvest. Strabo speaks of a well on the banks of the Nile, near the town of Syene, made for that purpose.

The same custom is observed to this day at Grand Cairo. In the court of a mosque there stands a pillar, on which are marked the degrees of the Nile's increase; and common criers every day proclaim in all parts of the city how high it is risen. The tribute paid to the Grand Signor for the lands is settled by the inundation. The day it rises to such a height is kept as a grand festival, and solemnized with fireworks, feastings, and all the demonstrations of public rejoicing; and, in the remotest ages, the overflowing of the Nile was always attended with an universal joy throughout all Egypt, that being the fountain of its happiness.

The heathens ascribed the inundation of the Nile to their god Serapis; and the pillar on which was marked the increase was preserved religiously in the temple of that idol. The Emperor Constantine having ordered it to be removed into the church of Alexandria, the Egyptians spread a report that the Nile would rise no more by reason of the wrath of Serapis; but the river overflowed and increased as usual the following years. Julian the Apostate, a zealous protector of idolatry, caused this pillar to be replaced in the same temple, out of which it was again removed by the command of Theodosius.

Divine Providence, in giving so beneficent a river to Egypt, did not thereby intend that the inhabitants of it should be idle, and enjoy so great a blessing, without taking any pains. One may naturally suppose, that as the Nile could not of itself cover the whole country, great labour was to be used to facilitate the overflowing of the lands; and numberless canals cut, in order to convey the waters to all parts. The villages, which stood very thick on the banks of the Nile on eminences, had each their canals, which were opened at proper times to let the water into the country. The more distant villages had theirs also, even to the extremities of the kingdom. Thus the waters are successively conveyed to the most remote places. Persons are not permitted to cut the trenches to receive the waters, till the river is at such a height, nor to open them all together; because otherwise some lands would be too much overflowed, and others not covered enough. They begin with opening them in Upper, and afterwards in Lower Egypt, according to the rules prescribed in a roll or book, in

which all the measures are exactly set down. By this means the water is disposed with such care that it spreads itself over all the lands. The countries overflowed by the Nile are so extensive, and lie so low, and the number of canals so great, that of all the waters which flow into Egypt during the months of June, July and August, it is believed that not a tenth part of them reaches the sea.

But as, notwithstanding all these canals, there are many high lands which cannot receive the benefit of the Nile's overflowing; this want is supplied by spiral pumps, which are turned by oxen, in order to bring the water into pipes, which convey it to these lands. Diodorus speaks of such an engine invented by Archimedes in his travels into Egypt.

There is no country in the world where the soil is more fruitful than in Egypt, which is owing entirely to the Nile. For whereas other rivers, when they overflow lands, wash away and exhaust their vivific moisture; the Nile, on the contrary, by the excellent slime it brings along with it, fattens and enriches them in such a manner, as sufficiently compensates for what the foregoing harvest had impaired. The husbandman, in this country, never tires himself with holding the plough, or breaking the clods of earth. As soon as the Nile retires, he has nothing to do but to turn up the earth, and temper it with a little sand, in order to lessen its rankness; after which he sows it with great ease, and with little or no expense. Two months after, it is covered with all sorts of corn and pulse. The Egyptians generally sow in October and November, according as the waters draw off, and their harvest is in March and April.

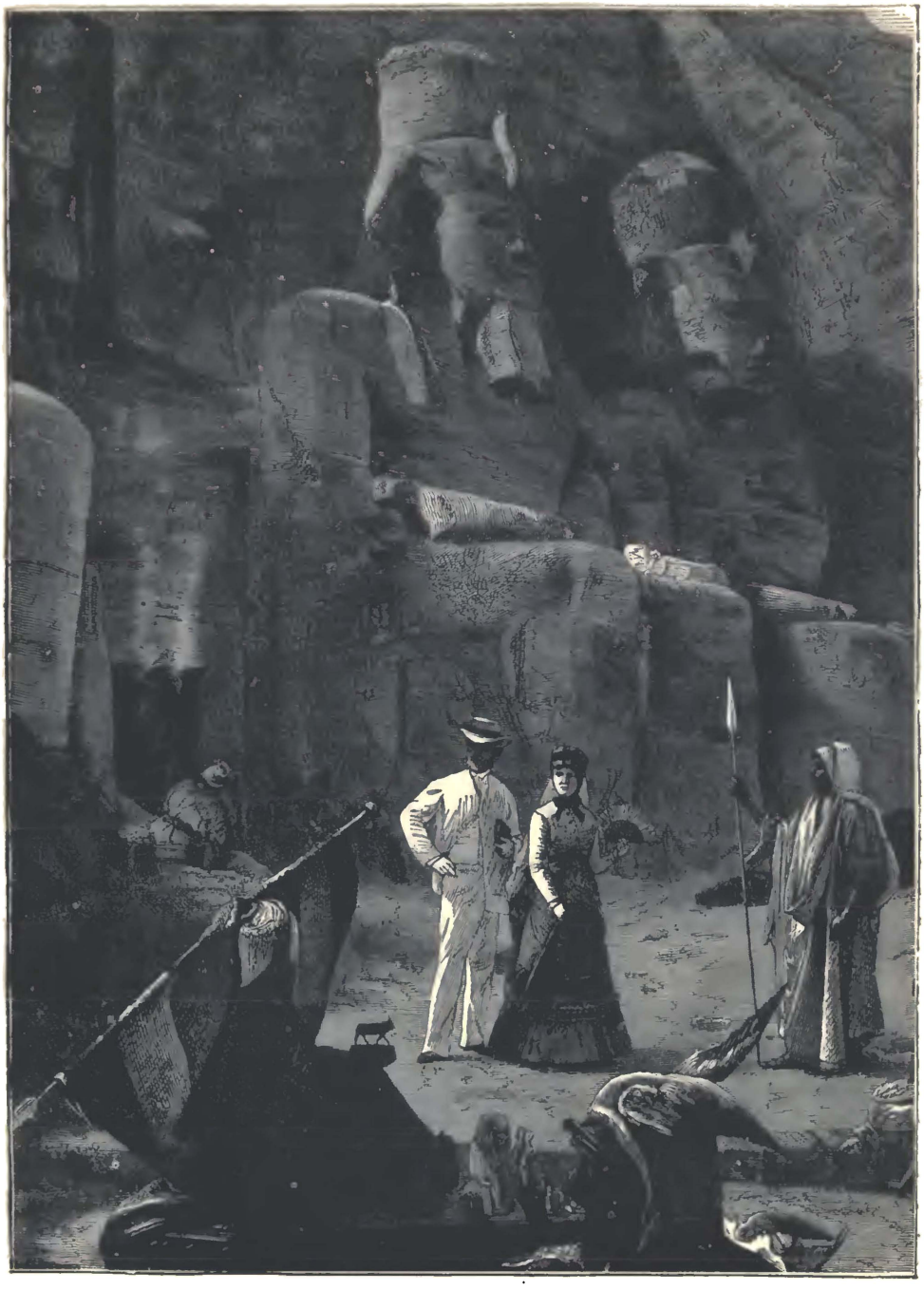
The same land bears, in one year, three or four different kinds of crops. Lettuces and cucumbers are sown first; then corn; and, after harvest, several sorts of pulse which are peculiar to Egypt. As the sun is extremely hot in this country, and rains fall very seldom in it, it is natural to suppose that the earth would soon be parched, and the corn and pulse burnt up by so scorching a heat, were it not for the canals and reservoirs with which Egypt abounds; and which, by the drains from thence, amply supply water wherewith to refresh the fields and gardens.

The Nile contributes no less to the nourishment of cattle, which is another source of wealth to Egypt. The Egyptians begin to turn them out to grass in November, and they graze to the end of March. Words could never express how rich their pastures are, and how fat the flocks and herds (which, by reason of the mildness of the air, are out night and day) grow in a very little time. During the inundation of the Nile, they are fed with hay and cut straw, barley, and beans, which are their common food.

A man cannot, says Corneille le Bruyn in his travels, help observing the admirable Providence of God to this country, who sends at a fixed season such great quantities ot rains in Ethiopia, in order to water Egypt, where a shower of rain scarce ever falls; and who, by that means, causes the driest and most sandy soil to become the richest and most fruitful country in the universe.

Another thing to be observed here is that (as the inhabitants say) in the beginning of June and the four following months, the north-east winds blow constantly, in order to keep back the waters which otherwise would flow too fast; and to hinder them from discharging themselves into the sea, the entrance to which these winds bar up, as it were, from them. The ancients have not omitted this circumstance.

The same Providence, whose ways are wonderful and infinitely various, displayed itself after a quite different manner in Palestine in rendering it exceedingly fruitful, not by rains, which fell during the course of the year, as is usual in other places; nor by a peculiar inundation, like that of the Nile in Egypt; but by sending fixed rains at two seasons, when the people were obedient to God, to make them more sensible of their continual dependence upon



THE RUINS OF THEBES.

THE SPHINX.

Him. God Himself commands them, by His servant Moses, to make this reflection. "The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs: but the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven" (Deut. xi. 10–13). After this, God promises to give His people, so long as they shall continue obedient to Him, the former and the latter rain: the first in autumn, to bring up the corn; and the second in the spring and summer, to make it grow and ripen.

There cannot be a finer sight than Egypt at two seasons of the year. For if a man ascends some mountain, or one of the largest pyramids of Grand Cairo, in the months of July and August, he beholds a vast sea, in which numberless towns and villages appear, with several causeways leading from place to place; the whole interspersed with groves and fruit-trees, whose tops only are visible, all which forms a delightful prospect. This view is bounded by mountains and woods, which terminate, at the utmost distance the eye can discover

THE PYRAMIDS, GIZEH.

a most lovely sky. On the contrary, in winter—that is to say, in the months of January and February—the whole country is like one continued scene of beautiful meadows, whose verdure, enamelled with flowers, charms the eye. The spectator beholds on every side flocks and herds dispersed over all the plains, with infinite numbers of husbandmen and gardeners. The air is then perfumed by the great quantity of blossoms on the orange, lemon, and other trees; and is so pure that a wholesomer or more agreeable is not found in the world; so that nature, being then dead as it were in all other climates, seems to be alive only for so delightful an abode.

We are now to speak of Lower Egypt. Its shape, which resembles a triangle or delta (Δ), gave occasion to its bearing the latter name, which is that of one of the Greek letters. Lower Egypt forms a kind of island; it begins at the place where the Nile is divided into two large canals, through which it empties itself into the Mediterranean. The mouth on the right hand is called the Pelusian, and the other the Canopic, from two cities in their neighbourhood, Pelusium and Canopus, now called Damietta and Rosetta. Between these two large branches, there are five others of less note. This island is the best cultivated, the most fruitful, and the richest in Egypt. Its chief cities (very anciently) were Heliopolis, Heracleopolis, Naucratis, Sais, Tanis, Canopus, Pelusium; and in later times, Alexandria, Nicopolis, etc. It was in the country of Tanis that the Israelites dwelt.

There was at Sais a temple dedicated to Minerva, who is supposed to be the same as Isis, with the following inscription: "I am whatever hath been, and is, and shall be; and no mortal hath yet pierced through the veil that shrouds me."

Heliopolis, that is, the city of the sun, was so called from a magnificent temple there dedicated to that planet. Herodotus, and other authors after him, relate some particulars concerning the phœnix and this temple, which, if true, would indeed be very wonderful. Of this kind of birds, if we may believe the ancients, there is never but one at a time in the world. He is brought forth in Arabia, lives five or six hundred years, and is of the size of an eagle. His head is adorned with a shining and most beautiful crest; the feathers of his neck are of a gold colour, and the rest of a purple; his tail is white, intermixed with red, and his eyes sparkling like stars. When he is old, and finds his end approaching, he builds a nest with wood and aromatic spices, and then dies. Of his bones and marrow, a worm is produced, out of which another phœnix is formed. His first care is to solemnize his parent's obsequies, for which purpose he makes up a ball in the shape of an egg, with abundance of perfumes of myrrh, as heavy as he can carry, which he often assays beforehand; then he makes a hole in it, where he deposits his parent's body, and closes it carefully with myrrh and other perfumes. After this he takes up the precious load on his shoulders, and flying to the altar of the sun, in the city of Heliopolis, he there burns it.

Herodotus and Tacitus dispute the truth of some of the circumstances of this incident, but seem to suppose it true in general. Pliny, on the contrary, in the very beginning of his account, insinuates plainly enough that he looks upon the whole as fabulous; and this is of course the case.

This ancient tradition, though grounded on an evident falsehood, has yet introduced into almost all languages the custom of giving the name of Phœnix to whatever is singular and uncommon in its kind: *Rara avis in terris*, says Juvenal, speaking of the difficulty of finding an accomplished woman in all respects. And Seneca observes the same of a good man.

What is reported of the swans, viz., that they never sing but in their expiring moments, and that then they warble very melodiously, is likewise grounded merely on a vulgar error; and yet it is used, not only by the poets, but also by the orators and even the philosophers.

It was in Heliopolis that an ox, under the name of Mnevis, was worshipped as a god. Cambyses, king of Persia, exercised his sacrilegious rage on this city; burning the temples, demolishing the palaces, and destroying the most precious monuments of antiquity in it. There are still to be seen some obelisks which escaped his fury; and others were brought from thence to Rome, to which city they are an ornament even at this day.

Alexandria, built by Alexander the Great, from whom it had its name, vied almost in magnificence with the ancient cities of Egypt. It stands four days' journey from Cairo, and was formerly the chief mart of all the eastern trade. The merchandise was unloaded at Portus Muris, a town on the western coast of the Red Sea; from whence it was brought upon camels to a town of Thebais, called Copht, and conveyed down the Nile to Alexandria, whither merchants resorted from all parts.

It is well known, that the East India trade hath at all times enriched those who carried it on. This was the chief fountain of the vast treasures that Solomon amassed, and which enabled him to build the magnificent temple of Jerusalem. David, by his conquering Idumea, became master of Elath and Ezion-Geber, two towns situated on the eastern shore of the Red Sea. From these two ports, Solomon sent fleets to Ophir and Tarshish, which always brought back immense riches. This traffic, after having been enjoyed some time by the Syrians, who regained Idumea, shifted from them to the Tyrians. These got all their merchandise conveyed, by the way of Rhinocolura (a seaport town lying between the confines of Egypt and Palestine), to Tyre, from whence they distributed them all over the western world. Hereby the Tyrians enriched themselves exceedingly, under the Persian Empire; by the favour and protection of whose monarchs they had the full possession of this trade. But when the Ptolemies had made themselves masters of Egypt, they soon drew all this trade into their kingdom, by building Beernice and other ports on the western side of the Red Sea, belonging to Egypt; and fixed their chief mart at Alexandria, which thereby rose to be the city of the greatest trade in the world. There it continued for a great many centuries after; and all the traffic which the western parts of the world from that time had with Persia, India, Arabia, and the eastern coasts of Africa, was wholly carried on through the Red Sea, and the mouth of the Nile, till a way was discovered, a little above three hundred years since, of sailing to those parts by the Cape of Good Hope. After this, the Portuguese for some time managed this trade; but now it is in a manner engrossed wholly by the English.

For the conveniency of trade, there was built near Alexandria, in an island called Pharos, a tower which bore the same name. At the top of this tower was kept a fire, to light such ships as sailed by night near those dangerous coasts, which were full of sands and shelves; from whence all other towers, designed for the same use, have been called, as Pharo di Messina, etc. The famous architect Sostratus built it by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, who expended eight hundred talents upon it. It was reckoned one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Some have commended that prince for permitting the architect to put his name in the inscription which was fixed on the tower instead of his own. It was very short and plain, according to the manner of the ancients: "Sostratus the Cnidian, son of Dexiphanes, to the protecting Deities, for the use of sea-faring people." But certainly Ptolemy must have very much undervalued that kind of immortality which princes are very fond of, to suffer that his name should not be so much as mentioned in the inscription of an edifice so capable of immortalizing him. What we read in Lucian concerning this matter, deprives Ptolemy of a modesty which indeed would be very ill placed here. This author informs us that Sostratus, in order that the whole glory of

that noble structure might be ascribed to himself, caused the inscription with his own name to be carved in the marble, which he afterwards covered with lime, and thereon put the king's name. The lime soon mouldered away; and by that means, instead of procuring the architect the honour with which he had flattered himself, served only to discover to future ages his mean fraud, and ridiculous vanity.

Riches failed not to bring into this city, as they usually do in all places, luxury and licentiousness; so that Alexandrian voluptuousness became a proverb. Yet the arts and sciences were also here cultivated in a very high degree.

CHAPTER XII.

General Herbert Stewart—A Brief Record of the Life and Services of that Able Soldier.

ON the morning of Friday, February 20, 1885, a second edition of the great London papers announced to the metropolis and to England, that General Herbert Stewart had succumbed to the wounds he had received some time previously. Men turned away with a sigh as they thought of this sad close of a career of promise, and of the untimely death of one who, young in years, but old in service, had deserved so well of his country. Was it a "sad close" after all? Surely not! for—

> "How can man die better
> Than facing fearful odds,
> For the ashes of his fathers
> And the temples of his gods?"

So Macaulay makes the old Roman say, and the universal testimony of all time is that the man who dies on the field of battle fighting for his country is not one of whom it is becoming to speak too sorrowfully.

Yet one could not refrain from feeling grief when it was decisively known that "unhappily the worst fears had been realized, and, to the grief of the whole army, and indeed of the nation, the gallant General Stewart had succumbed to the grievous wound which he sustained almost in the moment of victory, on January 19, as his little column was fighting its way to Metemmeh. His case was well-nigh desperate from the first. The bullet lodged at the base of the stomach, and, in consequence of the weak condition of the patient, no attempt seems to have been made to extract it. But his courage never failed him. Notwithstanding his own sufferings, his constant thoughts were with his men, and his cheerfulness and excellent spirits for a time caused his friends to hope that he might eventually rally. Not so the doctors; they realized the gravity of the case from the outset, without ceasing to do all that attention and human skill could effect to mitigate his pain. After being tended for some weeks on board one of the river steamers at Gubat, General Stewart was removed along with other wounded officers and men to Gakdul. On the way, it will be remembered, the convoy had a smart skirmish with a large body of Arabs, who were beaten off. Further than Gakdul it was not deemed advisable to move the dying General. Fever had set in, accompanied by other alarming symptoms, and the end

came on the 16th inst. Thus died one who, according to the oft-repeated testimony of Lord Wolseley, was one of the most distinguished officers in the army.

Though Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart was only forty-two years of age, he had seen much active service, and gained more rewards than fall to the lot of many officers. He joined the army as ensign in the 37th Foot on Nov. 24, 1863, and was transferred to the 3rd (Prince of Wales) Dragoon Guards as captain in 1873, in which he attained the rank of colonel in 1882. In the Zulu war of 1879 he served as brigade-major of cavalry, and was present at the engagement of Erzungayan. After the break-up of the Cavalry Brigade he was employed on the line of communication, and was specially mentioned by Colonel Baker Russell. In the operations against Sekukuni he served as principal staff officer, and subsequently acted as Lord Wolseley's military secretary and chief of staff when winding up the Zulu campaign. For this he was again mentioned in despatches and rewarded with a lieutenant-colonelcy. South Africa was also the scene of his next campaign, which, however, was not so fortunate. In the Boer war of 1881 he acted as assistant-adjutant and quartermaster-general to Sir George Colley, with whom he was present at the disaster of Majuba Hill. In the Egyptian campaign of 1882 he was appointed assistant-adjutant and quartermaster-general to the Cavalry Division, and was present at the engagements of El Magfar and Tel-el-Mahuta, the two actions at Kassassin, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the capture of Cairo. For these services he was appointed aide-de-camp to the Queen and Companion of the Bath. In the campaign of 1884, in the Eastern Soudan, he was appointed to the command of the Cavalry Brigade attached to Major-General Sir Gerald Graham's Division, and for his services was created a K.C.B. It was after the hard victories of Teb and Tamai that the gallant leader, as is well known, offered, and even entreated to be sent from Suakim to Berber at the head of fourteen hundred cavalry, a step which, if adopted, would probably have saved Gordon and Khartoum, and perhaps averted the present war. At the time he received his death-wound he had the temporary rank of major-general in command of the Camel Column of Lord Wolseley's force, and it will be remembered that after his victory at Abu Klea this rank was confirmed, at the special command of the Queen. Sir Herbert Stewart, who was the eldest son of the Rev. Edward Stewart, and the grandson of the Hon. Edward Stewart, was born in 1843, and was educated at Winchester. He married, in 1877, Georgina Janet, daughter of Admiral Sir James Stirling, and widow of Major-General Sir Henry Tombs, V.C., K.C.B.

Numerous correspondents wrote expressive of the regret felt throughout the country at the death of General Stewart. From Dublin it was stated that he was exceedingly popular while acting as aide-de-camp to Lord Spencer. He was specially prominent in shooting matches and other sports. His fondness for athletics dates, indeed, from his school-days at Winchester, where he was foremost in most outdoor games. Another correspondent mentioned a fact not generally known, that General Stewart was at one time a student of law at the Inner Temple. Although he kept all his 'terms,' the gallant officer was never called to the bar," though in this indeed he was like the majority of those who enter themselves as students at our ancient Inns of Court.

It will be of great interest to read Stewart's own account of the desperate battle of Abu Klea, and we here append the official report to headquarters, as well as Lord Wolseley's accompanying statement:—

"CAMP KORTI, *Jan. 26th*, 1885.

My Lord,—I forward herewith the copy of a despatch from Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B., in which he describes the action he fought on the 17th inst. at Abu Klea. I am now awaiting

reports from him as to his further proceedings subsequent to that battle, and I reserve comments upon his operations until I am in receipt of them. At present I shall content myself with remarking that all he has done proves him to be a real leader of men and an able general. All ranks under his command have displayed that discipline and those high fighting qualities for which her Majesty's army has always been renowned.

I deeply deplore our loss, which was considerable in proportion to the numbers engaged; but this must generally be the case where we have to contend with a brave and determined enemy, five or more times our strength, and who invariably come to close quarters and hand-to-hand fighting. I have, etc., WOLSELEY, General.

The Right Hon. the Marquis of Hartington, M.P."

"From Brigadier-General Sir H. Stewart to the Chief of the Staff.

ABU KLEA WELLS, *Jan. 18th*, 1885.

Sir,—In continuation of my report of the 14th inst., I have the honour to inform you that the force under my command has made the following movements in carrying out your orders.

On the 14th inst. the force left Gakdul at two p.m., and marching until dark bivouacked for the night some ten miles on the road to Metemmeh. On the 15th inst. a distance of twenty-four miles was accomplished, and a bivouac formed among the hills marked Gebel Es Sergain on the map.

On the 16th inst. the force left camp at 5 a.m., and halted for breakfast at 11.30 a.m. at the spot marked in the map by the 840th kilometre. Whilst halted a report was received from Lieutenant-Colonel Barrow, 19th Hussars, who had been sent forward with his squadron to reconnoitre the neighbourhood of the Abu Klea Wells, informing me that he had seen about fifty of the enemy standing in groups on the hills about four miles north-east of Abu Klea. Shortly afterwards the whole force was advanced—the Guards Camel Regiment, Heavy Camel Regiment, and Mounted Infantry Camel Regiment, moving on a broad front in line of columns, at half distance, the ground being favourable.

It soon became manifest that the enemy was in force, and, looking to the hour (two p.m.), it did not seem desirable to attempt to attack until the following morning. Another bivouac was therefore selected, protected from the enemy's fire so far as the ground would permit, and various small works were constructed. During the night a continuous light fire at long ranges was kept up by the enemy, doing little damage.

Upon the 17th inst. it was plain that the enemy was in force. During the night they had constructed works on our right flank, from which a distant but well-aimed fire was maintained. In our front the manœuvring of their troops in line and in column was apparent, and everything pointed to the probability of an attack upon our position being made. Under these circumstances no particular hurry to advance was made, in the hope that our apparent dilatoriness might induce the enemy to push home. The camp having been suitably strengthened to admit of its being held by a comparatively small garrison, viz., 40 Mounted Infantry, 125 Sussex and details, and the enemy still hesitating to attack, an advance was made to seize the Abu Klea Wells. The force moved on foot in a square, which was formed as follows: Left front face, two companies Mounted Infantry; right front face, two companies Guards, with the three guns Royal Artillery in the centre; left face, two companies Mounted Infantry, one company Heavy Camel Regiment; right face, two companies Guards, detachment Royal Sussex; rear face, four companies Heavy Camel Regiment, with Naval Brigade and one Gardner gun in the centre. The advance at once attracted a fairly-aimed fire from the enemy in front and on both flanks, which, in order to enable the square to continue moving, it was absolutely

necessary to hold in check by the fire of skirmishers. The enemy's main position was soon apparent, and by passing that position well clear of its left flank it was manifest that he must attack or be enfiladed. As the square was nearly abreast of the position the enemy delivered his attack in the shape of a singularly well organized charge, commencing with a wheel to the left.

A withering fire was at once brought to bear upon the enemy, especially from the more advanced portion of the left front face of the 'square. The rear portion of this face taking a moment or two to close up was not in such a favourable position to receive the enemy's attack, and I regret to say that the square was penetrated at this point by the sheer weight of the enemy's numbers. The steadiness of the troops enabled the hand-to-hand conflict to be maintained, whilst severe punishment was still being meted out to those of the enemy continuing to advance, with the result that a general retreat of the enemy under a heavy artillery and rifle fire soon took place. After reforming the square, the 19th Hussars, who had been acting in difficult ground supporting our left flank, were pushed on to seize the Abu Klea Wells, and at 5 p.m. those wells were completely in our possession. Detachments of the corps then returned to the bivouac of the 16th inst. to bring up the camel and impedimenta left there, thus completing the force here this morning at 8 a.m.

The strength of the enemy is variously estimated from 8,000 to 14,000 men. My opinion is that not less than 2,000 of the enemy operated on our right flank, 3,000 in the main attack, and 5,000 in various other positions; but it is difficult to estimate their numbers with any exactness. Their losses have been very heavy, not less than 800 lay dead on the open ground flanking our square, and their wounded during the entire day's fighting are reported by themselves as quite exceptional. Many are submitting. I deeply regret that the necessity of obtaining water delays my immediate advance on Metemmeh, but I trust this may be overcome in a few hours.

I cannot too deeply lament the loss of the many gallant officers and men that the force has suffered; but looking to the numbers of the enemy, their bravery, their discipline, and the accuracy of fire of those possessing rifles, I trust that this loss, sad as it is, may be considered as in some measure inevitable. In conclusion, I would add that it has been my duty to command a force from which exceptional work, exceptional hardships, and, it may be added, exceptional fighting, has been asked. It would be impossible for me adequately to describe the admirable support that has been given to me by every officer and man of the force. A return of casualties is attached. Every possible care is being taken of the wounded. Tents have been pitched, and a strong post established over the Wells, garrisoned by a detachment of the Sussex Regiment.—I have, etc.,

HERBERT STEWART,
Brigadier-General."

In Parliament, on the evening of the 20th of February, 1885, the death of General Stewart was referred to in fit terms, as will be gathered from the following condensed account of the proceedings:—

In the House of Lords,

Viscount Hardinge asked whether the Under Secretary for War had any further information to communicate to the House in regard to General Buller's force.

The Earl of Morley: I have, my Lords, no further information beyond what I stated to your Lordships yesterday in regard to that force, but before I sit down I have an extremely melancholy task to discharge. I think it is my duty to inform the House that a telegram was received to-day from Lord Wolseley, and the best way I can communicate the news is to read the telegram, which is as follows:—

"Telegram from Lord Wolseley, to Secretary of State for War, dated Korti, 19th

February, 1885. Received 19th February :—

It is my most painful duty to announce to you the death of Sir H. Stewart, at 5.0 p.m., on the 16th inst., from the effects of the wound received in the action of the 19th ult. Colonel Talbot, in reporting this sad event to me, says : 'I beg to be allowed to express the deep grief of all ranks who have had the privilege of serving under this distinguished officer, especially of those who have so lately followed him into action, and also their sense of the great loss which they, the army generally, and the country have sustained.' He was to be buried by the soldiers whom he so recently led to victory, at the entrance to the valley leading to the Gakdul Wells. No braver soldier or more brilliant leader of men ever wore the Queen's uniform. England can ill afford the loss of this young general, while his death robs me of the services of a dear friend and of a dear comrade. All the other sick and wounded are well."

GENERAL SIR HERBERT STEWART.

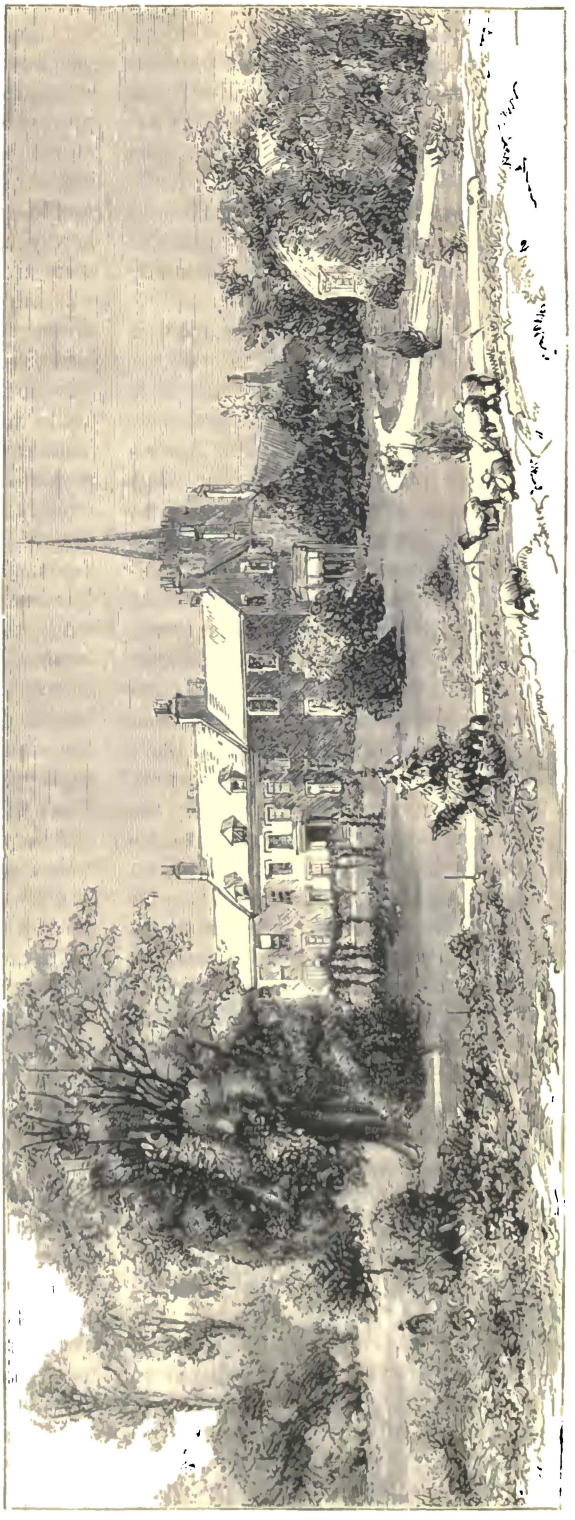
I am unwilling, my Lords, by any words of mine to mar the effect of Lord Wolseley's touching message, every word of which will find an echo in the heart of those who knew him (hear, hear). Within a very brief period of time the army and the country have had to mourn the loss of two of the most able generals, two of the bravest soldiers, and two of the truest men, in General Stewart and General Earle, who died, as they lived, true soldiers, leading their men against fearful odds to victory, gained by their own skilful dispositions and by the heroic bravery of their troops, but gained all too dearly by the loss of two such men. My Lords, the army and the country have to mourn the loss of two able soldiers whom we can ill spare (hear, hear).

The Duke of Cambridge : My Lords, I should wish to take this opportunity to add my testimony to the memory of the gallant men and soldiers to whom the noble Earl has just referred. Sir Herbert Stewart was a young officer who, by his own merits and his personal bravery, had brought himself into a prominent position in the army earlier than usually happens in the ordinary course of events. I take this opportunity also of expressing my sense of the gallantry and high conduct of General Earle (hear, hear). Both those officers have served their Queen and country with that distinction which I am sure is so dear to the heart of every Englishman if in a position to show it. They have had that opportunity, and they have nobly carried out their duty, and they have fallen in the service of their Queen and country. The army is proud of such men, and the country is proud to number such men in the army (hear, hear). I also wish to take this opportunity of referring to another brave

officer. I fear there is now little hope of the safety of General Gordon. They were three of the finest soldiers the kingdom ever produced from its earliest history, and the country greatly mourns their loss. Every one in this campaign has done his duty, and certainly no man could have done his duty more honestly, fearlessly, and conscientiously than the late General Gordon. Whether in China or the Soudan, his power was most remarkable, whilst as to his merits, we know from what he did in the Soudan how to judge of them (hear, hear). In his, as in the case of the other two distinguished officers I have mentioned, I must express, on the part of the army, our sincere and deep sympathy and regret at the loss which the army, Her Majesty, and the country have sustained (hear, hear).

In the House of Commons, Sir W. Barttelot asked the Secretary for War whether he had received official information of the death of that most gallant and distinguished officer, General Sir Herbert Stewart?

The Marquis of Hartington, although he believed the House generally was in possession of the melancholy intelligence, read the telegram which he had received from Lord Wolseley respecting the death of General Stewart, and added: I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without referring also to the loss which her Majesty's service has sustained in the death of the



SOMERBY HALL—COLONEL BURNABY'S RESIDENCE.

gallant General Earle (hear, hear). General Earle had certainly in this and in previous campaigns rendered the most brilliant and distinguished services (hear, hear). I am quite certain that the unfortunate, but most honourable circumstances of his death, command, equally with that of Sir Herbert Stewart, the universal regret of members of this House, and their respectful sympathy with his relatives (hear, hear).

A few words from an eloquent memoir may fitly close this chapter:—

"The loss, though not unexpected, adds another brave and brilliant name to the list of victims the war in the Soudan has already claimed from the British army. His name had been associated with the most daring, skilful, and successful action that has yet been fought in this unhappy campaign, and the nation reasonably hoped that he would have developed those qualities of foresight and courage that constitute the main requisites of a first-rate commander. Lord Wolseley had already placed on record his opinion that he knew no more promising officer in the whole of the service, and he must feel especially grieved by the loss of one upon whom he counted to co-operate with him in the execution of an original and difficult enterprise. Wherever General Stewart had been called upon to exhibit the characteristics that stamp the military man of action, he had responded to the appeal; and he had won the attachment and confidence of his subordinates as much as he had extorted the admiration of his superiors. Such men are developed, we may say without exaggeration, only in an army that is aristocratic in one sense, and democratic and popular in another. The habits of command that are traditional in the English gentleman are happily combined with that unaffected geniality that is found so winning and irresistible by all classes. Under such a leader as General Stewart, our voluntary soldiers will go anywhere and do anything. An English officer is at once the embodiment of hereditary dignity and of the most sympathetic familiarity. He represents discipline of the sternest kind, yet never imposes hardships or risks on others that he is not himself prepared and prompt to share. We may regret and must regret that so many officers of high standing should have fallen in this miserable scuffle with desert savages; but it will hardly be doubted that the rank and file who are asked to face the Arab spears will be more likely to do so when they observe that their officers set them so intrepid an example. The proof, perhaps, was not needed, but it is as well that a noble tradition should be maintained by fresh instances. We will not say, as the Spartan mother said of her dead boy, 'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.' But this realm and the British army contain thousands of men as worthy, who would demonstrate that they were so, had they only Stewart's chance. He had the good fortune to be in command at a critical moment, and the danger as well as the honour of the occasion fell to his lot. He dies lamented by his countrymen, and his name will not soon be forgotten. Even the death of the 'Christian Hero,' as Lord Salisbury called Gordon on a recent occasion though it overshadows all our other losses, does not make the country unmindful of such servants, who have perished in its cause, as General Earle and General Stewart." Nay, our memory of the one only serves to make us more mindful of the others.

The portrait of General Stewart, which accompanies this chapter, is from a likeness recently taken. It will serve to bring vividly before our readers the features of him who is gone.

Napoleon said to his soldiers, when encouraging them in an Egyptian fight, "From these pyramids forty centuries look down upon you." The forty centuries of Egyptian history may be challenged to produce the record of deeds so brave and daring as those of Stewart and the other officers and men who have here fought and died for their country.

CHAPTER XIII.

GENERAL EARLE—A LIVERPOOL LAD—QUALITIES OF HEAD AND HEART—DEATH IN THE MOMENT OF VICTORY.

IN our last chapter we have very briefly referred to expressions of sorrow at the death of General Earle, and we are sure that some notice of that able officer will be welcome to our readers. According to the *Pictorial World*,

Death found a shining mark, and struck a signal blow, when General Earle fell in the moment of victory after the capture of the heights of Kerbekan. One of the most brilliant campaigns in the desert has been clouded over by the loss of a commander who could ill be spared by his soldiers at such a crisis. And his countrymen at home have felt also a common sorrow that a career which was so full of promise should be so abruptly terminated. The words, "Killed in action," have been declared to be the most appropriate epitaph which a warrior could wish for, and the subject of this memoir desired no better; but it has seemed to all who have read the story of his gallant fight, that that was a bitter fortune, which suddenly quenched, in the very blaze of victory, the directing spirit whose skill, judgment, and daring had secured success.

Major-General William Earle was born at Liverpool in 1833—the same year as his friend and chief, Lord Wolseley—and was the third son of the late Sir Hardman Earle, of Woolton, who was created a baronet in 1869, and was a great friend of the present Premier. The Earles are an old Lancashire family, and have for several generations been associated with Liverpool, many members having been long and honourably connected with commercial pursuits and public duties in that locality. Educated first at a private school in Liverpool, William Earle went then to Harrow, where one of his class-fellows was the late gallant Burnaby. In 1851 he was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 49th Foot, of which regiment he became Adjutant in June, 1854. This corps was part of the Second Division in the Crimean War, forming, with the 41st and 47th Foot, the brigade well-known as the "Forty Brigade," under General Adams, and was one of the regiments which suffered most severely during the campaign. The duties of an adjutant were not easy or pleasant in those days of hard work and scanty fare, but Earle was energetic and punctilious in the performance of all details of duty, and was most popular amongst his brother officers. He was present at the battle of the Alma, and at the more stubborn fight of Inkermann, where, when at one time the fate of the day trembled in the balance, Adams's Brigade helped, by a desperate charge, to save it. He had, a few days before Inkermann, taken his part in repelling the sortie made by the Russians on October 26th—the day following the battle of Balaclava—when the Second Division, under Sir de Lacy Evans, repulsed 4,000 of the enemy, killing and wounding 500, and taking 100 prisoners. During the siege of Sebastopol, Earle did regimental duty in the trenches and at the two attacks upon the Redan. For his services he was specially mentioned in despatches, and, besides the Crimean medal, with three clasps, and the Turkish medal, was awarded the Sardinian medal and the fifth class of the Medjidie. Promoted to a company, he became Aide-de-Camp to the chief of the staff from October, 1855, to June, 1856. Leaving the 49th, he joined the Grenadier Guards in 1859, and in that distinguished

regiment held the posts of Instructor of Musketry and Adjutant. He served as Military Secretary at Gibraltar from May, 1859, to October, 1860; was Brigade-Major in Canada from October, 1862, to January, 1863; and Military Secretary in British North America from June, 1865, to October, 1870. In the meantime he had received his colonelcy, and when Lord Northbrook was appointed Viceroy and Governor-General of India he was offered, and accepted, the post of Military Secretary.

The office of Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India is a delicate and difficult one to fill adequately. A great deal of military patronage is in the hands of the Viceroy, independent of the Commander-in-Chief. Opinions have differed as to the wisdom or expediency which for many years deprived the military head of the armies of India of any direct control over an important part of that army—especially that to which was committed the defence of the Punjaub frontier—but the custom remained, and it was not seldom that certain jarrings and discords took place in the relations between the Military Secretariat of the Viceroy and that of the Commander-in-Chief. These differences, although noted in confidential papers only, were not unknown to the general body of officers, and sometimes occasioned no little scandal in camp or cantonment. It is to Colonel Earle's credit that during the four years, from May, 1872, to April, 1876, he held the appointment of Military Secretary to Lord Northbrook, there was no such clashing or jarring between the military departments under the Viceroy and those under the Commander-in-Chief. He "pulled well," to use a common but expressive phrase, with all parties; and whilst carrying out the views and wishes of the Governor-General faithfully and without swerving, he succeeded in winning the confidence and esteem of all other heads of the departments which go to form the complex machine known as the military administration of India. He had wonderful tact in dealing with men of different dispositions and tempers, and a clear head and a calm, cheery manner gave him a quiet power which was only exerted for the public good. It is no secret now that Lord Northbrook, himself a shrewd judge of character, speaks of him as having been one of the ablest of staff officers, having extraordinary power of organization and mastery of detail, and showing a readiness of resource and a soundness of judgment seldom at fault. His lordship mourns his death not only as a personal, but as a public loss.

After his return from India, Colonel Earle served on the home staff at Chatham and Shorncliffe until March, 1881. In August, 1882, he was appointed Brigadier-General on the expeditionary force in Egypt, and was promoted to the rank of Major-General in October that year. He had been made a Companion of the Star of India in 1876, and in November, 1882, he received the Companionship of the Bath, in recognition of his services during the Egyptian campaign, and also the thanks of Parliament. In that campaign he had rendered most valuable service, being placed in command of the base and lines of communication when Wolseley seized the Suez Canal, and moved from Ismailia to attack Arabi. All was chaos and confusion at Ismailia when Earle got there, but his energy and administrative ability soon evolved order and organization. Stores had to be landed and forwarded, sick and wounded had to be looked after, transport had to be found, a tramway had to be laid down, and all this had to be done with a deficiency of labourers, a want of money (the Government at home wishing to avoid any expenditure requiring a Parliamentary grant), and in the face of all manner of difficulties. But in spite of every obstacle, accidental or intentional, placed in his way, General Earle succeeded in keeping the line of communication perfect, and gained for himself the highest praise from Lord Wolseley, who mentioned in his despatches the good services he had rendered.

At the conclusion of the campaign he was appointed to the command of the English garrison at Alexandria, and in that capacity he won the good-will of all classes, Europeans and Egyptians.

But more active duties were soon to be required of him. Lord Wolseley had determined to advance up the Nile in his attempt to relieve Khartoum and to rescue Gordon, and General Earle was selected to head the force proceeding to Berber. The work of dragging the boats over the cataracts was found to be much more severe than at first expected, and the progress made was in consequence slow. But day after day the soldiers toiled on, animated by the determined and cheerful spirit which they saw in their leader. They heard of the splendid fight which Stewart had had at Abu Klea, and the news of Wilson's brilliant dash for the river must also have reached them. For them there seemed to be no chance of earning distinction, except as toilers working their way laboriously along the weary and troublesome river. At Berti, where it had been anticipated that the enemy would make a stand, only a deserted camp was found, and so further disappointment came, but stern duty had to be done. At length, however, the opportunity which they were longing for arrived. At Kerbekan the Arabs had assembled, and were prepared to give battle. They occupied a position of extraordinary natural strength, holding a high ridge of razor-backed hills, with advanced koppies in front close to the river—a position most difficult of access, and which could only be carried by assault. Such a situation, held by men who despised the fear of death as these brave tribesmen of the desert did, was indeed a most formidable one to attack. In the disposition of his forces for that purpose General Earle showed himself to be a tactician and an able strategist. He knew that Orientals always endeavour to keep a way of retreat open, and that an attack in rear has always been a movement which they dread. Leaving two companies with two guns to hold the enemy in front, Earle marched with the remainder of his men round the high range of hills, thus turning the position and attacking it from behind, sending his cavalry in the meantime to sweep on further to the rear, and endeavour to capture the enemy's camp. No arrangements could have been better planned, or more brilliantly executed. The foe were taken aback at the audacity of the manœuvre, but fought with all the courage of wild fanaticism. Behind rocks and broken ground and loop-holed walls they kept up a withering fire upon all sides. Earle, keeping his men in loose order of formation, advanced boldly to storm. A terrific rush of the enemy was met, not in square, but in the ordinary British line, and was coolly and gallantly repelled, and the Arab spearmen bit the dust. But the rocks had to be scaled before victory could be assured. Earle gave the signal, and to the wild music of the bagpipes, and to the still wilder music of cheers, which rang above the din of battle, the Highlanders and the men of Stafford rushed at their foe. They scaled the rocks and carried the position at all points with the bayonet. The success was complete, and ten standards, and the whole of the position, together with the enemy's camp, were soon in the hands of the stormers. It was a bold and brilliant feat of arms, excellently conceived, splendidly carried out. But in the very moment of victory a mighty sorrow fell upon the little band of conquerors. An Arab bullet had struck to death the general whom they loved, and who had led them so well. "General Earle," says the official despatch, "was among the foremost in this attack, and, to the deep sorrow of every officer and man in the force, was killed on the summit of the koppie."

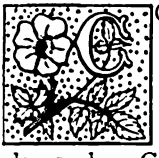
It may be argued that it is not the duty of a commander to expose himself unnecessarily, that it is contrary to the recognised strict rules of war. But there are moments when rules are of no account, and when all personal considerations must be thrown to the winds. Earle was not the man to

say "Go!" when he knew that to place himself in front would be an inspiration to all who followed. He did so, and "foremost fighting fell." A bright place will ever be his in the military annals of his country, and all who knew him will bear willing testimony to his great worth as a soldier, and will long cherish his memory as a friend.

He whose memory lives, dies not.

CHAPTER XIV.

Colonel Fred Burnaby—His famous Ride to Khiva.



OULD there be any greater contrast than Somerby Hall, Leicestershire, that quiet country house in the heart of rural England, and the places where Colonel Fred Burnaby, the man who held that house, spent his life and met his death! In the picture of Somerby Hall, with which we here present our readers, something of that peace and quiet is represented. In another picture, drawn from scenes in Burnaby's life, the contrast will be seen, as well as in the various illustrations of thrilling battle-pieces with which we accompany our narrative.

It is very well remarked, that "in a time like ours, when it is often complained that the age of romance has ceased, a career like that of the late colonel of the Royal Horse Guards is very unusual. Burnaby was more than a soldier. He was a man who, without being in any sense entitled to be called great, yet united in his person many of the qualities which Englishmen are most accustomed to admire. His physical bravery and his extraordinary personal strength are almost as well-known to-day as are the similar qualities of Richard Cœur de Lion. His intellectual were on a corresponding plane with his physical qualities. His mind was strong, active, tenacious. He had decided opinions, and expressed them with emphasis. He was as ready in debate as in action. On the platform at large political gatherings he displayed the same qualities of energy and dash which he displayed on the Khivan steppes, or before an Arab fortress in the Soudan. If he was unpopular at the Horse Guards, he was daily becoming more popular with the people; and by his adventurous journeyings in Asia and his repeated excursions in balloons, he added something to our knowledge of both geography and aeronautics. Burnaby was therefore a public man in a wider sense than that in which the mere soldier, however distinguished, is a public man. His qualities of mind were not rare; but seldom have mental and physical qualities been so happily blended.

Frederick Gustavus Burnaby was born at Bedford, March 3rd, 1842. He was the son of the Rev. G. Burnaby, by Harriett, sister of Mr. H. Villebois, of Marham House, Norfolk. His family was a good one; and he could boast, it is said, of being nineteenth in descent from Edward I. At Harrow he distinguished himself more by his mastery of modern languages than his knowledge of the classics. His literary tastes were developed early; for rebelling, as so many high-spirited boys have, against the fagging system then so prevalent in large public schools, young Burnaby wrote a hot protest, which was accepted and printed by the editor of *Punch*. From Harrow young Burnaby passed to Germany, where he much improved his knowledge of modern languages; and on September 30th, 1859, he was gazetted Cornet in the Royal Horse

COLONEL FRED BURNABY.

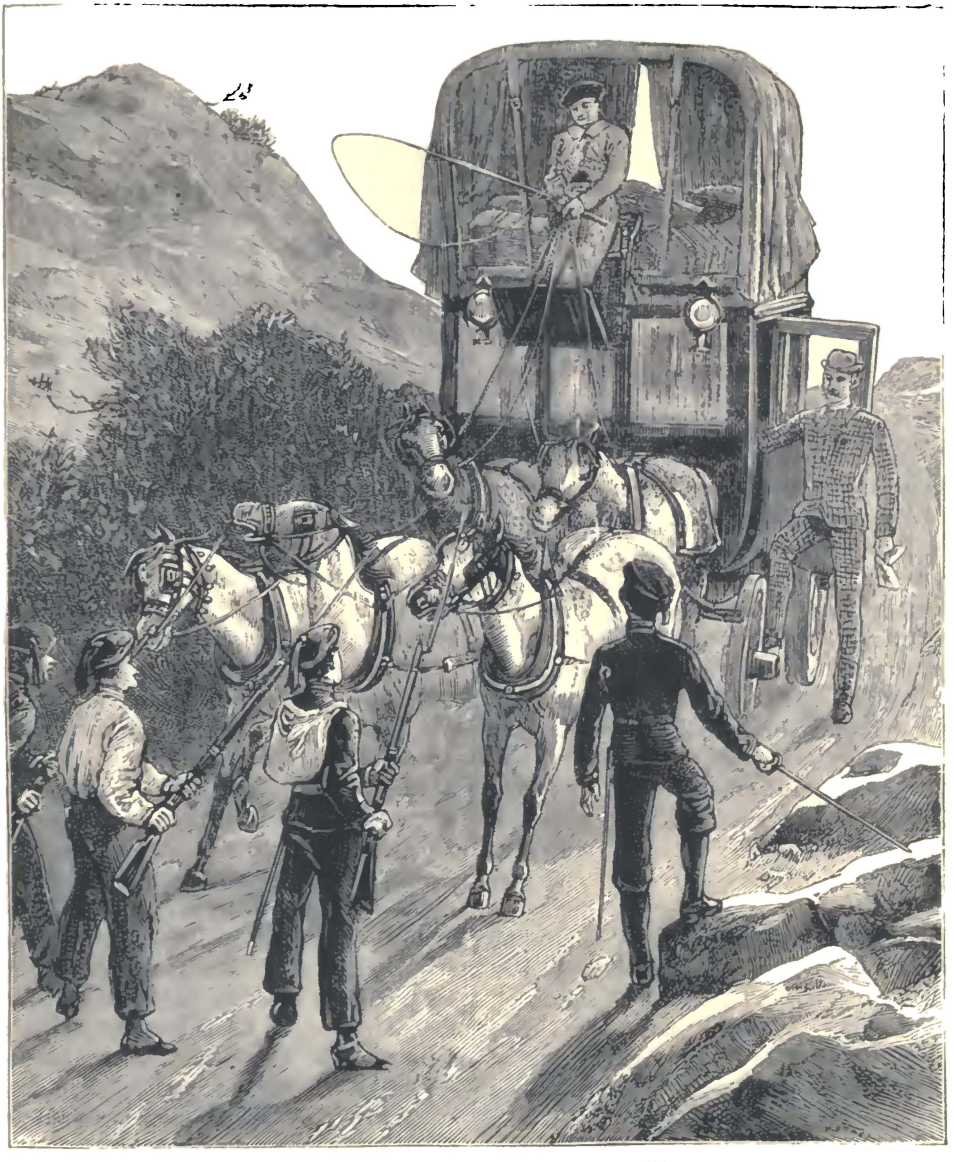
KILLED AT ABU KLEA, ON THE 17th JANUARY, 1885.

Guards (Blue), with which crack corps he served ever since; rising to be Lieutenant in 1861; Captain in 1866; Major in 1879; Lieutenant-Colonel in 1880; and Colonel in September, 1884.

Captain Burnaby was able very early to indulge his taste for foreign travel. In 1868 he left England for a long continental tour, visiting Bayonne, Bordeaux, the Pyrenees, and Pau. Wherever he went adventures attended his steps. Now he was helping the soldiers of some little French town to extinguish a fire; then riding across country on a curious horse ('Qui saut comme un chamois; qui marche comme un locomotif') after half-tamed foxes scented with aniseed; or, again, armed with a bedpost, he would be aiding a young Frenchman to beat back in Tangiers the attack of some Moorish soldiers eager to arrest some dancing girls who had been secretly showing the Giaours the real Moorish dance (not the Hebrew jig which is usually palmed off upon the ignorant tourist). From Biarritz Burnaby crossed into Spain, visiting San Sebastian, Madrid, Seville, and Gibraltar, and crossing to Tangiers, whence he returned to England. He eventually became a proficient linguist, being able to speak no less than seven languages (including Arabic, Russ, and Turkish) with fluency. In 1870 Captain Burnaby was in Russia, and on his way home he passed through Paris, then in the hands of the Commune. The year 1873 saw him again in Spain, where the Carlist war was raging. From Madrid he made his way to Vittoria, and thence to the Carlist lines. These he penetrated, although not always without difficulty. Our illustration represents him during one of those difficulties. Going along a mountain road he was met by a company of Carlists. With easy address he got out of his carriage, spoke to the Carlist captain in his own tongue, and, in a few minutes, was again on his way, and passed on to San Sebastian, and thence to Irun. Next year the colonel again visited Spain, this time as the correspondent of the *Times* on the Carlist side. His letters show considerable literary facility, and some of his descriptions are excellent specimens of the best kind of rapid writing. His next journey was a much more formidable undertaking. It was nothing less than an excursion to Central Africa to join General Gordon, then employed under Ismail Pasha in suppressing the slave-trade in the Soudan. From Suez Burnaby sailed down the Red Sea to Suakim, whence, with a caravan party, he journeyed on camels across the desert to Berber. From Berber he addressed his second letter to the *Times*, dated January 13th, 1875, describing his desert journey, and dwelling upon the dreadful horrors of the slave-trade which Gordon was then endeavouring with such extraordinary exertions to suppress. From Berber Captain Burnaby sailed up the Nile to Khartoum, whence he pushed on by boat far up the White Nile. His third and last letter to the *Times*, dated from Soubat, Central Africa, February 5th, 1875, gives some interesting details of the work then being carried on by General Gordon.

While at Khartoum Burnaby made a resolution to ride alone to Khiva. It was like the man to make so wild a resolve, and it was like him too to carry it out with such unflinching courage and such readiness of resource. Not long before, Colonel C. M. MacGregor had been foiled by the British Government in his attempts to penetrate to Merv. Fifteen months after MacGregor had returned from his eight months' ride, Burnaby set out on his adventurous journey. He proposed to ride through Khiva to Merv, to see what the Russians were about in Central Asia. It was a difficult and dangerous journey; but accidental circumstances have perhaps given an undue prominence to the undertaking. With MacGahan to coach him as to the route, with the assistance of Mr. Schuyler at St. Petersburg, with a ready knowledge of Russ, with the certainty that there was a Russian garrison at Khiva, and with plenty of money and an unrivalled physique, Captain Burnaby started

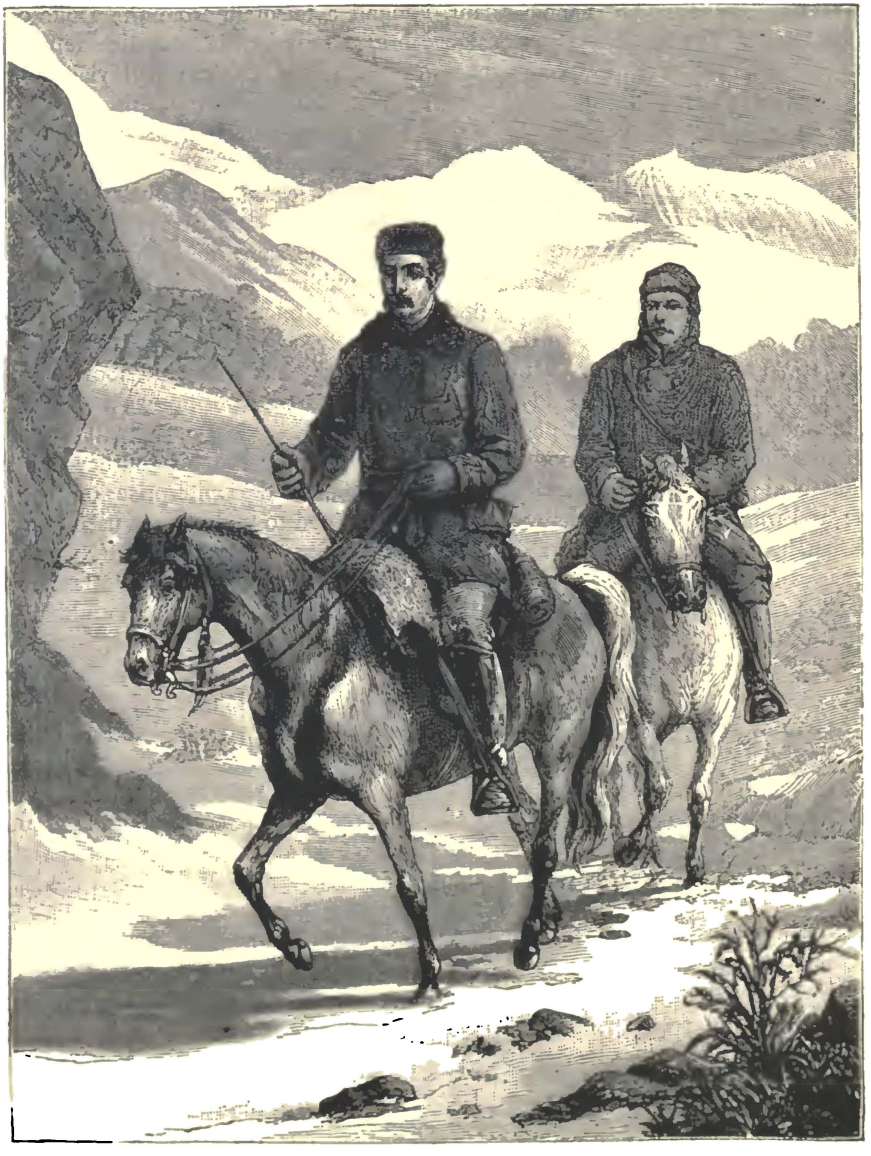
with unusual advantages. His feat is in no way to be compared to the much more dangerous and adventurous journeys of Vambéry and MacGahan, nor has 'The Ride to Khiva' the same interest or worth as Vambéry's 'Travels,' MacGahan's



BURNABY STOPPED BY CARLIST OUTPOSTS.

'Campaigning on the Oxus,' MacGregor's 'Khorassan,' or O'Donovan's 'Merv Oasis.' Much of his journey was over ground travelled almost daily by Russian merchants; and the pith of the enterprise was the ride of three hundred miles over the desert in the depth of winter, from Kazala to Khiva. Advertising skill and the fact that his book

was published at a moment when the public were eager to obtain information about the doings of Russia in Central Asia are the two chief reasons which led to the extraordinary success of Captain Burnaby's book. It is a book, too, written in just the vein to



THE RIDE TO KHIVA.

tickle the taste of the circulating-library public—light, easy, and good-natured, with bits of personal description, and some good descriptions of natural scenery. Leaving Charing Cross with eighty-five pounds of baggage on the 20th of November, 1875,

Captain Burnaby quickly made his way to St. Petersburg, and thence to Orenburg. From Orenburg to Kazala was a rush of 664 miles across the snow-covered desert; and at Kazala the traveller was welcomed politely by the Russian Commandant, Colonel Goloff. Fearing, however, a design on the part of Goloff to send him a prisoner to the Fortress of Petro-Alexandrovsk, Captain Burnaby declined Colonel Goloff's proffered escort, and set out, with only his servant and guide, on the ride of 370 miles to Khiva. A visit to Khiva in 1875 was a very different thing to a visit to the Khan's capital twelve years before, when Vambéry, disguised in his dervish rags, was the first European who had penetrated to the mysterious capital of the Khivans. Much had happened in the meantime. Said Mahomed, in whose austere presence poor Vambéry had trembled with such good reason, had humbled himself to General Kaufmann; and when Captain Burnaby visited the Khan he incurred no more risk, says Mr. Charles Marvin, than an English tourist visiting the capital of any Indian feudatory prince. Burnaby accomplished his ride in thirteen days, nor did he suffer any extreme hardship. Once, indeed, he ran much danger of frostbite, having by inadvertence left off his fur gloves. Falling asleep in his sledge, he woke to find his fingers a lurid blue, while his wrists and the extremities of his arms were like those of a dead man. Vigorous rubbing, however, restored the circulation. By the Khan of Khiva the English captain was received with consideration, and 'I was surprised,' wrote Captain Burnaby, 'that after all that has been written in Russian newspapers about the cruelties and other iniquities perpetrated by this Khivan potentate [Vambéry had seen the eyes of Tchaudor Turcomans gouged out by order of this same Khan], to find the original such a cheery sort of fellow.' At Khiva the English officer stopped some days; and then, instead of pushing on to Merv, according to his original intention, he decided to turn off to Bokhara. But before he had time to leave, an imperative message came from the Russian Governor Ivanoff, requiring his presence at Petro-Alexandrovsk. On arriving at the fortress (two days' journey from Khiva) Burnaby found a telegram from the Duke of Cambridge, ordering his immediate return. The Beaconsfield Cabinet had yielded to the diplomatic pressure of the Court of St. Petersburg, and had recalled the zealous traveller, who was prying too closely, the Russians feared, into their Central Asian transactions. Burnaby returned by almost exactly the same route by which he went. The publication of his book soon after his return at once raised him to the rank of a notoriety.

Enough has been said above to indicate Burnaby's true position as a Central Asian pioneer. He does not stand in the front rank of such; but his journey was a fine example of the enterprise of an officer determined to undertake a useful duty."

In order to give the reader some notion of how Burnaby wrote, we extract two brief passages from the "Ride to Khiva." The first describes waters by a "stern frost transformed into a solid mass. Pillars and blocks of the shining and hardened element were to be seen modelled into a thousand quaint and grotesque patterns. Here a fountain, perfectly formed, with Ionic and Doric columns, was reflecting a thousand prismatic hues from the diamond-like stalactites which had attached themselves to its crest. There a huge obelisk, which if of stone might have come from ancient Thebes, lay half buried beneath a pile of fleecy snow. Further on we came to what might have been a Roman temple or vast hall in the palace of a Cæsar, where many half-hidden pillars and monuments erected their tapering summits above the piles of the *débris*. The wind had done in that northern latitude what had been performed by some violent pre-Adamite agency in the Berber desert. Take away the ebon blackness of the stony masses which have been cast there forth from the bowels of the earth, and

replace them on a smaller scale by the crystal forms I have attempted to describe, and the resemblance would be striking."

Burnaby again describes another scene thus :—

"It was a glorious evening. The stars as seen from the snow-covered desert were brighter and more dazzling than any I had hitherto witnessed. From time to time some glittering meteor would shoot across the heavens. A momentary track of vivid flame traced out its course through space. Showers of orbs of falling fire flashed for a moment, then disappeared from our view. Myriads of constellations and worlds above sparkled like gems in a priceless diadem. It was a magnificent pyrotechnic display, nature being the sole actor in the spectacle."

And again: "The sunlight was bright and glorious, and in no part of the world hitherto visited by me had I seen the aurora in such magnificence. First a pale blue streak, gradually extending over the whole of the Eastern horizon, arose like a wall barring the unknown beyond. Suddenly it changed colour. The summit became like *lapis-lazuli*, the base a sheet of purple, waves of grey and crystal radiating from the darker hues. These relieved the eye, appalled by the vastness of the barrier. The purple foundations were in turn upheaved by seas of fire. The eyes were dazzled by the glowing brilliancy. The wall of colours floating in space broke up into castles, battlements, and towers. They were wafted by the breezes far from our view. The seas of flame meanwhile had lit up the whole horizon; they burst through their borders; they formed one vast ocean; the eye quailed beneath the blaze; the snowy carpet at our feet reflected like a camera the wonderful panorama overhead. Flakes of light in rapid succession bound earth to sky. At last the globe of sparkling light appeared rising from the depths of the ocean of fire."

CHAPTER XV.

BURNABY—HIS ADVENTURES IN ASIA MINOR—STANDS FOR BIRMINGHAM—CAREER AS A BALLOONIST.

"IN the autumn of 1876 all eyes were anxiously turned towards the East. The Bulgarian atrocities had been committed, and had given Mr. Gladstone the text for his fiery pamphlet. Lord Beaconsfield had characterized the rumours from Bulgaria as coffee-house babble. Journeying on the Danube, Canon Liddon and Canon MacColl had seen a Bulgarian impaled upon a pike. Other witnesses came forward, who alleged that the impaled being seen by the Canons was a stack of beans. Public opinion ran high. There were many who declared that the Turks ought to be driven out of Europe. A strong Russian party was formed in England; and it was evident that before long war would break out between Russia and Turkey. Such was the state of affairs when Burnaby, fresh from his Khivan exploit, determined to cap it by another ride. 'Were the Turks such awful scoundrels?' said the guardsman to himself. He determined to ascertain; and accordingly, in the autumn of 1876 he found himself leaving London with his faithful servant, Radford, and with only five months' leave in which to explore Asia Minor. In this brief time he rode over

2,000 miles of country, much of it barren wilderness. The journey gave him ample material for a second book, 'On Horseback Through Asia Minor.' It was distinguished by the same qualities of fluency, happy good nature, and high spirits, as 'The Ride to Khiva;' but it proved less of a public success. The exploit was less striking; the route better known. From Scutari Burnaby travelled almost due east past Angora and Sivas to Erzeroum. From Erzeroum he made a southerly detour to Lake Van, and continued as far east as Khoi, near the northern shores of Lake Urumia. Thence he struck northwards, reaching Kars, and finally embarking at Batoum for his return journey. He returned with a good opinion of the Turks, and with a much increased dislike for the Russians and their mode of government. This journey was saddened by the death at Dover of the faithful Radford, who had followed his master with uncomplaining fidelity through all his adventures. The faithful servant had contracted typhus fever at Constantinople. The fever developed itself at Vienna, he arrived at Dover unconscious, and died at the end of the second day on shore. Radford was buried at Dover, and his master put this record on his tomb: 'He was a brave soldier, a faithful servant, and as true as steel.'

The next year (1877) found Burnaby again in the East. Russia had declared war against Turkey, and Captain Burnaby went out to join the Turkish forces as agent to the Stafford House Committee. But though his position was purely that of a civilian he could not bear to be out of fighting. Accordingly he joined Baker Pasha, and was present at several engagements. He endured all hardship cheerfully, and defied all dangers with impunity. With his strong views on the Eastern Question it is not surprising that Burnaby should have endeavoured to obtain a hearing for them in the House of Commons. Accordingly, in June, 1878, he was accepted as the Conservative candidate for Birmingham; and it is characteristic of the man that he should have selected the very hot-bed of Radicalism as the place wherein to expound strong Conservative opinions. From the beginning the Captain's candidature was hopeless. He made a series of rattling political speeches, and attended a series of noisy meetings. But he had no chance against the Midland triumvirate, Messrs. Bright, Chamberlain, and Muntz. It speaks well, however, for the plucky fight that Burnaby made, that at the General Election, in 1880, he obtained 15,716 votes. After his defeat he did not despair of Birmingham; and he recently visited the Midland capital in conjunction with Lord Randolph Churchill, the other Conservative candidate. In June, 1879, Major Burnaby married at St. Peter's Church, Onslow Gardens, Miss Elizabeth A. F. H. Whitshed, only child of the late Sir St. Vincent Whitshed, Bart., of Wicklow, the Prince of Wales being present. Mrs. Burnaby shares much of the strength of mind and love of adventure which always distinguished her gallant husband. Though she cannot be credited with discovering the good effects of cold dry Alpine air in cases of chest complaint, she has at least the distinction of being the pioneer of Alpine climbing in winter. In the summer of 1881 Mrs. Burnaby arrived at Chamounix for the first time. She was in bad health, and the doctors feared consumption. She had tried in vain all the usual winter health resorts—Algiers, Hyères, Mentone, Meran. From none did she gain more than temporary benefit. But the pure mountain air of Chamounix gave her new life. She left with health restored. But the depressing airs of the valleys had the usual result, and after spending a bad winter at Mentone, Mrs. Burnaby resolved to take the management of her health into her own hands, and to try a winter in Chamounix. The doctors and friends protested. But the result was excellent. Since then Mrs. Burnaby has spent most of her time in Switzerland. She has become one

of the most expert lady climbers, and her pleasant book, 'The High Alps in Winter,' contains a climbing record which many Alpine clubmen will never equal. At Zermatt and Chamounix Mrs. Burnaby's slight figure is well known, and it is to Switzerland that the Queen has sent her sympathetic inquiries for the widow so suddenly bereaved."

Fred Burnaby was not content with travelling into out-of-the-way corners of the earth. He also aspired to explore the air also. Accounts of his balloon voyages were eagerly read, and hence our readers will peruse with peculiar interest this delineation of Burnaby as a balloonist, written soon after his death by that eminent aeronaut, Mr. Henry Coxwell.

"Among the military aeronauts who ascended with me more than twenty years since was the lamented and distinguished Englishman who has met with a soldier's death, but who never, I believe, suffered any personal injury during his numerous aerial travels. Long before his famous ride to Khiva we journeyed together with the balloon I made for the experiments in behalf of the British Association. It was in the year 1864 that a party of the Royal Horse Guards engaged every available seat in one of my trips from the Crystal Palace grounds. We were nearly, if not quite, twelve, all told, and the most prominent figure seated on the hoop, with a bugle or cornet in his right hand, was 'Burnaby of the Blues,' as that officer was familiarly styled on being introduced. No sooner had we started than this majestic companion struck up a lively tune, and his conversation afterwards, by no means ostentatious, afforded evidence of minute and extensive observation, impressing me with the idea that his first, or perhaps second, experience in mid-air was undertaken *con amore*. After crossing the Thames and bearing away over the Essex marches, I was reminded of having, albeit reluctantly, consented to attach a certain hamper outside the car, which appeared to me a very ponderous addition to the weighty occupants who allowed me to conduct them to cloudland. I now retain a vivid recollection of the amiable and jocular manner with which Captain Burnaby at that time received my protest. It was excused, and, indeed withdrawn, when Mr. Boswell whispered that a messman had brought down the hamper expressly from the Albany Barracks, and that it was charged with all sorts of creature comforts, including pies, pasties, chicken, and various other tempting morsels, admirably calculated to shake the most stoical objection, so that it was at last attacked. The diverting incident of a luncheon aloft having passed off with not a single fault-finding as to the chef's proficiency in the culinary art, some meteorological records were made, but they were in all truth extremely limited, as the hygrometric state of the atmosphere was no sooner pronounced dry than the hamper, rather than the attacked thermometer, was again consulted. This time the solids were permitted to rest, but a flighty cork, as it careered downwards, was watched with attention, and in justice to the moderation of our thirst it should, in fairness, be recorded that a full half of the champagne, which was of course well up, escaped ere the glasses were forthcoming. I can vouch for it that an infinitesimal portion of the contents of that basket was all that we consumed, and that the remainder rejoiced sundry good fellows at the descent who had been alarmed at our sudden appearance, as a brisk breeze had sprung up before we landed, and the grapnel tore down the branch of an elm-tree and trailed over a meadow, much to the consternation of the country folk, but considerably to the diversion of Captain Burnaby and his brother officers. The journey was pronounced—if I remember rightly by Lieutenant Westcar—a most enjoyable one. There is, however, more than one melancholy association connected with the three names I have mentioned. Those who bore them have all gone over to the majority. Burnaby, Boswell, and Westcar all stood

quite six feet four, and were noble, handsome men. If the fittest survive, they are not always the finest.

Just a decade after this event Captain (then Major) Burnaby made another ascent in one of my balloons. It was on a remarkable occasion. A French balloonist and his wife having ascended from Calais when the wind blew towards the sea, they were carried away northwards, and thereby increased the dangers of their venture. A descent was made, but it was on the wild waves in the line of the Dogger Bank, and there they struggled until a Grimsby smack rescued them. M. Duruof and his faithful partner met with a warm reception in England. He was invited to appear at Sydenham, but his balloon was damaged, and I was enabled to offer some attention to this young Frenchman, who had the honour of being the first aeronaut who passed out of Paris during the siege. Major Burnaby, hearing probably of the fact that I had given M. Duruof the free use of my balloon, together with the proceeds of the car, determined to patronise them. It was a great day at the Crystal Palace, and the muster roll of celebrities was unusually large. Major Burnaby seated himself near M. Duruof and the enterprising M. de Fonvielle, several paying passengers being in by their side. There was nothing worth chronicling in this ascent beyond the circumstance of its being a fraternal proof of goodwill and sympathy between English and French air travellers, not forgetting the respective nationalities represented. In reference to Colonel Burnaby's Channel voyage I cannot lay claim to having provided a balloon for this daring feat, but I hold a correspondence in which a similar suggestion was made as to my loaning my largest balloon to promote a voyage to Belgium. My conditions proved scarcely acceptable. I could only consent to the pilot being myself, and I incurred, possibly, some slight odium by not resigning the proposed seat of honour and providing a balloon. Not the slightest degree of resentment, however, followed, although it has been my lot to meet with this sort of feeling; but I have point-blank declined to gratify amateurs and meteorologists whenever our views were not in unison. I may here allude most opportunely to a recent proof of this. In an article by Colonel Burnaby, which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of May Day last, on 'The Possibilities of Ballooning,' my own experiences were alluded to in the kindest and most complimentary terms. Again, in his narrative of the Channel voyage was this friendly notice expressed. As to the application of balloons in Egypt and the Soudan, we were clearly of one way of thinking. When I heard that the Colonel had embarked for the Nile, I was hoping that, as he was to be working with the Intelligence Department, balloons might be utilized (or at any rate, miniature despatch balloonets, either composed of skin or thin gutta-percha) for signalling with. Major Jones proposed cipher messages, or as I have long advocated in my own way. In the *Times* and *Standard* of February, 1884, I sent forth, and not before it was wanted, a timely war balloon cry. The purport of my letter was literally in the following words, 'Be ready with your war balloons;' and had this been heeded I have no hesitation in saying General Gordon would have been materially helped: and if Sir Herbert Stewart in his desert march had been provided even with a huge paper fire balloon, such as men have gone up in, and capable of being inflated on an emergency with a bundle of sticks, who can say but what our brave opponents might have been descried the other side of the hills, or in force on them, and that the British square at Abu Klea might have been in consequence better able to bear the shock of ten thousand Arabs, and Colonel Burnaby preserved to us, besides many others who can ill be spared at this momentous period of our national history, when at least the resources of science should be brought into requisition, and the opinions based on long practice treated with proper and polite respect?"

CHAPTER XVI.

BURNABY—HIS SHARE IN THE EXPEDITION TO KHARTOUM—HIS DEATH AND CHARACTER.

IT was quite natural that the recent stirring events in Egypt should direct Fred Burnaby's attention to that country. Indeed it was his strong desire to be attached to all the military expeditions undertaken in Egypt, but it was only in the case of the Nile force that his wish was gratified. He did, however, share, though informally, in the Souakim campaign. To a person of Colonel Burnaby's temperament, however, the position of a "non-combatant" was intolerable, and the moment of danger once more found him in the van. The special correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph*, describing the memorable struggle of El Teb, thus spoke of the bravery of the enemy, and of the equally undaunted courage of the gallant colonel :—

"As we moved, firing the while, numbers of the rebels, most of them armed with spears, and others with huge cross-hilted swords, rose up boldly within 200 yards, and rushed for us at break-neck speed. It was marvellous to see how they came on, heedless and fearless of death, shouting and brandishing their weapons. To the right and left they fell, but those who survived, even when wounded, rushed on. A few got within five or ten paces of the square, proving how many bullets it takes to kill a man. There was no running away yet on the enemy's part ; only a sullen falling back. At length we cleared the front with the Martinis, and then, with a cheer, rushed the fort. Colonel Burnaby was the first to mount the parapet, firing with a double-barrelled shot-gun into the rebels, many of whom still hung about the works. As their hiding nooks were discovered, the Soudanese would rise and run at our men, spear in hand. Several of our fellows got wounded in this way, and two or three were killed while standing in the ranks, and at times it was almost a *mêlée* of bayonets *versus* spears.'

On this occasion, it will be remembered, Colonel Burnaby, as well as General Baker, sustained a severe wound, and Sir Herbert Stewart (then colonel) had a narrow escape of being cut to pieces when rescuing Colonel Barrow from certain death. Of this wild fight—the first in which our young troops dearly learnt the lesson that their Arab opponents were not to be despised—Colonel Burnaby was peculiarly well qualified to speak ; and, not only on this account, but also because of the probable similarity of that engagement to the one in which he has fallen, the following sketch, which, in the course of a lecture at Birmingham, he recently gave of General Graham's victory, will be read with interest. On that occasion the Colonel still bore his arm in a sling, from the effects of the encounter he was describing :—

"On February 28th," said Colonel Burnaby, "the whole force under General Graham bivouacked at Fort Baker. During the night some heavy rain fell, which had the good effect of refreshing the horses, and, as there was no water for them in the morning, was decidedly an advantage, although the ground was somewhat heavy going for cavalry. The order of march was in one large square, surrounded by a screen of cavalry and mounted infantry, General Baker guiding the force ; General Graham being with the square, and attended by a

JOSEPH'S WELL AT CAIRO.

mounted soldier carrying a large red flag, to enable those officers who had reports to make to the commander to find him without a moment's delay. On reaching Teb itself they found that earthworks had been thrown up in front of the enemy's position. The cavalry still advanced, and in a few minutes were half a mile in rear of the Arabs' entrenchments. They could detect some Krupp guns mounted, but not more than

EGYPTIAN PEASANT IRRIGATING HIS FIELD.

thirty or forty men could be seen in the batteries. Yet the site was not at all well adapted for the concealment of troops. It was difficult to imagine where the enemy could have hidden themselves. General Graham determined to turn the enemy's position. The Highlanders' pipes played an inspiriting air, and the soldiers moved forward rapidly, and then they were on a line with the earthworks and about 1,000 yards from them. Suddenly a brisk shell and rifle fire was opened. The enemy had a large target to fire at, but fortunately his practice was by no means good. A few

shells, however, burst in the square, to the great alarm of some Egyptian officers and non-commissioned officers, picked men from the Egyptian army, who were employed in transporting ammunition. These warriors at once crouched down behind the camels. It was pleasant to see the cool bearing of the young English troops. We had been rather prejudiced against them by the many reports in circulation as to the want of dash on the part of the useful Tommy Atkins; however, there was no want of courage evinced by Tommy on that day. The position was a trying one, and he was sure that General Graham would not have changed his young soldiers at Teb for the best veterans who had ever fought England's battles. Then some canister shot burst before the square, a large bullet, weighing three ounces, striking General Baker half an inch under the left eye, smashing his cheek-bone, and lodging in the roof of his mouth. He lost much blood, but with the greatest difficulty was persuaded to dismount to have his face bandaged, and five minutes afterwards he was again in the saddle. The order was then given for the men in the square to lie down, and for the artillery to open fire on the Arabs' Krupp guns. The practice made by the sailors with the Gardners was excellent, and they much preferred them to the Gatlings. The repeated volleys of the Gardners doing considerable execution, the Krupp guns were nearly silenced, and then the advance was sounded. Tremendous rushes were made by the Arabs against the front and flank with undaunted courage. It was as magnificent a spectacle of courage on the part of an enemy as the world had ever seen. Hand-to-hand fights took place, England's young soldiers crossing bayonets with the Arabs' lances. Then the earthworks were reached, and, after a desperate struggle, taken. Meantime the cavalry had been at work, and very usefully employed in preventing any fresh concentration of those foes who had been driven from their positions. The manner in which the Arabs had concealed themselves was then evident. Hundreds of rifle-pits had been dug, and as they advanced towards the front of the positions the soldiers had to avoid stumbling into these holes. The battle was over, some 2,000 bodies strewed the ground, and the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race over the children of the desert was amply manifested. That after General Baker's reverse at Teb it was absolutely necessary for the Government to send troops to the Soudan he firmly believed, or otherwise the Mahdi's agitation would have spread to Arabia and on to India. But then the Mahdi's movement might have been suppressed some months before, and with one-tenth the loss of blood, if England had at that time acted. Then the wounded had to return to Trinkitat. While they were returning to Trinkitat their comrades at Teb were busily employed interring the dead bodies of their foes, the rifle-pits dug by themselves making fit tombs, and many a pang of sorrow was felt by the English soldiery at having had to kill such gallant Arabs, and many an Arab wife and Arab mother doubtless mourned for them."

Colonel Burnaby took part in General Wolseley's expedition, but that part was a very brief one. He arrived at the front on 13th January, and only *four days after*, on 17th January, 1885, he fell at the battle of Abu Klea. Fighting in the front rank, a javelin, thrown probably at random, divided his jugular vein. His death was almost immediate. Says a correspondent: "But I must tell the last of poor Colonel Burnaby. When he fell, his head was raised by Private Wood, of the Grenadier Guards. This good fellow, seeing the case was hopeless, said, 'Oh, Colonel, I fear I can say no more than 'God bless you.' The dying man, his life-blood running out in a stream from his jugular vein, opened his eyes, smiled, gave a gentle pressure of the hand, and passed away, having tempted fate once too often. Of others than he the same may, alas! be said."

Many anecdotes were told of Burnaby, but these we cannot find space to insert.

The following words of Mr. John M. Cook (of "Cook's Tours"), who knew him well, must be here inserted in preference to much else that might under other circumstances fitly find a place. Speaking at a lecture the day after the news of Burnaby's death reached London, Mr. Cook said:—

"The news of last night impels me to utter a few words respecting one whose figure was familiar to many in Upper Norwood, and who was known to myself and all my family from boyhood. I refer to Colonel Burnaby. His was the last figure I remember on the banks of the Nile at the Cataract of Dal on the morning of December 12th, waving his adieus, wishing me a happy Christmas and New Year, and reminding me that I was under a promise to bring him back from Egypt to resume his duties at Windsor before May 1st next. Then, turning to my son, he reminded him that, whether I could take a holiday or not in the summer, he was to spend a portion of his summer holiday at his (Colonel Burnaby's) residence (see p. 73). As to the gallant colonel's fate, it is exactly the way in which you would expect him to end his days. He has volunteered into almost everything. He volunteered to go to Souakim, and he was wounded, fighting by the side of Baker. On this occasion it is pretty well known that he went away from England, if not exactly in opposition to the instructions of the War Office, at all events without their direct sanction, and he gave it out that he was going to Central Africa. He told me at Dal that if the British Government had not sent an expedition to Khartoum, he and his friend Captain Gascoigne had intended to get there, if it were possible, in order to see what position General Gordon was in. That is the kind of pluck and daring which not only Colonel Burnaby, but so many of our English officers have shown in this expedition—an expedition for which neither they, nor Egypt, nor England can ever be repaid. Pardon these few words, but the news of Colonel Burnaby's death has thrown a cloud over me."

A writer who evidently knew him well thus sums up his impressions of his character:—

"Colonel Burnaby was in body and mind, breeding and habits, courage and kindliness, a representative Englishman—a magnificent type of the vigorous, resolute, and enduring Anglo-Saxon race. In physique, as in accomplishments, he was a man of whom his compatriots at home and abroad had excellent and abundant reason to be proud. Englishmen resident in foreign cities through which he happened to pass in the course of his adventurous wanderings were proud to point to the comely and courtly Colossus, remarkable even among the giant warriors of Berlin and St. Petersburg for his stately stature and formidable breadth of shoulder, and who spoke seven Continental tongues with as much ease and fluency as though to their respective manners born; and to reply, when asked who that splendid man might be, 'That is my countryman, Colonel Fred Burnaby, an English Guardsman.' Some years ago, before he had to some extent drawn too largely upon the resources of his exceptionally vigorous constitution by recklessly exposing himself to fatigue, privation, and exposure, he was one of the strongest men in the Household Brigade, which is as much as to say that few athletes throughout Europe were more powerful than he. At the fencing rooms that were formerly his favourite resort attendants still show, with the pride that such men take in great feats of strength, the huge dumb-bells with which Colonel Burnaby used to go through his calisthenic exercises, and which men of average strength experience considerable difficulty in lifting from the ground. He was an accomplished swordsman and pugilist, an excellent shot, and a horseman of remarkable solidity and endurance; the bravest of the brave, even carrying valour so far as, not infrequently, to incur the reproach of rashness. Wherever danger was to be found he sought it and met it face to face in the service of his country. The

weight of physical odds against him never seemed to cross his mind; it was his instinct to encounter them and his conviction that he could overcome them. This his extraordinary bodily strength and promptitude in action enabled him to do over and over again, until it may well be supposed that he had almost come to deem himself invincible. Grievous as is the thought, to all who knew and loved him, that he should have been struck down by the sword or spear of some fanatic savage, who little knew how precious to England was the blood that stained his primitive weapon, one cannot help feeling that Burnaby has died the only death worthy of him—the one he repeatedly courted, and would probably have chosen could he have been made the arbiter of his own destiny. He fell facing England's foes, in the thick of the fray, and, we may be sure, fighting with heroic gallantry to the very last—the fierce light of battle flashing in his eye and the certainty of conquest ineradicably implanted in his heart.

It will be long ere his regimental comrades—men as well as officers—will cease to mourn the loss they have sustained by the death of their brave colonel and staunch friend; for, though Burnaby was a strict disciplinarian, he was beloved by those of every rank under his command. English society too, of which he was justly a favourite, is bereft of one of its brightest ornaments by his untimely fall. In all the social circles he frequented—and they were many, for Colonel Burnaby was a citizen of the world, absolutely free from prejudices of caste or class—his genuine amiability, frank cordiality of manner, pleasant humour, and bright intelligence endeared him to men and women alike. As a public speaker he was remarkable for his excellent delivery, and for a sturdy, downright way of 'hitting the nail on the head' that often proved extraordinarily effective. The simplicity of his style and happy abruptness of his transitions from gravity to gaiety showed him to be an adept in the art—one that is more frequently intuitive than acquired—of talking to Englishmen in such sort as to awaken their interest and secure their sympathy. The Queen had no more loyal subject, the army no finer officer, the country no truer patriot than Frederick Gustavus Burnaby, *mort sur le champ d'honneur*. His name shall live in the annals of this Empire and in the memories of his compatriots as long as valour, devotion to duty, and faithfulness unto death shall remain the watchwords of the sons of the Island Queen."

And so we take a last farewell of that daring soldier and adventurous man, Colonel Frederick Burnaby.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANCIENT EGYPT—"THE CONSTANT SERVICE OF THE ANTIQUE WORLD."

IF the reader will turn back to page 56, he will there find a description of Joseph's well, of which we here give an illustration. Situated within the citadel at Cairo, it is yet shaded with graceful palms, and noted for the purity and coolness of its water. Our illustration, however, does not represent the lowest well, but a part at some little distance, to which a canal conducts the waters. Modern authorities are of opinion, we may add, that Joseph is Saladin, whose name was Youssoof, Arabic for Joseph.

He built the citadel and constructed the well. It need not surprise us, however, that the name of Joseph should be attached to this well. The centuries pass on and change little in Egypt. The customs of the people remain the same for long periods. Let us call the reader's attention to the picture with which we embellish this part of our narrative, of a peasant watering his little field. It might serve for a picture of a thousand years ago, or for a picture of to-day. The customs of courts and cities and laws have indeed altered more. We now proceed to give some account of what they once were.

Egypt was ever considered by all the ancients as the most renowned school for wisdom and politics, and the source from whence most arts and sciences were derived. This kingdom bestowed its noblest labours and finest art on improving mankind; and Greece was so sensible of this, that its most illustrious men, as Homer, Pythagoras, Plato, even its great legislators, Lycurgus and Solon, with many more whom it is needless to mention, travelled into Egypt, there to complete their studies, and draw from that fountain whatever was most rare and valuable in every kind of learning. God Himself has given this kingdom a glorious testimony; when praising Moses, He says of him that *he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.*

To give some idea of the manners and customs of Egypt, we shall confine ourselves principally to these particulars: Its kings and government; priests and religion; soldiers and war; sciences, arts, and trades.

The reader must not be surprised if he sometimes finds in the customs we take notice of a kind of contradiction. This circumstance is owing either to the difference of countries and nations, which did not always follow the same usages; or to the different way of thinking of the historians whom we copy.

The Egyptians were the first people who rightly understood the rules of government. From a gravity and seriousness natural to them, they immediately perceived that the true end of politics is to make life easy and a people happy.

The kingdom was hereditary; but according to Diodorus, the Egyptian princes conducted themselves in a different manner from what is usually seen in other monarchies, where the prince acknowledges no other rule of his actions but his arbitrary will and pleasure. But here kings were under greater restraint from the laws than their subjects. They had some particular ones digested by a former monarch, that composed part of those books which the Egyptians called sacred. Thus everything being settled by ancient custom, they never sought to live in a different way from their ancestors.

No slave or foreigner was admitted into the immediate service of the prince; such a post was too important to be intrusted to any persons except those who were the most distinguished by their birth, and had received the most excellent education; to the end that, as they had the liberty of approaching the king's person day and night, he might, from men so qualified, hear nothing which was unbecoming his royal majesty; or have any sentiments instilled into him, but such as were of a noble and generous kind. For, adds Diodorus, it is rarely seen that kings fly out into any vicious excess, unless those who approach them approve their irregularities, or serve as instruments to their passions.

The kings of Egypt freely permitted, not only the quality and proportion of their eatables and liquids to be prescribed them (a thing customary in Egypt, the inhabitants of which were all sober, and whose air inspired frugality), but even that all their hours, and almost every action, should be under the regulation of the laws.

In the morning at daybreak, when the head is clearest and the thoughts most unperplexed, they read the several letters they received, to form a more just and distinct idea of the affairs which were to come under their consideration that day.

As soon as they were dressed, they went to the daily sacrifice performed in the temple, where, surrounded with their whole court, and the victims placed before the altar, they assisted at the prayer pronounced aloud by the high priest, in which he asked of the gods health and all other blessings for the king, because he governed his people with clemency and justice, and made the laws of his kingdom the rule and standard of his actions. The high priest entered into a long detail of his virtues, observing that he was religious to the gods, affable to men, moderate, just, magnanimous, sincere, an enemy to falsehood, liberal, master of his passions, punishing crimes with the utmost lenity, but prescribing no bounds in his recompensing of merit. He next spoke of the faults which kings might be guilty of; but supposed at the same time that they never committed any except by surprise or ignorance; and loaded with imprecations such of their ministers as gave them ill counsel, and suppressed or disguised the truth. Such were the methods of conveying instruction to their kings. It was thought that reproaches would only sour their tempers; and that the most effectual method to inspire them with virtue would be the pointing out to them their duty in praises bestowed conformably to the sense of the laws, and pronounced in a solemn manner before the gods. After the prayers and sacrifice were ended, the counsel and actions of great men were read to the king out of the sacred books, in order that their maxims might prompt him to govern his kingdom agreeably thereto, and to maintain the laws which had made his predecessors and their subjects so happy.

We have already observed that the quantity as well as quality of both eatables and liquids were prescribed by the laws to the king; his table was covered with nothing but the most common meats; because eating in Egypt was designed, not to tickle the palate, but to satisfy the cravings of nature. One would have concluded, observes the historian, that these rules had been laid down by some able physician, who was attentive only to the health of the prince, rather than by a legislator. The same simplicity was seen in all other things; and we read in Plutarch, of a temple in Thebes, which had one of its pillars inscribed with imprecations against that king who first introduced profusion and luxury into Egypt.

The principal duty of kings, and their most essential function, is the administering justice to their subjects. Accordingly, the kings of Egypt cultivated more immediately this duty; persuaded that on this depended not only the ease and comfort of the several individuals, but the happiness of the State, which would be a herd of robbers rather than a kingdom, should the weak be unprotected and the powerful enabled by their riches and credit to commit crimes with impunity.

Thirty judges were selected out of the principal cities, to form a body or assembly able and fit to judge the affairs of the whole kingdom. The prince, in filling these vacancies, used to choose men who were most renowned for their honesty, and put at their head him who was most distinguished for his knowledge and love of the laws, and was had in the most universal esteem. By his bounty they had revenues assigned them, to the end that being disencumbered from domestic cares, they might devote their whole time to the execution of the laws. Thus honourably subsisted by the generosity of the prince, they administered justice gratuitously to the people, who have a natural right to it; among whom it ought to have a free circulation, and, in some sense, among the poor more than the rich, because the latter find a support within themselves, whereas the very condition of the former exposes them more to injuries, and for that very reason calls louder for the protection of the laws. To guard against surprise, affairs were transacted by writing in the assemblies of these judges. That species of eloquence (a false

kind) was dreaded, which dazzles the mind and raises the passions. Truth could not be exhibited with too much plainness, as it was to have the only sway in judgments, because in this virtue only the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant, were to find relief and security. The president of this Senate wore a collar of gold set with precious stones, at which hung a figure represented blind, this being called the emblem of truth. When the president put this collar on, it was understood as a signal to enter upon business. He touched the party with it who was to gain his cause, and this was the form of pronouncing sentence.

The most excellent circumstance in the laws of the Egyptians was that every individual from his infancy was admonished to adhere strictly to them. A new custom in Egypt was a kind of miracle. All things there ran in the old channel, and the exactness with which little matters were adhered to preserved those of more importance, and indeed no nation ever preserved their laws and customs longer than the Egyptians.

Wilful murder was punished with death, whatever might be the condition of the murdered person, whether he was freeborn or otherwise. In this the humanity and equity of the Egyptians was superior to that of the Romans, who put the slave (as to life or death) in the absolute power of his master. The Emperor Adrian indeed abolished this law, from an opinion that an abuse of this nature ought to be reformed, let its antiquity or authority be ever so great.

Persons who foreswore themselves were likewise punished with death, because perjury attacks the gods, whose majesty is trampled upon by the invoking of their name to a false oath; and at the same time men, in breakingt he strongest tie of human society, viz., sincerity and honesty.

The slanderer was condemned to undergo the punishment which the person accused was to have suffered had the accusation been proved.

He who had neglected or refused to save a person when attacked, if it was in his power to assist him, was punished with the rigour due to an assassin; but if the unfortunate person could not be succoured, the offender was at least to be impeached, and penalties were decreed for any neglect of this kind. Thus the subjects were a guard and protection to one another, and the whole body of the community was united against the designs of evil men.

No man was allowed to be a burden to the State, but every man was obliged to enter his name and place of abode in a public register that remained in the hands of the magistrate, by which his profession was known, and in what manner he lived. If such a one gave a false account of himself, he was immediately put to death.

To prevent borrowing of money, King Asychis made a very judicious law. The wisest and best regulated States, as Athens and Rome, ever found insuperable difficulties in contriving a just medium to restrain on one hand the cruelty of the creditor in the exaction of his loan, and on the other the knavery of the debtor who refused or neglected to pay his debts. Now Egypt took a wise course on this occasion, and without doing any injury to the personal liberty of its inhabitants, or ruining their families, pursued the debtor with incessant fears of infamy from his dishonesty. No man was permitted to borrow money without pawning to the creditor the body of his father, which every Egyptian embalmed with great care, and kept reverentially in his house, as will be observed in the sequel, and therefore might be easily moved from one place to another. But it was equally impious and infamous not to redeem soon so precious a pledge, and he who died without having discharged this duty, was deprived of the customary honours paid to the dead.*

* This law put the whole sepulchre of the debtor into the power of the creditor, who removed to his own house the body of the father. The debtor re-

Diodorus remarks an error committed by some of the Grecian legislators. They forbid, for instance, the taking away to satisfy debts the horses, ploughs, and other implements of husbandry employed by peasants, they judging it inhuman to reduce by this security these poor men to an impossibility of discharging their debts, and gaining a livelihood. But at the same time they permitted the creditor to imprison the peasants themselves, who were only capable of using these implements, which exposed them to the same inconveniences, and at the same time deprived the Government of persons who belonged to and are necessary to it, who labour for the public good. We here give two illustrations of the implements used by the ancient Egyptians. One shows their carts, of which a rude simplicity seems to have been the chief feature; the other exhibits the various processes employed in storing corn.

Polygamy was allowed in Egypt, excepting to priests, who could marry but one woman. Whatever was the condition of the woman, whether she was free or a slave, her children were deemed free and legitimate.

A very great respect was there paid to old age. The younger were obliged to rise before those in advanced years, and on every occasion to resign to them the most honourable seat. The Spartans borrowed this law from the Egyptians.

The virtue which held the first rank among the Egyptians was gratitude. The

STORING CORN.

glory which has been given them of being the most grateful of all men, shows that they were best formed of any nation for the social life. Benefits are the band of concord, both public and private. He who acknowledges favours, loves to do good to others; and in banishing ingratitude, the pleasure of doing good remains so pure and engaging that it is impossible for a man to be insensible of it. But no kind of gratitude gave the Egyptians a more pleasing satisfaction than that which was paid to their kings. Princes, whilst living, were by them honoured as so many visible representations of the Deity; and after their death were mourned as the fathers of their country. This sentiment of respect and tenderness proceeded from a strong persuasion that the Deity itself had placed them upon the throne, since it distinguished them so greatly from all other mortals; and that kings bore the most noble characteristics of the Deity, since in their persons were united the power and will of doing good to others.

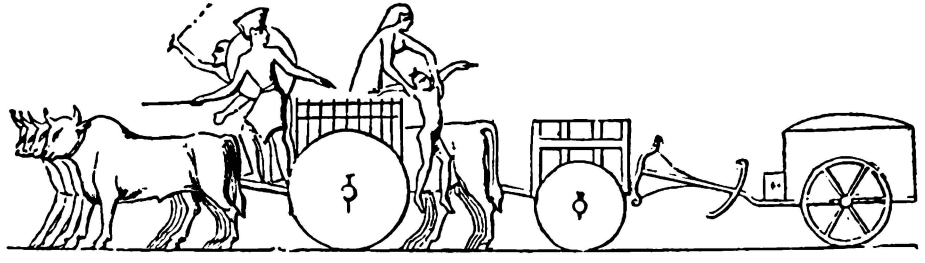
fusing to discharge his obligation was to be deprived of burial, either in his father's sepulchre or any other; and whilst he lived he was not permitted to bury any person descended from him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Priests and Religion of the Ancient Egyptians.

PRIESTS, in Egypt, held the second rank to kings. They had great privileges and revenues; their lands were exempted from all imposts, of which some traces are seen in Genesis, where it is said Joseph made it a law over the land of Egypt that Pharaoh should have the fifth part, except the land of the priests only, which became not Pharaoh's.

The prince usually honoured them with a large share in his confidence and government, because they, of all his subjects, had received the best education, had acquired the greatest knowledge, and were most strongly attached to the king's person and the good of the public. They were at one and the same time the depositaries of religion and of the sciences; and to this circumstance was owing the great respect which was paid them by the natives as well as foreigners, by whom they were equally



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CARTS. FROM A BAS-RELIEF.

consulted upon the most sacred things relating to the mysteries of religion, and the most profound subjects in the several sciences.

The Egyptians pretend to be the first institutors of festivals and processions in honour of the gods. One festival was celebrated in the city of Bubaste, whither persons resorted from all parts of Egypt, and upwards of seventy thousand, besides children, were seen at it. Another, surnamed the feasts of the lights, was solemnized at Sais. All persons, throughout Egypt, who did not go to Sais, were obliged to illuminate their windows.

Different animals were sacrificed in different countries; but one common and general ceremony was observed in all sacrifices, viz. the laying of hands upon the head of the victim, loading it at the same time with imprecations, and praying the gods to divert upon that victim all the calamities which might threaten Egypt.

It is to Egypt that Pythagoras owed his favourite doctrine of the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. The Egyptians believed that at the death of men their souls transmigrated into other human bodies, and that if they had been vicious they were imprisoned in the bodies of unclean or unhappy beasts, to expiate in them their past transgressions; and that after a revolution of some centuries they again animated other human bodies.

The priests had the possession of the sacred books, which contained at large the principles of government, as well as the mysteries of divine worship. Both were

commonly involved in symbols and enigmas, which, under these veils, made truth more venerable, and excited more strongly the curiosity of men. The figure of Harpocrates, in the Egyptian sanctuaries, with his finger upon his mouth, seemed to intimate that mysteries were there inclosed, the knowledge of which was revealed to very few. The sphinxes, placed at the entrance of all temples, gave the same intimation. It is very well known that pyramids, obelisks, pillars, statues, in a word all public monuments, were usually adorned with hieroglyphics, that is, with symbolical writings; whether these were characters unknown to the vulgar, or figures of animals which couched a hidden and parabolical meaning. Thus, by a hare, was signified a lively and piercing attention, because this creature has a very delicate hearing. The statue of a judge without hands, and with eyes fixed upon the ground, intimated the duties of those who were to exercise the judiciary functions.

It would require a volume to treat fully of the religion of the Egyptians. But we shall confine ourselves to two articles, which form the principal part of the Egyptian religion; and these are the worship of the different deities, and the ceremonies relating to funerals.

Never were any people more superstitious than the Egyptians; they had a great number of gods, of different orders and degrees, which we shall omit, because they belong more to fable than to history. Among the rest, two were universally adored in that country, and these were Osiris and Isis, which are thought to be the sun and moon; and indeed the worship of those planets gave rise to idolatry.

Besides these gods, the Egyptians worshipped a great number of beasts: as the ox, the dog, the wolf, the hawk, the crocodile, the ibis,* the cat, etc., many of these beasts were objects only of superstition of some particular cities; and whilst a people worshipped one species of animals as gods, their neighbours had the same animal gods in abomination. This was the source of the continual wars which were carried on between one city and another; and this was owing to the false policy of one of their kings, who, to deprive them of the opportunity and means of conspiring against the State, endeavoured to amuse them by engaging them in religious contests.

Every nation had a great zeal for their gods. Among us, says Cicero, it is very common to see temples robbed and statues carried off; but it was never known that any person in Egypt ever abused a crocodile, an ibis, a cat; for its inhabitants would have suffered the most extreme torments rather than be guilty of such a sacrilege. It was death for any person to kill one of these animals voluntarily; and a punishment was decreed against him who should have killed an ibis or a cat with or without design. Diodorus relates an incident, to which he himself was an eye-witness during his stay in Egypt. A Roman having inadvertently, and without design, killed a cat, the exasperated populace ran to his house, and neither the authority of the king, who immediately detached a body of his guards, nor the terror of the Roman name, could rescue the unfortunate criminal. And such was the reverence which the Egyptians had for these animals, that in an extreme famine they chose to eat one another rather than feed upon their pretended deities.

Of all these animals, the bull Apis, called Epaphus by the Greeks, was the most famous. Magnificent temples were erected to him; extraordinary honours were paid him while he lived, and still greater after his death. Egypt then went into a general mourning. His obsequies were solemnized with such a pomp as is hardly credible. In the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, the bull Apis, dying of old age*, the funeral pomp, besides

* Or Egyptian stork.

* Pliny affirms that he was not allowed to exceed a certain term of years, and was drowned in the priests' well.

the ordinary expenses, amounted to upwards of fifty thousand French crowns. After the last honours had been paid to the deceased god, the next care was to provide him a successor, and all Egypt was sought through for that purpose. He was known by certain signs, which distinguished him from all other animals of that species: upon his forehead was to be a white spot, in form of a crescent; on his back, the figure of an eagle; upon his tongue, that of a beetle. As soon as he was found, mourning gave place to joy; and nothing was heard, in all parts of Egypt, but festivals and rejoicings. The new god was brought to Memphis, to take possession of his dignity, and there installed with a great number of ceremonies. Cambyses, at his return from his unfortunate expedition against Ethiopia, finding all the Egyptians in transports of joy for their new god Apis, and imagining that this was intended as an insult upon his misfortunes, killed, in the first starts of his fury, the young bull, who by that means had but a short enjoyment of his divinity. Our illustration represents one of the gorgeous temples of Apis.

It is plain that the golden calf set up near Mount Sinai by the Israelites was owing to their abode in Egypt, and an imitation of the god Apis, as well as those which were afterwards set up by Jeroboam, (who had resided a considerable time in Egypt) in the two extremities of the kingdom of Israel.

The Egyptians, not contented with offering incense to animals, carried their folly to such an excess as to ascribe a divinity to the pulse and roots of their gardens. For this they are ingeniously reproached by the satirist:—

"Who has not heard where Egypt's realms are named?
What monster gods her frantic sons have framed?
Here Ibis gorged with well-grown serpents, there
The crocodile commands religious fear:
Where Memnon's statue magic strings inspire
With vocal sounds that emulate the lyre:
And Thebes, such, Fate, are thy disastrous turns!
Now prostrate o'er her pompous ruins mourns;
A monkey-god, prodigious to behold!
Strikes the beholder's eye with burnished gold:
To godship here, blue Triton's scaly herd,
The river progeny is there preferred:
Through towns Diana's power neglected lies,
Where to her dogs aspiring temples rise:
And should you leeks or onions eat, no time
Would expiate the sacrilegious crime.
Religious nations sure, and blest abodes,
Where every orchard is o'er-run with gods!"

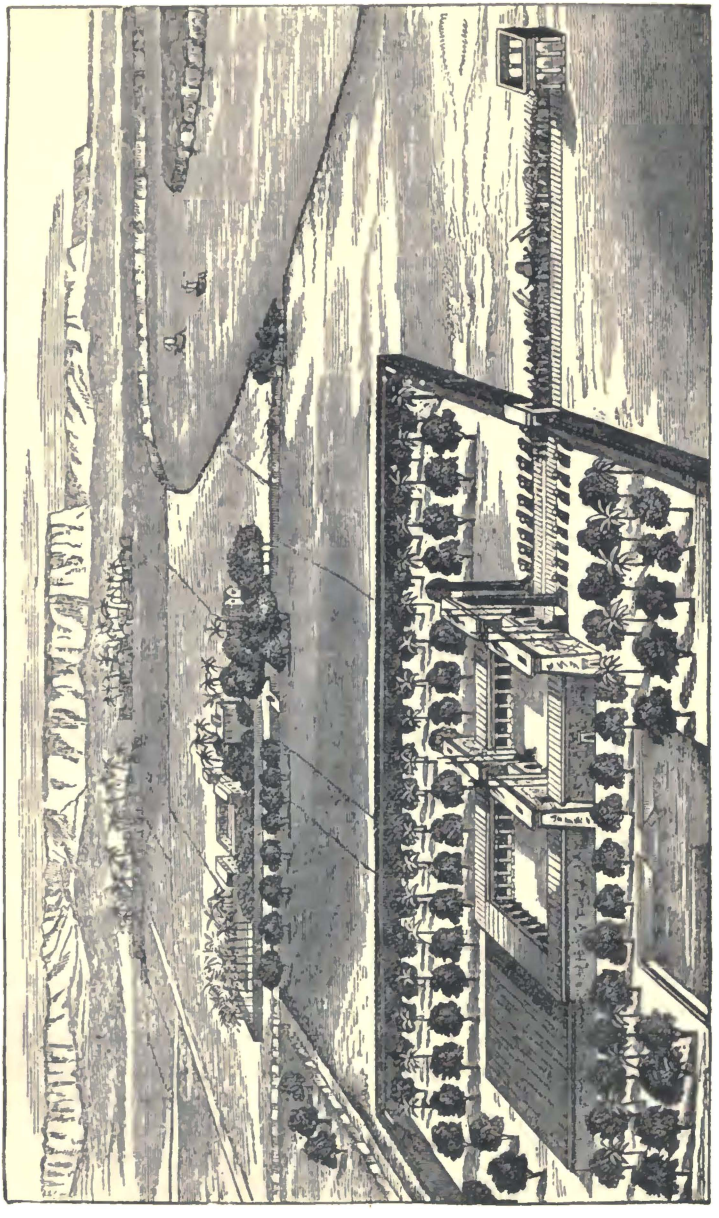
It is astonishing to see a nation which boasted its superiority above all others with regard to wisdom and learning, thus blindly abandon itself to the most gross and ridiculous superstitions, and yet to prove it was so we have the attestation of all antiquity. You enter, says Lucian, into a magnificent temple, every part of which glitters with gold and silver. You there look attentively for a god, and are cheated with a stork, an ape, or a cat; a just emblem, adds that author, of too many palaces, the masters of which are far from being the brightest ornaments of them.

Several reasons are given of the worship paid to animals by the Egyptians.

The first is drawn from the fabulous history. It is pretended that the gods, in a rebellion made against them by men, fled into Egypt, and there concealed themselves under the form of different animals; and that this gave birth to the worship which was afterwards paid to those animals.

The second is taken from the benefit which the several animals procure to mankind: oxen by their labour; sheep by their wool and milk; dogs by their service in hunting and guarding houses, whence the god Anubis was represented with a dog's head. The ibis was worshipped because he put to flight the winged serpents with which Egypt would otherwise have been grievously infested; the crocodile, an amphibious creature—that is, living alike upon land and water—of a surprising strength and size, was worshipped because he defended Egypt from the incursions of the wild Arabs. The ichneumon was adored because he prevented the too great increase of crocodiles, which might have proved destructive to

Egypt. Now the little animal in question was said to do this service to the country in two ways. First, it watched the time when the crocodile was absent, and broke its eggs, but did not eat them. Secondly, when he slept upon the banks of the Nile



EGYPTIAN TEMPLE TO GOD APIS.

(which he always did with his mouth open), this small animal, which lay concealed in the mud, leapt at once into his mouth, got down to his entrails, which he gnawed, then piercing his skin, which is very tender, he escaped with safety; and thus, by his address and subtilty, returned victorious over so terrible an animal.

We shall now give a concise account of the funeral ceremonies of the Egyptians.

The honours which have been paid in all ages and nations to dead bodies, and the religious care taken to provide sepulchres for them, seem to insinuate a universal persuasion that bodies were lodged in sepulchres merely as a deposit or trust.

When any person in a family died, all the kindred and friends quitted their usual habits and put on mourning, and abstained from baths, wine, and dainties of every kind. This mourning held forty or seventy days, probably according to the quality of the person.

Bodies were embalmed three ways. The most magnificent was bestowed on persons of distinguished rank, and the expense amounted to a talent of silver.

Many hands were employed in this ceremony. Some drew the brain through the nostrils, by an instrument made for that purpose. Others emptied the bowels and intestines, by cutting a hole in the side with an Ethiopian stone that was as sharp as a razor: after which the cavities were filled with perfumes and various odoriferous drugs. As this evacuation (which was necessarily attended with some dissections) seemed in some measure cruel and inhuman, the persons employed fled as soon as the operation was over, and were pursued with stones by the standers-by. But those who embalmed the body were honourably treated. They filled it with myrrh, cinnamon, and all sorts of spices. After a certain time the body was swathed in lawn fillets, which were glued together with a kind of very thin gum, and then crusted them over with the most exquisite perfumes. By this means it is said that the entire figure of the body, the very lineaments of the face, and the hairs on the lids and eyebrows were preserved in their natural perfection. The body thus embalmed was delivered to the relatives, who shut it up in a kind of open chest, fitted exactly to the size of the corpse; then they placed it upright against the wall, either in sepulchres (if they had any) or in their houses. These embalmed bodies are now what we call mummies, which are still brought from Egypt, and are found in the cabinets of the curious. This shows the care which the Egyptians took of their dead. Their gratitude to their deceased relations was immortal. Children, by seeing the bodies of their ancestors thus preserved, recalled to mind those virtues for which the public had honoured them; and were excited to a love of those laws which such excellent persons had left for their security. We find that part of these ceremonies were performed in the funeral honours done to Joseph in Egypt (see Gen. l. 26).

We have said that the public recognised the virtues of deceased persons, because that before they could be admitted into the sacred asylum of the tomb, they underwent a solemn trial. And this circumstance in the Egyptian funerals is one of the most remarkable that is found in ancient history.

It was a consolation among the heathens, to a dying man, to leave a good name behind him; and they imagined that this is the only human blessing which death cannot ravish from us. But the Egyptians would not suffer praises to be bestowed indiscriminately on all deceased persons. This honour was to be obtained only from the public voice. The assembly of the judges met on the other side of a lake, which they crossed in a boat. He who sat at the helm was called Charon in the Egyptian language; and this first gave the hint to Orpheus, who had been in Egypt, and after him to the other Greeks, to invent the fiction of Charon's boat. As soon as a man was dead, he was brought to his trial. The public accuser was heard. If he proved that the deceased had led a bad life, his memory was condemned, and he was deprived of burial. The people were affected with laws which extended even beyond the grave; and every one, struck with the disgrace inflicted on the dead person, was afraid to reflect dishonour on his own memory, and that of his family.

But if the deceased person was not convicted of any crime, he was interred in an honourable manner.

A still more astonishing circumstance in this public inquest upon the dead was that the throne itself was no protection from it. Kings were spared during their lives, because the public peace was concerned in this forbearance; but their quality did not exempt them from the judgment passed upon the dead, and even some of them were deprived of sepulture. This custom was imitated by the Israelites. We see in Scripture that bad kings were not interred in the monuments of their ancestors. This practice suggested to princes that if their majesty placed them out of the reach of men's judgment whilst they were alive, they would at last be obnoxious to it when death should reduce them to a level with their subjects.

When, therefore, a favourable judgment was pronounced on a deceased person, the next thing was to proceed to the ceremonies of interment. In his panegyric, no mention was made of his birth, because every Egyptian was deemed noble. No praises were considered as just or true but such as related to the personal merit of the deceased. He was applauded for having received an excellent education in his younger years, and in his more advanced age for having cultivated piety towards the gods, justice towards men, gentleness, modesty, moderation, and all other virtues which constitute the good man. Then all the people shouted and bestowed the highest eulogiums on the deceased, as one who would be received for ever into the society of the virtuous in Pluto's kingdom.

Thus reverently did the ancient Egyptians dispose of their dead.

CHAPTER XIX.

Various Curious Customs of the Egyptians.

THE profession of arms was in great repute among the Egyptians. After the sacerdotal families, the most illustrious, as with us, were those devoted to a military life. They were not only distinguished by honours, but by ample liberalities. Every soldier was allowed an *aroura*, that is a piece of arable land very near answering to half an acre, exempt from all tax or tribute. Besides this privilege, each soldier received a daily allowance of five pounds of bread, two of flesh, and a pint of wine. This allowance was sufficient to support part of their family. Such an indulgence made them more affectionate to the person of their prince and the interests of their country, and more resolute in the defence of both; and, as Diodorus observes, it was thought inconsistent with good policy, and even common sense, to commit the defence of a country to men who had no interest in its preservation.

Four hundred thousand soldiers were kept in continual pay; they being all natives of Egypt, and trained up in the exactest discipline. They were inured to the fatigues of war by a severe and rigorous education. There is an art of forming the body as well as the mind. This art, lost by our sloth, was well known to the ancients, and especially to the Egyptians. Foot, horse, and chariot races were performed in Egypt with wonderful agility, and the world could not show better horsemen than the

Egyptians. The Scripture in several places speaks advantageously of their cavalry.

Military laws were easily preserved in Egypt, because sons received them from their fathers; the profession of war, as all others, being transmitted from father to son. Those who fled in battle, or discovered any signs of cowardice, were only distinguished by some particular mark of ignominy; it being thought more advisable to restrain them by motives of honour rather than by the terrors of punishment.

But notwithstanding this, we will not pretend to say that the Egyptians were a warlike people. It is of little benefit to have regular and well-paid troops, to have armies exercised in peace, and employed only in mock fights: it is war alone, and real combats, which form the soldier. Egypt loved peace, because it loved justice, and maintained soldiers only for its security. Its inhabitants, content with a country which abounded in all things, had no ambitious dreams of conquest. The Egyptians extended their reputation in a very different manner, by sending colonies into all parts of the world, and with them laws and politeness. They triumphed by the wisdom of their counsels and the superiority of their knowledge; and this empire of the mind appeared more noble and glorious to them than that which is achieved by arms and conquest. But nevertheless Egypt has given birth to illustrious conquerors, as will be observed hereafter, when we come to treat of its kings.

The Egyptians had an inventive genius, and they turned it to profitable speculations. Their Mercuries filled Egypt with wonderful inventions, and left it almost ignorant of nothing which could accomplish the mind or procure ease and happiness. The discoverers of any useful invention received, both living and dead, rewards equal to their profitable labours. It is this consecrated the books of their two Mercuries, and stamped them with a divine authority. The first libraries were in Egypt; and the titles they bore inspired the reader with an eager desire to enter them, and dive into the secrets they contained. They were called the *Office for the diseases of the soul;* and that very justly, because the soul was there cured of ignorance the most dangerous, and the parent of all her maladies.

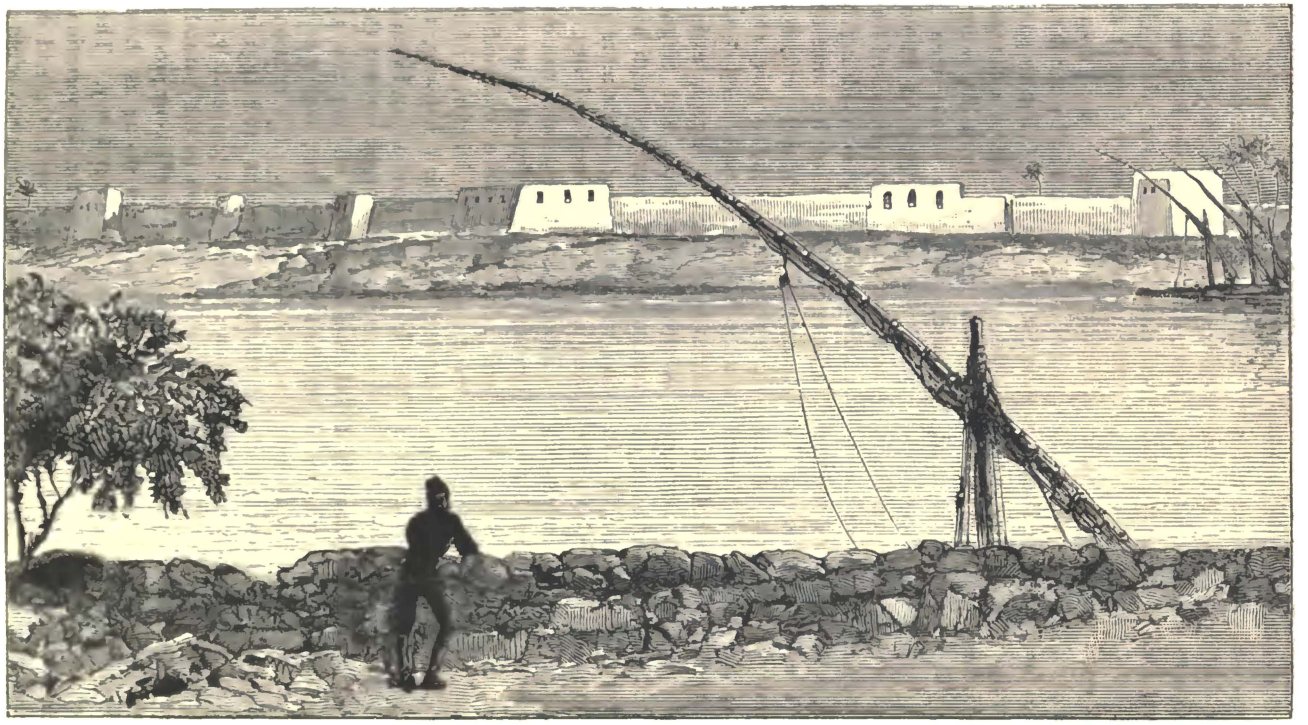
As their country was level, and the air of it always serene and unclouded, they were some of the first who observed the courses of the planets. These observations led them to regulate the year from the course of the sun; for, as Diodorus observes, their year, from the most remote antiquity, was composed of three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours. To adjust the property of their lands, which were every year covered by the overflowing of the Nile, they were obliged to have recourse to surveys; and this first taught them geometry. They were great observers of nature, which, in a climate so serene and under so intense a sun, was vigorous and fruitful.

By this study and application they invented or improved the science of medicine. The sick were not abandoned to the arbitrary will and caprice of the physician. He was obliged to follow fixed rules, which were the observations of old and experienced practitioners, and written in the sacred books. While these rules were observed, the physician was not answerable for the success; otherwise a miscarriage cost him his life. This law checked indeed the temerity of empirics; but then it might prevent new discoveries, and keep the art from attaining to its just perfection. Every physician, if Herodotus may be credited, confined his practice to the cure of one disease only; one was for the eyes, another for the teeth, and so on.

What we have said of the pyramids, and the labyrinth, and that infinite number of obelisks, temples, and palaces, whose precious remains still strike with admiration, and in which were displayed the magnificence of the princes who raised them, the skill of the workmen, the riches of the ornaments diffused over every part of them,

VIEW OF KHARTOUM. (*See page* 117.)

[From a sketch made by Lieut.-Col. J. A. Grant, showing the position reached by Sir Charles Wilson's steamboat, on the 28th of January, when he reconnoitred the aspect of the captured city.]



THE ISLAND OF TUTI, OPPOSITE KHARTOUM.

[From a sketch by Lieut.-Col. J. A. Grant, taken from Khartoum, looking over the Blue Nile. It was the heavy firing from the rebel guns in this fort that compelled Sir Charles Wilson to retire when close to the beleaguered Gordon.]

and the just proportion and beautiful symmetry of the parts in which their greatest beauty consisted; works in many of which the liveliness of the colours remain to this day, in spite of the rude hand of time, which either deadens or destroys them. All this shows the perfection to which architecture, painting, sculpture, and all other arts had arrived in Egypt.

The Egyptians entertained but a mean opinion of that sort of exercise which did not contribute to invigorate the body or give a vigorous health; nor of music, which they considered as a useless and dangerous diversion, and only fit to enervate the mind.

Husbandmen, shepherds, and artificers formed the three stages of lower life in Egypt, but they nevertheless were had in very great esteem, particularly husbandmen and shepherds. The body politic requires a superiority and subordination of its several members; for as in the natural body the eye may be said to hold the first rank, yet its lustre does not dart contempt upon the feet, the hands, or even on those parts which are less honourable. In like manner among the Egyptians, the priests, soldiers, and scholars were distinguished by particular honours, but all professions, to the meanest, had their share in the public esteem, because the despising any man whose labours, however mean, were useful to the State, was thought a crime.

A better reason than the foregoing might have inspired them at the first with those sentiments of equity and moderation which they so long preserved. As they all descended from Cham, their common father, the memory of their origin occurring fresh to the minds of all in those first ages established among them a kind of equality, and stamped, in their opinion, a nobility on every person derived from the common stock. Indeed the difference of conditions, and the contempt with which persons of the lowest rank are treated, are owing merely to the distance from the common root, which makes us forget that the meanest plebeian, when his descent is traced back to the source, is equally noble with those of the most elevated rank and titles.

Be that as it will, no profession in Egypt was considered as grovelling or sordid. By this means arts were raised to their highest perfection. The honour which cherished them mixed with every thought and care for their improvement. Every man had his way of life assigned him by the laws, and it was perpetuated from father to son. Two professions at one time, or a change of that which a man was born to, were never allowed. By this means men became more able and expert in employments which they had always exercised from their infancy; and every man adding his own experience to that of his ancestors, was more capable of attaining perfection in his particular art. Besides, this wholesome institution, which had been established anciently throughout Egypt, extinguished all irregular ambition, and taught every man to sit down contented with his condition, without aspiring to one more elevated, from interest, vain-glory, or levity.

From this source flowed numberless inventions to bring every art to its perfection, and render life more commodious and trade more easy. Diodorus relates concerning the Egyptian industry, that this people had found out a way, by an artificial fecundity, to hatch eggs without the sitting of the hen; and all modern travellers declare it to be a fact, which certainly is worthy our curiosity. His relation informs us that the Egyptians stow eggs in ovens, which are heated so temperately, and with such just proportion to the natural warmth of the hen, that the chickens produced from these ovens are as strong as those which are hatched the natural way. The season of the year proper for this operation is from the end of December to the end of April, the heat in Egypt being too violent in the other months. During these four months, upwards of three hundred thousand eggs are laid in these ovens, which, though they

are not all successful, they nevertheless produce vast numbers of fowls at an easy rate. The art lies in giving the ovens a just degree of heat, which must not exceed a fixed proportion. About ten days are bestowed in heating these ovens, and very near as much time in hatching the eggs. It is very entertaining, say these travellers, to observe the hatching of these chickens, some of which show at first nothing but their heads, others but half their bodies, and others again come quite out of the egg. These last, the moment they are hatched, make their way over the unhatched eggs, and form a diverting spectacle. Corneille le Bruyn, in his travels, has collected the observations of other travellers on this subject. Pliny likewise mentions it; but it appears from him that the Egyptians anciently employed warm dung, not ovens, to hatch eggs.

We have said that husbandmen particularly, and those who took care of flocks, were in great esteem in Egypt, some parts in it excepted, where the latter were not suffered. It was, indeed, to these two professions that Egypt owed its riches and plenty. It is astonishing to reflect what advantages the Egyptians, by their art and labour, drew from a country of no great extent, but whose soil was made wonderfully fruitful by the inundations of the Nile and the laborious industry of the inhabitants.

And now a word as to the ancient fertility of Egypt. Under this head we shall treat only of some plants peculiar to Egypt, and of the abundance of corn which it produced.

PAPYRUS.—This is a plant from whose root shoot out a great many triangular stalks, to the height of six or seven cubits. The ancients wrote at first upon palm leaves; next on the inside of the bark of trees, from whence the word *liber*, or book, is derived; after that upon tables covered with wax, on which the characters were impressed with an instrument called *stylus*, sharp-pointed at one end to write with, and flat at the other to efface what had been written; which gave occasion to the following expression of Horace,—

> "Oft turn your stile, if you desire to write
> Things that will bear a second reading."

The meaning of which is, that a good performance is not to be expected without many corrections. At last the use of paper * was introduced, and this was made of the bark of papyrus, divided into thin flakes or leaves, which were very proper for writing, and this papyrus was likewise called biblos.

> "Memphis as yet knew not to form in leaves
> The watery biblos."

Pliny calls it a wonderful invention, so useful to life that it preserves the memory of mighty actions and immortalizes those who achieved them. Varro ascribes this invention to Alexander the Great, when he built Alexandria; but he had only the merit of making paper more common, for the invention was of much greater antiquity. The same Pliny adds that Eumenes, King of Pergamus, substituted parchment instead of paper; in emulation of Ptolemy, King of Egypt, whose library he was ambitious to excel by this invention, which carried the advantage over paper. Parchment is the skin of a sheep dressed, and made fit to write upon. It was called *pergamenum*, from Pergamus, whose kings had the honour of the invention. All the ancient manuscripts are either upon parchment or vellum, which is calf-skin, and a great deal finer than the common parchment. It is very curious to see white fine paper wrought out of filthy rags picked up in the streets. The plant papyrus was useful likewise for sails, tackling, clothes, coverlets, etc.

LINUM.—Flax is a plant whose bark, full of fibres or strings, is useful in making fine linen. The method of making this linen in

* The papyrus was divided into thin flakes (into which it naturally parted), which being laid on a table, and moistened with the glutinous waters of the Nile, were afterwards pressed together and dried in the sun.

Egypt was wonderful, and carried to such perfection that the threads which were drawn out of them were almost too small for the observation of the sharpest eye. Priests were always habited in linen, and never in woollen; and not only the priests, but all persons of distinction generally wore linen clothes. This flax formed a considerable branch of the Egyptian traffic, and great quantities of it were exported into foreign countries. The making of it employed a great number of hands, especially of the women, as appears from that passage of Isaiah, in which the prophet menaces Egypt with a drought of so terrible a kind that it should interrupt every kind of labour. "Moreover, they that work in fine flax, and they that weave network shall be confounded." We likewise find in Scripture that one effect of the plague of hail called down by Moses upon Egypt was the destruction of all the flax which was then bolled. This storm was in March.

Byssus.—This was another kind of flax, extremely fine and small, which often received a purple dye. It was very dear, and none but rich and wealthy persons could afford to wear it. Pliny, who gives the first place to the asbeston or asbestinum (*i.e.*, the incombustible flax), places the the byssus in the next rank, and says that it served as an ornament to the ladies. It appears from the Holy Scriptures that it was chiefly from Egypt that cloth made of this fine flax was brought. "Fine linen, with broidered work, from Egypt."

We take no notice of the lotus or lote tree, a plant in great request with the Egyptians, and whose berries served them in former times for bread. There was another lotus in Africa, which gave its name to the *lotophagi*, or lotus-eaters, because they lived upon the fruit of this tree, which had so delicious a taste, if Homer may be credited, that it made the eaters of it forget all the sweets of their native country, as Ulysses found to his cost in his return from Troy.

In general it may be said that the Egyptian pulse and fruits were excellent and might, as Pliny observes, have sufficed singly for the nourishment of the inhabitants, such was their excellent quality and so great their plenty. And indeed working men lived then almost upon nothing else, as appears from those who were employed in building the pyramids.

Besides these rural riches, the Nile, from its fish, and the fatness it gave to the soil for the feeding of cattle, furnished the tables of the Egyptians with the most exquisite fish of every kind and the most succulent flesh. This it was which made the Israelites so deeply regret the loss of Egypt, when they found themselves in the dreary desert. "Who," say they in a plaintive and at the same time seditious tone, "shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the fish which we did eat in Egypt freely; the cucumbers, and melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick. We sat by the flesh pots, and we did eat bread to the full."

But the great and matchless wealth of Egypt arose from its corn, which, even in an almost universal famine, enabled it to support all the neighbouring nations, as it particularly did under Joseph's administration. In later ages it was the resource and most sure granary of Rome and Constantinople. It is a well-known story, how a calumny raised against St. Athanasius—viz., of his having menaced Constantinople, that for the future no more corn should be imported to it from Alexandria—incensed the Emperor Constantine against that holy Bishop, because he knew that his capital city could not subsist without the corn which was brought to it from Egypt. The same reason induced all the Emperors of Rome to take so great a care of Egypt, which they considered as the nursing mother of the world's metropolis.

Nevertheless the same river which enabled this province to subsist the two most populous cities in the world sometimes reduced even Egypt itself to the most terrible

famine. And it is astonishing that Joseph's wise foresight, which in fruitful years had made a provision for seasons of sterility, should not have hinted to these so much boasted politicians a like care against the changes and inconstancy of the Nile. Pliny, in his panegyric upon Trajan, paints with wonderful strength the extremity to which that country was reduced by a famine under that prince's reign, and his generous relief of it. The reader will not be displeased to read here an extract of it, in which a greater regard will be had to Pliny's thoughts than to his expressions.

The Egyptians, says Pliny, which gloried that they needed neither rain nor sun to produce their corn, and who believed they might confidently contest the prize of plenty with the most fruitful countries of the world, were condemned to an unexpected drought and a fatal sterility; from the greatest part of their territories being deserted and left unwatered by the Nile, whose inundation is the source and sure standard of their abundance. They then implored that assistance from their prince which they used to expect only from their river. The delay of their relief was no longer than that which employed a courier to bring the melancholy news to Rome; and one would have imagined that this misfortune had befallen them only to distinguish with greater lustre the generosity and goodness of Cæsar. It was an ancient and general opinion that our city could not subsist without provisions drawn from Egypt. This vain and proud nation boasted that, though it was conquered, it nevertheless fed its conquerors; that by means of its river, either abundance or scarcity were entirely in its disposal. But we now have returned the Nile his own harvests, and given him back the provisions he lent us. Let the Egyptians be then convinced by their own experience, that they are not necessary to us, and are only our vassals. Let them know that their ships do not so much bring us the provision we stand in need of, as the tribute which they owe us. And let them never forget that we can do without them, but that they can never do without us. This most fruitful province had been ruined had it not wore the Roman chains. The Egyptians in their sovereign have found a deliverer and a father. Astonished at the sight of their granaries, filled without any labour of their own, they were at a loss to know to whom they owed this foreign and gratuitous plenty. The famine of a people at such distance from us, and which was so speedily stopped, served only to let them feel the advantage of living under our Empire. The Nile* may in other times have diffused more plenty on Egypt, but never more glory upon us. May heaven, content with this proof of the people's patience, and the prince's generosity, restore for ever back to Egypt its ancient fertility.

Pliny's reproach to the Egyptians, for their vain and foolish pride with regard to the inundations of the Nile, points out one of their most peculiar characteristics, and recalls a fine passage of Ezekiel, where God thus speaks to Pharaoh, one of their kings, "Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is my own, and I have made it for myself." God perceived an insupportable pride in the heart of this prince. A sense of security and confidence in the inundations of the Nile, independent entirely of the influences of Heaven; as though the happy effects of this inundation had been owing to nothing but his own care and labour, or those of his predecessors: "The river is mine, and I have made it."

Before we conclude this account of the manners of the Egyptians, we think it incumbent on us to bespeak the attention of our readers to different passages scattered in the history of Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, which confirm and illustrate part of what we meet with in profane authors upon

* Nilus Ægypto quidem sæpe, sed gloriæ nostræ nunquam largior fluxit.

this subject. They will there observe the perfect polity which reigned in Egypt, both in the court and the rest of the kingdom; the vigilance of the prince, who was informed of all transactions, had a regular council, a chosen number of ministers, armies ever well maintained and disciplined, and of every order of soldiery, horse, foot, armed chariots; intendants in all the provinces; overseers or guardians of the public granaries; wise and exact dispensers of the corn lodged in them; a court composed of great officers of the Crown; a captain of his guards, a cup-bearer, a master of his pantry; in a word, all things that compose a prince's household and constitute a magnificent court. But above all these the reader will admire the fear in which the threatenings of God were held, the inspector of all actions, and the judge of kings themselves.

CHAPTER XX.

GORDON—SOME MORE FACTS ABOUT THE SOUDAN.

AS we have already given a carefully compiled account of the Soudan, we should under ordinary circumstances at once proceed with our narrative. But that tract of country is of such interest to Britain, and besides is so intimately connected with the heroic Gordon, that we intend still to dwell upon a few circumstances regarding it.

In order that our readers may have the very best information which can be procured on this important subject, we shall proceed as is done in trials, and call in one after another the most trustworthy witnesses, who will give the most reliable as well as the most interesting evidence.

The first witness, a well-known writer, will tell us of the remains of former civilization in the Soudan.

The name Soudan means "the country of the blacks. This agrees with its old appellation of Cush, a term derived from the son of Ham, who we are told was the great progenitor of the black races of Africa. It is at the same time the counterpart of the word Ethiopia, by which the same region was designated in the Bible, as well as by all the writers of antiquity. As a division of the earth's surface, Ethiopia was not very clearly defined; this resulted from its almost inaccessible position, on which account authors could only speak of it from the vaguest hearsay. It is only in our day that travellers can be said to have penetrated into this part of the world, and brought back reliable accounts of it. Even yet our knowledge is far from complete, and information regarding many districts is still to be desired.

We have, however, quite sufficient data upon which to declare that there was in the past a much higher condition of civilization than we now find in the Soudan. It might perhaps be put that it was as far superior to the present state of the country as the former civilization of the Pharaohs was in advance of that under the Pachas and Khedives of our own day. Ethiopia was celebrated in more ways than one. Isaiah mentions the "merchandise of Ethiopia." The Queen of Sheba brought gold, precious stones, and spices—it is even stated that "there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the Queen of Sheba gave to Solomon."

We have lately had experience of the

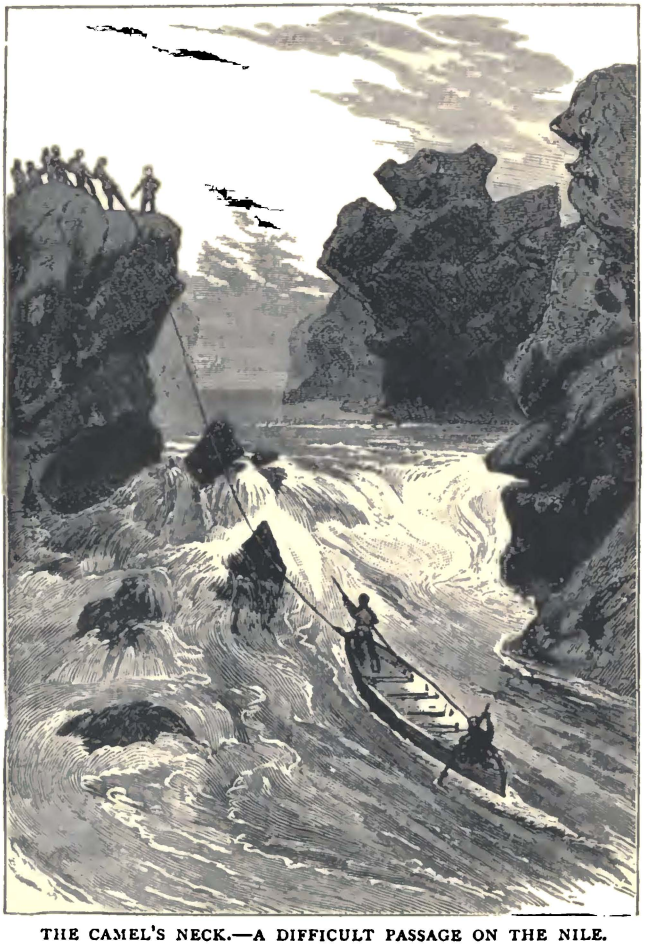
Soudanese as fearless fighters, but in the time of Jeremiah the people of the same locality seem to have been equally famed, and the prophet's account of them will be recognised as correctly descriptive yet. He says: "Come up, ye horses; and rage, ye chariots; and let the mighty men come forth—the Ethiopians and Libyans, that handle the shield." Chariots are not a feature of the Soudan in the present day, but they seem to have been plentiful at one time; for Ghishak, King of Egypt, came up against Jerusalem with twelve hundred chariots, and his forces are described as "the Lubims, the Sukkiims, and the Ethiopians" (2 Chron. xii. 3). The Lubims are supposed to be the ancient Libyans, and the Sukkiims have been suggested, by at least one writer, as a tribe of the desert who have left their name in the present Souakim. Memnon, a king of Ethiopia, came with 10,000 men and took part in the defence of Troy. The Greeks seemed to have believed in an Ethiopia in the East as well as in the West, and this idea was not confined to them; but the Ethiopians which have been here referred to as having a reputation in ancient history, belonged to the region now known as the Soudan.

When Egyptology was a young science, there was much discussion as to whether the civilization of Egypt came originally from Ethiopia, or if the process had taken place in the opposite direction. Many writers have held that the source from which the ancient wisdom of the Egyptians came was the upper regions of the Nile. Diodorus Siculus gives a curious passage, stating that the Ethiopians themselves used to boast of the Egyptians having been a colony from themselves, and that Osiris led the colony; that they carried with them the alphabet, the mode of forming their statues, and the peculiar funereal customs at the burial of their kings. To this was added what seems to be a boastful reminder, that "the soil of Egypt was only the mud of Ethiopia." That there had been some early connection is evident from what Herodotus affirms, that previous to Sesostris there were 130 kings in Egypt, and eighteen of them had been Ethiopians. Later still the 25th dynasty was formed of three Ethiopian monarchs, one of which was Tirhakah, mentioned in 2 Kings xix. 9. These events are evidence of the existence of power and an advanced condition of civilization on the part of the invaders.

That Egypt did lead armies and conquer Ethiopia is also well known in history; but how far south these conquests were carried is not very clearly stated. The probability is that the Egyptian power never extended much beyond the region about Old Dongola, or Meroe at the farthest. The fate of armies sent in this direction in ancient times presents a lesson to be recalled with attention in the present day, for what happened in the past bears a strong resemblance to the events of the last few months. The army of Psammitichus, according to Herodotus, deserted, and went over in mass to the Ethiopians. Cambyses sent an army to Ethiopia, and, after they had eaten all their provisions, they devoured the beasts of burden, and finally they had to kill every tenth man, and become cannibals, to preserve their lives. The expedition was a failure.

In the Acts of the Apostles mention is made of the servant of Candace, "Queen of the Ethiopians;" he had come to Jerusalem to worship, and was travelling in a chariot. This queen is supposed to have reigned at Meroe. This was a very important kingdom at one time, it was called the Island of Meroe, for it was bounded on the west by the Blue Nile, and on the east by the Astaboras, the present Atbara—these rivers almost surrounding it. Strabo describes its shape as being like a shield; from north to south it may be roughly put as about 300 miles, and about 200 in its widest, from east to west. The capital had the same name as the country; its site is generally supposed to have been at a spot on the right bank of the Nile, about 120 miles below Khartoum,

where there still remains a group of about eighty pyramids, marking the ancient place of sepulchre of the Kings of Meroe. These pyramids differ from those of Egypt, in being higher in proportion to their base, and in having a portico, or ante-chamber, on one of their sides. Lepsius, who visited these monuments, came to the conclusion that they dated about a century before the birth of Christ, thus reversing the conclusions of earlier travellers, who made them the models after which the pyramids of the north were copied; but he considered that they were royal sepulchres, and that they indicated a long succession of kings as well as an established state of tranquillity which must have existed for a series of centuries. This period of greatness coincides closely with the time of Queen Candace, and her wealth, which is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.

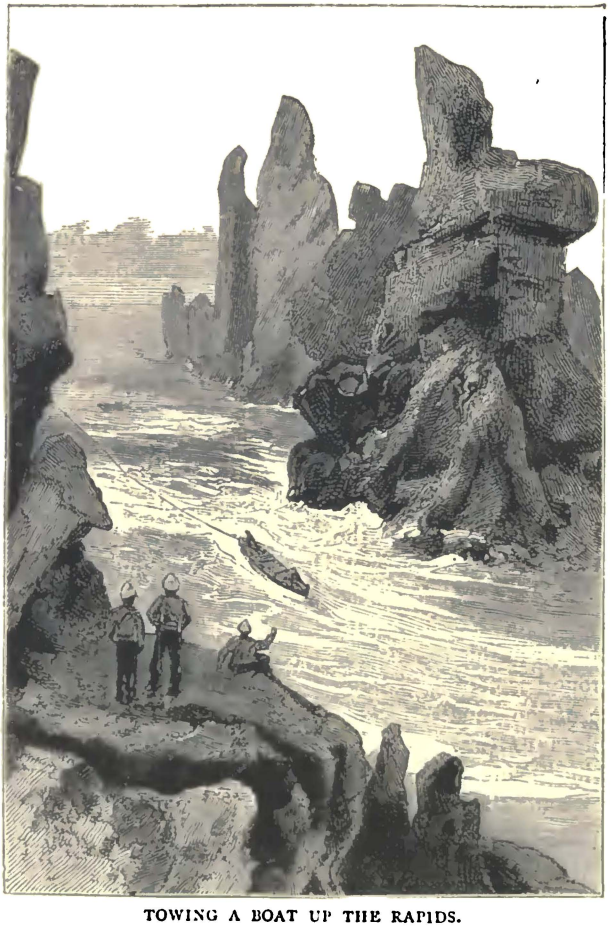


THE CAMEL'S NECK.—A DIFFICULT PASSAGE ON THE NILE.

About fifty miles nearer to Khartoum, and also on the east bank of the river, there are some considerable ruins at Ben Naga, and in the Wadi Sofra. The Kings of Meroe were elected by a college of priests, and when they thought he had reigned long enough, a messenger was sent to command him to die. This peculiar custom lasted till the time of the second Ptolemy, when a king named Ergamenes, or Arkaman, changed the whole arrangement by massacring the priests. Lepsius learned that a similar custom has survived to the present day in the district of Fazuklo, on the Blue Nile. The father of a king reigning at the time of Lepsius's visit, 1844, had been hanged, as he had ceased to have the confidence of his people. The manner in which the "vote of censure" is proceeded with might be worthy of consideration at home, where we are introducing new forms in our parliamentary customs. The relatives of the king, as well as his ministers, assemble round him, and announce that his conduct does not give satisfaction to the men and women of the country, nor to the oxen, asses, and

fowls, etc., and he is implored to submit at once to a "happy despatch."

Shendy was for a long time the capital of the same district, and was the residence of a race of Maleks or kings. Their palace or castle still remains; it was in this stronghold that King Nimr got up a grand festival in honour of Ismael Pacha, which was concluded during the night by his destruction through setting fire to the place he was in. There are considerable architectural remains on both sides of the river as far down as Old Dongola, but the most important are those at Jebel Berkel, where there are temples, some of them with the adytum excavated in the rock, and two groups of pyramids. This is supposed to have been the ancient Napata. There are also some pyramids on the opposite side of the Nile from Jebel Berkel. These remains, although inferior as works of art, and not comparable in any respect with the grandeur of the ancient monuments of Egypt, yet imply a condition of civilization which contrasts sadly with what is now found in the Soudan.



TOWING A BOAT UP THE RAPIDS.

The fame of ancient Ethiopia implies a larger population than is now found in that region; its prosperity and wealth are evidence of a more extensive cultivation than what is carried on in the present day. Lepsius considers that he so far solved the difficulty by discovering, near to Ben Naga, which is not far from the present Shendy, the remains of large artificial reservoirs. The locality is within the limits of the tropical rains, and in this he came to the conclusion that he had discovered the source from which in the past the people were able to found large and important cities in what is now only a desert. It may also be supposed that the Nile would be utilized as in Egypt, and irrigation along its banks would be carried on by means of canals. If water was the basis of past opulence and development, it teaches a valuable lesson. Without this means no progress is possible in such a country. Armies may occupy and conquer, but without reservoirs and canals the land will remain barbarous. Whoever has read Mr. Villiers Stuart's

work, "Egypt after the War," will see how the Fellahin are limited in their power of cultivation for want of an ample supply of water.

In Darfour there are similar evidences of a former better state of things. In that division of the Soudan, there are very large wells, some of them over one hundred feet in depth. A description of them will be found in Mr. Ensor's small book, with a very delightful account of the expedition under his charge, sent by Mr. Fowler to make a survey for a railway to Fasher, the capital of Darfour. These wells are cut through the very hardest rock, and the making of them would be quite impossible by the present inhabitants. When the rains come on the surface, water is allowed to run into them, carrying all the accumulation of the filth from the ground, and thus making the water for some time dangerous to health.

Abyssinia is not now, in a political sense, a part of the Soudan, but it was always included in the older term of Ethiopia. King John still calls himself the "king of the kings of Ethiopia." This country presents the same features of decay which are so striking over the whole of North-Eastern Africa; the deterioration in this case is not so great, for the ground is fertile, and the mountainous nature of the country has enabled the Abyssinians to preserve some vestiges of national independence; still, the wattle-and-dab huts and churches of the present day contrast strangely with the older remains. There is an obelisk at Axum which, according to a legend, was erected by Ham, in his division of the world, as a record of the flood. At the same place there are a number of fallen obelisks and numerous fragmentary remains. Even in Christian times the Abyssinians must have been in a superior condition to what they are now. Their churches at present are mere sheds littered with straw, but at one time they were able to erect stone churches with some pretence of architecture, and even to excavate some very large ones in the solid rock. One of these was passed by our troops on the route to Magdala, and was still used as a church.

In the time of Justinian, Axum was a large and populous city, and must have had a considerable commerce, for Justinian sent Nonnosus as an ambassador to make arrangements in connection with the silk trade. Zoula, where our expedition landed in the Abyssinian war, was the ancient Adulis, and at a former period was Abyssinian territory. Not a vestige of the place is now visible above ground, but Captain Goodfellow, R.E., made some excavations, and laid bare the foundations of a Christian church, in which fragments of marble and alabaster were found. These fragments confirm what we know, that Adulis was once a wealthy town, with a busy harbour; now the Danakit or the Shoho idly wanders over the dusty plain, presenting to the mind an almost perfect type of the primitive man, thus illustrating vividly how the civilization of the ancient Ethiopia has sunk to the modern barbarism of the Soudan.

CHAPTER XXI.

GORDON—THE SOUDAN SLAVE-TRADE—AN ACCOUNT OF KHARTOUM.

AN artist to one of the great illustrated London papers gave us a half ludicrous account of the great difficulty he had to get together materials for a proper picture of Khartoum. When that town suddenly rose into a subject of public notice, his employers said, "Go and 'do' an illustration for us." Our friend is accustomed to this sort of work. He knew how to get at the vast stores of knowledge—perplexing from their very vastness—hid in the British Museum. The library of the Royal Geographical Society, presided over by that most urbane of librarians, Mr. Scott Keltie, was at his command; yet with all this he was in a difficulty. There really seemed no authentic picture of Khartoum. We believe that after a long search he did manage to get a sketch plan; and having supplemented by careful reading the information it gave him, he finally produced his sketch. Well! "many things have happened since then," as Lord Beaconsfield used to say. Pictures of Khartoum are now plentiful enough, and having carefully selected the best of these, we here present it to our readers. As a companion sketch we give the suburb or outpost of Tuti, which is situated on the island of Tuti, opposite Khartoum, and at the junction of the White and Blue Nile.

Resuming our narrative, we now call Sir Samuel Baker, Gordon's predecessor in the Governor-Generalship of the Soudan. From him we shall learn something of the active slave trade that flourishes there. Without the White Nile trade, Khartoum would almost cease to exist; that trade is kidnapping and murder. The character of Khartoumers needs no further comment.

The amount of ivory brought down from the White Nile is a mere bagatelle as an export, the annual value being £40,000. The people for the most part engaged in the nefarious traffic of the White Nile are Syrians, Copts, Turks, Circassians, and some few *Europeans*. So closely connected with the difficulties of my expedition is that accursed slave-trade, that the so-called ivory trade of the White Nile requires an explanation.

Throughout the Soudan money is exceedingly scarce, and the rate of interest exorbitant, varying, according to the securities, from thirty-six to eighty per cent.; this fact proves general poverty and dishonesty, and acts as a preventive to all improvement. So high and fatal a rate deters all honest enterprise, and the country must lie in ruin under such a system. The wild speculator borrows upon such terms, to rise suddenly like a rocket, or to fall like its exhausted stick.

Thus, honest enterprise being impossible, dishonesty takes the lead, and a successful expedition to the White Nile is supposed to overcome all charges. There are two classes of White Nile traders—the one possessing capital, the other being penniless adventurers; the same system of operation is pursued by both, but that of the former will be evident from the description of the latter.

A man without means forms an expedition, and borrows money for this purpose at one hundred per cent., after this fashion; he agrees to pay the lender in ivory at one-half its market value. Having obtained the required sum, he hires several vessels, and engages from one hundred to three hundred men, composed of Arabs and runaway villains from distant countries, who have

found an asylum from justice in the obscurity of Khartoum. He purchases guns and large quantities of ammunition for his men, together with a few hundred pounds of glass beads. The piratical expedition being complete, he pays his men five months' wages in advance, at the rate of forty-five piastres (nine shillings) per month, and agrees to give them eighty piastres per month for any period exceeding the five months advanced. His men receive their advance partly in cash and partly in cotton stuffs for clothes, at an exorbitant price. Every man has a strip of paper, upon which is written, by the clerk of the expedition, the amount he has received, both in goods and money; and this paper he must produce at the final settlement.

The vessels sail about December, and on arrival at the desired locality, the party disembark and proceed into the interior, until they arrive at the village of some negro chief, with whom they establish an intimacy. Charmed with his new friends, the power of whose weapons he acknowledges, the negro chief does not neglect the opportunity of seeking their alliance to attack a hostile neighbour. Marching throughout the night, guided by their negro hosts, they bivouac within an hour's march of the unsuspecting village doomed to an attack about half an hour before the break of day. The time arrives, and quietly surrounding the village while its occupants are still sleeping, they fire the grass huts in all directions, and pour volleys of musketry through the flaming thatch. Panic-stricken, the unfortunate victims rush from their burning dwellings, and the men are shot down like pheasants in a battue, while the women and children, bewildered in the danger and confusion, are kidnapped and secured. The herds of cattle still within their kraal, or "zareeba," are easily disposed of, and are driven off with great rejoicing as the prize of victory. The women and children are then fastened together, the former secured by an instrument called a sheba, made of a forked pole, the neck of the prisoner fitted into the fork, secured by a cross piece lashed behind, while the wrists, brought together in advance of the body, are tied to the pole. The children are then fastened by their necks with a rope attached to the women, and thus form a living chain, in which order they are marched to the head-quarters in company with the captured herds.

This is the commencement of business; should there be ivory in any of the huts not destroyed by the fire, it is appropriated; a general plunder takes place. The traders' party dig up the floors of the huts to search for iron hoes, which are generally thus concealed, as the greatest treasure of the negroes; the granaries are overturned and wantonly destroyed, and the hands are cut off the bodies of the slain, the more easily to detach the copper or iron bracelets that are usually worn. With this booty, the *traders* return to their negro ally: they have thrashed and discomfited his enemy, which delights him; they present him with thirty or forty head of cattle, which intoxicates him with joy; and a present of a pretty little captive girl, of about fourteen, completes his happiness.

But business is only commenced. The negro covets cattle, and the trader has now captured perhaps two thousand head. They are to be had for ivory, and shortly the tusks appear. Ivory is daily brought into camp in exchange for cattle, a tusk for a cow, according to its size—a profitable business, as the cows have cost nothing. The trade proves brisk, but still there remain some little customs to be observed—some slight formalities, well understood by the White Nile trade. The slaves and two-thirds of the captured cattle belong to the trader, but his men claim, as their perquisite, one-third of the stolen animals. These having been divided, the slaves are put up to public auction among the men, who purchase such as they require; the amount being entered on the papers (*serki*) of the purchasers, to be reckoned against their wages. To avoid the exposure, should the docu-

ment fall into the hands of the Government or European consuls, the amount is not entered as for the purchase of a slave, but is divided for fictitious supplies. Thus, should a slave be purchased for one thousand piastres, that amount would appear on the document somewhat as follows :—

Soap	50	piastres.
Tarboash (cap) . . .	100	,,
Araki	500	,,
Shoes	200	,,
Cotton cloth . . .	150	,,
	1000	

The slaves sold to the men are constantly being changed and resold among themselves; but should the relatives of the kidnapped women and children wish to ransom them, the trader takes them from his men, cancels the amount of purchase, and restores them to their relatives for a certain number of elephants' tusks, as may be agreed upon. Should any slave attempt to escape, she is punished either by brutal flogging, or shot, or hanged, as a warning to others. An attack, or razzia, such as described, generally leads to a quarrel with the negro ally, who, in his turn, is murdered and plundered by the trader—his women and children naturally becoming slaves. A good season for a party of a hundred and fifty men should produce about two hundred cantars (twenty thousand lbs.) of ivory, valued in Khartoum at four thousand pounds.

The men being paid in slaves, the wages should be *nil*, and there should be a surplus of four or five hundred slaves for the trader's own profit—worth, on an average, five to six pounds each.

The boats are accordingly packed with a human cargo, and a portion of the trader's men accompany them to the Soudan, while the remainder of the party form a camp or settlement in the country they have adopted, and industriously plunder, massacre, and enslave, until their master's return with boats from Khartoum in the following season, by which time they are supposed to have a cargo of slaves and ivory ready for shipment. The business thus thoroughly established, the slaves are landed at various points within a few days' journey of Khartoum, at which places are agents, or purchasers, waiting to receive them with dollars for cash payments.

The purchasers and dealers are for the most part Arabs. The slaves are marched across the country to different places; many to Sennaar, where they are sold to other dealers, who sell them to the Arabs and Turks. Others are taken immense distances to ports on the Red Sea—Souakim, and Massowa—there to be shipped for Arabia and Persia. Many are sent to Cairo; and, in fact, they are disseminated throughout the slave-dealing east, the White Nile being the great nursery for the supply. The amiable trader returns from the White Nile to Khartoum; hands over to his creditor sufficient ivory to liquidate the original loan of £1,000; and already a man of capital, he commences as an independent trader.

We shall now have recourse to the testimony of Colonel Stewart, the heroic companion of Gordon in the glorious though unsuccessful defence of Khartoum; and—alas! that it should be so—also a sharer in the fatal issue of the enterprise.

His account will fitly serve as letterpress to our engravings of the desert city. The town of Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan and emporium for the whole country (see p. 104) is built on a barren, stoneless, and wide plain, on the western bank of the Blue Nile, and about a mile above its junction with the White Nile. Its river frontage is about one-and-a-half mile; its depth inwards from the river about a mile. As its site is somewhat lower than the point reached by both rivers when in flood, a dyke fifteen feet to twenty feet in height has been made along the banks of the Blue Nile; and another somewhat lower, immediately at the back of the town, to protect it against the overflow of the White Nile. When at their lowest point, both streams are from six hundred to eight hundred yards in width,

and have several islands, which are cultivated. The White Nile is unfordable, except in one or two places far up the river; but the Blue can be forded in many places above the town. When in flood, the White Nile increases its width to a very great extent, but not so the Blue Nile, as its banks are much steeper. Around Khartoum are several small villages. Both above and below the town are small plantations of date palms and plantains, also a number of vegetable gardens. According to an old custom or privilege, none of these gardens pay any taxes; with the exception of the river banks, the country is bare and treeless. During the hot season, which lasts from the beginning of April till the middle of November, the heat is severe, averaging in the shade from 90° to 95° Fahrenheit. The rains generally begin about the middle of July, and last till the middle of September. They are, however, said to be very irregular, and sometimes there is little or no rainfall. In the rainy season the barren ground stretching between the two rivers is covered with grass, affording very good pasture. The rivers begin to rise on the 1st of June, and reach their highest point about the beginning of September. They remain stationary at that point till about the 15th, and then begin to fall. The cold weather begins about the middle of December, and lasts till the middle of February. From November to March high north winds prevail, and during the remainder of the year south. In winter the thermometer sometimes goes down as low as 46° Fahrenheit; except in the regular rainy season there is no rain. The unhealthy season is during the months of June, July, October, November, when typhoid fevers and dysentery are prevalent. The winter is the healthy season. The resident population is generally estimated at from 50,000 to 55,000 souls, of which two-thirds are slaves. There is also a floating population estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000 souls, and consisting of Europeans, Syrians, Copts, Turks, Albanians, and a few Jews. The free resident population are mostly Makhass or aborigines, Dongolawees from Dongola, Shaghhiyés from a district along the Nile north of Khartoum, and Rubatat, a district north of Berber. The slaves belong mostly to the Nuba, Dinka, Shulook, Berta, and other negro tribes. Both the free population and the slaves are all Mahommedans of the Maliki school of divinity, and are also followers of either the Rufai, Kadri, Hamdi, or Saadi sect of dervishes. They are very superstitious. Their political creed is to side with whichever side is the strongest. The free inhabitants are mostly engaged in trades or commerce, and the slaves in agriculture, or else hired out as daily labourers by their masters; but few are employed as domestic servants. Of the floating population, the Copts are mostly employed in Government service or trade. The Turks, Albanians, etc., are generally irregular soldiers or loafers. The European element is represented by about one hundred individuals, mostly Greeks. There are also some Italians, French, Austrians, and Germans. The chief export and import trade is in the hands of the Europeans, Copts, and Syrians.

Except the manufacture of mats, cotton cloths, a rope made from palm leaves, and some filigree silver work, there is no manufacture worth speaking of. The bazaar is of considerable size, and tolerably well supplied with Manchester goods, cheap cutlery, etc. The export and import trade is considerable, and, besides numerous caravans, is said to employ over three hundred boats of various sizes. A considerable trade in grain is also carried on with Sennaar and Karkotsch. These districts are practically the granaries of the Soudan.

In shape the town is very irregular. Its appearance is also poor and miserable. Except the Government House and one or two other buildings, there is hardly a house worthy of the name. The houses are mostly built of sun-dried brick, generally without an upper storey, and nearly all surrounded by courtyards with mud walls. To prevent

JAMES BRUCE.

MUNGO PARK.

these houses crumbling away during the rains they are every year plastered over with dung before the rainy season commences. This plastering process is doubtless the cause of a good deal of the illness. As the town is so low there is no drainage, and the consequence is that during the rains the whole place is deep in water, and it is almost impossible to move about. As there is no stone throughout the whole district, the streets are full of dust during the summer and mud during the rains. The chief buildings are:—(1) Government House and offices, large brick buildings on the banks of the Blue Nile; (2) arsenal, with smithy, carpenter's shop, smelting furnaces, stoves, etc.; attached to this arsenal are some fourteen steamers for the navigation of the rivers, and also boats of various kinds; (3) a large, commodious hospital, built by Colonel Gordon; (4) a mosque or jami, built by Khurshid Pasha; (5) a sibil or small mosque, provided with a well, and some rooms for the convenience of travellers and poor people; (6) a large barrack of mud without an upper storey, and large barrack square; (7) powder magazine and workshop for the refilling of cartridges; (8) a large Roman Catholic missionary building, established 1848; stone building with church, etc.; (9) a Coptic church. Such is Khartoum.

CHAPTER XXII.

Bruce—His Noble Descent—His African Travels.

EVEN with all the resources of modern civilization, sailing on the Nile in the upper part of that river is no easy matter. The two illustrations which we here give, and which are both drawn from the records of the 1885 campaign in the Soudan, bring this before us. One of these represents our troops dragging a boat up a dangerous and difficult part of the river called the "Camel's Neck"; the other shows navigation in a calmer but still troublesome part of this same "mysterious Nile."

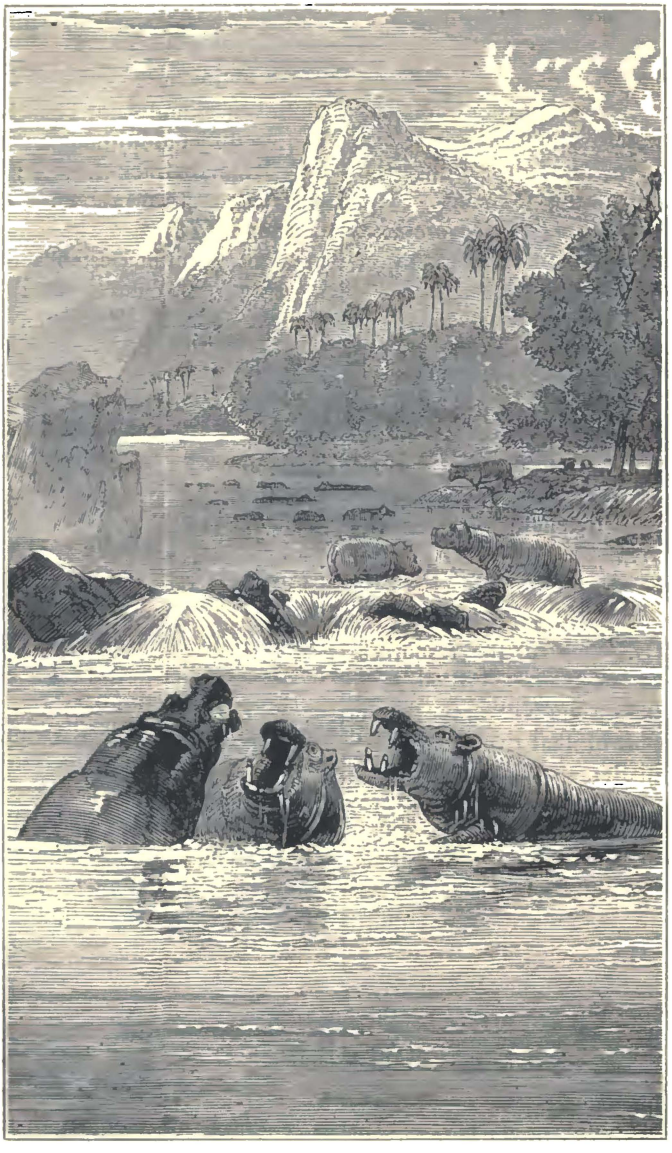
But if such are the difficulties of travelling there to-day, what were they a century ago? To answer this is the purpose of the three chapters to which we now direct the notice of our reader. We have another object; for fearing lest our readers may be a little weary of the continuous records of war and battles, we here present them with a life of a British citizen whose name will for ever be connected with Egypt, though not as a soldier but as a traveller.

We refer to Bruce, who, though he did not completely solve the problem, yet did so much towards the discovery of the sources of the Nile.

James Bruce was born about the year 1733. The family, of which he was to become the representative, descended, most probably, from one of the brothers, or other collateral relations, of the heroic Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. Robert Bruce, of Kinnaird, an eminent and very turbulent Presbyterian minister in the reign of King James VI., was one of his immediate successors. His parents held a respectable rank among the gentry of Stirlingshire.

He received a very excellent education at one of the most distinguished seminaries in England. The languages of Greece and Rome; mathematics, and the sciences; the arts of design, and every liberal accomplishment, were the objects of his study.

When he grew up, he gradually formed in his mind—a mind widened by the noblest classical culture—the resolution to solve the problem of the mysterious Nile. His imagination was then warm with those delightful visions which the perusal of the classics naturally excites in every ingenuous mind. To discover those remains of Roman

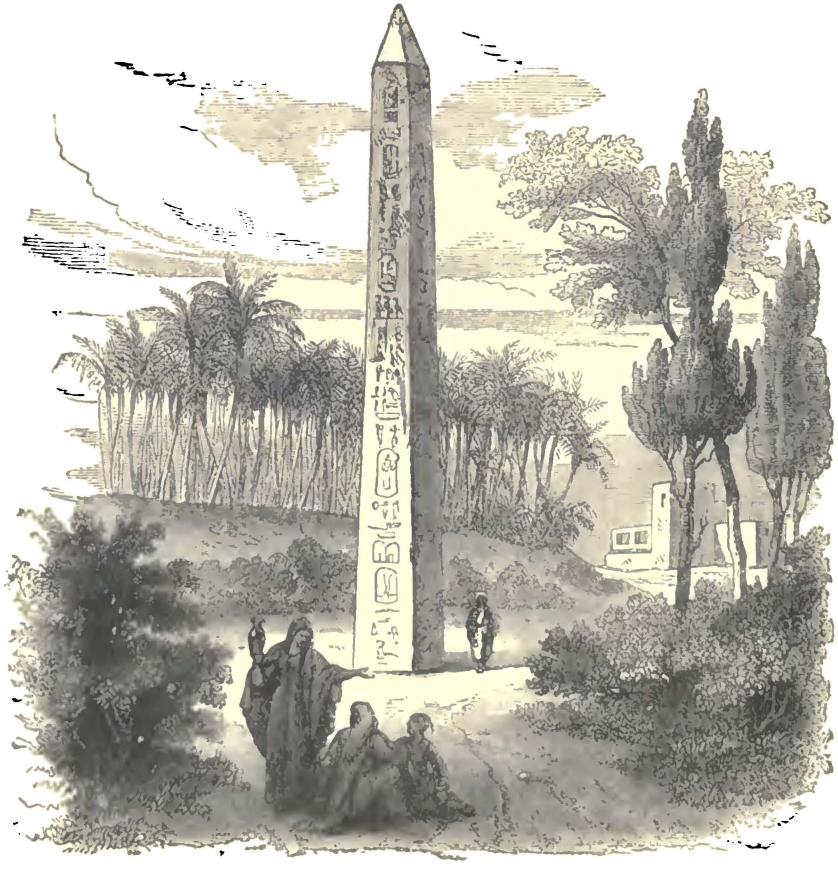


SCENE ON THE EQUATORIAL NILE.

art and of Grecian colonization which had hitherto eluded the researches of the moderns; to penetrate to the sources of the Nile, which Julius Cæsar had in vain desired to detect, seemed to him objects of pursuit not unworthy of the most ardent literary enthusiasm and the most generous ambition.

Throughout Europe discoveries like these were, at that time, passionately desired, in

order to fill up the chasms in the system of natural and civil history, and to facilitate the improvements of the fine arts. Sweden had just sent out, from among the pupils of the great Linnæus, a Hesselquist, a Kalm, and other scientific missionaries, to explore the most distant regions of the earth. The King of Denmark, also, had lately employed a company, consisting of an engineer, a draughtsman, a linguist, a botanist, and a physician, to investigate the history of the ancient and present state of Arabia, and the other most famous countries of the East. The islands scattered throughout the wide expanse of the southern seas were beginning to be numbered. France



SITE OF TADMOR.

and Spain were sending out philosophers to Siberia and Peru for the purpose of ascertaining, by means of an astronomical process, the precise figure of the earth. The love of science, and the beneficent desire to promote the civilization of mankind, had everywhere inspired a desire to prosecute discoveries which had been hitherto only obtained in consequence of the accidental communications arising from military conquest, mercantile avarice, or religious enthusiasm. It was not merely a pedantic fancy or a quixotic dream that impelled Bruce to enter on those bold enterprises which he was destined to accomplish. He was to contend with a number of the most

enlightened of his contemporaries for the attainment of objects whose importance the whole world was ready to acknowledge.

Many of the most eminent philosophers in Europe earnestly offered him their advice for the direction of his enterprise. From Italy and from England he was supplied with the best instruments for every purpose of the draughtsman and the astronomer. Some necessary assistants were engaged to follow him. He accordingly departed from Europe, and soon arrived in safety at Algiers. Some time was necessarily spent in the study of the language of the Moorish Arabians, and in fulfilling the functions of his official character, before he could proceed upon his researches. But, within no long period after his arrival, he boldly committed himself to the dangerous faith of some tribes of wandering Arabs, and advanced, in search of ancient ruins, into regions which no visitant from modern Europe had as yet successfully explored. Associating with his Arabian hosts and guides, and displaying a skilful use of their language and manners which left him scarcely under the disadvantages of a stranger, he was thus enabled to discriminate the peculiarities of their respective characters with an accuracy of observation perhaps unequalled by any former traveller.

Being, perhaps, more a master of the pencil than of the art of literary composition, he executed many drawings of the various ruins now discovered by him; of which the singular excellence was afterwards doomed to excite the false and invidious cavil that they could not be his own. While he shared the hospitality of the Arabs in these deserts, he had occasion to live with them on the flesh of lions, a species of animal food so very different from roast beef, and so much less easy than hare or venison to be procured by the chase, that some untravelled Englishmen may, perhaps, be inclined to deny that it can ever have been used as food.

From Africa he passed, in prosecution of greater designs, to the Grecian isles and the coast of Syria. An unfortunate shipwreck damaged his valuable collection of instruments for astronomical observations, but could not deter his resolute mind from its adventurous pursuits. In Syria he surveyed the ruins of Tadmor, of the site of which we give an illustration, and executed many valuable drawings of those noble, though mutilated monuments of ancient art which they display. In the hospitable society of European friends, whom he found in the commercial cities, he passed the time necessary for him to await the arrival of various articles from Europe, without which he could not adventure upon his grander enterprise. During this period of leisure he diligently studied medicine, in order to recommend him to the barbarous inhabitants of the regions which he proposed to explore.

From Syria he repaired to Egypt. Its great towns, its pyramids; the sites and remains of its ancient cities; the phenomena of the overflowings of its mighty river, the Nile; the formation of its lower territory, which advances to bound the Mediterranean Sea; the comparison of its present local circumstances with its ancient history, joined to the character of its government and inhabitants, all excited and engaged Bruce's attention. His science, the manly dignity and firmness of his personal character, the advantages arising from the recommendations with which he travelled, and some lucky concurring accidents, introduced him to the friendship and protection of the famous Ali Bey, who was then all-powerful in Egypt, and by this means procured him facilities for observation and inquiry which have rarely been possessed by Europeans in that land. He was accordingly enabled to visit, without personal danger, various remote and interesting scenes, in the course of which almost any other traveller would have been inevitably robbed and probably murdered. The sacred code of the Jewish and Christian religions was in his hands, as well as the Grecian records of Homer and

Herodotus; and, comparing what these books relate concerning ancient Egypt with the scenes and the state of society before him, he was enabled to understand a number of hitherto unexplained particulars, in the hints which those eldest of books present respecting the early annals of a country that was almost the primeval seat of civilized society; and to confirm the truth of the Christian revelation, by discovering various new proofs of the scrupulous fidelity of the Mosaic history.

From Egypt Bruce sailed southward, on the Red Sea, to Jeddah in *Arabia Felix*. He had the good fortune to find at Jeddah a number of his own countrymen from India, ship captains and merchants in the service of the English India Company. They welcomed him among them with kind hospitality; heard with pleasure and admiration of his bold purpose of penetrating into Abyssinia, and exploring the sources of the Nile; procured whatever directions were there to be obtained for his conduct during his journey; introduced him to the powerful protection of the prime minister to the sherriffe or religious prince of Mecca; offered him the free use of their purses and credit; and, in fine, espoused all his interests so openly, so earnestly, and with such a show of deference and respect, that the whole influence of the English name and greatness in the East appeared to be interposed for his security among those barbarians to whose doubtful faith he was now hastening to commit himself.

With every generous wish on the part of these kind Englishmen for his welfare and success, he sailed for Massowah, the maritime key of the entrance into Abyssinia, on the western coast of the Red Sea. That sea he, on this occasion, and during the previous navigation from Suez to Jeddah, surveyed and sounded with hydrographical care and skill, by which he was enabled to form a better naval chart of it than the world had hitherto been in possession of. At Massowah the benevolent exercise of his medical skill, the influence of the British name, the firmness, vigilance, and boldness of his personal character, could, with great difficulty, save him from being robbed by the Naybe, a knavish and rapacious chieftain, who was ready to violate, without scruple, the universally acknowledged principles of the law of nations, and to trample upon the generous usages of even barbarian hospitality.

After many perils from the fierceness, the deceit, and the thievish rapacity of the inhabitants on this eastern frontier of the Abyssinian empire, our traveller happily made his way to a considerable mercantile town within its confines. The name of Ras Michael, to whom he had been recommended, and who was at this time master of both the king and his kingdom, began here to afford him as much security as a stranger could expect to find among a barbarous people, and amid the horrors of civil war. His intrepid boldness and vigilance, well adapted to contend with, to defeat, and to overawe, the fierceness and the cunning of savages; his noble liberality in the distribution of presents fitted to strike and please the fancy of a rude nation; his gallantry, which slighted not the proffered favours of the Abyssinian damsels: some lucky but unexpected incidents; and the admiration which his dexterity in shooting and horsemanship excited, did all the rest. He accordingly arrived safe at Gondar, the Abyssinian capital.

To penetrate to the sources of the Nile, and to discover with certainty the causes of its periodical overflowings, formed the primary object of his journey. But he was destined to accomplish others, which, although of a secondary nature, were to prove more useful and interesting to the world. Abyssinia, a country comprehending several extensive provinces at the eastern extremity of the great peninsular continent of Africa, probably received its first inhabitants from Egypt or Yemen. The imperfect remains of the history of ancient Egypt bespeak a not unfrequent intercourse, at least of warfare and reciprocal conquest, to have taken

place, in times the most remote, between the Egyptians and the people of Habesh. Colonies appear to have migrated, in turns, between the eastern and the western coasts of the Red Sea, from Abyssinia to Yemen, and from Yemen to Abyssinia. Commercial adventure carried the Phœnicians and the Jews into Abyssinia, at the time when they were masters of the navigation of the Red Sea. It is also possible that the Jews at the time when they were, by the conquests of Nebuchadnezzar, dispersed abroad as captives or as fugitives from their native land, might flee in part into Abyssinia as well as into Egypt. By whatever means it may have occurred, certain it is that the religion and literature of the Jews had been very anciently introduced into Abyssinia; and that the Abyssinians had been taught to respect the race of their kings as descendants from the famous Solomon. Missionaries from Arabia and Egypt converted this people from Judaism to a sort of impure Christianity. Their empire was, in the meanwhile, a territory of varying extent; including, on the north side, the sandy deserts contiguous to the Mediterranean Sea, and towards the south, low and unhealthy regions, as well as many lofty mountains, both insulated and in continuous ranges, deep and wide-spreading forests, expansive lakes, swelling and majestic rivers, broad plains, and flat sullen morasses; exposed for one part of the year to a climate of a dry and warm temperature, for another part of it regularly subject to heavy and incessant rains; at its western confines meeting those unknown interior parts of Africa, concerning which European curiosity has only suspected that they are inhabited by savages and barbarians unacquainted with the virtues and the blessings of civilized life.

In these circumstances, local disadvantages, the character of the surrounding tribes and nations, and the want of a religion friendly to mild and benign yet active virtue, concurred with an ill-compacted government to retain the people of Abyssinia in a state of perpetual barbarism, still unmitigated and unenlightened. Christianity could not improve the manners of the converts whom it here gained in a proportion equal to that in which it was obliged to debase its own reasonableness and morality for the purpose of winning their favour. The feudal form of government, under some modifications peculiar to Asia and Africa, but in all that barbarous disorder in which it subsisted in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in modern Europe, was the species of political combination under which the Abyssinians had lived almost from the earliest times of their known existence as a nation. While the Portuguese, to whom Europe owes so much for their discovery of the great maritime route to the East, were in their highest commercial and naval greatness, they introduced themselves, the Jesuits, and the Romish form of Christianity, into Abyssinia; and, under the most specious pretexts, strove in vain to subject Abyssinia to the dominion of Portugal and Rome. The attempt, and the miseries and dissensions which ensued from it, served but to perpetuate the almost unsocial disorder of the Abyssinian government, and to enhance the barbarism of the manners of the people. The Abyssinians found that they were likely to derive nothing but mischiefs from their connection with the Christians of Europe; and Rome and Portugal were disappointed of those advantages which they had expected to obtain in achieving the temporal and spiritual conquest of Abyssinia. The immediate intercourse between Europe and Abyssinia was accordingly broken off, before the Abyssinians could derive any material improvement from the arts of the Europeans, or from the refinement of their manners. From this period the empire remained unchanged, faithful to the Coptic Christianity of Egypt, and, though afflicted with continual revolutions, yet without experiencing any fundamental alteration of its code of government.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BRUCE—HIS ADVENTURES IN ABYSSINIA.

BRUCE arrived at the Abyssinian capital in the midst of one of the fiercest and most afflicting civil wars by which this country had ever been visited. But even in these circumstances, and among a race so barbarous, the felicity of his genius preserved him safe. The small-pox, one of those terrible diseases whose inextinguishable infection has conspired with the ignorance and imprudence of mankind to subject every human life to be once endangered by its malignity, was at that very time outrivalling the havoc of war by its terrible devastations throughout all Abyssinia. Bruce's medical pretensions introduced him to the women and children of the household of the dreaded Ras Michael, at a moment when charms and prayers had proved equally vain; when the fondled infant, the beauteous maid, scarcely yet nubile, and the gallant youth, amid his first untried ardour, after the perils and the glory of war, were, in spite of every effort, cut off together by this baleful distemper. Our traveller was sufficiently acquainted with the Turkish and the English methods of treating the small-pox; and his art rescued from the brink of the grave several lives of which the preservation had been deemed hopeless,—the beautiful Ozoro Esther, the beloved wife of Michael; her mother, the Iteghe, whose state, as queen-dowager, remained inviolate amid the distractions of civil war. Some gallant youths, the sons and grandsons of these ladies, grateful for Bruce's medical assistance, and charmed with the mingled boldness and gentleness of his character, quickly became his zealous friends and protectors.

When Michael, and with him the young king whom he sustained on the throne, returned from a successful campaign to Gondar, the stranger was presented to them with recommendations which secured a very flattering reception. His own personal qualities soon did the rest. Eminently expert in the horsemanship of Britain and of the Arabs; bold, daring, intrepid, possessing true greatness of soul, and having softened his native roughness with something of uncouth refinement; able to drink with the Abyssinians, without getting drunk with them; qualified to astonish them with the powers of a double-barrelled gun, and with a marksman's skill in shooting, which they could not imitate; exhibiting a lofty disinterestedness of spirit, which, though it did not reject their pecuniary favours with insolence, yet refused them with an air of dignity such as might well bespeak a man incapable of receiving the bribe of the courtier, the hire of the mechanic, or the sordid gains of the merchant: the Scottish traveller thus successfully attracted to himself the admiration and favour of all that was great in rank or magnanimous in sentiment about the Abyssinian court. The Alexandrian patriarch had, by a pastoral letter, enjoined the Coptic and Greek Christians then in Gondar, to make atonement for their sins of vanity and presumption, by doing public homage to Bruce. The beauties of the capital, never coy in the distribution of their favours, contended to bestow them with a lavish fondness on a youth in whom the graces of Europe were combined with the robust vigour of an Abyssinian warrior. The king and the minister conceived a warm partiality for him. He endeared himself to the most eminent among the young nobility, by instructing them in some of the most notable

military exercises of Arabia and of Europe. High offices in the court were offered for his acceptance. To obtain the protection necessary to enable him to accomplish the purposes of his journey, he was obliged to accept the government of a small province, and even to enrol himself among the lords of the bed-chamber of the Abyssinian monarch.

He associated with the nobility in the amusements of the court; ate with them raw flesh, while it still trembled with life and sensation; drank deep of their bouza, mead, and wine; and is not said to have sullenly refused those favours which their noblest and fairest dames were willing, even amid scenes of public festivity, to lavish on so accomplished a stranger. Affecting a much more dignified character than that of the Greek Christians, whom he found in high estimation among these barbarians, he lived at a great expense, drawn from his own supplies, not from their bounty; maintained the character of a physician, even after finding that the custom of the country required of the physician rather to give fees to his patients than to enrich himself by receiving them; and uniformly evinced by his conduct, that all he desired to gain from his kind hosts was simply freedom and security while he should make those observations and inquiries for the sake of which he had come into their country.

Religion, and the subjection of the Abyssinian Church to the ecclesiastical authority of the Roman pontiff, had been the grand concerns of the Portuguese Jesuits, the last Europeans by whom these regions had been visited. To obtain their ends they had excited terrible mischiefs among a people who were but too prone to civil war, and the Abyssinian clergy, therefore, could not now behold another European amongst them without being alarmed with the fears of jealous orthodoxy and inflamed by the *furor* of religious persecution. But prudence, a philosophical indifference to religious disputes, his gentleman-like manners, remote from those of the priest, and the high esteem with which he was regarded by the monarch, and the Ras, his minister, effectually screened Bruce from that thunder which priestly bigotry and malevolence strove to hurl with fatal efficacy upon his head.

It was his fortune to witness some terrible scenes of civil war and political vengeance. He saw a king—the property of the ablest, the most powerful, and the most wicked of his nobles—obliged to obey the dictates of the minister's cruelty and revenge; catching the infection of his crimes, and ready to exasperate against himself those whose hatred was originally directed against the Ras alone. He beheld ambition, resentment, fickle turbulence, demoniac craft, and a ferocious delight in continual bloodshed—all the fierce passions and all the dark vices of barbarians excite rival chiefs in endless rebellion against a king whom they were led to oppose, partly from the wish to destroy his minister, and partly from the habit of eternal contention. He witnessed a wantonness of cruelty and carnage which could have place only where native barbarism was infuriated by the mutual resentments of political discord. Amidst general cruelty, inhumanity, grossness of manners, and meanness of intellects, he discovered some of the most amiable feminine virtues, and some of the most generous and dignified masculine ones, joined to talents of which the force and the comprehension have rarely been excelled among mankind. To penetrate to the sources of the Nile, and to examine everything relative to the natural history of the country, had been the first objects of his inquiry when he made his way into Abyssinia. Obtaining at length a feudal grant of the very territory in which the fountains of the Nile had been so long hidden from the European world, he set out to visit them; arrived after many perils, and drank libations of water more grateful and intoxicating to a romantic traveller than the Falernian of old. After remaining there for a few days, highly gratified with the

company of his male, and still more with his female vassals, who were worshippers of the deity of the Nile, he took his way back to Gondar, proud of having actually achieved what Julius Cæsar had only wished for, and what the Jesuits had lyingly pretended to have accomplished in narratives of which the very tenour sufficiently betrayed their falsity.

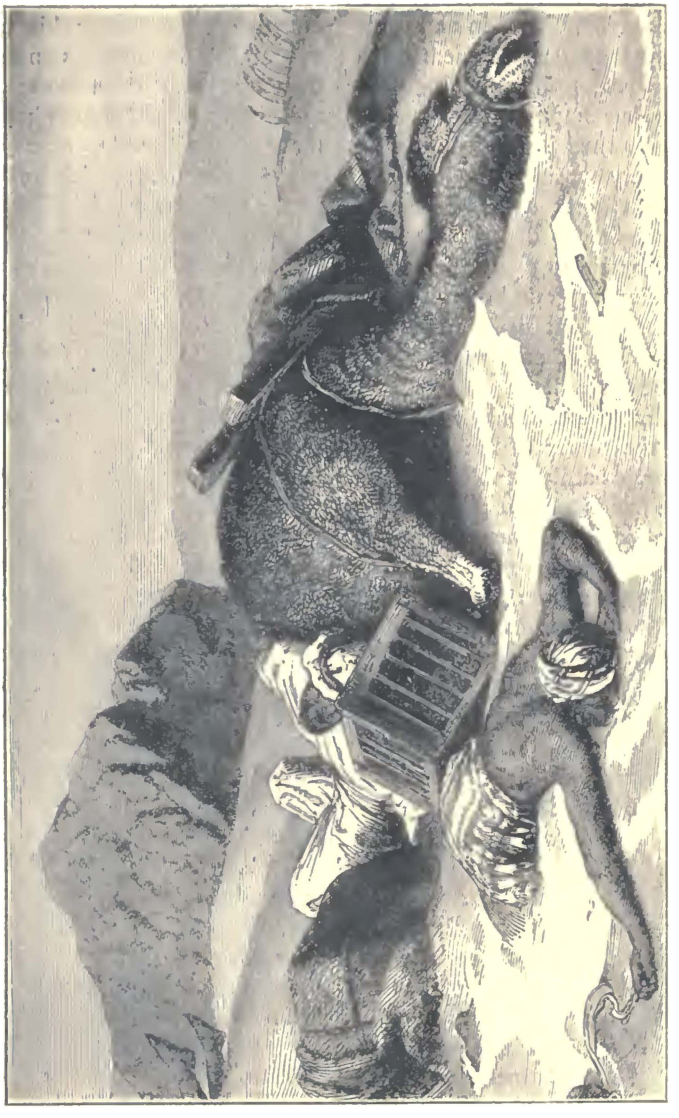
Having now accomplished the chief purposes of his journey into Abyssinia, he was excited by every consideration to hasten his return. With great difficulty he obtained that permission to depart which the custom of the Abyssinian court made them extremely unwilling to grant to a stranger from whom much might be learned, and from whose services there were many advantages to be derived.

Persuaded that if he should again put himself within the power of the Naybe of Massowah, he would hardly be able to escape alive out of the hands of that robber, who was still angry for his former disappointment, Bruce dared not now attempt to leave Abyssinia by the same route by which he had entered it. His only alternative was to take a journey through those deserts, hitherto unexplored by the travellers of modern Europe, in which the armies of the Persian Cambyses had perished in ancient times. He accordingly set out from the Abyssinian capital, accompanied by many friends, at whose departure he shed tears. That province, of which he himself had been solicited to accept the government, was the last within the limits of the Abyssinian empire through which he had to pass. A Moor, named Yasine, having accidentally been the companion of his journey in his first entrance into Abyssinia, had merited his kindness, and been advanced by him to its subordinate command. Yasine took this last opportunity of testifying his gratitude to his benefactor, by entertaining him with respectful hospitality, negotiating for his friendly treatment by the Arabs through whose territories he was next to travel, and escorting him with a company of horsemen to a considerable distance.

He was at last obliged to bid farewell to every Abyssinian, and to commit himself to the faith of the Arabs of the desert. In his company were some travellers who had put themselves under his protection; he was attended by guides and servants; and they had with them horses, camels, and their baggage. Through hardships, which, though considerable, were petty in comparison with those which he had to encounter, he made his way in a few days to Teawa. Carrying powerful recommendations to the Arab chief of this place, and being ready to gratify him with moderate presents, Bruce had hopes of being hospitably received here, and of obtaining, without difficulty or delay, fresh camels, water, and guides for his journey onwards to the next insulated settlement amid the sandy waste. The Chief of Teawa was, however, one of the most faithless, rapacious, and needy of all the Arabians of the desert. He fancied that Bruce carried with him immense treasures, and he resolved, either by craft or violence, to make those treasures his own; for these Arabs, upon the same principle on which European governments demand custom, tolls, and taxes upon post horses, shut up the navigation of rivers, and regulate preferences in commercial intercourse, think they have a right to levy exactions upon all strangers coming within their territories; and since the measure of these exactions is not fixed by laws or treaties, it can be modified only by the power of him who demands and the opulence or penury of those who are compelled to pay them.

Bruce not only refused to comply with his requisitions, but signified a resolute determination to resist force by force, and secretly despatched messengers to solicit interposition from Abyssinia and Sennaar for his deliverence. While, on the one hand, the Arab, hoping to overcome by delay the obstinacy of his guest, hesitated to have recourse to violence, and meditated new wiles; on the other, Bruce impatiently

awaited that succour which he had so earnestly craved. A lodging and entertainment were still supplied to the traveller, the chief's own wives cooked his meals; he was called, in his medical capacity, to administer remedies of powerful efficacy to the Arab chief, and all his family; and he was captivated by his charms, and won the



THE DIREFUL SIMOON.

favour of his host's lovely daughter, the beautiful Aisach of Teawa. When the chief, having his courage fortified by drunkenness, tried at one time to reduce Bruce to compliance with his demands by menaces of instant death, our traveller always prepared by means of secret arms, and replete with intrepidity, quickly overpowered the treacherous and cowardly Arab with the dread of that violence which he

had dared to threaten. The women, too, were on Bruce's side; and, warned from time to time by them, he kept himself sufficiently on his guard against all the secret snares which the wily and rapacious chief continued to spread for him.

At last, sufficient protection arrived for our traveller; and the Arab was obliged, reluctantly, to dismiss out of his hands without injury, that prey which he had in imagination already devoured. An astronomical prediction which Bruce was enabled

JAMES BRUCE

to make, with an affectation of preternatural sagacity, being quickly accomplished in an eclipse, completed the mortification and terror of the petty tyrant, and procured to the wanderer a triumphant departure from Teawa. Camels, guides, water, and the other necessaries were now readily supplied, and at parting Bruce surprised his unkind host by bestowing a remuneration which had been ill-deserved at his hands.

A dreary desert was now to be passed before the travellers could reach another cultivated spot. Rapacious Arabs roved around of whom, if one or two tribes were

friendly, others were on this very account so much the more ready to treat them as foes. Their camels became weary; their water and other provisions began to be exhausted. They arrived, however, at length, after many perils, and with infinite fatigue, at the capital of the kingdom of Sennaar. Here the selfish knavery of a banker, on whom our traveller had an order for a supply of money, which he declined to pay, reduced Bruce to the necessity of disposing of the greater part of a golden chain of an hundred and eighty links, which had been bestowed upon him by the monarch of Abyssinia as an honourable reward for his gallant behaviour in a pitched battle. After various delays, difficulties, and lucky escapes from robbery and assassination, having the good fortune to be protected by the authority of the chief minister, Bruce was at length enabled to take his departure from Sennaar, with a due supply of camels, water, and meal of millet seed, for the continuation of his journey through the desert.

He had still greater difficulties to encounter before he could reach the confines of Egypt. They travelled in constant dread of being suddenly intercepted or overtaken by some wandering Arabs, who would rob and then leave them to perish in the desolate wilderness. Their water also began to be exhausted, their camels to turn lame, and their own strength to diminish. Their feet were excruciatingly lacerated and swollen; and still they were far, far distant from the cheering comforts of hospitality. One evening had almost completed their misfortunes. They had halted by a well which they were inexpressibly glad to have reached; an Arab family, unseen by them, passed the night near the same spot; and had it not been for the lucky vigilance of Bruce, their camels would have been stolen, and they themselves left to inevitable death. Discovering the mischief soon enough to prevent it, they compelled the thief to return with them as a guide.

As they proceeded, the terrors of nature were continually renewed before them, in forms more menacing and more awfully sublime. The direful simoon, whose blast is death, repeatedly overtook them; and had they not, though with infinite difficulty, avoided inhaling its poisonous breath, they must have instantly perished by the inspiration. Gigantic columns of sand, blazing with the colours of flame, were seen to start suddenly up in ranks before or behind, and to approach with rapid and tremendous movements, as if to overwhelm them. Even their camels, animals which seem to have been specially destined by Divine Providence to enable men to traverse those vast and barren deserts, without them inaccessible,—even these patient and hardy creatures, being at last overcome with the fatigue of so long a journey, sunk under their burdens, groaned, and expired. Their baggage was now destined to be left behind them,—and Bruce, when he saw himself obliged to relinquish his journals, his drawings, his collection of specimens, his precious Ethiopic manuscripts, every memorial that could demonstrate to the European world that he had, indeed, travelled into Abyssinia, and penetrated to the sources of the Nile, doubted whether, after these had been cast away, even life itself were worthy of a further struggle to preserve it.

With difficulty they crept on yet a little farther; and still the way seemed to lengthen before them, while desire was every moment at once anticipating its end, and extending the paces, as they passed, into miles. At last various indications began to prove that they had reached the verge of the desert. A Turkish village at length appeared in view. This they reached; were there hospitably received; procured persons to go into the wilderness in search of their baggage; recovered it; and then refreshed and solaced themselves at their ease, after their grievous trials.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Bruce—His Last Years.

BRUCE, having thus accomplished the object of his adventurous journey into Abyssinia, and happily surmounted the tremendous perils of a return through the desert of Sennaar, now proceeded gaily down the Nile to Cairo. Wherever he came, the dignified prudence and intrepidity of his character, overawing the rapacious and dishonest, inclined the humble and the good to apply to him as a potent and beneficent protector. An act of kindness to one of the officers of Mohammed Bey, who had by this time supplanted Ali Bey in the administration of the Egyptian government, proved the occasion of introducing Bruce to that ruler with advantages which made the bey willing to gratify him with almost any favour. On this occasion he was not unmindful of the commercial interests of his country. Grateful for the favours he had received from the servants of the British East India Company at Jeddah, he procured from Mohammed Bey a firman, or letters patent, authorizing the English to transmit their merchandise thither on the payment of more moderate duties than had ever before been exacted from them in any part of the Red Sea. This was Bruce's last remarkable transaction with the great men of the East. He soon after sailed from Alexandria, and arrived safe in Europe.

His countrymen, those in particular who had hoped to do honour to themselves and to their sovereign's reign by encouraging this expedition, men of learned curiosity throughout all Europe, received Bruce, at his return from those regions till now unexplored, with an eager admiration and applause by which, to a mind like his, all his toils and perils seemed to be well repaid. Schoolboys and the vulgar might wonder to hear of the discovery of the sources of the Nile; but philosophers were much more gratified by the information that in approaching them he had made observations which would enlarge and correct our knowledge of the character of barbarous life. None of the congratulations which awaited his return were more grateful to his heart than that of the great French naturalist, the Count de Buffon, whose studies qualified him to judge of the importance and authenticity of Bruce's discoveries; who consulted him with the veneration of a disciple, and became the glad harbinger of his fame.

At the British court the African traveller's first reception was sufficiently flattering. His drawings were accepted to enrich the collection of his sovereign; and he was in return presented with the sum of two thousand pounds. Proud of his adventures and discoveries, and pleased with the respect and admiration which they attracted, Bruce for a time abandoned himself for exultation, and hoped that a character tried in an enterprise so perilous and splendid would not fail to be employed by a discerning king and ministry in some of the most honourable offices his country could bestow.

But he was soon to experience the most bitter disappointment. Suspicions were invidiously suggested that his drawings were too exquisitely fine to have been executed, as he pretended, by his own pencil. He was also unfortunate in not knowing how to make due concessions, in his accounts of what he had seen and achieved, to the incredulity of ignorance.

This spirit of invidious detraction from

merit, which, though not free from an alloy of human imperfections, was, however, eminently excellent, failed not to impress the mind of Bruce with a number of those indignant sensations which it is natural for genius and virtue to feel whenever their hopes and efforts are disappointed by the opposition of unworthy arts. He disdained to contend with the incredulity of prejudice and ignorance. He would not meanly solicit that official employment to which he thought that his distinguished abilities and experience might, without other aid, sufficiently recommend him.

He now retired from public life, to a residence on his patrimonial estate. A lively woman, perhaps not without something of the partiality of a Desdemona, listened to his vows, and became the wife of his affections. The duties and amusements of a country gentleman; the philosophical inspection of nature and of rustic life; the individual resources of a well-furnished library; the recollection of all that he had observed and meditated and suffered in his travels, were sufficient to hinder even his vigorous and active mind from languishing in retirement.

But unfortunately his domestic happiness was soon interrupted by the premature decease of his wife in the very bloom of youth and beauty. His fortitude was almost overpowered by the loss. He mourned her death, for a while, in that deep, unutterable anguish which refuses consolation; honoured her memory by the erection of a noble funeral monument; then summoned up the energies of his mind, returned to the duties of life, and endeavoured to soothe his sorrow by the education of her children.

In the meantime the public was greatly dissatisfied with his delay to produce a complete narrative of his travels. His friends dreaded lest he should procrastinate a publication which they anxiously longed to obtain, till, perhaps, his death might for ever frustrate his uncertain intentions of giving it to the world. His enemies maliciously attributed his delay to the consciousness of the imposture and falsehood of his pretensions. The lively De Tott, returning into Europe from Turkey and Tartary, pretended to have received from the very servant who had attended Bruce into Abyssinia, an account of the Scottish traveller's adventures in that country, which was directly contradictory of that which Bruce himself had given out. Although the Honourable Daines Barrington, in a very ingenious paper, refuted the calumny of De Tott; and though all the friends of Bruce were ready to rise up with indignation against this impeachment of his veracity, yet nothing less than the publication of the long-expected narrative by the traveller himself would now satisfy the suspicion and demands of the public. Other French adventurers beside De Tott—in particular Savary, more remarkable for glowing ardour of imagination, and enthusiastic sensibility, than profundity and accuracy of erudition, or for philosophical penetration and comprehension of mind; and Volney, bold, ardent, scientific, combining in the character of his genius a keen inventive energy of judgment with rare sublimity of imagination,—presented to the world books of their travels into some of those very countries which Bruce had visited; excited throughout Europe an astonishing degree of eagerness about everything relative to the East; anticipated the British traveller in the communication of not a few of the most interesting facts which he had to relate; and, by the success of of their labours, partly encouraged his hopes, partly provoked his emulation, so that he was at length induced to prepare his journals for immediate publication.

The task was, after all he had formerly done, still a difficult one. His astronomical observations were to be revised and verified. It was necessary for him once more to ransack the depths of Grecian and Oriental erudition, in order to discover the disagreement or coincidence between what the Jews, Arabs, and Greeks had recorded, and that

which he himself had observed concerning Abyssinia and the other countries of the East. His journals were to be wrought into a regular continuous narrative. His observations on subjects of natural history were to be carefully compared with the scientific elements of this branch of knowledge; and were, if possible, to be accommodated in his account to the technical phraseology of naturalists. The beauty of arrangement, the propriety and the graces of style, with all those delicacies of composition which, without long practice, even taste and genius are rarely able to display, were to be attempted by a man who, though no mean judge of elegance, had long been more attentive to the matter than to the manner of whatever he wrote or read.

A considerable period, therefore, was necessarily spent in revising his journals and improving their form. A young man of the name of Fennels, then an actor on the Edinburgh stage, and who afterwards acquired some distinction as a reader of lectures on elocution in Philadelphia, was employed as his amanuensis, perhaps not without being allowed to suggest some occasional corrections of the style. When ready for the press, the work was carried to Edinburgh; and, at the author's own expense, beautifully and correctly printed in the house of Sibbald, a man of eminence in his profession.

The king willingly permitted such of Bruce's drawings as had been placed in the royal collection to be copied on this occasion; and it is said that the engravings were executed at his majesty's expense. The queen also condescended to express a solicitude, about the time of the publication of his work, that his details of the Abyssinian manners might be written with such delicacy of thought and expression as to render a book that promised so much instructive amusement not improper to be perused by the princesses. When it was ready for publication, Messrs. Robinsons, of Paternoster Row, became the purchasers, not of the copyright, but of the whole first edition.

Although the work consisted of five volumes in quarto, yet it experienced a very rapid sale, and in France a translation of it was executed with a degree of haste which almost anticipated the circulation of the original. Bruce himself, favouring the undertaking of the French translator, was pleased to enrich the book by the communication of some facts, which respect for the delicacy of the British fair had withheld him from publishing in English, but concerning which he believed that the literary ladies of France would not be so scrupulous.

Magazines, reviews, and periodical publications of all kinds, in Britain, in Ireland, in America, in the British dominions in India, and among the enlightened nations on the continent of Europe, were filled for a time with abstracts from his narrative.

All owned that they found in the works of Bruce much to warm the imagination, much that deeply touched the dearest sensibilities of the heart. If his erudition were often more ostentatious than correct; if his philosophy were sometimes flippant and superficial; if his astronomical facts occasionally excited against him the suspicion of both ignorance and imposture; yet the whole train of his narrative carried with it an intrinsic evidence incapable of being counterfeited, and, like the writings of the holy evangelists, appeared to demonstrate that, in spite of every inferior matter of objection, its general tenour could not possibly be false. His style might be, on meaner occasions, rugged and ungrateful, but whenever he was to relate the dangers through which he had passed, to describe the impressions with which new and extraordinary appearances had affected his feelings, to paint the characters of the barbarians with whom he had conversed, or to repeat with dramatic effect the impassioned dialogues in which he had borne a part, the ideas, the images, the emotions with which his mind was big, seemed then to create a language for themselves; and his style was perceived to assume, without effort, all the

expressive energies and all the endlessly changing colours of a Shakespeare's.

The beauty and apparent accuracy of the engravings, whether maps, charts, or figures, by which the narrative was illustrated, could not but add a considerable recommendation to the general merits of the work. The whole, taken together, afforded indubitable proofs that Bruce was assuredly not unendowed with those powers which he pretended to have exercised in the course of his travels.

His last visit to London occurred during the publication of his travels. He returned soon after to Scotland; and the few remaining years of his life were spent either at Edinburgh or at one of his seats in the country. He at length resolved to publish a new edition of his travels in octavo; and, in order to have it printed under his own immediate inspection, he intended to furnish a printer in Falkirk with the necessary implements, and to have the whole executed there at his own expense.

To every criticism that was thrown out he had carefully attended; and, notwithstanding a doughty arrogance which seemed to enter deeply into his character, yet was he preparing to make every alteration and amendment of which the propriety appeared to have been at all evinced. He anxiously consulted the Rev. Dr. Blair concerning those alterations which the doctor's exquisite taste as a critic, and his judgment as a man of sagacity and discretion, might suggest as fit to be made for the improvement of the work. The revision of his astronomical facts; that correction and polishing anew of the style; that erasure of indelicacies, whether of vanity or obscenity; that amended arrangement; that more complete and satisfactory detail of Abyssinian manners, which Blair, with friendly criticism, recommended, Bruce respectfully consented to execute.

In the year 1794, and within a very few months after this interview, as he had just risen from entertaining a company of friends in his house at Kinnaird, and while he was turning round to conduct some of the ladies from the drawing-room to their carriage, he was suddenly attacked with an apoplectic fit, and expired almost immediately.

It has been endeavoured to mark whatever was peculiar in the character of Bruce in the particulars of his life. A robust constitution of body, great energy and acuteness of mind, added to a Scotsman's spirit of adventure, appear to have been among his most distinguishing qualities at the time he set out upon his African travels. It was perhaps a schoolboy fancy—that Cæsar was the greatest hero of antiquity, and that whosoever should explore the sources of the Nile would be greater than Cæsar—which first inspired him with the passion for his journey into Abyssinia.

During his long intercourse with barbarians and savages, it was exceedingly natural that he should contract an arrogance, an overweening notion of the superiority of his own knowledge and personal qualities, and, perhaps, also a tincture of the irascible passions which might prove somewhat offensive when he returned to the scenes of polished life. His lofty disdain of those who dared to throw out suspicions against his veracity kept him for a number of years in a sort of sullen retirement from all but a select society of friends.

Among those friends, whenever he chose to throw aside the *bearskin*, no man could be more courteous and polite than he. In his gallantry towards the female sex there was a delicacy, a devotedness, an incessant yet not troublesome officious vigilance of attention, which could not but prove exceedingly flattering. To compare, on such occasions, his courteous manners and elegance of conversation with his tall, muscular, athletic form, it might seem that the frame of the *Tyrrel* of the philosophical novelist was here animated by the spirit of his *Falkland*.

He was very fortunate in the defenders whom he found to protect his fame. To be vindicated by such as Sir William Jones, the Honourable Daines Barrington, and

Buffon, one would almost wish to be accused by those by whom the veracity of Bruce had been impeached. He was a kind, nay doting, husband, a prudent and affectionate father, and a friend who knew how to attach his friends to himself. In short, his mind was greatly above anything like that falsehood of which he had been accused; for the veracity of Psalmanazar was not more inviolably sacred, in his old age, than that of Bruce seems to have been at all times of his life.

That our readers may have an idea of the appearance of this remarkable man, we give his portrait at page 129. It is from an authentic likeness.

CHAPTER XXV.

The History of Egypt—The Old Kings.

AS we have now given a full account of Egypt both in its ancient and modern state, we shall proceed to make a few remarks on the history of that country. In order to bring our readers to modern times, we shall pass over the ancient period as speedily as possible, only selecting for particular comment the most interesting periods of her annals. From the most remote antiquity, Egypt was ruled by kings. We now append brief biographical notices of the most eminent. We also give representations of four of these taken from stone figures. The first whom we shall note is Osymandus. He is known to the modern reader by Shelley's magnificent sonnet beginning, "I met a traveller from an antique land," and going on to tell how in the desert there lay a huge stone head "whose wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command" still struck the beholder with awe. Near was a pedestal with the inscription, "My name is Osymandus, King of kings. Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair." This king was very powerful.

Diodorus gives a very particular description of many magnificent edifices, raised by this king, one of which was adorned with sculptures and paintings of exquisite beauty, representing his expedition against the Bactrians, a people of Asia, whom he had invaded with four hundred thousand foot, and twenty thousand horse. In another part of the edifice was exhibited an assembly of judges, whose president wore on his breast a picture of Truth, with her eyes shut, and himself surrounded with books, an emphatic emblem, denoting that judges ought to be perfectly versed in the laws, and impartial in the administration of them.

The king likewise was painted here, offering to the gods gold and silver, which he drew every year from the mines of Egypt, amounting to a great sum.

Not far from hence was seen a magnificent library, the oldest which is mentioned in history. Its title or inscription on the front was, "The office or treasury for the diseases of the soul." Near it were statues, representing all the Egyptian gods, to each of whom the king made suitable offerings, by which he seemed to be desirous of informing posterity that his life and reign had been crowned with piety to the gods and justice to men.

His mausoleum discovered an uncommon magnificence; it was encompassed with a circle of gold divided into parts, each of which showed the rising and setting of the sun, moon, and the rest of the planets: for from this king's reign, the Egyptians divided

the year into twelve months, each consisting of thirty days, to which they added every year five days and six hours. The spectator did not know which to admire most in this stately monument, whether the richness of its materials, or the genius and industry of the artists and workmen.

Long after his reign, Joseph was brought a slave into Egypt by some Ishmaelitish merchants, sold to Potiphar, and, by a series of wonderful events, enjoyed the supreme authority by his being raised to the chief employment of the kingdom.

Jacob also went into Egypt with his whole family, met with the kindest treatment from the Egyptians, whilst Joseph's important services were fresh in their memories. But after his death, say the Scriptures, "there arose up a new king, which knew not Joseph."

Rameses-miamun, according to Archbishop Ussher, was the name of the king who is called Pharaoh in Scripture. He reigned sixty-six years, and oppressed the Israelites most grievously. He "set over them taskmasters, to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure-cities Pithom and Raamses. . . . And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour, and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar, and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field; all their service, wherein they made them serve, was with rigour."

Amenophis, his eldest son, succeeded him. He was the Pharaoh under whose reign the Israelites departed out of Egypt, and who was drowned in his passage through the Red Sea.

Diodorus, speaking of the Red Sea, has made one remark very worthy our observation; a tradition (says that historian) has been transmitted through the whole nation, from father to son, for many ages, that once an extraordinary ebb dried up the sea, so that its bottom was seen; and that a violent flow immediately after brought back the waters to their former channel. It is evident that the miraculous passage of Moses over the Red Sea is here hinted at; and we make this remark purposely to admonish young students not to slip over, in their perusal of authors, these precious remains of antiquity; especially when they bear, like this passage, any relation to religion.

Sesostris was not only one of the most powerful kings of Egypt, but one of the greatest conquerors that antiquity has to boast of.

His father, whether by inspiration, caprice, or, as the Egyptians say, by the authority of an oracle, formed a design of making his son a conqueror. This he set about after the Egyptian manner; that is, in a great and noble way: all the male children born the same day with Sesostris were, by the king's order, brought to court. Here they were educated as if they had been his own children, with the same care that was bestowed on Sesostris, with whom they were lodged. He could not possibly have given him more faithful ministers, or officers who more zealously desired the success of his arms. The chief part of their education was, the inuring them, from their infancy, to a hard and laborious life, in order that they might one day be capable of sustaining with ease the toils of war. They were never suffered to eat till they had run, on foot or horseback, a considerable race. Hunting was their most common exercise.

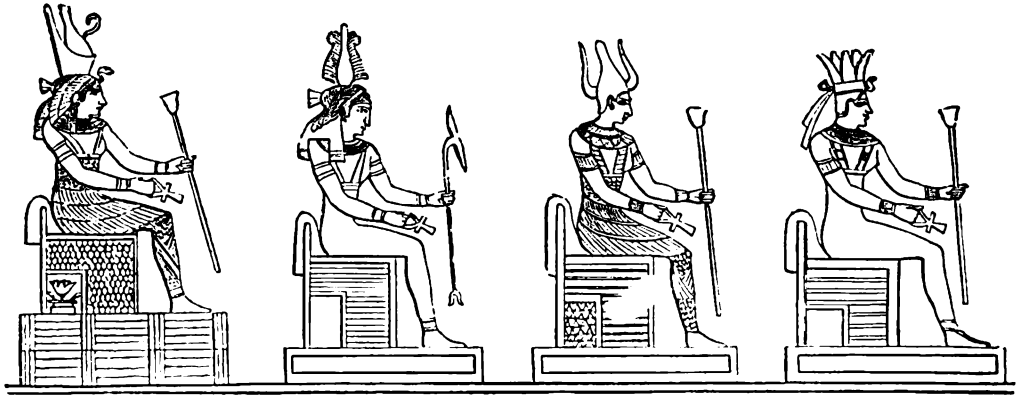
When Sesostris was more advanced in years, his father sent him against the Arabians, in order that, by fighting against them, he might acquire the military science. Here the young prince learned to bear hunger and thirst, and subdued a nation which till then had never been conquered. The youth educated with him attended him in all his campaigns.

Accustomed by this conquest to martial toils, he was next sent by his father to try his fortune westward. He invaded Libya, and subdued the greatest part of that vast continent.

In the time of this expedition, his father

died, and left him capable of attempting the greatest enterprises. He formed no less a design than that of the conquest of the world. But before he left his kingdom, he had provided for his domestic security, by winning the hearts of his subjects by his generosity, justice, and a popular and obliging behaviour. He was no less studious to gain the hearts of his officers and soldiers, who were ever ready to shed the last drop of their blood in his service, persuaded that his enterprises would all be unsuccessful, unless his army should be attached to his person by all the ties of esteem, affection, and interest. He divided the country into thirty-six governments (called Nomi), and bestowed them on persons of merit and the most approved fidelity.

In the meantime he made the requisite preparations, levied forces, and headed them with officers of the greatest bravery and reputation, that were taken chiefly from among the youths who had been educated with him. He had seventeen hundred of these officers, who all were capable of inspiring his troops with resolution, a love of discipline, and a zeal for the service of their prince. His army consisted of six hundred thousand foot, and twenty-four thousand horse, besides twenty-seven thousand armed chariots.



OSYMANDUS. RAMESES-MIAMUN. SESOSTRIS. PSAMMETICHUS.

He began his expedition by invading Ethiopia, situated to the south of Egypt. He made it tributary, and obliged the nations of it to furnish him annually with a certain quantity of ebony, ivory, and gold.

He had fitted out a fleet of four hundred sail, and, ordering it to sail to the Red Sea, made himself master of the isles and cities lying on the coasts of that sea. He himself heading his land army, overran and subdued Asia with amazing rapidity, and pierced farther into India than Hercules, Bacchus, and, in after times, Alexander himself had ever done; for he subdued the countries beyond the Ganges, and advanced as far as the ocean. One may judge from hence how unable the more neighbouring countries were to resist him. The Scythians, as far as the river Tanais; Armenia and Cappadocia were conquered. He left a colony in the ancient kingdom of Colchos, situated to the east of the Black Sea, where the Egyptian customs and manners have been ever since retained. Herodotus saw in Asia Minor, from one sea to the other, monuments of his victories. In several countries was read the following inscription engraven on pillars, "Sesostris, King of kings and Lord of lords, subdued this country by the power of his arms." Such pillars were found even in Thrace, and his empire extended from the Ganges to the

Danube. In his expeditions, some nations bravely defended their liberties, and others yielded them up without making the least resistance. This disparity was denoted by him in hieroglyphical figures on the monuments erected to perpetuate the remembrance of his victories, agreeably to the Egyptian practice.

The scarcity of provisions in Thrace stopped the progress of his conquests, and prevented his advancing farther in Europe. One remarkable circumstance is observed in this conqueror, who never once thought, as others had done, of preserving his acquisitions; but, contenting himself with the glory of having subdued and despoiled so many nations, after having made wild havoc up and down the world for nine years, he confined himself almost within the ancient limits of Egypt, a few neighbouring provinces excepted; for we do not find any traces or footsteps of this new empire, either under himself or his successors.

He returned therefore laden with the spoils of the vanquished nations; dragging after him a numberless multitude of captives, and covered with greater glory than his predecessors. He rewarded his officers and soldiers with a truly royal magnificence, proportionable to the quality and merit of each. He made it both his pleasure and duty to put the companions of his victory in such a condition as might enable them to enjoy, during the remainder of their days, a calm and easy repose, the just recompense of their toils.

With regard to himself, for ever careful of his own reputation, and still more of making his power advantageous to his subjects, he employed the repose which peace allowed him, in raising works that might contribute more to the enriching of Egypt, than the immortalizing his name; works, in which the art and industry of the workman were more admired than the immense sums which had been expended on them.

An hundred famous temples, raised as so many monuments of gratitude to the tutelar gods of all the cities, were the first as well as the most illustrious testimonies he exhibited of his victories; and he took care to publish in the inscriptions of them that these mighty works had been completed without the assistance of any of his subjects. He made it his glory to be tender of them, and to employ only captives in these monuments of his conquests.

His great work was the raising, in every part of Egypt, a considerable number of high banks or moles, on which new cities were built, in order for them to be a security for men and beasts, during the inundations of the Nile.

From Memphis as far as the sea he cut on both sides of the river a great number of canals, for the conveniency of trade, and the conveying of provisions; and for the settling an easy correspondence between such cities as were most distant from one another. Besides the advantages of traffic, Egypt was, by these canals, made inaccessible to the cavalry of its enemies, which before had so often harassed it by repeated incursions.

He went farther: to secure Egypt from the inroads of its nearer neighbours, the Syrians and Arabians, he fortified all the eastern coast from Pelusium to Heliopolis, that is for upwards of seven leagues.

At length he died full of years and honour. A multitude of obscure kings succeeded, till finally, after great disputes, twelve of the principal noblemen, conspiring together, seized upon the kingdom, and divided it into so many parts. It was agreed by them that each should govern his own district with equal power and authority, and that no one should attempt to invade or seize the dominions of another. They thought it necessary to make this agreement, and to bind it with the most dreadful oaths, to elude the prediction of an oracle, which had foretold that he among them who should offer his libation to Vulcan out of a brazen bowl should gain the sovereignty of Egypt. They reigned together fifteen years in the utmost

harmony: and to leave a famous monument of their concord to posterity, they jointly, and at a common expense, built the famous labyrinth, which was a pile of building consisting of twelve large palaces, with as many edifices underground as appeared above it.

One day, as the twelve kings were assisting at a solemn and periodical sacrifice, offered in the temple of Vulcan, the priests, having presented each of them a golden bowl for the libation, one was wanting; when Psammetichus, one of the twelve, without any design, supplied the want of this bowl with his brazen helmet (for each wore one) and with it performed the ceremony of the libation. This accident struck the rest of the kings, and recalled to their memories the prediction of the oracle above mentioned. They thought it therefore necessary to secure themselves from his attempts, and therefore, with one consent, banished him into the fenny parts of Egypt.

After Psammetichus had passed some years in them, waiting a favourable opportunity to revenge himself for the affront which had been put upon him, a courier brought him advice that brazen men were landed in Egypt. These were Grecian soldiers, Carians, and Ionians, who had been cast upon Egypt by a storm, and were completely covered with helmets, cuirasses, and other arms of brass. Psammetichus immediately called to mind the oracle, which had answered him, that he should be succoured by brazen men from the seaward. He did not doubt but that the prediction was now fulfilled. He therefore made a league with these strangers, engaged them with mighty promises to stay with him, privately levied other forces, put these Greeks at their head; when, giving battle to the eleven kings, he defeated them, and remained sole possessor of Egypt, which he ruled ably.

As this prince owed his preservation to the Ionians and Carians, he settled them in Egypt (from which all foreigners hitherto had been very rigorously excluded); and, by assigning them sufficient lands and fixed revenues, he made them obliterate the remembrance of their native country. By his order, Egyptian children were put under their care to learn the Greek tongue; and on this occasion, and by this means, the Egyptians began to have a correspondence with the Greeks; and from that era, the Egyptian history, which till then had been intermixed with pompous fables, by the artifice of the priests, begins, according to Herodotus, to exhibit greater truth and certainty.

As soon as Psammetichus was settled on the throne, he engaged in war against the king of Assyria, on account of the limits of the two empires. This war was of long continuance. Ever since that Syria had been conquered by the Assyrians, Palestine, being the only country that separated the two kingdoms, was the subject of continual discord, as afterwards between the Ptolemies and the Seleucidæ. They were eternally contending for it, and it wa alternately won by the stronger. Psammetichus, seeing himself the peaceable possessor of all Egypt, and having restored the ancient form of government,* thought it high time for him to look to his frontiers, and to secure them against the Assyrian, his neighbour, whose power increased daily. For this purpose he entered Palestine at the head of an army.

Till his reign, the Egyptians had imagined themselves to be the most ancient nation upon earth. Psammetichus was desirous to prove this himself, and he employed a very extraordinary experiment for this purpose. He commanded (if we may credit the relation), two children, newly born of poor parents, to be brought up (in the country) in a hovel, that was to be kept continually shut. They were committed to the care of a shepherd (others say, of nurses, whose tongues were cut out) who was to feed them with the milk of

* This revolution happened about seven years after the captivity of Manasseh, king of Judah.

goats; who was commanded not to suffer any person to enter into this hut, nor himself to speak even a single word in the hearing of these children. At the expiration of two years, as the shepherd was one day coming into the hut, to feed these children, they both cried out, with hands extended towards their foster-father, *bekkos*, *bekkos*. The shepherd, surprised to hear a language that was quite new to him, but which they repeated frequently afterwards, sent advice of this to the king, who ordered the children to be brought before him, in order that he himself might be witness to the truth of what was told him; and accordingly both of them began in his presence, to stammer out the sounds above mentioned. Nothing now was wanting but to inquire what nation it was that used this word; and it was found that the Phrygians called bread by this name. From this time they were allowed the honour of antiquity, or rather of priority, which the Egyptians themselves, notwithstanding their jealousy of it, and the many ages they had possessed this glory, were obliged to resign to them. As goats were brought to these children, in order that they might feed upon their milk, and historians do not say that they were deaf, some are of opinion that they might have learnt the word *bek*, or *bekkos*, by mimicking the cry of those creatures.

A near successor of this king attempted to join the Nile to the Red Sea, by cutting a canal from the one to the other. They are separated by a considerable distance. After an hundred and twenty thousand workmen had lost their lives in this attempt, he was obliged to desist; the oracle which had been consulted by him having answered that this new canal would open a passage to the Barbarians (for so the Egyptians called all other nations) to invade Egypt.

Soon after, Amasis became peaceable possessor of Egypt, and reigned forty years over it. He was, according to Plato, a native of the city of Sais.

As he was but of mean extraction, he met with no respect, but was only contemned by his subjects, in the beginning of his reign. He was not insensible of this; but nevertheless thought it his interest to subdue their tempers by an artful carriage, and win their affection by gentleness and reason. He had a golden cistern, in which himself, and those persons who were admitted to his table, used to wash their feet. He melted it down, and had it cast into a statue, and then exposed the new god to public worship. The people now hasted in crowds, and paid their adoration to the statue. The king, having assembled the people, informed them of the vile uses to which this statue had once been put, which nevertheless had now their religious prostrations. The application was easy, and had the desired success; the people thenceforward paid the king all the respect that is due to majesty.

He always used to devote the whole mornings to public affairs, in order to receive petitions, give audience, pronounce sentence, and hold his councils. The rest of the day was given to pleasure; and as Amasis, in hours of diversion, was extremely gay, and seemed to carry his mirth beyond proper bounds, his courtiers took the liberty to represent to him the unsuitableness of such a behaviour, when he answered that it was as impossible for the mind to be always serious and intent upon business, as for a bow to continue always bent.

It was this king who obliged the inhabitants of every town to enter their names in a book kept by the officer of public order. Continental nations of the present day do exactly the same. Thus there is nothing new under the sun.

Shortly after his reign, Cambyses, the famous conqueror of antiquity, quite subdued Egypt.

After the death of Alexander, a new monarchy arose in that country. This monarchy was founded by Ptolemy, the son of Lagus. It continued to Cleopatra—that is, for about three hundred years. Here we shall, for the present, leave this subject.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GORDON—GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE EQUATORIAL PROVINCES.

WE now resume our narrative of the life of Gordon, and proceed to describe how he acted as Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces, to which post, as we have already noted, he was appointed in 1874. The instructions given him by the Khedive (according to Mr. Birkbeck Hill's summary) were as follows: "The province which Colonel Gordon has undertaken to organize and to govern is but little known. Up to the last few years it had been in the hands of adventurers, who had thought of nothing but their own lawless gains; and who had traded in ivory and in slaves. They established factories, and governed them with armed men. The neighbouring tribes were forced to traffic with them whether they liked it or not. The Egyptian Government, in the hope of putting an end to this inhuman trade, had taken the factories into their own hands, paying the owners an indemnification. Some of these men had nevertheless been still allowed to carry on trade in the district, under a promise that they would not deal in slaves. They had been placed under the control of the Governor of the Soudan. His authority, however, had scarcely been able to make itself felt in these remote countries. The Khedive therefore had resolved to form them into a separate Government, and to claim as a monopoly of the State the whole of the trade with the outside world. There was no other way of putting an end to the slave-trade, which at present was carried on in defiance of law. Once the brigandage had been stamped out, trade might become free to all."

Now these instructions were all very well, but Gordon was not so sure that real work was meant. He thought the whole affair was a sham to catch the attention of the English people. He himself had nothing to complain of. He was offered £10,000, but he would only take £2,000. A great retinue was assigned to him, but this he got rid of as soon as possible.

He pushed southward, going 280 miles in nine days on camel-back. Then he arrived at Khartoum, where he was received with the greatest respect. He only stayed a few days here, and then proceeded on his voyage up the Nile. After twenty-three days' travel he reached Gondokoro, which for some time became his head-quarters. From this place he "darted" (if we may use the word) about in all directions, and seized and punished the slave-dealers, till his name became a terror to them throughout the length and breadth of the land. He thought that the terrible evil of slavery was that it kept the country in continual war; yet he recognised that something might be said in that barbarous land for domestic slavery, which, after all, is but a kind of domestic service. "I think that the slavers' wars, made for the purpose of taking slaves, are detestable; but if a father or mother of their own free-will, and with the will of the child, sells that child, I do not see the objection to it. It was and is the wholesale depopulation of districts which makes slavery such a curse, and the numbers killed or who perish in the collection of slaves." He also confessed that their lot was not quite miserable. "I declare, I think there is more happiness among those miserable blacks, who have not a meal from day to day, than among our own middle classes. The blacks are glad of a little handful of maize, and live in the greatest discomfort. They have not

a strip to cover them, but you do not see them grunting and groaning all day long, as you see scores and scores in England, with their wretched dinner-parties and attempts at gaiety, where all is hollow and miserable." Still there was always terrible misery about him, but this he strove hard to alleviate. There is a case which he himself describes with "smiles and tears":—

"I took a poor old bag-of-bones into my camp a month ago, and have been feeding her up; but yesterday she was quietly taken off, and now knows all things. She had her tobacco up to the last, and died quietly. What a change from her misery! I suppose she filled her place in life as well as Queen Elizabeth. . . . A wretched sister of yours is struggling up the road, but she is such a wisp of bones that the wind threatens to overthrow her; so she has halted, preferring the rain to being cast down. I verily believe she could never get up again. I have sent her some dhurra, which will produce a spark of joy in her black and withered carcass. She has not even a cotton gown on, and I do not think her apparel would be worth one-fiftieth part of a penny.

August 4.—I am bound to give you the sequel of the lady whom I helped yesterday in the gale of wind. I had told my man to see her into one of the huts, and thought he had done so. The night was stormy and rainy, and when I awoke I heard often a crying of a child near my hut, within the enclosure. When I got up I went out to see what it was, and, passing through the gateway, I saw your and my sister lying dead in a pool of mud; her black brothers had been passing and passing, and had taken no notice of her. So I went and ordered her to be buried, and went on. In the midst of the high grass was a baby about a year or so old, left by itself. It had been out all night in the rain, and had been left by its mother—children are always a nuisance! I carried it in, and seeing the corpse was not moved, I sent again about it, and went with the men to have it buried. To my surprise and astonishment, she was alive. After some considerable trouble, I persuaded the black brothers to lift her out of the mud, poured some brandy down her throat, and got her into a hut with a fire, having the mud washed out of her sightless eyes. She was not more than sixteen years of age. There she now lies; I cannot help hoping she is floating down with the tide to her haven of rest. The babe is taken care of by another family for a certain consideration of maize per diem. I dare say you will see—in fact, I feel sure you will see—your black sister some day, and she will tell you about it, and how Infinite Wisdom directed the whole affair. I know this is a tough morsel to believe, *but it is true.* I prefer life amidst sorrows, if those sorrows are inevitable, to a life spent in inaction. Turn where you will, there are sorrows and troubles. Many a rich person is as unhappy and miserable as this ray of mortality, and to them you can minister. 'This mustard is very badly made,' was the remark of one of my staff some time ago, when some of our brothers were stalking about showing every bone in their poor bodies.

August 5.—The Rag is still alive. The babe, who is not a year old, seized a gourd of milk and drank it off like a man last night, and is apparently in for the pilgrimage of life. It does not seem the worse for its night out—depraved little wretch.

August 5.—Just a line. Your black sister departed this life at four p.m., deeply lamented by me."

And so our hero laboured on.

Gordon's accuteness in detecting the tricks played on him seemed somewhat supernatural to his ignorant opponents.

A boat would float quietly past. Apparently it was loaded with wood and ivory, but Gordon thought its crew seemed terribly anxious to get past his post of observation. He stops the boat and causes an examination to be made. The cargo is a mere blind! The whole boat is packed with slaves, with a certain number of elephants' tusks and a

few planks of wood to keep up appearances. Of course the boat and all it contains is at once confiscated.

Gordon had great difficulties with his subordinates. One of these, Abou Saoud, whom he had treated very kindly, was found to be behaving ill. Gordon dismissed him with these words:—"Abou! when I took you up at Cairo, there was not an Arab or a foreigner who would have thought of employing you, but I trusted to your protestations and did so. When I got to Gondokoro you were behaving properly, and I congratulated myself on your appointment to the high post I gave you. Soon, however, I came little by little to repent my action, and to find out that my fair treatment was thrown away. You deceived me. To come to more personal matters, you strangely forgot our relative positions; you have forced your way into my private apartment at all times, have disputed my orders in my presence, and treated all my other officers with arrogance, showing that you are an ambitious grasping man, and unworthy of the authority I gave you. If you do this under my eyes, and at the beginning of your work, what will you do when you are away from me? Now, hear my decision! Your appointment is cancelled, and you will return to Gondokoro and wait my orders. Remember, though I remove you from your office, you are still a Government officer, subject to its laws, which I will not hesitate to put in force against you if I find you intriguing."

Thus it will be seen that Gordon, though tender-hearted to women and children, could be severe enough to rascals. His most efficient lieutenant through it all was Romulus Gessi, an Italian, who served him faithfully, and whom he came to trust implicitly. But help or no help, on he worked. He penetrated far up to the very sources of the Nile, and surveyed the neighbouring region. Then he returned to Cairo and resigned his commission. Mr. Archibald Forbes thus sums up what he did during the eighteen months of his administration:—"He had mapped the White Nile from Khartoum to within a short distance of the Victoria Nyanza. He had given to the slave-trade on the White Nile a deadly blow. He had restored confidence and peace among the tribes of the Nile Valley, so that they now freely brought into the stations their beef, corn, and ivory for sale. He had opened up the water communication between Gondokoro and the Lakes. He had established satisfactory relations with King M'tesa. He had formed Government districts, and established secure posts with safe communication between them. He had contributed a revenue to the Khedivial exchequer, and this without oppression. The Taiping Rebellion established Gordon's genius as a military commander; the Equatorial Provinces, when he left them, testified not less to his genius as a philanthropic and practical administrator."

He got back to England on the Christmas Eve of 1876. But he was not allowed to remain long there, as we shall find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GORDON—ADMINISTRATION OF THE SOUDAN.

EARLY in 1877, Gordon was summoned to Cairo, where he had an interview with the Khedive. Ismail Pasha-Yacoub, who while at Khartoum had really governed in the interests of the slave-dealers, was now removed and Gordon put in his place. "Setting a just value," wrote the Khedive to the latter on February 17th, 1877, "on your honourable character, on your zeal, and on the great services you have already

GORDON TRAVELLING IN THE SOUDAN.

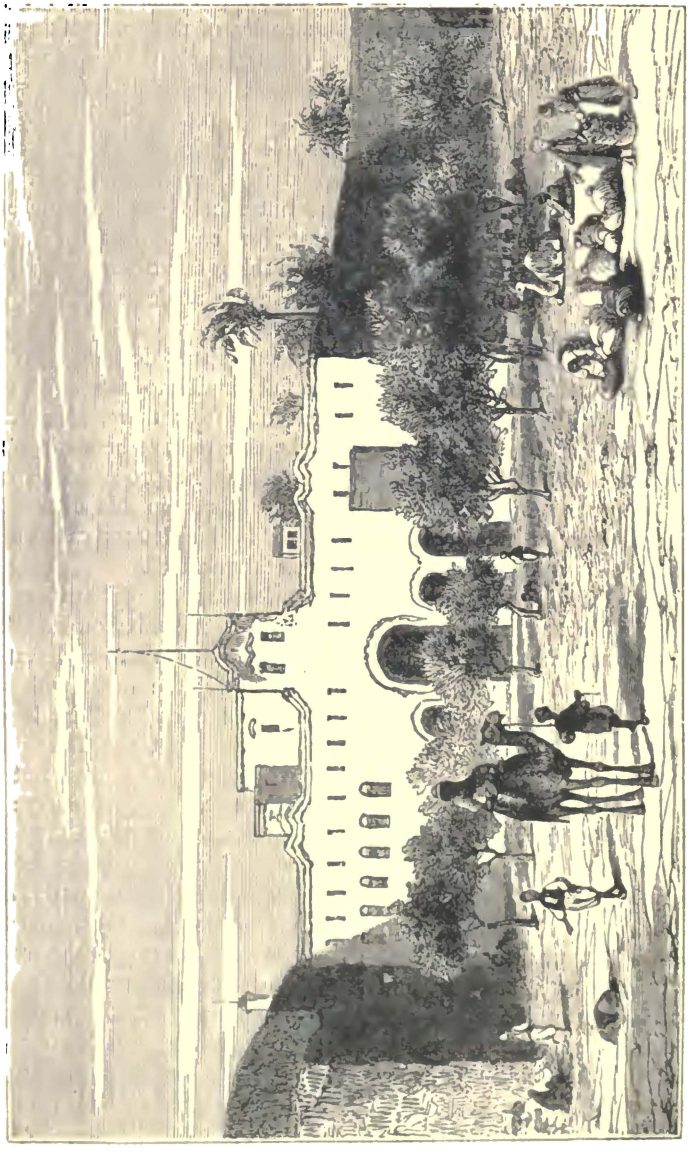
done me, I have resolved to bring the Soudan, Darfour, and the provinces of the Equator into one vast province, and place it under you as Governor-General."

Gordon thus told the matter: "I had an interview with the Khedive. He looked at me reproachfully, and my conscience smote me. . . . Then I began and told him all; and then he gave me the Soudan, and I leave on Saturday. I am very glad to get away, for I am very weary. 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 to feel sure of success."

Gordon was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet. On the 26th of February he had reached Massowah. Before he could take possession of his government at Khartoum, he was obliged to settle a dispute in Abyssinia, between Johannis, the king of that country, and Walad el Michael, a successful rebel. The dispute threatened to stir up a war in the Egyptian territory, but Gordon gave Walad a government in his own territory, and thus quieted

the affair. Gordon, in a sort of parable, thus describes the matter:

"There were two courses open to me with respect to this Abyssinian question: the one to negotiate peace with Johannis and ignore Walad el Michael, and if afterwards Walad turned rusty, to arrange with Johannis to come in and catch him. This



THE PALACE WHERE GORDON LIVED, KHARTOUM.

certainly would have been easiest for me. Johannis would have been delighted, and we would be rid of Walad; but it would first of all be very poor encouragement to any future *secessions*, and would debase Egyptian repute. The process of turning in the polecat Johannis to work out the weasel (Walad) would play havoc with the

farmyard (the country) in which the operation was carried on; and it might be that the polecat Johannis having caught the weasel Walad, might choose to turn on the hens (which we are), and killing us, stay in the farmyard. For, to tell the truth, we, the hens, stole the farmyard, this country, from the polecats when they were fighting among themselves, and before they knew we were hens. The other course open to me was to give Walad a government separated from Johannis, which I have done, and I think that was the best course; it was no doubt the most honest course, and though in consequence we are like a fat nut between the nutcrackers, it will, I hope, turn out well."

He then moved on to Khartoum, where he made his declaration of policy in a few brief words.

"With the help of God I will hold the balance level," he said. This was received with great joy by the poor people.

Difficulties were all around him, some of them rather ludicrous, but still troublesome. The palace he found had all its windows—one hundred and thirty in number—broken; and the luxuriant divans that adorned the state rooms were all hacked and cut! How was this? It seemed that the sister of the late governor had taken this remarkable method of showing her disgust at the appointment of Gordon.

Gordon smiled, ordered the necessary repairs to be executed, and proceeded with the work of reform.

He placed a box in the palace door to receive complaints. It was soon full to overflowing, and as it was emptied and examined it soon began to fill again. The people found their new governor was ready to listen to them, and they took full advantage of his kindness. Before they found him incorruptible they brought him 'backsheesh.' He took it all—and placed it in the public treasury!

And so on he went with his task.

"A stupendous task, this," writes Mr. Hake, "to give peace to a country quick with war; to suppress slavery among a people to whom the trade in human flesh was life and fortune; to make an army out of perhaps the worst material ever seen; to grow a flourishing trade and a fair revenue on the wildest anarchy in the world. The immensity of the undertaking; the infinity of details involved in a single step toward the end; the countless odds to be faced; the many pests, the deadly climate, the horrible vermin, the ghastly itch, the nightly and daily alternations of overpowering heat and bitter cold—to be endured and overcome; the environment of bestial savagery and ruthless fanaticism—all these combine to make the achievement unique in human history."

As our space does not permit us to go with full detail into his actions, we shall take a selection from them, by which the reader will be able to have before him a very vivid idea of how he proceeded. We shall give his adventures in his own words as exhibited in his letters carefully edited by Mr. Birkbeck Hill.

Gordon had to make many journeys in the desert. Here is how he talks of such:

"These interminable deserts and arid mountains fill the heart with far different thoughts than civilized lands can do. It was for this that the Israelites were led through them. You must not imagine the desert as a flat, sandy country: the features of the ground are what they are in other countries. There are scrubby trees and stubbly grasses, but no water, though there are water-courses. Water these lands and they would blossom as the rose. I would infinitely sooner travel alone in these countries than with a companion. Of course I never can converse with the Arabs; so on one goes stalking along—the camel's cushioned foot makes no noise, and you learn yourself."

He had many wonderful adventures, but none more wonderful than this: when near Dara, he received information that some thousands of adherents of the slave-holding rebels were encamped near under

command of the son of Zebehr, afterwards so notorious. This, he tells us, is what he did:—

"At dawn I got up, and putting on the golden armour the Khedive gave me, . . . rode out to the camp of the robbers three miles off. I was met by the son of Zebehr—a nice-looking lad of twenty-two years—and rode through the robber band. There were about 3,000 of them, men and boys. I rode to the tent in the camp; the whole body of chiefs were dumfounded at my coming among them. After a glass of water, I told the son of Zebehr to come with his family to my divan. They all came, and sitting there in a circle, I gave them in choice Arabic my ideas. That they meditated revolt; that I knew it, and that now they should have my ultimatum, viz., that I would disarm them and break them up. They listened in silence, and then went off to consider what I had said. They have just now sent me a letter stating their submission, and I thank God for it. . . . Maduppa Bey has come here and says, when the son of Zebehr got home, he lay down and said not a word, and that the Arabs say I *have poisoned* him with coffee." And so actually a whole army quietly submitted to one man.

Towards the end of his sojourn at this time in the Soudan he again went to Abyssinia, and entered into negotiations with Johannis about Egyptian business. He is taken prisoner by the Abyssinians, and this is, according to one authority, an account of the interview between Gordon and Johannis, or John, as he is often called.

"When Gordon Pasha was lately taken prisoner by the Abyssinians he completely checkmated King John. The king received his prisoner sitting on his throne, or whatever piece of furniture did duty for that exalted seat, a chair being placed for the prisoner considerably lower than the seat on which the king sat. The first thing the Pasha did was to seize this chair, place it alongside that of his Majesty, and sit down on it; the next, to inform him that he met him as an equal, and would only treat him as such. This somewhat disconcerted his sable majesty; but on recovering himself he said, 'Do you know, Gordon Pasha, that I could kill you on the spot if I liked?' 'I am perfectly well aware of it, your Majesty,' said the Pasha. 'Do so at once, if it is your royal pleasure; I am ready.' This disconcerted the king still more, and he exclaimed, 'What! ready to be killed!' 'Certainly,' replied the Pasha; 'I am always ready to die; and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favour on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself—you would relieve me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me.' This completely staggered King John, who gasped out in despair, 'Then my power has no terrors for you?' 'None whatever,' was the Pasha's laconic reply. His Majesty, it is needless to add, instantly collapsed."

But at length rest was absolutely needed. All seemed against Gordon. Tewfik, who had succeeded Ismail as Khedive, gave him but lukewarm support; nearly all the officers in the Soudan were hostile; and the powerful slave-dealers were of course bitterly opposed to him; so that at the end of 1879 he resigned and returned home.

"It was none too soon," writes Mr. Birkbeck Hill, "that Colonel Gordon brought his work to an end and came home. Even his iron frame and unconquerable will must soon have given way under the vast strain that had been so long upon him. He had indeed ruled the great country over which he had been set. On his shoulders each man's burden lay, and such a burden had brought, as it ever must, dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights. He had been ill—very ill, as some of his letters show—when he set out on his mission to Abyssinia. The hard usage which he had undergone, and the risks he had run in that kingdom, had still more

tried his health. On his return to Alexandria, he was examined by Dr. Mackie, the surgeon to the British Consulate, who certified that he was 'suffering from symptoms of nervous exhaustion, and alteration of the blood, giving rise to hæmorrhagic (purpuric) spots on the skin, or cicatrices of former sores or wounds. I have recommended him,' added Dr. Mackie, 'to retire for several months for complete rest and quiet, and that he may be able to enjoy fresh and wholesome food, as I consider that much of what he is suffering from is the effect of continued bodily fatigue, anxiety, and indigestible food. I have insisted on his abstaining from all exciting work—especially such as implies business or political excitement."

Very good sound advice, no doubt; and Gordon actually meant to follow it. He really intended to take it easy, to have what the Americans call a "good time" of it. How much rest he had will be seen in the chapters that we, when we again take up the subject, devote to the record of his exploits.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Sir Ralph Abercromby—His Early Services.

HORACE, in a well known passage, tells us that there were famous warriors before Agamemnon; and we ought to remember that before the exploits of Stewart, Burnaby, Wolseley, and Gordon, men like Abercromby, Moore, and Sidney Smith had already shown, by their opposition to Napoleon in his Egyptian Expedition, of what sort of material the British race is made. We shall enrich our gallery of Egyptian portraits with chosen biographies of these heroes. First let us call the reader's attention to the exploits of Abercromby.

Among the distinguished heroes who have contributed to elevate the glory of the British arms in the Egyptian wars, the actions of Abercromby will be dwelt upon with peculiar animation by the historian, and will be regarded with pride, admiration, and sympathy, by the reader.

The family of Abercromby is very ancient and distinguished in North Britain, and possessed of an estate bearing the same name. The father of Sir Ralph had a numerous family, and according to the custom of that country which gave him birth, the sons were destined for active employments. Thus we find one of the brothers of Sir Ralph brought up to the law, another to maritime pursuits, and two more to a military life. The third brother of the General was killed in America, in the hard-contested battle of Bunker's-hill. He was at that time a lieutenant-colonel in the 22nd Regiment of Foot. Indeed, each of the brothers in his peculiar profession was engaged in supporting the State, in some one of its departments or dominions.

The first commission borne by Sir Ralph was as cornet of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, into which he entered on the 23rd May, 1756. He obtained a lieutenancy in the same regiment on the 19th February, 1760; and continued in this corps till the 24th April, 1762, when he obtained a company in the 3rd Regiment of Horse. In this regiment he rose to the rank of major and lieutenant-colonel; to the former on the 6th June, 1770, and to the latter the 19th May, 1773. In November, 1780, he was

included in the list of brevet colonels; and on the 3rd of the same month, next year, was made colonel of the 103rd, or King's Irish Infantry, a new raised regiment, but which being reduced at the peace in 1783, the colonel was placed on half-pay. On the 28th September, 1787, he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and on the 17th September, 1790, he obtained the command of the 69th Regiment of Foot, from which in April, 1792, he was removed to an older corps, viz. the 6th, from which he was again removed, the 5th November, 1795, to the 7th Regiment of Dragoons.

Sir Ralph was employed on the continent soon after the French war broke out. On the 25th of April, 1793, he had the local rank of lieutenant-general conferred on him; and, although the ultimate issue of those two campaigns afforded but a small portion of glory for the most meritorious officers to emblazon their military escutcheons with, yet Sir Ralph was entitled to a full share. He enjoyed on all occasions not only the esteem, but the confidence, of the Duke of York.

He commanded the advanced guard in the action on the heights of Cateau, April 16th, 1794. The Duke of York, in his despatches relative to this affair, makes the following commendatory representation of his conduct: "I have particular obligations to Lieutenant-General Sir William Erskine, as well as to Major-General Abercromby." His Royal Highness further adds, in his despatches of the 19th of May: "The abilities and coolness with which Lieutenant-General Abercromby and Major-General Fox conducted their different corps, under these trying circumstances, require that I should particularly notice them." The Lieutenant-General was wounded at Nimeguen, the 27th of October following.

No part of the service of this able officer had ever been so painful to him, or called so forcibly upon his humanity and exertion, as the duty he performed when the army retreated from Holland, in the winter of 1794. The Guards, as well as all the sick, were left under his conduct and care, after Lieutenant-General Harcourt had gone into cantonments behind the Ems. His sensibility was as conspicuous as his judgment in the disastrous march from Deventer to Oldensaal, at which last place his corps arrived on the 30th and 31st of January, 1795. This was the first time in the General's life when his talents could not keep pace with circumstances; but the incessant harassing of a victorious enemy on the one hand; bad roads, and the inclemency of the weather on the other, added to the difficulty of procuring shelter for the men, was sufficient to depress the spirits of the bravest, and leave the most sagacious mind without resources.

The affairs in the West Indies, as left by Sir Charles Grey, had exhibited a less pleasing aspect since that commander's return to England. The French, after their successes nearer home, had made very considerable, and even unexpected exertions to recover their losses abroad. This object they attained to a certain degree; they repossessed themselves of Guadeloupe and St. Lucia, made good a landing at more than one place on the island of Martinico, and effected partial descents and hoisted the tri-coloured flag on several forts in the island of St. Vincent's, Grenada, and Maria-Galante. They possessed themselves of immense booty from the property of the rich emigrants on the several islands, but especially on that of Guadeloupe. On this last only, according to the report made by Fermond to the Committee of Public Safety, the value was estimated at the enormous sum of 1,800 million pounds sterling.

To stop the ravages thus committing on the British allies, for such the French emigrants were then considered, and to check the depredations on our own colonies, a fleet was fitted out in the autumn of 1795, to convey a military force to the West Indies, sufficient to answer the necessity of the case. To General Sir Ralph Abercromby was given the charge of the troops, and he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the

forces in the West Indies. He accordingly repaired to Southampton on the 30th of August, 1795, and took charge of the remainder of the British troops that had been under the command of the Earl of Moria. Sir Ralph was unfortunately detained in that district so long beyond the expected period of his departure, that after the troops had assembled, and were embarked, the equinox set in, and several transports were lost in endeavouring to clear the Channel. Notwithstanding these disasters, and in spite of the lateness of the season, every exertion was made, and the General, with his staff, etc., made the best of their way to the West Indies.

On his arrival, no time was lost in forming a plan for the operations of the army, and as soon as the season permitted, the troops moved in every quarter. On the 24th of March, a detachment suddenly attacked and obtained possession of the island of Grenada. The General afterwards found no difficulty in obtaining possession of the settlements of Demerara and Essequibo, in the province of Surinam, in South America.

The Commander-in-Chief had made the necessary arrangements with the Admiral for conveying the troops destined for an attack upon the island of St. Lucia, and the armament sailed on the 26th of April. The enemy had a garrison in Morne Fortune of nearly 2,000 well-disciplined black troops, some hundred whites, and a number of black people who had taken refuge in the fortress. In carrying the battery Seche, within a short distance of the works of Morne Fortune, the difficulties of approach were found greater, from the intricate nature of the country, than were expected. The General was obliged to undertake a laborious communication from Choc Bay to that of Morne, by means of a new road, capable of allowing the transportation of heavy cannon. These difficulties, with numerous other impediments which the enemy threw in the way of the army, he, however, overcame; and upon the evening of the 24th of May a suspension of arms was desired till noon the next day; a capitulation for the whole island ensued, and on the 26th the garrison, to the amount of 2,000 men, marched out, laid down their arms, and became prisoners of war. This capture was followed by that of Pigeon Island.

Brigadier-General Moore being left in quiet possession of St. Lucia, the General hastened the embarkation of the artillery and troops destined to act in St. Vincent's, and by the middle of June, every part of that valuable island was in the hands of the British troops.

The fortunate issue of all these services enabled the Commander-in-Chief to visit Grenada, where his presence may be supposed to have contributed not a little to conclude the hostilities still carried on under the orders of Major-General Nicholls. Fedon, the celebrated chief, at the head of the insurgents, was not easily to be overcome; his native courage and acquired talents, added to his fierceness of disposition, had drawn about him a mass of force, partly voluntary, partly constrained. Major-General Nicholls was now ordered to straiten him in his retreat as much as possible, and to grant him no terms short of unconditional submission. The troops were successful everywhere, and nearly at the same hour, on the morning of the 19th of June, full possession was obtained of every post on the island.

The General having thus effected everything which could be undertaken against the French, directed his attention to the Spanish island of Trinidad. The arrival of part of a new convoy from England enabled him to undertake this expedition with confidence of success. The precision with which the fleet of ships of war and transports had been assembled, prevented the loss of a moment when the season for operations commenced. On the 16th of February, 1797, the fleet passed through the Bocas, or entrance into the Gulf of Paria, where the Spanish admiral, with four sail of the line and a frigate, were found at

anchor, under cover of the island of Gaspar-Grande, which was fortified. The British squadron worked up, and came to an anchor opposite to, and nearly within gun-shot of the Spanish ships. The frigates and transports anchored higher up the bay. The disposition was made for landing at daylight next morning, and for a general attack upon the town and ships of war. At two o'clock in the morning (the 17th) the Spanish squadron was perceived to be on fire; the ships, except one line-of-battle, were all consumed, and that which escaped the conflagration was taken possession of by the boats; the enemy at the same time evacuated this quarter of the island. The General's whole attention was paid to the town. As soon, therefore, as the troops were landed, about five hundred advanced to the westward of it, meeting but little opposition; and before night they were masters of the town of Port d'Espagne, and the whole neighbourhood, except two small forts. The next morning the governor, Don Chalcon, capitulated, and the whole colony passed under the dominion of his Britannic Majesty.

Thus far our General had succeeded in fulfilling the instructions of his sovereign. An unsuccessful attempt upon the Spanish island of Porto Rico concluded his campaign of 1797, in the West Indies. If nothing was gained to the country by this last attempt, no loss of reputation in its military character was sustained by the failure; and indeed the manner in which the General was received on his return to Europe, testified the estimation in which his military talents were held by the British Government.

On the 2nd of November, 1796, while on this service, Sir Ralph (for he had now been invested with a red ribbon), was presented to the second, or North British Dragoons, commonly called the Scots Greys; and in the same year he was made Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Wight, and afterwards still further rewarded with the more lucrative governments of Forts George and Augustus. On the 26th of January, 1797, he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-General.

The ferment in Ireland threatening every day to break out into a flame, Sir Ralph was not allowed to remain long in a state of repose. He was fixed upon to take the chief command of the forces in that kingdom. He paid great attention to the discipline of the army, and was anxious to restore to the soldiers that reputation which had been sullied by repeated acts of licentiousness. His declaration "that their irregularity and insubordination had rendered them more formidable to their friends than to their enemies," however true, was deemed harsh by some who neither considered the delicacy and responsibility of his situation, nor the danger of military insubordination, by allowing disorders in any army, like those he complained of, to grow by example. The General's removal, however, from his command, was in no respect the effect of dissatisfaction on either side, but the result of an unanimous opinion, that it would be expedient and efficacious to unite the civil and military authority in the same person, the benefits of which had been so obvious in the dominions of the East. In this view of the precedent, it was impossible not to fix upon the Marquis Cornwallis.

From that station he was called to the command of his Majesty's forces in North Britain, and was soon after employed under the Duke of York in the great enterprise against Holland, where, it was universally allowed, that even victory the most decisive could not have more conspicuously proved the talents of this active and intelligent general, than the conduct pursued by him in an arduous struggle against the difficulties of the ground, the inclemency of the season, inconvenient yet unavoidable delays, the disorderly movements of the Russians, and the timid duplicity of the Dutch.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY—VICTORIES OVER THE FRENCH.

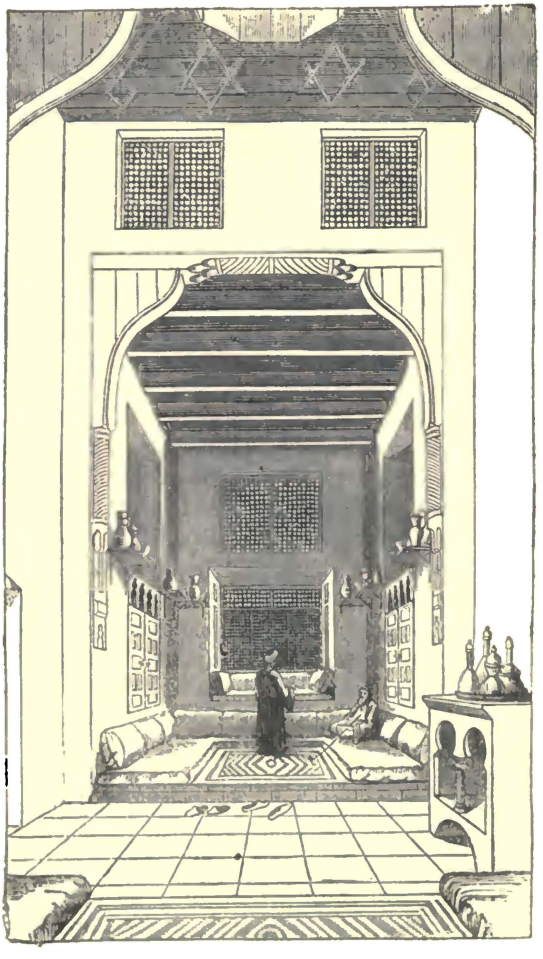
WHEN it was deemed expedient to send an armament for the purpose of dispossessing the French of Egypt, the command was given, with general approbation, to Sir Ralph Abercromby. The fleet reached the Bay of Aboukir on the 1st of March, 1801, but the wind blew so fresh toward the land, and such breakers were raised in the shallow

THE FRENCH IN EGYPT.

water near the shore, that it was impossible to attempt a landing. On the 6th the violence of the storm had considerably abated; but still the agitated waters swelled in such tremendous waves, that it was deemed imprudent to order the soldiers into the boats. The French were employed in making preparations for opposing the descent. It was evident that the landing of the forces would meet with powerful resistance.

In the meantime, Sir Ralph Abercromby went on board a small vessel, and reconnoitred the shore; and Sir Sidney Smith, with three armed launches, examined the entrance into the Lake Aboukir. By the assistance of a party of men belonging to the *Foudroyant*, some partial injuries were done to the works of the enemy; but a seasonable retreat was at length necessary to save our adventurous countrymen from the violence and power of the French.

Upon the 7th the sea continued rough, but it was returning so evidently to a state of calmness, that orders were issued throughout the fleet to prepare for landing on the following day. By two o'clock in the morning, a rocket, the appointed signal, was fired from the admiral's ship, and in less than two hours the boats, being filled with troops, were ready to obey the command. Just without the reach of the guns on shore, some armed vessels were anchored near one another, about which the boats were to rendezvous, and be ready, under proper orders, to pull in concert toward the land. The division which was then preparing to advance consisted of those soldiers who were under the command of Major-General Moore, Ludlow, and Coote, together with Brigadier-General Oakes, and they amounted to more than 5,000 men, with ten pieces of cannon. Being commanded to depart, they moved off with regularity and courage, and all was silence but the noise of the oars. Awe and deep contemplation sat on the brow of every beholder, while hope and courage beamed from the eye of those who were hastening to the shore. It was a serious attempt; and though none could doubt the courage of the soldiers and sailors of Great Britain, yet there are certain deeds and arduous undertakings which no prowess nor perseverance can accomplish. The French were already on shore, they were powerful in artillery, and had numbers of cavalry at their command; whereas the British were to approach the land in boats, and might be routed by a prepared enemy, without having time to form upon the beach.



MENOU'S HOUSE IN CAIRO.

Soon after eight o'clock in the morning, the boats had all arrived at the vessels, which have already been mentioned as stationed for the rendezvous. Being instantly formed into a line, the signal was made by the honourable Captain Cochrane of the navy; and the whole were instantly in motion, pulling undauntingly toward the shore. No enemy was seen, either upon the beach or posted upon the sand-hills; everything was silent, as if no human eye had spitefully watched their motions. But no sooner were the boats within their reach,

than the batteries were opened, and the guns from the castle of Aboukir were pointed with effect. Still, however, the danger was comparatively small, and few losses were sustained.

Though the *Fury* and *Tartarus* bomb vessels, with various sloops and gunboats, were stationed in the bay to protect the landing of the British forces, yet they were not able to accomplish the end which was desired. In proportion as the boats approached the shore, so the danger became greater, and the resistance more alarming. It is impossible to describe the dreadful situation in which the men were placed. Grape-shot and shells, musket-bullets, and diversified means of destruction, were flying so thick and constant, that the sea about the boats was in perfect agitation. The soldiers were seated so closely, that nothing could be done by them either for their own defence or to annoy the enemy. The sailors were exposed to a tremendous fire in rowing and pulling forward; but no fearfulness or dismay appeared throughout the whole scene. Their honour, the love of their country, and that resignation which unavoidable danger produces, directed their feelings and guided their conduct.

When they were ready to leap upon the beach, the French soldiers rushed towards the boats, and, with fixed bayonets, dealt death and destruction. But nothing could appal the courage or shake the resolution of the British forces. In this scene of horror and devastation they sprung upon the shore, and, while some of them formed in regular order upon the beach, others rushed up a steep sand-hill, where the strength of the army was concentrated, and resolutely became masters of an advantageous position. The French forces extended on their right toward the Lake Aboukir, and their left was flanked and protected by the fort; but their ardour and confidence were rather abated when they found the centre of their position occupied by the British.

After the violence of the contest had lasted about twenty minutes on shore, the French began to give way, and retired along the peninsula toward the city of Alexandria. It was the 23rd Regiment, and four flank companies of the 40th, under the command of General Oakes, attached to General Moore and the reserve, who with such inestimable courage and perseverance climbed up a steep hill opposite the landing-place, while the sand was every moment yielding under their feet, and where the instruments of death were pointed against them. The Guards, under the direction of General Ludlow, and the corps who were commanded by General Coote, merited and received universal approbation. In short, every soldier on shore did honour to himself and his country; and those who had not yet landed panted for the glory of that illustrious day.

Scarcely 2,000 of the British forces were engaged in this splendid victory, for the rest of the divisions were not ready to land till the triumph was obtained. The valour and conduct of the invading troops are thus placed in a striking and honourable point of view, for they were opposed by a powerful body of the French. Their number, even as stated by themselves, was 1,780, and among these were 230 cavalry well mounted. They had the advantage of a fort and batteries, they were well acquainted with the nature of the ground, and had chosen the most favourable position on the shore, while the forces of Sir Ralph Abercromby were under the necessity of attacking the enemy in detached parties, and in bodies comparatively small. Yet in circumstances so discouraging and unfavourable, they were never thrown into disorder, but in one point, and that only for an instant, till the 58th Regiment flew to their relief, and enabled them to restore their firmness and their defence.

The French forces were under the command of General Friant, and their conduct was neither disgraceful to themselves nor dishonourable to their country. It was an action pregnant with honour to the British name, and the veteran Commander-in-Chief

spoke of it in terms of the highest praise. Sir Ralph Abercromby, with all his natural anxiety and care, hastened on shore to direct the movements of his troops, but the day was won before his arrival; and though the armies continued for a while to cannonade each other, yet nothing important occurred.

During the course of this day, the forces were mostly landed; but some time elapsed before the whole stores and baggage were gotten on shore. The Greek and Turkish vessels had not hitherto arrived; and for several days the men were without tents. The greater part of the peninsula was now abandoned to the British; but the fort of Aboukir refused to surrender, and a detachment of the troops was sent to besiege it. The lake of Aboukir being at the command of General Abercromby, it was taken possession of by armed launches; and a depository being formed upon the peninsula at its bank, great convenience was afterwards enjoyed in supplying the army by boats upon the lake.

On the 13th of March the British army advanced, and, after a severe conflict, drove the French from their position; but it was found difficult and dangerous to pursue this advantage. In this affair both armies suffered severely, and Sir Ralph Abercromby was in imminent danger, as his horse was shot dead under him.

On the 20th General Menou arrived at Alexandria, with 9,000 men, from Grand Cairo. He had resided there in a magnificent building of a part of which we give an illustration. The imperious call of war soon summoned him to the field. He prepared to attack the army of Sir Ralph Abercromby in the morning of the day after his arrival. Various appearances induced a belief that Menou had reached the French camp, but while the matter was still in doubt, a friendly sheik of the Arabs despatched a letter to Sir Sidney Smith, with intelligence of that general's arrival, and of his intended attack. Though some were inclined to discredit the communication, yet it met with general belief; and it was at least a judicious measure to provide for an event so probable and important.

In the evening of the 20th, the sentinels and outposts were carefully stationed; and the army continued to be strongly encamped, upon the favourable position which they had taken up after returning from the engagement upon the 13th of March. In the centre of the first line, situated upon sand-hills, was Major-General Ludlow with the Guards, and Major-General Coote with the Royals, two battalions of the 54th, and the 92nd Regiment, which was marching to Aboukir, but was brought back by Colonel Napier, when the noise of the firing was heard upon the right near the sea-shore; and in advance, within a quarter of a mile from the Guards, was Major-General Moore, placed with the troops of reserve, which consisted of the 28th and 58th Regiments, the 23rd, the 42nd, the flank companies of the 40th, and the Corsican Rangers. In this situation was the ruined palace of the Cæsars, and a battery formed in front. Upon the left wing of the army, reaching to the canal of Alexandria, were the 8th and 18th Regiments, the 13th and 90th, under the command of Major-General Cradock. The two last were thrown back from the line, and formed so as to face the canal, that they might watch any movements upon the Lake Mareotis. A little further on the left was a redoubt, with one twelve-pounder. Between this and the 13th Regiment, near the point of the Lake Aboukir, were placed the staff; and the whole extent of the army, in a straight direction, was about a mile in length.

Upon the right of the second line were Minorca, De Rolle, and Dillon's regiments, commanded by Brigadier-General Stuart. In the centre, next to those, were the 30th, the 44th, and 89th, under the command of Brigadier-General Doyle. Upon his left was Brigadier-General Finch, with the 26th, and both the mounted and dismounted parts of the 12th Dragoons. Lord Cavan commanded the 27th, the 50th, and 79th

Regiments, which formed the left wing of the second line. The cavalry of reserve were placed behind General Moore's troops, and in advance of his position Captain Maitland was stationed, with several gunboats near the beach, and the fleet was cruising off the ports of Alexandria.

The French army, which was encamped in the strongholds of Nicopolis, was commanded by General Regnier on the right, Rampon in the centre, and Lanuse on the left. The right was extended toward the canal of Alexandria, and the left approached the sea. Behind the centre was a strong body of cavalry, commanded by General Roise, and in the rear of the whole was a large park of artillery.

On the following morning the troops were under arms about three o'clock; and though they were not certain of being attacked by the French, yet their anxiety had been roused, and they rather expected to meet the enemy.

Every eye was open, and every ear attentive to give the first notice of an approaching alarm. But the horizon was covered with a thick mist, and no distant object could be seen. Stillness reigned throughout the neighbourhood, and nothing was heard for the space of half an hour, when the report of musketry resounded from the left, and the noise of cannon instantly succeeded. It was a dromedary corps of 130 men, commanded by Colonel Cavalier, whom the French had employed for swiftness. They had parted from the army at the heights of Nicopolis, crossed the canal of Alexandria, by the fortified bridge in their neighbourhood, traversed the bed of the Lake Mareotis, and early in the morning seized a small battery near the Lake Aboukir. It was the taking of this battery which produced the discharge of musketry, and it was turning the gun of this small fortification against the advanced posts of the British, which alarmed the army by the firing of a cannon.

No doubt could remain that the enemy was at hand, and General Stuart was upon his march to support the left. But the Commander-in-Chief considered the noise as a false alarm; for the French having lately encamped upon that situation, were well acquainted with the ground, and it was scarcely to be supposed that they would spend their force in the least important quarter. They might indeed have brought an attack upon the whole lines at once; but General Moore's position, supported by the gunboats near the shore, was too powerful for the left wing of the French army, and too important to be left deliberately unsubdued. It was therefore necessary that the right of the British lines should be first attacked, and that the principal strength of the French army should be directed toward that position. Such were, probably, the views which directed Menou; for immediately after the alarm had been given upon the left, shouts and the clashing of arms were heard upon the right, and the division of General Lanuse had almost approached to the position of General Moore. Silley's brigade directed its course toward the redoubt, and that of General Valentin moved along the sea-shore, and attempted to enter the ruined palace of the Cæsars. There the 58th Regiment was posted, and when Colonel Houston observed the column of the enemy advancing, he was afraid for an instant to fire, because it was yet dark, and he was apprehensive of wounding or killing some outposts of the British. But as soon as he discovered the uniform of the French, and saw none of his own countrymen before them, several rounds were fired with such effect that the brigade quickly retired. But returning to the battle, and attempting to force the redoubt, the 69th demi-brigade was flanked by grape-shot from a twenty-four-pounder, and almost cut to pieces. General Lanuse, while endeavouring to rally the shattered remains of that corps, had one of his limbs shot off by a cannon ball. The rest of Valentin's division forced their way into the ruins, where the 58th British regiment performed prodigies of valour. In

the meantime General Silley's brigade was engaged with the 28th Regiment; and there too British valour shone conspicuously. During these trying moments, the 23rd and 42nd Regiments flew to the relief of their fellow-soldiers, and bravely resisted the foe.

Rampon, with the centre division of the French, attempted to turn the left of the Guards, and penetrated through the lines of the British; but he was warmly received, and forced to retire with considerable loss. D'Estaing advanced too far into the lines of General Abercromby, and a body of French troops called the "Invincible Legion," being completely overthrown, their standard was taken by Major Sterling, of the 42nd Regiment, who gave it in charge to Sergeant Sinclair; but this non-commissioned officer was wounded and the famous ensign was lost. The trophy was, however, immediately retaken by Anthony Lutz, a private in the Queen's German regiment. In the midst of dismay, when hope scarcely dared to put forth a single ray, Menou had commanded General Roise to make a charge on the right of the British, and Regnier to support him with infantry in powerful columns. The first charge was made with such fury by General Boussart, that his troops passed through the ranks toward the rear of the camp; but the horses, entangled among the cords of the tents, or floundering amongst numerous holes, which were in that part of the field, were many of them destroyed, and their riders put to death. A second charge, under Roise himself, was not more successful; for seeing it impossible to withstand so violent a shock, the 42nd Regiment opened their ranks, and let the cavalry dart through. No sooner was this effected than, facing about, they poured upon them such volleys as strewed the ground with horses, and few of the party returned to join the ranks of the French army. The enemy now reluctantly retired to their position on the heights and acknowledged a victory honourable to the British name, who were greatly inferior in numbers, artillery, and cavalry. Three French generals suffered amidst the dreadful havoc of this furious battle.

But the joy of the British army was damped, and their triumph abated, in contemplating the sufferings of Sir Ralph Abercromby, the tried and much-esteemed Commander-in-Chief. When riding in the hottest part of the battle, and giving directions to the army, he was surrounded by the French cavalry and thrown from his horse. While lying upon the ground, and suspected of being an officer by his dress, a dragoon belonging to the enemy levelled a stroke at him with his sabre in passing, but only touched his clothes, or slightly grazed his skin. The French soldier apprehending what an object of value was in his power, speedily wheeled his horse, and made a desperate thrust, by which the sabre passed between Sir Ralph's side and his right arm.

Danger, and a high feeling of courage, gave strength to the aged General's nerves, and being now on his feet, a struggle ensued. In the meantime, the French dragoon was put to death by a soldier of the 42nd Regiment, and the veteran commander retained the sword. Striking occurrences happen among the active and the brave. Sir Sidney Smith had broken his sword in the conflict of that day, and meeting Sir Ralph immediately after the late rencounter, the Commander-in-Chief felt a peculiar pleasure in delivering to the hero of St. John d'Acre the sabre which he had wrested from the French dragoon. He complained of a contusion on his breast, which had probably been received in the struggle; but the wound which proved mortal was occasioned by a bullet, which, entering his thigh pretty far up, took its direction towards the groin, and sunk so deep into the bone that it could not be extracted. He was not aware of the wound when it was received, and only became sensible of it from the blood which ran down. No persuasion could induce him to quit the field, till the day was secured.

His mind being then unbent, and his anxious exertions abated, the wound became painful, and himself rather faint. It was dressed by a surgeon on the field, and being unable to ride on horseback, he was placed in a hammock, and carried to the depository, upon the bank of the Lake Aboukir. Attended by his friend and aid-de-camp, Sir Thomas Dyer, he was then put into a boat, and, with every degree of tenderness, conveyed to Lord Keith, and affectionately treated on board the admiral's ship, the *Foudroyant*. The eyes of the army eagerly followed him as he was carried from the field of battle, and the warmest wishes of the soldiers attended him in his sickness. He bore his sufferings with great fortitude, and he dwelt with peculiar admiration and delight upon the conduct of his troops and the glory of the day. But notwithstanding every attention and medical aid, a fever ensued, and, upon the evening of the eighth day, a mortification put a period to his life, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

The body of Sir Ralph Abercromby was removed from the bay of Aboukir, and upon Wednesday, the 29th of April, A.D. 1801, it was deposited in a vault at the north-west bastion of Fort St. Elmo, in the island of Malta. He was buried with all the honours of war, and the sorrow expressed was not assumed, but entered deep into the soul. Everything, both in form and in substance, being in unison with mourning, the parole of the day was Abercromby, and the countersign grief. An epitaph, written by Fra. Glascchino Navarro, who was librarian to the order of Malta, is inscribed upon a black marble tombstone, which lies upon upon the grave of the much-lamented general.

Wherever the triumphs are contemplated, which Great Britain obtained with such splendour in Egypt; in whatever language they are recorded; and whithersoever the fame of those deeds shall be wafted, there the conduct and character of General Sir Ralph Abercromby, of Tullibody, will be viewed with reverence and held in esteem. He was eminently endowed with those valuable qualities which constitute the great general and the distinguished commander. He possessed a clearness of conception which enabled him to form accurate plans; and he was blessed with a soundness of judgment which assisted him to draw just conclusions, and prosecute with success practicable schemes. Having prosecuted studies with the view of practising at the bar, his mind was well cultivated; and thus to the experience of a general, he added the acute discernment of a polished scholar. He was conspicuous in courage, and firm in action; but the boldness of enterprise never made him forgetful of tenderness to his army, nor humanity in the day of victory.

In public or in private, he was the soldiers' friend; and the voice of misery, which never reached his ear in vain, was conveyed with additional claims on his compassion when it came from an afflicted soldier, who had bled, or become old, in the cause of his country. He possessed the interesting and valuable art of gaining the affection of his army; and never was there a general in the field of battle who enjoyed more completely than he the love and confidence of his soldiers.

But the superior conduct of Sir Ralph Abercromby was not confined to the public departments of his office, nor limited by the boundaries of martial connections. He carried with him, into private life, a distinguished steadiness of conduct, and an amiable deportment in all his pursuits. The friends of his youth were not forsaken in advanced years; and never did sordid or ungenerous motives drive, from his paternal farms, the persons or the descendants of those who held them in former days. His domestics served him with the sincere attachment, and the permanent regards, of former and less changeable times. In all the family relations of life, he was dutiful and kind. To the general excellence of his character he added a love

of decorum; and pious respect for the duties of religion adorned the general conduct of his life. Sir Ralph also served his country as a legislator. In 1774 he was chosen representative of the county of Kinross, and continued to sit in the House of Commons till the general election in 1780. At the general election in 1796, he was again elected for that county.

Though far advanced in years, he was roused with the vigour of his country; and during the great French war, he undertook and suffered the hardships of the field, at that feeble period of life when even the brave and patriotic are willing, and permitted to retire. He had long been honoured with the esteem of his sovereign, and by royal favour had been invested with the order of the Bath. After his victory in Egypt, a monument, with descriptive emblems, was appointed to be erected to his honour, in the cathedral church of St. Paul, London; and the king, in affectionate regard, was pleased to command, that the famous French standard, which was taken in Egypt upon the 21st of March, 1801, should be deposited upon his tomb. All this was afterwards duly carried out. Further to illustrate the royal favour, and the high sense of his merits, the lady of the brave but departed General, was dignified with the title of Baroness Abercromby, of Aboukir and Tullibody, with remainder to the heirs male of her deceased lord. Other remunerations accompanied this gift of honour, and the national feelings were indulged by these generous marks of royal and public favour.

CHAPTER XXX.

"THE NILE'S PROUD FIGHT"—EARLY CAREER OF NELSON.

THE navy of England has always been considered as a hardy indigenous production, in some measure peculiar to our soil, our climate, and our inhabitants. The oak, which is destined at once to adorn and defend the British Isles, flourishes there in the highest perfection; the natives, inured to all the varieties of a changeable atmosphere, become more hardy by constant habit; while the ocean which surrounds us points out the element by means of which our wealth and glory have been obtained, and our independence is to be secured.

The encouragement given to this grand national establishment by a provident policy has effected wonders. Our flag has been displayed in the remotest seas, sometimes in search of a beneficial commerce, and at other times in quest of a fugitive enemy. Our manufactures and our arms have been extended in conjunction to the remotest corners of the globe. A numerous and gallant race of seamen and of officers has been produced, such as the Venetians, the Genoese, and the Portuguese, our precursors, but not our equals, in maritime greatness, never witnessed; and a school of naval heroes has been thus established infinitely superior to what any nation could ever boast of.

The result has been uniform and consistent. Our Drakes, our Raleighs, our Cavendishes, our Howards, have adorned one period of our history; our Montagues, our Ayscues, our Blakes, another; our Rookes, our Vernons, our Wagers, our Ansons, and our Hawkes, a third. In the present age the number of our great cap-

tains has been rather increased than diminished, although death thinned their ranks; and we have but too often planted funereal cypress on the graves of those around whose temples, while living, we had entwined the victorious laurel. Rodney, grown hoary in the service, died peacefully on shore, after many celebrated victories over the fleets of the house of Bourbon. Howe resigned his breath in the arms of his family, but not until he had overcome the formidable navy fitted out by France while a republic. Duncan, the conqueror of the Dutch, passed away full of years and honour; and Nelson, the hero of Aboukir and Trafalgar, perished likewise, but not until his flag was flying triumphant amidst the discomfited squadrons of a vanquished enemy.

We leave it to our poets to sing his dirge; to our orators to raise trophies of eloquence to his memory; to our statesmen to deduce the calamities averted, and the advantages obtained, by his exploits; to our historians to record his actions in works more durable than brass and marble; it is merely our intention here to enumerate his exploits with special reference to their connection with Egypt.

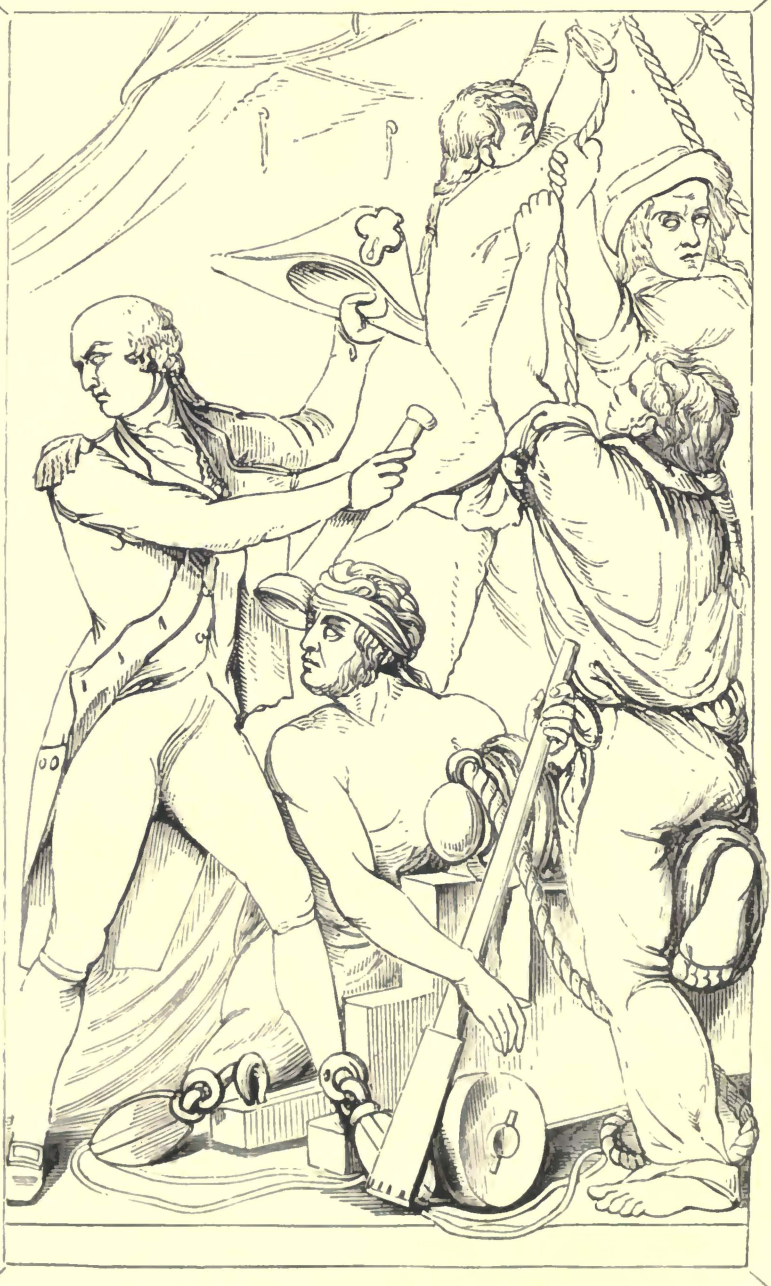
Horatio Nelson, the fourth son of the Rev. Edward Nelson, rector of Burnham-Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, was born in the parsonage-house of that parish September 28, 1758. His family was respectable. His father's progenitors were originally settled at Hilsborough, where, in addition to a small hereditary estate, they possessed the patronage of the living, which one of them enjoyed for several years. By his mother's side he was related to three great Norfolk families, the Walpoles, the Cholmondeleys, and the Townshends.

He was placed, while yet of a tender age, at the high school of Norwich, whence he was removed to North Walsham, both within the precincts of his native county. But he did not long remain there; for being the younger son of a numerous family, an opportunity was eagerly seized of obtaining some professional employment for him early in life. This occurred when he was only twelve years old.

Some disputes having taken place between the courts of St. James's and Madrid, relative to the possession of the Falkland Islands, an armament was immediately ordered, and Captain Suckling, his maternal uncle, having obtained a ship, he was placed on his quarter-deck as a midshipman, on board the *Raisonable*, of 64 guns. But after his family had been at the expense of his outfit, negotiations were entered into in consequence of which hostilities were suspended, and a treaty concluded, which neither proved gratifying to the honour nor the interests of the nation. On this, the ships in commission were laid up in ordinary, and the officers dismissed. But instead of returning home, young Nelson, who felt no abatement of his ardour, entered on board a merchantman, in which he made a voyage to the West Indies.

On this occasion, although he obtained considerable nautical knowledge so far as bare practice extended, yet having no field for his ambition, he became disgusted, and would have willingly embraced any other profession. On his return, however, finding that his uncle had obtained the *Triumph*, he repaired on board of her in his former capacity, and soon became reconciled to his service; but as he possessed an inherent ardour, coupled with an unabating spirit of enterprise, and utter scorn of danger, he was ever active to participate in those scenes where knowledge was to be obtained or glory earned.

An opportunity of this kind soon presented itself, and appeared admirably calculated to satiate that romantic taste for adventure which, from the earliest periods of his life, seemed at once to fill and to agitate the bosom of our youthful hero. One of the most brilliant circumstances of the reign of George III. consists in that spirit of discovery which constantly prevailed from the time of the accession of that king to the throne. It was in pur-



BATTLE OF THE NILE—ON BOARD THE FLAGSHIP.

suance of this plan, which was afterwards extended under Captain Cook to another hemisphere, that Captain Phipps, afterwards Lord Mulgrave, sailed June 2nd, 1773, towards the North Pole. He himself was on board the *Racehorse*, while Captain Lutwidge commanded another bomb vessel called the *Carcass*, both of which had been fitted out on purpose to ascertain to what degree of latitude it was possible to penetrate. On board the latter of these vessels Nelson was admitted with great difficulty, and in consequence of his own pressing solicitation, in the humble capacity of a coxswain; for, in consequence of an order from the Admiralty, boys were not permitted to be received on board.

After passing Shetland, they came in sight of Spitzbergen, and afterwards proceeded to Moffen Island, beyond which they discovered seven other isles, situated in 81 deg. 21 min. When they had sailed a little further north, they became suddenly fast wedged in the ice on the 31st of July; so that the passage by which the ships entered was suddenly and completely blocked up, while a strong current set in to the eastward. In this critical situation they remained five whole days, during which period their destruction appeared inevitable; but the young hero, instead of being depressed, actuated by that filial love and passion for enterprise which were ever uppermost in his breast, ventured on the ice during a fine moonlight, and on being interrogated relative to his conduct, pointed to a dead bear, and observed, at the same time, "that he wished to obtain the skin for his father."

At length, on the 7th of August, the wind luckily changed, and set in from the eastward; and on the 9th, the current having changed so as to assume an opposite direction, they were borne to the open sea, and the adventurous navigators were thus delivered from the apprehension of perishing by the intensity of the polar cold. Finding it now utterly impossible to penetrate any further in this intended course, they entered the harbour of Smeerenburg, whence they shaped their way homewards, and on the 24th of September arrived safe at Orfordness, after an absence of one hundred and fourteen days.

Soon after his return, instead of being appalled by the dangers recently encountered, young Nelson applied for and was appointed to a berth in the *Seahorse*, a twenty-gun ship, in which he repaired to the East Indies, and, by visiting every part of the coast from the Bay of Bengal to Bassorah, was exposed to an extreme of heat in the course of this voyage nearly equal to the degree of cold he had experienced in the former. These sudden changes could not but prove very injurious, and his health accordingly yielded to the pressure, so that he was obliged to return home on purpose to breathe his native air.

This being fortunately accomplished, on the 8th of April, 1777, he passed the usual examination before the Board for the rank of lieutenant, and on the subsequent day received his commission as second of the *Lowestoffe*, of 32 guns. In this vessel he cruised against the Americans, and happening to capture a letter of marque belonging to the colonies, then in a state of insurrection, the first lieutenant proved unable to take possession of her, in consequence of a most tremendous sea, that seemed to interdict all approach. The captain, piqued at this circumstance, and desirous of effecting the object of his wishes, inquired "Whether he had not an officer capable of boarding the prize?" On hearing this, Lieutenant Nelson immediately jumped into the boat, and told the master, who wished to have anticipated him, "That if he came back without success, it would be his turn."

In 1778 he was appointed to the *Bristol*, and rose by seniority to be first lieutenant. In the course of the succeeding year (June 11, 1779) he obtained the rank of post-captain, on which occasion he was appointed to the command of the *Hinchinbroke*. Having sailed in this vessel for the West Indies, he repaired to Port Royal, in the

island of Jamaica, and an expedition against one of the Spanish settlements being then in contemplation, he had now an opportunity, for the first time, of distinguishing himself as a commanding officer. The enterprise to which we allude was planned by Sir John Dalling, the then governor, for the purpose of seizing on Fort St. Juan, in the Gulf of Mexico. On this occasion the commander of the *Hinchinbroke* conveyed the troops, which were so few in point of number that they were destitute of a field-officer. Edward Marcus Despard, who afterwards suffered for high treason, acted as chief engineer, while Captain Polson commanded the land forces; but the place would never have been taken had not the first of these officers landed, directed the assault, and even pointed the guns with his own hand.

His ship being paid off on his return to England, he retired to the place of his nativity, the parsonage-house of Burnham-Thorpe. But he did not remain there long, for he was nominated to the command of the *Boreas*, in which he repaired to the Leeward Islands, and had under him His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, who then commanded the *Pegasus*. While on this station, he changed his condition in life, on the 11th of March, 1787, by a marriage with Frances Woodward, daughter and coheiress of William Woodward, Esq., senior judge of the island of Nevis, and widow of Josiah Nesbit, M.D., of that island, by whom she had a son, afterwards a captain in the navy.

On his return from the West Indies, Captain Nelson repaired with his wife to the parsonage-house of his father, which that venerable clergyman gladly relinquished for their accommodation, and there, at a distance from bustle and strife, he passed a quiet and happy life, until again called into action by the concurrence of unforeseen events. He appeared, indeed, during the "piping times of peace," to affect a taste for rural affairs; to be addicted to quiet, and even to solitude; to hate the "busy hum" of men; and to abhor any event that could tear him from his dear home. But no sooner did the British ministers indicate a determination to interpose in the domestic concerns of France, and a war appear unavoidable, than he eagerly repaired to town and offered his services to the Admiralty.

Fortunately for his country, these services were accepted, and he was appointed to the *Agamemnon* of sixty-four guns. That able and gallant officer, Lord Hood, being at that period appointed to command in the Mediterranean, he accompanied him thither, and was present at the time his lordship occupied Toulon, which he garrisoned with English, Spanish and Neapolitan troops. Captain Nelson was also present at the siege of Bastia, having landed at the head of a body of seamen, with whom he served in the batteries until the capture of that city, which surrendered May 22nd, 1795. He afterwards repaired to Calvi, and while busily employed before it lost an eye. His conduct on both these occasions excited the highest eulogiums on the part of the admiral who commanded.

On the 25th of April, 1805, being accompanied by the *Meleager*, *Diadem*, and *Petterell*, he performed a brilliant exploit at Laona, having boarded and cut out four French store-ships by means of the boats of his squadron, under the fire of the batteries, and amidst an incessant discharge of musketry. Several vessels laden with cannon destined for the siege of Mantua, were also captured in the neighbourhood of Oneglia; so that his name became a terror to the foe.

Vice-Admiral Hotham having succeeded Lord Hood in the command, Captain Nelson was present at the action with the French fleet (March 15th, 1795,) on which occasion he served in the centre division, counting as follows:—

1. *Agamemnon*, Captain Nelson, 64 guns, 491 men.
2. *Illustrious*, Captain Frederic, 74 guns, 590 men.

3. *Courageux*, Captain Montgomery, 74 guns, 640 men.

4. *Britannia*, Vice-Admiral Hotham, Captain Halloway, 100 guns, 859 men.

5. *Egmont*, Rear-Admiral Linzee, Captain Sutton, 74 guns, 590 men.

The English fleet consisted of fourteen sail of the line, and that of the enemy of fifteen, with an admiral's flag flying on board the *Sans-Culottes*, of 120 guns and 2,000 men.

After a sharp and bloody conflict, two ships were captured, and the *Agamemnon* was twice called off by signal, on account of his eagerness for a close action. Soon after this he was detached with a small squadron from the Mediterranean fleet, by means of which he swept the adjacent coasts of the enemy, and cut out nine ships belonging to the French from the bays of Alassio and Anguelia, in the neighbourhood of Vado.

When the Viceroy of Corsica (Sir Gilbert Elliott, afterwards Lord Minto), foreseeing the approaching evacuation of that island, thought fit to seize on the isle of Elba, he was employed for this purpose; and having first effected a landing, and then placed the *Captain*, of 74 guns, within half a pistol shot of the grand bastion, the governor consented to a capitulation, and the town of Porto Ferrajo, with one hundred pieces of cannon, was immediately surrendered.

In December, 1796, Captain Nelson was rewarded for his services by the permission of hoisting a broad pendant as commodore on board *La Minerve*, in which frigate he captured *La Sabina*, a forty-gun ship. Of the enemy one hundred and sixty-four were killed and wounded, while the loss was only forty-one on board his own vessel. Soon after this he descried the Spanish fleet, and immediately steered with the intelligence to the squadron commanded by Sir John Jervis, who by his conduct on that day (February 14th, 1797), merited and acquired the title of Earl of St. Vincent.

The subject of this memoir had barely time to communicate the particulars relative to the force and state of the enemy, and to shift his pendant on board the *Captain*, of 74 guns, commanded by Captain Miller. The commander-in-chief, who had relinquished the blockade of Cadiz in order to pursue the fleet under Don Joseph de Cordova, no sooner received the joyful tidings, than he prepared for action, although he had only fifteen to oppose twenty-seven sail of the line. He however did not upon this occasion disdain to make use of the advantages arising out of superior seamanship; for, by sailing down in a close and compact order, he contrived to begin the engagement before the Spanish admiral was able to complete his line of battle, as a number of ships had been separated from the main body. Seizing, therefore, the critical moment when they were still in disorder, by carrying a press of sail the English suddenly passed through the Spanish squadron, after which they tacked in so judicious a manner, as to cut off all that portion which had fallen to leeward. About eleven o'clock the signal was made from the *Victory* for close fight, and after a severe cannonade the following ships were captured:—1. *Salvador del Mundo*, 112 guns. 2. *San Josef*, 112 guns. 3. *San Nicolas*, 80 guns. 4. *San Ysidoro*, 74 guns.

The effect produced at home by this victory was prodigious. Great rejoicings took place everywhere; the officers of the victorious fleet received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament; the king conferred a patent of an earldom, with a pension of £3,000 per annum, on the commander-in-chief; while Commodore Nelson, by whose gallantry and exertions two of the prizes had been taken, was honoured with the Order of the Bath, together with a gold medal and chain.

In consequence of a promotion in the navy, Sir Horatio hoisted his flag as a rear-admiral of the blue in April, 1797, and was detached soon after to bring away the garrison of Porto Ferrajo. After performing this service, on the 27th of May he changed to the *Theseus*, and was appointed to com-

mand the inner squadron then blockading Cadiz. An attempt was made by him, during the night of the 3rd of July, to bombard this city, and he conducted this enterprise with his usual spirit and resolution, the *Thunderer* bomb having been stationed, under his management, within two thousand five hundred yards of the walls. On this the Spaniards, anxious to prevent the consequences, sent out all their armed craft, consisting of mortars, gunboats, and launches. The conflict was long and obstinate; both sides exhibited great valour; and a singular event ensued, scarcely to be paralleled in the history of modern warfare. The brave Don Miguel Terrason, who commanded the armament, in a barge rowed by twenty-six oars and thirty men, made a most desperate effort to overpower Sir Horatio Nelson and his boat's crew. They fought with their swords, hand to hand, and the conflict was long and doubtful. At length, however, eighteen of his crew having been killed, and himself together with the remainder wounded, the Spanish rear-admiral sheered off. Nor was the British commander exempt from danger; for Captain Freemantle, who accompanied him, was hurt, and his coxswain, Sykes, with several sailors, disabled.

Two nights after, another bombardment was attempted, and effected with superior success; for ten sail of the line, including the flag-ships of the Admirals Mazzaredo and Gravina, were obliged to warp out of the range of the shells. Lord St. Vincent, no indifferent judge of bravery and good conduct, concludes an account of these achievements, in a letter addressed to the Admiralty, with emphatically observing, "That any praise of his would fall far short of Admiral Nelson's merits."

The next exploit in which we find him engaged was an attempt to obtain possession of Teneriffe. Earl St. Vincent having received intelligence, while stationed off Cadiz, that this island was utterly destitute of the means of defence, and that a considerable quantity of treasure had been landed there, determined to detach a squadron against it, commanded by an enterprising officer. Rear-Admiral Nelson being accordingly selected for this purpose, was invested with the command of the following ships:—

1. *Theseus*, 74 guns, Rear-Admiral Nelson, Captain R. W. Miller.
2. *Culloden*, 74 guns, Captain Trowbridge.
3. *Zealous*, 74 guns, Captain Samuel Hood.
4. *Leander*, 50 guns, Captain Thompson.
5. *Emerald*, 44 guns, Captain Waller.
6. *Seahorse*, 32 guns, Captain Freemantle.
7. *Terpsichore*, 36 guns, Captain Bowen.
8. *Fox* cutter, 14 guns, Captain Gibson.
9. *Bomb* ketch.

This armament arrived before Santa Cruz on the 22nd of July, 1797, and as it was intended to take the place by surprise, the undertaking was deferred until night, but the morning was far advanced in consequence of unforeseen delays. A body of men, including one thousand marines, was then landed under the direction of Captain Trowbridge of the *Culloden*, assisted by Captains Hood, Thompson, Freemantle, Bowen, Miller, and Waller, all of whom volunteered their services upon this occasion.

The enemy, however, appear to have been far better prepared than had been imagined, for a very sharp fire was kept up from their batteries; one boat was stove, several were damaged, and the *Fox* cutter lost. Lord Nelson, who had gone on shore with the first division, accompanied it nearly to the spot which was destined for the assault; but having lost his right arm by a cannon-shot, he was left behind. His son-in-law, Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Nesbit, of the royal navy, on missing his leader, returned, and finding him speechless, placed Sir Horatio on his back, and carried him to a boat, which conveyed him on board the *Theseus* under a most tremendous fire from the enemy's batteries.

While their commander lay in this deplorable state, the storming-party advanced, scaled the walls, and penetrated into the

great square of the town, where having formed, to the number of about four hundred, they marched towards the citadel, but found it too strong for them to attack with any hopes of success, being unprovided with cannon. In the meantime Captain Trowbridge was informed by some of his prisoners that a large body of Spaniards, assisted by some French, and supported by five field-pieces, was preparing to give them battle. On this, perceiving the utter impossibility of receiving any further aid from the ships, he despatched Captain Hood with a message to the Spanish governor, purporting, "That if he would allow him freely, and without molestation, to embark his people, and furnish him with boats for that purpose, in the place of those which had been stove, the squadron before the town should not be permitted to molest it." On his Excellency's replying, "That they must surrender prisoners of war," the messenger observed, "That if the terms preferred by him were not instantly complied with, Santa Cruz would be set fire to, and the Spaniards attacked at the point of the bayonet." On hearing this resolute declaration, Don Juan Antonio Gutturez thought it prudent to comply, and Captain Trowbridge immediately marched with his men, colours flying and drums beating, to the head of the mole, where, boats being furnished by the Spaniards, they immediately embarked, their wounded men having been kindly received into the hospital, while those who had escaped unhurt received a plentiful supply of provisions of all kinds.

Sir Horatio immediately returned to England, and it was not until many months after his arm had been amputated that he was pronounced out of danger. On his first appearance at court, His Majesty received him in the most gracious manner, and was pleased to express regret that his state of health and wounds were likely to deprive the nation of his future services. On this the gallant and undaunted tar replied, with all that enthusiasm peculiar to his character, "I can never think that a loss which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country."

As it was proposed at this period to confer a pension of £1,000 per annum upon him, on account of his exploits and his losses, it became necessary, according to the custom of the navy, that he should give in a distinct statement of his claims. In consequence of this he drew up the following paper, which stands unrivalled of its kind either in our own or any other service whatsoever.

"*To the King's most Excellent Majesty.*

The Memorial of Sir Horatio Nelson, K.B., and a Rear-Admiral in your Majesty's Fleet.

That during the present war your Memorialist has been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, viz., on the 13th and 14th of March, 1795; on the 13th of July, 1795; and on the 14th of February, 1797; in three actions with frigates; in six engagements against batteries; in ten actions in boats employed in cutting out of harbour; in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns. Your Memorialist has also served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi.

That during the war he has assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers of different sizes; and taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels; and your Memorialist has actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of *one hundred and twenty times.*

In which service your Memorialist has lost his right eye and arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body. All of which services and wounds your Memorialist most humbly submits to your Majesty's most gracious consideration.

HORATIO NELSON.

October, 1797."

He was now enabled, had he been so inclined, to have retired altogether from the

service, and lived equally exempt from danger and from want, on his pension and half-pay. But his heart still panted after glory; and having rejoined Lord St. Vincent's fleet, a new scene opened for the solace of his ambition and the display of his talents.

The eyes of all Europe were at that moment fixed on Bonaparte. After conquering Italy, and effecting a peace on the continent, he had fitted out a large fleet, and embarked an army of veteran soldiers. The immediate object of his attack was as yet unknown; and while mankind remained involved in suspense, the English ministry deemed it prudent to fit out a squadron in pursuit of them.

Sir Horatio Nelson, the officer fixed upon for the command, was detached by Earl St. Vincent into the Mediterranean, on the 7th of May, 1798, with his flag flying on board the *Vanguard*, of 74 guns, together with the *Orion* and *Alexander*, of equal force, the *Emerald* and *Terpsichore* frigates, and *La Bonne Citoyenne* sloop of war. Having reached the Gulf of Lyons, they were assailed by a very violent gale of wind, which carried away a topmast, as well as the foremast, of the rear-admiral's ship, on the 22nd, the very day on which the French fleet, with Bonaparte on board, sailed from Toulon. Having refitted in St. Pierre's Road, in the island of Sardinia, the harbour of which they were not allowed to enter, the English squadron reached the place of rendezvous on the 4th of June, and were joined, on the 8th, by ten sail of the line under Captain Trowbridge.

With this force, which he deemed sufficient to encounter any fleet of the enemy, Admiral Nelson proposed to steer after them immediately, and knowing that they had sailed with the wind at north-west, he was induced to think they were destined up the Mediterranean. Neither on the coast of Italy, nor in the port of Naples, could any intelligence be obtained of the ultimate intentions of the French; all that was learned amounted to a mere supposition that they had proceeded towards Malta. To facilitate the passage thither, it was determined to pass through the Straits of Messina, and this was accomplished on the 20th with a fair wind; and two days after, intelligence was received that the French had captured Malta, and sailed thence on the 18th with a fresh breeze at north-west.

On this Sir Horatio took an opposite direction, and was not a little mortified, on discovering Alexandria, that not a single French ship was anchored there. In this state of uncertainty, he instantly returned to Sicily, entered the port of Syracuse, took in a supply of fresh water, steered on the 25th of July for the Morea, and, in consequence of new and more correct information, determined once more to visit Alexandria, which he descried on the 1st of August at noon. The enemy's fleet was first discovered by Captain Hood, in the *Zealous*, who immediately communicated by signal that it consisted of thirteen sail of the line, and four frigates, lying at anchor in a line of battle in Aboukir Bay.

The formidable fleet appeared to be moored in a compact line of battle, supported by a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van, while their flanks were strengthened by gunboats. Although the wind blew fresh, and the day was far spent, yet the Admiral made the signal for battle, and signified at the same time that it was his intention to attack the enemy's van and centre as it lay at anchor, according to the plan already communicated by him to the respective captains.

The British fleet, every ship of which sounded its way as it proceeded, stood in; and Sir Horatio being struck with the idea that where there was room for one ship to swing there was opportunity for another to anchor, measures were taken for carrying this idea into effect, notwithstanding the *Culloden* had grounded on Bequier Island. The *Goliath* and *Zealous*, together with the *Orion*, the *Audacious*, and the *Theseus*, led inside, and received a most tremendous fire from the van of the fleet, as well as the

batteries on shore, while the *Vanguard* anchored on the outside of the enemy, within half a pistol-shot of *Le Spartiate*. The *Minotaur*, *Defence*, *Bellerophon*, *Majestic*, *Swiftsure*, and *Alexander*, came up in succession; and Captain Thompson, of the *Leander*, making up in seamanship for the deficiency of a 50-gun ship in point of metal, dropped her anchor athwart the hawse of *Le Franklin*, an 80-gun ship, in such a masterly manner, as to annoy both her and *L'Orient*.

Notwithstanding the darkness that soon ensued, *Le Guerrier* was dismasted in the course of a few minutes, while the twilight yet remained; *Le Conquerant* and *Le Spartiate* were also soon reduced to a similar state; three more, *L'Aquilon*, *Le Souverain Peuple*, and *Le Spartiate*, surrendered; soon after which the Admiral's ship, *L'Orient*, was discovered to be on fire, and the flames burst forth with such rapidity, that great apprehensions were entertained not only for her safety, but also for such ships of the British fleet as were in her immediate vicinity.

Sir Horatio Nelson, who had retired below in consequence of a wound received during the action, no sooner received intelligence of this alarming event, than he came upon the deck, and, with that inborn humanity which is the best characteristic of a hero, bethought him of the most likely means to save the lives of as many of the enemy as possible. The only boat in a condition to swim was therefore immediately despatched from the Admiral's ship, and the commanders of others following the example, about seventy lives were saved; and many more would have been rescued from death, had not the vessel alluded to blown up suddenly with a most tremendous explosion. In the meantime the firing continued, with the interval of this awful moment only excepted; and the victory having been now secured in the van, such ships as were not disabled bore down upon those of the enemy that had not been in the engagement.

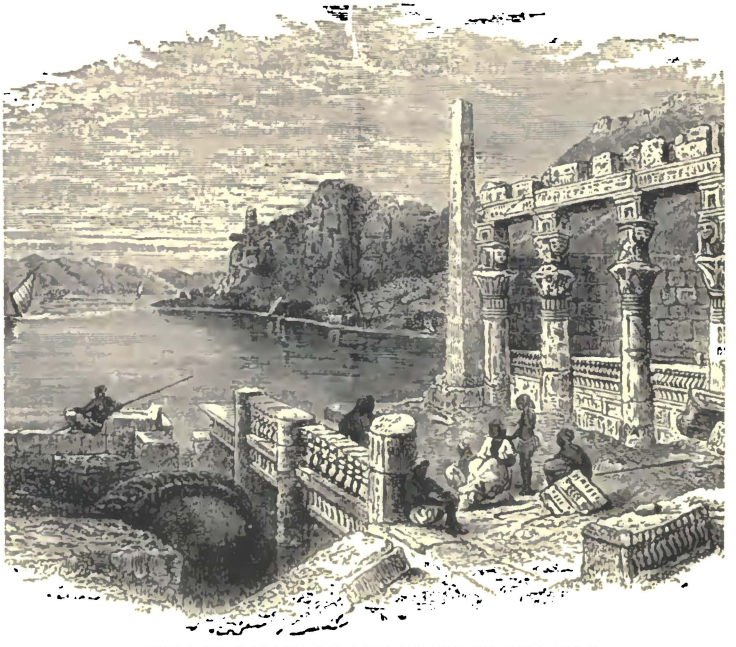
When the dawn developed the scene of this terrible conflict, only two sail of the line were discovered with their colours flying, all the rest having struck their ensigns! These, conscious of their danger, together with two frigates, cut their cables in the course of the morning, and stood out to sea. After this signal victory, the victorious commander lost no time in returning thanks to God for his success.

It was the fourth day after the action before the Admiral could transmit intelligence of this memorable event. His despatches upon this occasion were entrusted to Captain Berry, in the *Leander;* and no sooner were they made public, than the greatest sensation was occasioned throughout Europe. The Emperor of Germany immediately broke off the conferences for a peace at Rastadt; the Ottoman Porte declared war against the French; and the king of Naples marched an army to Rome, of which he for a time dispossessed them. In England the victory of the Nile was celebrated by means of bonfires and illuminations; while the king and both Houses of Parliament were eager to bestow marks of favour on the triumphant fleet and its gallant leader. His Majesty immediately conferred upon him the dignity of a baron of Great Britain, and he was accordingly called up to the house of peers, as Lord Nelson of the Nile. The grand seignior transmitted a superb diamond cheleng, or plume of triumph, taken from one of the imperial turbans; and the king of Naples soon after granted the title of Duke of Bronte, with an estate in Sicily.

Instead of returning home to repose under his laurels, the Admiral immediately sailed for Sicily, where he was received as a deliverer by the king. The subjects of that monarch, discontented at his conduct, and supported by the French, had but lately driven him from his capital, after which they established, or rather proclaimed, the "Parthenonian Republic." The zeal of Cardinal Ruffo, however, who successfully mingled the character of a soldier with that of a priest, proved signally efficacious towards the restoration of the

deposed monarch. Having marched to Naples at the head of a body of Calabrians, he obliged "the patriots," as they were termed, who were in possession of all the forts, to capitulate; and to this treaty the English, Turkish, and Russian commanders acceded. On the appearance of Lord Nelson, however, Ferdinand publicly disavowed "the authority of Cardinal Ruffo to treat with subjects in rebellion," and the capitulation was accordingly violated, with the exception of the prisoners in Castella Mare alone, who had surrendered to the English squadron under Commodore Foote. This is the only portion of the Admiral's public conduct which has ever been censured; for an Englishwoman, residing abroad, having obtained the original treaty in question, thought fit to publish it, accompanied with the severest animadversions.

After having effected the blockade of



RUINS OF PALACE ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

Malta, procured the evacuation of Rome, greatly contributed to the restoration of the king of Naples to his capital and his throne, Lord Nelson embarked with the English minister (Sir William Hamilton) to the court of Naples, and landed at Yarmouth, in his native country, on the 6th of November, after an absence of three years, which had been wholly occupied by a series of most brilliant and magnanimous achievements. The populace assembled in crowds to behold the hero of the Nile, and harnessing themselves to his carriage, dragged him to the inn. On his arrival in London, similar honours attended him; and, after dining at the Guildhall, he was presented with a superb sword by Mr. Chamberlain Clarke, in the name of the Lord Mayor and Corporation, in testimony of an action "perhaps unequalled in the history of mankind." The reply, which is as follows, was delivered amidst bursts of applause :—

"Sir,—It is with the greatest pride and satisfaction I receive from this honourable

court such a testimony of their approbation of my conduct; and with this *very sword* [his lordship at the same time holding it up in his remaining hand] I hope soon to aid in reducing our implacable and inveterate enemy to proper and due limits; without which this country can neither hope for nor expect a solid, honourable, and permanent peace!"

So closed the Egyptian part of Nelson's career, establishing his character as our greatest Naval Hero.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The History of Egypt: Cleopatra.

E now resume the story of ancient Egypt, and show how the baneful influences of the beautiful Cleopatra affected the destinies of the surrounding nations.* We shall give a somewhat detailed account of the life of that queen, for nothing could more vividly bring before us the state of Egypt under the Romans than the narrative of the reign of that extraordinary woman.

Ptolemy Auletes, who reigned in Egypt fifty-one years before the Christian era, and the remains of whose splendid palace are represented in our illustration, bequeathed at his death the sovereignty to his eldest son and daughter, who, according to the custom of his country, were to be united in marriage, and reign jointly. Cleopatra, the eldest, being only seventeen years of age, was, with her brother, committed, by the will of her father, to the care and tuition of the Roman senate. Posthinus, the eunuch, with Achillas, general of the Egyptian army, and Theodotus, a rhetorician, preceptor to the prince, ambitious and aspiring men, contrived to get into their hands the young king, who, by their counsel and persuasions, raised a force for the assistance of Pompey, in the disputes which had taken place between him and Cæsar. In recompense for this service, Pompey procured a decree of the senate to vest the government of Egypt solely in the hands of the prince. But after the battle of Pharsalia, Pompey, flying for refuge to Egypt, was, by the intrigues of these very men, basely murdered.

Cæsar, after this catastrophe, coming to Alexandria while Cleopatra, with her sister Arsinöe, were collecting in Syria troops for the recovery of their rights, the decision of the dispute between the prince and his sisters was referred to his tribunal, and advocates on both sides appointed to plead before him. Cleopatra, on this occasion, aware of the frailty of the judge, and confiding in her personal charms, formed the project of an interview with Cæsar, whose passions she doubted not to interest in her favour. Arsinöe and her younger brother had obtained an easy admittance into Alexandria; but Achillas, the general of Ptolemy, jealous of the address and talents of Cleopatra, sought to prevent her from entering the city. But the princess, fertile in expedients, having obtained from Cæsar permission for the solicited conference, eluded the precautions of her enemy, by causing herself to be secretly conveyed in a small galley, in the dusk of the evening, by Apollodorus the Sicilian, to the port of Alexandria, and landed near the palace; whence she was carried, folded in a mattress, through the gates of the castle, into the presence of Cæsar. Her enterprise

* See Chapter XXV.

produced the effect she had foreseen: Cæsar, captivated by her youth, her beauty, and her address, granted all her demands, and purchased her favours by the sacrifice of integrity and justice.

On the ensuing day, her brother was exhorted to accede to the terms demanded by his sister; but Ptolemy, finding in his judge a prejudiced advocate, appealed from his decision to that of the people. An entire exclusion of the prince from the throne had been the purpose of Cæsar; but, to appease the murmurs of the populace, the destiny of Ptolemy was mitigated to a participation with Cleopatra of the regal dignity, according to the will of their father. In this situation he was incited, by the turbulent and aspiring temper of Achillas, to raise new commotions and tumults, which terminated in a war. After various disputes and skirmishes, a decisive battle was at length fought, in which the fortune of Cæsar prevailed. The unhappy Ptolemy, seeking safety in flight, was drowned while endeavouring to regain, in a boat, his ships in the Nile. On this catastrophe, a younger brother of Cleopatra, a youth only eleven years of age, was associated with her in the government. Cæsar, plunged in voluptuousness and luxury, continued near twelve months a guest in the Alexandrian court. Soon after his departure, Cleopatra was delivered of a son, to whom, with the permission of his father, she gave the name of Cæsarion.

There is not an event in the whole history of human passions and pursuits which is more astonishing and dishonourable than the long residence of Cæsar in Egypt. Though he pursued Pompey to the shores of that country, he should have returned with speed into Europe; and though, by the Etesian winds, his ships were shut up for a season in the harbours of Egypt, yet it was his business to have travelled by land into Syria, and thence to have prosecuted his journey to Rome. Upon what principles of policy, honour, or advantage, could he spend his time in the impure embraces of the Egyptian queen, when the most eventful movements in every province of Rome had an immediate reference to him? How could he indulge himself in low pursuits, when the fate of a mighty empire waited in awful suspense for his important decision? His favourite propensity was the love of power; and to procure what he so much desired, he had spent profusely, and by undue measures supplied his extravagant waste. For it he corrupted the depositories of trust and power; for it he formed friendships, and wantonly violated them; and for it, by the havoc of war, he covered the empire with mourning; and yet that darling, that highest object of ambition, was forgotten in Egypt, for dalliance with the false but beautiful Cleopatra.

To secure the tranquillity of Egypt, Arsinöe, Cleopatra's sister, was sent to Rome, and there, by savage treatment, she was led in chains to grace Cæsar's triumph, and afterwards banished into Asia. Cæsar caused a statue of the queen of Egypt to be placed with that of the goddess in a temple dedicated to Venus. Cleopatra, accompanied by her brother, followed her lover to Rome, where, to the disgust of the people, she was lodged in an apartment of the palace. A war which raged in Spain, compelling the emperor to quit Rome, he prevailed upon Cleopatra, whom he was unwilling to expose, during his absence, to popular insult, to return, laden with magnificent presents, to her own dominions.

Cleopatra, from political motives, had contrived to leave her brother in Italy, where, jealous of his future interference with her authority, she caused him to be despatched by poison. The unhappy youth having expired in a foreign country, far removed from his adherents and friends, no inquisition was made into the manner of his death, or the arts to which he fell a victim. Cleopatra had scarcely reached Alexandria, when tidings arrived in Egypt of the assassination of Cæsar in the senate. On this intelligence, far from consuming

her time in fruitless sorrow, she formed with the eldest son of Pompey, the most inveterate enemy of her deceased lover, an immediate treaty, in expectation of the revival of the interest of his family at Rome. During the civil war that ensued, the queen of Egypt, with a view of securing the favour of the victorious party, afforded to the contending factions alternate aid: while she sent troops to the assistance of Dolabella in Syria, Serapion, her lieutenant in Cyprus, had orders to declare in favour of Cassius.

After the battle of Philippi, when Augustus and Mark Antony shared the world between them, Antony came into Cilicia, whence he sent Delius to summon Cleopatra before him, to justify herself from the charge of having assisted the enemies of Cæsar. But upon whatever pretence he summoned Cleopatra to appear before him, it is to be presumed that he was influenced by a softer passion than that of resentment. The fame of Cleopatra's beauty and elegance had probably awakened the tenderest feelings, and having seen her perhaps in all her bloom and attractions, while in Italy with Julius Cæsar, he might be deeply captivated with her charms. If Cleopatra had not been induced by other motives than those of obedience to Antony, much as she respected and perhaps feared Rome, she would have spurned at his commands, and shown her indignation. But having conquered Julius Cæsar, and held him in her chains, she was disposed, we may presume, through vanity, to try her power also upon Mark Antony.

The day being appointed, Cleopatra, bearing magnificent presents, embarked in regal pomp on the Cydnus, in a small galley, the head of which was inlaid with gold; the sails were of purple silk, and the oars of silver, which, dashing the waves, kept time to the sound of musical instruments. The queen, habited as Venus, reposed under a canopy of cloth of gold richly embroidered, while beautiful boys, representing Cupids, fanned her on either side; her women, attired as sea-nymphs and graces, surrounded their mistress in respectful silence. Perfumes breathed a fragrance around, wafted by the breeze to the shores, which were crowded by people, who flocked to gaze on a scene so novel and splendid. Antony, seated on his tribunal in the forum, found himself wholly deserted. Venus, it was said, had arrived to feast with Bacchus, and to consult with him on the common welfare of Asia.

Cleopatra, having landed, was invited by Antony to supper; but, still further to irritate him, she very artfully eluded this request, pleading her privilege, as a woman and a stranger, to be first allowed the honour of entertaining *the greatest man in the world*, to whom, as a Roman senator, all the potentates of the earth owed homage. Antony, gratified by her flattery, readily acceded to her request, while every preparation which the time would allow was made by her court for his reception. Soft music, lights advantageously disposed, crowds of beautiful women magnificently attired, every elegance that could charm the fancy, gave zest and variety to the entertainment. The queen, still more lovely and splendid than her attendants, reclining in a pensive and studied attitude, her head resting on her hand, contrived to be seen by her guest without being supposed to observe him; till, on his nearer approach, rising suddenly to receive him, she fell, as by accident, on her knees before him. As Antony hastened to raise her, she pretended to recover herself; and, addressing him in an elegant compliment, affected to construe her fall into a favourable omen, that her weakness would receive support from his strength, and that he would defend and protect a queen who wholly resigned herself into his power. Still leaning on Antony, she suffered herself to be placed by him in a chair of state, which had by her orders been prepared for her guest, who gallantly seated himself beside her. This interview proved decisive: Antony became fascinated by the beauty and artifices of the fair Egyptian,

whose only passion was ambition; and who, by the coldness of her own heart, was enabled the more effectually to triumph over that of her lover.

The following evening Cleopatra was invited by Antony to return his visit, when the festivities were renewed, and the chains of the enamoured Roman completely riveted. Credulous, ardent, voluptuous, and sincere, Antony was, without difficulty, induced to yield his judgment to the charms that had subjugated his senses: a dupe to the artifices of Cleopatra, he blindly gave credit, without troubling himself to investigate facts, to whatever she thought proper to assert. By her intrigues and address she separated from him those friends whose integrity gave her umbrage, or whose penetration she feared; while, availing herself of his boundless love of pleasure, she acquired, by her arts and caprices, an unlimited control over his actions. Governing him with a secret but absolute sway, friendship, honour, reason, humanity, and justice, were the sacrifices which she exacted from her victim. Having long coveted the possessions of her young sister, to whom, in conjunction with her deceased brother, the kingdom of Cyprus had been allotted by Cæsar, she induced Antony, by her insinuations, to stain his hands in the blood of Arsinöe, whose death, to throw from herself the odium of the crime, she afterwards affected to deplore. Her sister had indeed, she pretended, conspired against her life and dignity, nevertheless she would have pardoned her, and must ever remain inconsolable for her fate. To appease her grief, and to reward her magnanimity, Antony presented to her the kingdom of Cyprus, the object of her cruel ambition.

She gave a new instance of her power over her lover, in leading him back with her to Alexandria, while his presence was indispensable at Rome, where Fulvia, his wife, maintained with Augustus an unequal contest. The Parthian troops had at the same time assembled in Mesopotamia, under the command of Labienus, and were ready to enter Syria. In vain the friends of Antony exhorted him to disentangle himself from the toils of this Armida: held in dangerous bondage, he wholly disregarded their entreaties and representations. Cleopatra gloried in thus holding in her chains one of the masters of the world: it was of his power rather than of his person that she was enamoured; she dreaded his absence, lest he should escape her fascinations; above all, she feared the influence of Fulvia, a woman of high and masculine spirit, who had fomented the disputes between Augustus and her husband for the purpose of detaching him from the spells of her rival. Cleopatra exhausted her invention in devising new pleasures and spectacles for Antony, with a view of detaining him in her snares. An order, the members of which bore the title of the *Inimitable Livers*, was instituted at Alexandria, the grand rule of which was, by varying their enjoyments, to exclude every interval of satiety or reflection.

Of the excessive expense and profusion attending these festivals, the following curious instance is related by historians:—A young Greek, who came to study physic at Alexandria, had the curiosity to procure himself admission into the kitchen of Antony, where, among other provisions in preparation for a repast, he beheld eight wild boars roasting whole at the same time. Having expressed his surprise at the great number of guests which he supposed must be expected to partake of the feast, one of the officers smiled, and informed him that ten only were invited; but as the moment when Antony would choose his supper was uncertain, and it was necessary that the table should be served in the utmost perfection, not one only, but many suppers, were always prepared. To this it is added, that it was the custom of Antony and Cleopatra to present to their guests the gold and silver vessels in which the entertainment was served up.

The queen, aware that to an enchantment which depended on caprice, serious thought was the most formidable enemy,

surrounded her captive by the creatures of her power, and carefully excluded from him his real friends. Festivals, carousals, gaming, hunting, warlike amusements, and lethargic repose, alternately occupied and diversified their hours. When Antony exercised in arms, his mistress was near him; he was by turns her Hercules, her Hector, or her Alexander. At other times, habited as gods, they caroused on ambrosia and nectar; or, as the caprice seized them, strolled disguised through the city on nocturnal rambles, amusing themselves in wild frolics and dissolute mirth. Every casualty which seemed to threaten an interruption to their pleasures, served, by the wit and ingenuity of Cleopatra, but to improve and heighten their zest. Sometimes, dissolving in softness, she overwhelmed her lover with caresses; then, in fits of feigned anger, compelled him to sue for her returning smiles. By keen and delicate strokes of satire, she would frequently contrive to rouse his anger and alarm his pride, when, by the most artful and ingenious turns, she would suddenly convert into compliment the implied censure.

Antony, one day on a fishing party, being irritated by ill success, gave secret orders to the fishermen to cause divers, under water, to fasten to his hook fishes newly taken. The scheme succeeded, the fish were drawn up, and Antony triumphed in his skill. Cleopatra, suspecting the cause of this suddenly acquired dexterity, privately imparted her suspicions to the courtiers, whom she invited to be present on the ensuing day, to witness the catastrophe of the adventure. Everything being prepared accordingly, Antony again let down his line, assured of prey, and again in a few minutes drew it forth exulting, when, behold, a salted fish, of a species originally taken in the Pontic Sea, appeared suspended to the hook. Confounded by the burst of mirth which this incident produced, he reddened with indignation; when the queen, approaching him with a smiling countenance, "Leave the line, brave general," said she in a soft tone of voice, "to us, the poor inhabitants of Pharos and Canopus: kingdoms, provinces, and cities, are your nobler game."

Cleopatra, by holding the passions of her lover in perpetual agitation by the varied pleasures and vivid emotions she prepared for him, maintained undiminished her ascendency over his mind: a stranger to genuine tenderness, it was her pride to display her power to an indignant world in the degradation of the man whom she pretended to love. By her management, his faithful servants were driven from the presence of their master, whom, with Circean arts, she retained as in a magic circle; his reason, his affections, his glory, were sacrificed to the enchantress, for whom he contemned a prostrate world. Intoxicated with the success of her spells, Cleopatra sported with deceit, and wantoned in new inventions, with which she daily beguiled her fascinated victim. Yet, amidst the intoxications of pleasure, she omitted not to cultivate the sciences and elegant arts. In the place where the celebrated Alexandrian library had suffered destruction, she erected a new one, to the augmentation of which Antony considerably contributed, by presenting her with the libraries of Pergamus, which contained more than two hundred thousand volumes. Her collection of books was not merely ostentatious; she delighted in literature; there were few nations, however barbarous, to which she needed an interpreter. With the languages of the Ethiopians, Troglodytæ, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, and Parthians, she was familiar, nor was she unacquainted with those of several other nations; while the greater part of the sovereigns of Egypt who preceded her, wrapt in profound ignorance, had been unable to acquire even the language of Egypt.

Antony was at length roused from his bewitching trance by messengers from Rome, from whom he received information that Lucius Antonius, his brother, and Fulvia his wife, had, after many disputes, united against Octavius; and, failing in

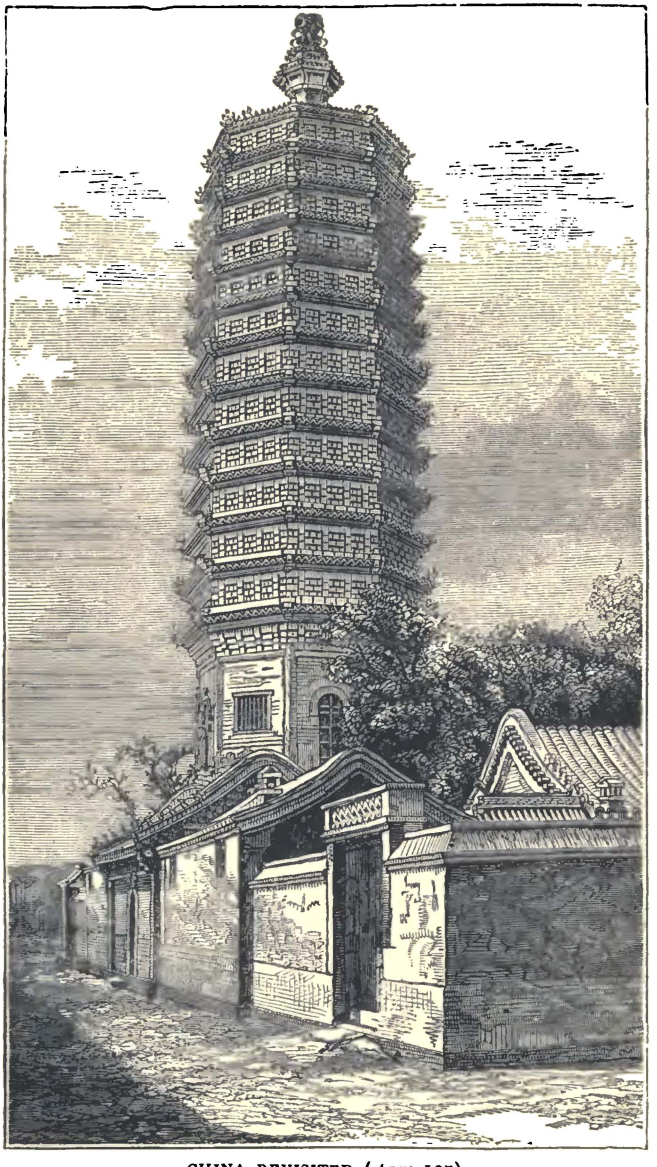
success, had been compelled to abandon Italy: while Octavius, having made himself master of Gaul, had gained the legions stationed there to his party. From another courier, who arrived at the same time, he learned that the Parthians, under the command of Pacorus the son of their king, assisted by Labienus and Barzapharnes, had made themselves masters of Syria, and marched to Jerusalem; which having sacked, they carried away Hyrcanus the high-priest, with Phaznaal the brother of Herod, prisoners; Herod himself having fled for safety to the mountains.

Cleopatra, filled with consternation by these accounts, which threatened to rob her of her captive, and dreading more than all his return to Italy and Fulvia, prevailed on him to turn his attention to the East, and to recover Syria, which she regarded as her own. With this view, she affected to treat lightly the Italian war, and magnified the importance of his presence in the East. After various delays and obstacles which she opposed to the departure of Antony, for the purpose of displaying her power in his weakness, two hundred ships, with a considerable army, were collected to oppose the Parthians. Cleopatra omitted no artifice, on this separation, to convince her lover of the sacrifice she made of her tenderness to his glory, in suffering him to depart. But her triumph received an alloy, when, some time after, intelligence arrived from the spies she had placed about him, that Antony had steered his course for Italy, and had already reached Athens, where he had been joined by Fulvia. Stunned by a blow thus unforeseen, her first idea was to repair to Athens, and to dispute with Fulvia the heart of her husband; but further reflection induced her to abandon a project which, in its possible failure, would overwhelm her with humiliation. Her apprehensions were in some degree softened when she learned that Antony and his wife passed their time in mutual reproaches; Antony upbraiding her with the war she had kindled at Rome, and Fulvia retorting upon him his inglorious captivity in Egypt, to which she imputed the calamities that had taken place. Encouraged by this intelligence, and by the consciousness of superior charms, a comparison which she believed her lover could not fail of making in her favour, Cleopatra addressed to him an epistle, in which, after artfully insinuating her claims, her passion, her sufferings, and the sacrifices she had made to him, she ridiculed, with poignant satire, the age, the person, the character, and the privileges of her rival; while, with mingled flattery, affecting to rally the respect of Antony for the conjugal tie. This address concluded with exaggerated expressions of her despair in his absence. The letter produced the effect intended by the writer, who, on the return of her messenger, received from Antony the tenderest assurances of affection and fidelity. She had also the satisfaction of learning that, on hearing of the nuptials of Octavius with Scribonia, he had advanced towards Italy, without taking leave of Fulvia, whom he left at Scyon, or showing any concern for an indisposition under which she then laboured. A valuable present was at the same time sent by Antony, as a testimony of his love, to his mistress. Fulvia survived not long this new instance of her husband's contempt, while her rival rejoiced at an event which she fancied secured to her for ever the heart of her lover.

Antony having made a league with Pompey against Octavius, the queen of Egypt flattered herself that he would be enabled to lay the world at her feet. Ventidius, his lieutenant, recovered for him Parthia and Syria, while Antony was besieging Brundusium, the gates of which had been shut against him by the order of Octavius, whose troops murmured at being compelled to turn their arms against their former commander: a disposition which promised to facilitate to Antony a victory or an honourable peace.

In the midst of these flattering prospects, an event took place that appeared to give

to the hopes of Cleopatra a mortal blow. Through the interposition of Julia, the mother of Antony, he became reconciled to Octavius, from whom he received, as a pledge of their union, the hand of his sister Octavia. Octavius and Antony,



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leading Octavia between them, had entered Rome in triumph, amidst the acclamations of the army and people. A new division was made of the empire, by which the western provinces, including Gaul, were given to Octavius, while to Antony was allotted the empire of the east. Codropolis, a town of Illyria, on the confines of

Macedon, was appointed the boundary between their domains: Africa was to remain in the possession of Lepidus, and the dominion of Sicily to be continued with Pompey. In token of his entire satisfaction with these measures, Antony accepted the priesthood of the temple newly erected in honour of Julius Cæsar by Octavius his successor.

The queen of Egypt, filled with surprise and anguish, was, on the first tidings of what had taken place, nearly deprived of sense and life. On the recovery of her faculties, fury succeeded to grief; she struck the messenger of the unwelcome news, and would have stabbed him to the heart, had he not saved himself by a precipitate flight. She vented her passions, unaccustomed to control, in rage and execration: while all who surrounded her suffered the effects of her vehemence and disappointment. The tumult of her feelings having abated, she sought to learn the character of a rival, the report of whose youth and beauty had filled her with dismay. In the description of the mild, unassuming virtues of Octavia, she found some alleviation to her despair: acquainted with the temper of Antony, she felt a conviction that his passions, accustomed to a stronger stimulus, would languish in the possession of a woman whose simple goodness and unaffected graces could but feebly affect a vitiated taste, and a heart exhausted by voluptuous excesses. To this confidence in her own discernment, and in her knowledge of her lover, other circumstances were added, which tended to cherish a latent and almost expiring hope. Antony had, on a frivolous pretence, caused Marsius to suffer death; a man who, by firmly censuring his connection with the queen of Egypt, had exasperated Fulvia, and occasioned the war which the present alliance had so happily terminated. He also loaded with favours an astrologer, whom, at the recommendation of Cleopatra, he had brought with him from Egypt, and who, with a view of ensnaring him to return, perpetually declared, that his fortune, however glorious, was overshadowed by that of Octavius, from whom it behoved him to remove to a distance. "Your genius," he was accustomed to repeat, "is menaced by his; in his absence you are great; in the presence of your rival, you sink into comparative littleness. In every contention, even in every game, you are vanquished by Octavius." Antony, disgusted and humbled by these representations, which were not without a foundation in truth, resigned, after a time, to Octavius, the regulation of Rome; and, quitting Italy, repaired with his wife to Athens.

Here he again gave the reins to his inclinations, and plunged into dissipation and pleasure; yet, at intervals, emerging from these excesses, he courted the society of the learned; while Octavia, by her virtues, conciliated the popular esteem. To fill up the measure of his extravagance, Antony assumed the title and insignia of Bacchus, under which he caused himself to be worshipped by the Athenians in a temple near the city. He also ordered a throne to be erected in a grotto, to which was given the name of the Cave of Bacchus; and where, enervated by soft music, he indulged in voluptuousness. To his effeminacy was added an insatiable rapacity: the Athenians having supplicated their new deity to take to wife Pallas, their tutelary goddess and protectress, he consented to their request, but stipulated that the goddess should bring to him, as her dowry, a thousand talents. The servile crowd, alarmed by the consequences of their absurd and licentious superstition, hesitated at this unexpected demand, while they alleged in reply, that his father Jupiter had exacted no portion with his mother Semele. "True," answered their new god; "my father was rich, but I stand in need of money." The ridiculous festival of the nuptials of Bacchus with Pallas was kept in all the Peloponnesian towns; each, in its proportion, contributing to defray the expenses. Antony, charmed with his new dignity, which had proved more than an empty

title, ordered the name of Bacchus to be inscribed at the feet of every statue which had been raised to his honour.

From Athens he sailed to Syria, for the regulation of his affairs, and thence returned to Athens, where, irritated by some reports concerning Octavius, he remained but a short time. Having departed for Italy with a fleet of an hundred sail, and being refused harbour at Brundusium, he sailed indignantly to Tarentum. From Tarentum, Octavia, who accompanied her husband, and who was then pregnant, prevailed on him to suffer her to repair to her brother. Having met Octavius on the road, she held with him a conference in the presence of two of his friends, by her tears and representations softened his anger, induced him to yield his resentment, to accompany her back to Tarentum, and to make an amicable visit to Antony. It was in this interview mutually agreed, that Octavius should give to his brother-in-law two legions, and one thousand foot soldiers, to serve in the Parthian war, while Antony should leave with him one hundred armed galleys and twenty brigantines. After parting on terms of cordiality, Octavius prepared to dispute Sicily with Sextus Pompeius: while Antony, leaving with her brother his wife and family, sailed for Asia.

Cleopatra, who had been watchful of his steps, seized this occasion to allure her captive back to her arms. She had entrusted with one of her spies a letter to be put into the hands of Antony whenever he should be separated from Octavia. This letter, containing a mixture of submission and tenderness, of insinuations and reflections, calculated to touch the heart, and rouse the pride of him to whom it was addressed, could scarcely fail of its purpose. Should Antony, it intimated, show compassion for the only woman who had really loved him, and who was ready to expire the victim of his neglect, Octavius, to whose power and fortune respect was certainly due, would, it was but too probable, vindicate the cause of his sister. The vain and feeble-minded Antony, softened by the recollection of his former mistress, and the images which she had conjured up of her passion and of her despair, and piqued at the supposition of his being held in vassalage by the brother of his wife, determined, by the sacrifice of his principles, to assert his courage and independence. The queen of Egypt (learning from her agent the impression which her epistle had produced) continued daily to importune him with messages; till, on his arrival in Syria, Antony, against the remonstrances and entreaties of his friends, sent to her to join him. This summons was heard with exultation, and obeyed with facility. Antony advanced to receive his mistress on her way, and to conduct her himself to his palace. On their meeting, she affected an air the most humble and submissive, and prostrated herself before him; when he raised and embraced her in a transport of joy and passion.

The purpose of Cleopatra thus accomplished, and her triumph over her rival complete, she resumed her former artifices; banished from the presence of Antony his friends; and, plunging him in dissolute pleasures, barred by her insinuations, and by the whirl of dissipation, in which reflection was drowned, every avenue of his heart against the virtuous Octavia. Apparently watchful of his interest and safety, new alarms of plots and treacheries were daily fabricated; while by multiplied confiscations her rapacity was gratified, and the hearts of the people alienated from Antony. Lysanias, whom he had made king of Chalcis, and for whose spoils she thirsted, was sacrificed by him to the avarice of his mistress: Cyrene, Cyprus, Cœlo-Syria, Iturea, and Phenicia, with great part of Cilicia and Crete, were added to her dominions. The kingdoms of Judea and Arabia, over which Herod and Malchus reigned, became objects of her ambition: to possess herself of their territories, she brought an accusation of tyranny and mal-administration against Herod; while Malchus, she affirmed, had favoured the enemies of her lover.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The History of Egypt—Antony and Cleopatra.

THESE affairs were yet undecided when the season of the year called upon Antony to quit Antioch, and to march towards Armenia. Cleopatra, afraid of trusting him out of her presence, accompanied him to the banks of the Euphrates; where, by her caprices, dissipating his attention, and occupying his time, she caused him to neglect the warlike preparations indispensable for the occasion. It was here that, apprehensive lest the chance of war might deprive her of the advantages which she derived from his infatuation, she again importuned him to grant to her the kingdoms of Judea and Arabia. Herod and Malchus attended at Laodicea the summons of the triumvir, to clear themselves from the charges preferred against them. The injustice of the process appeared so manifest, that, notwithstanding the arts and solicitations of their formidable adversary, Antony contented himself with dismembering their dominions. Jericho and the balsam gardens were taken from Herod; and from Malchus, Arabia Nabath, famed for its perfumes. The profusion of Antony, however lavish, was insufficient to gratify his venal mistress. On being reproached for his extravagant donations—"The greatness of the Roman empire," replied he, with a specious magnanimity, "consists in bestowing, rather than in conquering, kingdoms."

Cleopatra, compelled at length to leave her lover to the prosecution of the Parthian war, omitted no artifice before her departure that might tend to insure his return. To beguile the time during the interval of his absence, she passed through the principal towns of Syria; and, coming to Judea, was received by Herod, who sought, with respectful attentions, to procure her favour and interest. She is accused of having been prompted by vanity, during her stay in the court of Judea, to rival his beloved Mariamne in the affections of Herod, who, either blind to the charms of the Egyptian, or aware of the danger of contesting a heart with Antony, affected to overlook her advances; while he confined his behaviour to a distant and respectful homage. Mortified by the coldness or the prudence of Herod, rage succeeded to coquetry in the heart of the vindictive queen, who silently meditated the future destruction of the man who contemned her attractions. With a view of softening the malignant spirit of his guest, Herod, on her departure, attended her to the boundaries of Egypt; where, on taking his leave, he loaded her with magnificent presents.

On her return to Alexandria, Cleopatra received intelligence that Octavius, having made a glorious campaign, had conquered Sicily, whence he had driven Sextus Pompeius; also that he had compelled Lepidas to renounce the dignity of a triumvir. That the senate of Rome, lavishing honours on its hero, had decreed to him and to his family a festival in the capitol. At the same time, a messenger arrived from Antony with news of an opposite nature: his impatience to return to Egypt had, notwithstanding his formidable power, which had spread throughout Asia terror and dismay, rendered his campaign disastrous; harassed and defeated in all his projects, having lost in the expedition more than thirty thousand of his best troops, he had been compelled to make an inglorious retreat. To this intelligence was added, that having with difficulty reached Leucone in safety, he there impatiently awaited his mistress. The

mortification which this account produced was in some degree softened to Cleopatra by the reflection, that it was to the power of her charms that the discomfiture of Antony might be attributed; her presence and her fascinations having robbed him of his accustomed activity.

Couriers succeeded to couriers to hasten her departure, the impatience of her lover enduring no delay; while he waited her coming, anxiety and grief evidently preyed upon his health. Cleopatra was, by an earnestness so flattering, induced still to procrastinate her journey; wantoning in the power of giving pain, and gratified by the extravagance and infatuation of her lover. When she at length joined him, his transports knew no bounds; having brought with her clothing and presents for the troops, magnificent liberalities were added to her gift by Antony, who contrived to give to his mistress all the honour. By her advice, he softened and falsified, in a letter to the senate, his unsuccessful campaign, of which the truth had already reached them. Octavius, nevertheless, on the receipt of his letters, ordered thanks to be offered to the gods for his success. Octavia, who had remained at Rome during this interval, now solicited permission of her brother to depart in search of her husband. Her request was the more readily granted, as Octavius foresaw, in the indignity with which she would be treated by Antony, a pretence for a rupture which he had for some time meditated. Carrying with her magnificent presents from her brother, Octavia immediately commenced her journey. Cleopatra, alarmed by the purpose of her rival, by her insinuations prevailed on Antony to signify to his wife that she should wait at Athens till the embarrassments of his affairs should allow him the satisfaction of joining her. Octavia, but too sensible of the truth, appeared to acquiesce in these pretences, and, resigning herself with respect to the commands of her husband, entreated only to be informed in what manner she was to dispose of the money and horses, the presents for his friends and officers, and the clothing for his soldiers, with which she was charged. She had also brought with her two thousand chosen soldiers for recruiting the prætorian cohorts, which had suffered during the campaign. Neiger, a friend of Antony's, was deputed with this message, who concluded his commission with high and just praises of the virtue and conduct of Octavia. In this panegyric, the queen of Egypt, who was present, affected to join, yet not without artful allusions to the relationship which she bore to the victorious and powerful Octavius.

The purpose of Antony was, in union with the king of Media, once more to take the field against the Parthians; but Cleopatra, apprehensive lest he should, when so near, visit Athens and Octavia, redoubled her efforts to turn him from his design. She affected to deprecate his absence in transports of grief and passion; while she thought to persuade him that the moment of their separation must inevitably be that of her death. By refusing to take nourishment, and by a studied negligence in her air and dress, she contrived to appear wasted by sickness and sorrow: when Antony entered her apartment, she would assume an air of grief and surprise; and with eyes bathed in tears, which she yet seemed to struggle to suppress, appear, when he quitted her, to sink into anguish and despondency. Her creatures, by whom she had surrounded him, aided her views by their arguments, their representations, and their appeals to his passions. A dupe to the blandishments of a vain and capricious woman, whose tenderness was a fiction to cover her venal purposes, Antony became entangled in the toils which encompassed him, through which he wanted firmness to break. His projects were abandoned, and, while Octavia awaited him at Athens, he suffered himself to be led in triumph, the scorn of an indignant world, by Cleopatra back to Alexandria.

Yet, unsatisfied with her victory, she left no means unessayed to prevail on her lover

to treat with indignity his blameless wife; and without admitting her to his presence, to order her back to Rome. By irritating his pride and his jealousy of Octavius, whose power she extolled and magnified, she at length brought him to her purpose. To assert his independence, and humble his rival, Antony heroically determined to insult and outrage his admirable wife. Cleopatra, by seeming to oppose it, strengthened his resolution, till her design was fully completed. Octavia received the commands of her husband, in which a studied contempt was mingled with asperity, to quit Athens, and to return to Rome. Without condescending to contest with her rival, she meekly obeyed the mandate, and prepared for her departure.

Sextus Pompeius, who had about this period been driven from Sicily by Octavius, sought protection from Antony; and, at the same time, lest his negotiation should fail, had, by his ambassadors, endeavoured to secure for himself a refuge with the Parthians. This duplicity, which had been betrayed to Antony, Pompeius sought to excuse on the plea of necessity and distress. The queen of Egypt, with a view to strengthen her party against Rome, espoused the cause of Pompeius; but, persevering in a crooked policy, he at length fell into the hands of his enemy Titius, who, having against him a personal pique, put a period to his life by a pretended mistake of the orders of Antony. On this event, disappointed in her plans, Cleopatra induced Antony to turn his arms against Artabazes, the king of Armenia, whose dominions she thirsted to annex to her own. Artabazes, pretending to be the ally of Antony, had, during the Parthian war treacherously withdrawn his troops, the result of which had been fatal to the campaign. While Antony was absent on this expedition, Cleopatra heard with rage and mortification of the fortune of Octavius in Illyria, who, crowned with success, carried the glory of the Roman arms where, till now, its name had been unknown. To this intelligence it was added, that he had, with the spoils of the Illyrian war, raised a magnificent portico, ornamented with pictures and statues of inestimable value, on which was placed the standard taken from the enemy, and which he had consecrated to the honour of his sister, Octavia. To increase the anguish and malignity of Cleopatra, she also learned that her rival, on her return to Rome, resisting the entreaties of her brother to abandon the house of her unworthy husband, had declared that no injuries from Antony should induce her to forget the duties of a wife, to which it was her determination, in every instance, to adhere. Remaining in his house, she had, in conformity to this resolution, devoted herself to the cares of his family, and reared, with her own children, those of Fulvia, his former wife. His friends were also received by her with kindness, while she promoted their interest and preferment with her brother. In the most cruel species of widowhood she lived at Rome amidst the sympathy and affection of her family, and the respect and admiration of the people.

Cleopatra sickened at the virtues and magnanimity of her rival, whose superiority she could scarcely conceal from herself: incapable of a generous emulation, she determined to leave no effort unessayed to shake her fortitude, and tarnish her reputation. Addressing herself to Antony, she implored his return, and exhorted him, should force or stratagem prove ineffectual for the conquest of Armenia, to delay his operations till another season. To this request was added a declaration, that she was unable longer to endure their separation.

A civil war with Octavius was the project now revolving in the thoughts of Cleopatra; her restless ambition aspired to the empire of the world, in the humiliation of the family of her rival. Occupied with these plans, she gave the reins to her imagination, indulging in fancied triumphs in the capitol of Rome, where she seemed already, in idea, to trample her adversaries under her

feet. Dazzled with vanity, and frenzied with passion, she beheld no obstacles to her wishes; every difficulty receded before her ardent fancy while she waited in breathless expectation the return of Antony, in whose presence she saw the accomplishment of her daring plans.

Hastily obeying her summons, he arrived in Alexandria, having adopted the insidious policy recommended to him by his mistress, of betraying into his power, under fair pretences, and by solemn engagements, the king of Armenia, whom, with his family, he brought back with him in chains. His entrance into the city was by a triumphal procession in the manner of the Romans, in which Artabazes and his family, their misfortunes aggravated by insult and mockery, preceded the chariot of victory. The procession, which in Rome terminated at the temple of Jupiter, ended in Egypt at the foot of the throne; where Cleopatra, surrounded by the people, received, as a goddess, the homage of the victor. The royal captives, presented in fetters to the queen, having refused with sullen dignity the prostration demanded of them, experienced, in their subsequent treatment, the vindictive malice of a mind to which magnanimity was a stranger.

A short time after his return Antony gave a festival to the Alexandrians, whom he afterwards assembled in the place of public exercises; where, seated with their queen, on a throne of gold, he declared Cæsarion, the son of Cleopatra and Julius Cæsar, in conjunction with his mother, sovereign of Egypt, Cyprus, Libya, and Cœlo-Syria. Among the three children which she had borne to himself, he divided the remainder of his dominions in the East. To Alexander, the eldest, he gave Armenia, Media, Parthia, and the country which should be yet subdued from the Euphrates to India; to Cleopatra, his twin sister, he gave Libya and Cyrene; and on Philadelphus, the younger, he bestowed Phenicia, Syria, Cilicia, with the countries of the Lesser Asia, from the Euphrates to the Hellespont; while he conferred on each the title of king of kings. The princes, in the appropriate habits of the respective countries bestowed upon them, rising from their seats as the ceremony concluded, approached the throne, and, putting one knee to the ground, kissed the hands of Antony and Cleopatra. A retinue, suited to their new dignities, was assigned to them, with regiments of guards drawn from the families of the principal nobility.

To the queen was given the name of Isis, while Antony assumed to himself that of Osiris, the tutelar deities of the Egyptians. They appeared in public in the habits of these divinities; while, in a studied oration, Antony made the panegyric of his mistress, acknowledging her as the lawful wife and widow of Julius Cæsar, to whose rights her son was justly entitled. The eldest son of Antony and Fulvia, present on this occasion, was passed over with entire neglect. This youth had been brought to Egypt at the request of Cleopatra, who, humbled by the generosity of Octavia, was desirous of withdrawing from her protection the children of Antony. Having, by her blandishments, prompted the prodigality of her lover towards her children, she had, at the same time, instigated him to assert the legality of the birth of Cæsarion, with a view of irritating Octavius, by raising to him a rival in the empire, to an incurable rupture with Antony.

But, amidst her aspiring projects, she omitted not by inexhaustible varieties of luxury and pleasure, to rivet her chains on the voluptuous Antony. At a splendid feast which he had caused to be prepared for her, she affected to undervalue the entertainment, boasting that she would, in her turn, provide for him a supper, on which should be expended more than a million of sesterces (£52,500 sterling). Antony, mortified at her raillery, dared her to the performance of her engagement. The evening was accordingly appointed, and the supper served up, in which there appeared to be nothing extraordinary. An-

tony, smiling, called for a bill of the amount. Cleopatra, with an appearance of good humour, suffered his raillery for some time in silence. At length, taking from her ear a pearl of immense value, and dissolving it in vinegar, she swallowed it, inviting her lover to pledge her with that which remained. Lucius Blancus, who stood near the queen, snatched from her hand the gem, declaring the wager to be already decided. For a moment Antony appeared confounded, till Cleopatra, laughing gaily, assured him, that not only three pearls, transmitted to her from a long race of illustrious ancestors, but the world itself, were it at her disposal, should, to afford him one moment's gratification, be lavished without regret. Transported by a compliment thus extravagant, Antony was careful to return, by a profuse magnificence, the gallantry of his mistress.

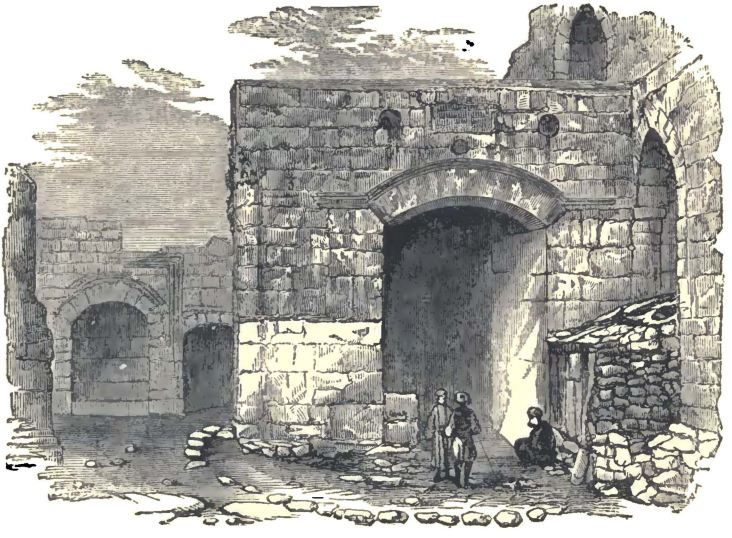
The contest between the rival heroes now drew near to a decision; the rendezvous of the fleet was appointed at Ephesus, whither Antony sailed with the queen of Egypt. His force consisted of eight hundred vessels. Egypt supplied, for the maintenance of two hundred of these, twenty thousand talents, with provision for the whole army, during the continuance of the war. The friends of Antony pressed him to send back Cleopatra to wait in Alexandria the event of the battle; but, dreading lest she should be made the sacrifice of a new reconciliation between the chiefs, she left no means untried to secure her stay. Canidius was bribed by her to plead her cause with Antony, and to paint to him the injustice of depriving of her share of the glory the woman who had so largely contributed to the charge of the expedition. To this he added a representation of the impolicy of disgusting the Egyptians, who composed a great part of the naval force, and concluded by commending the talents and prudence of their queen. Cleopatra entering during this remonstrance, completed, by her blandishments, the ruin of her lover, who yielded to all her demands.

From Ephesus they sailed to Samos, where the allies of Antony were to bring the stores stipulated for his use. While he appeared thoughtful for the event of so important a contest, Cleopatra, alarmed lest he should be meditating a compromise with Octavius, invited to Samos every art and every diversion that could beguile anxiety or dissipate apprehension. The allies emulated each other in gallantry and magnificence; spectacles occupied the day, and carousals shortened the night. Samos became a new Alexandria, while everything wore the aspect of triumph and joy. "How," said the reflecting few, "will they celebrate their victories, who commence a war with such useless expense?"

In despite of the enchantments of his Circe, a cloud still hung on the brow of the chief; he became morose, suspicious of those who surrounded him, and distrustful even of the queen herself. He appeared restless with undefined apprehensions, and would take no sustenance till it had first been tasted. Cleopatra, solicitous to cure him of these inquietudes, and, more than all, hurt by his apparent distrust of herself, determined to convince him, by a stratagem, of her power and his injustice. She caused the tops of a garland, which they were accustomed on festivals to wear on their heads, to be dipped in a subtle poison, and in the midst of the entertainment, when wine had banished all care, proposed as in sport that the flowers should be thrown into the bowl. With this frolic, Antony, accustomed to her caprices, immediately complied, and, raising the vessel to his lips, was about to pledge her in the poisoned liquor. "Hold, my friend," said she, seizing his hand, "I am the poisoner against whom you employ these useless precautions. If it were possible for me to live without you, judge whether I should want the opportunity or provocation to render them fruitless." She then, having sent for a criminal, obliged him to drink from the bowl, when he instantly expired at her feet. Antony seemed for some moments to be lost in astonishment, till Cleopatra,

observing his features soften, burst into a passionate flood of tears, and with difficulty suffered herself to be appeased by his apologies and caresses.

The court went from Samos to Athens, where they passed many days in the same excesses. Cleopatra spared no pains to obtain the same marks of affection and esteem Octavia had received during her residence in that city. But whatever she could do, she could extort from them only forced civilities, that terminated in a trifling deputation, which Antony obliged the citizens to send to her, and of which he himself would be the chief, in quality of a citizen of Athens.



ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM (*page* 199).

CHAPTER XXXIII.

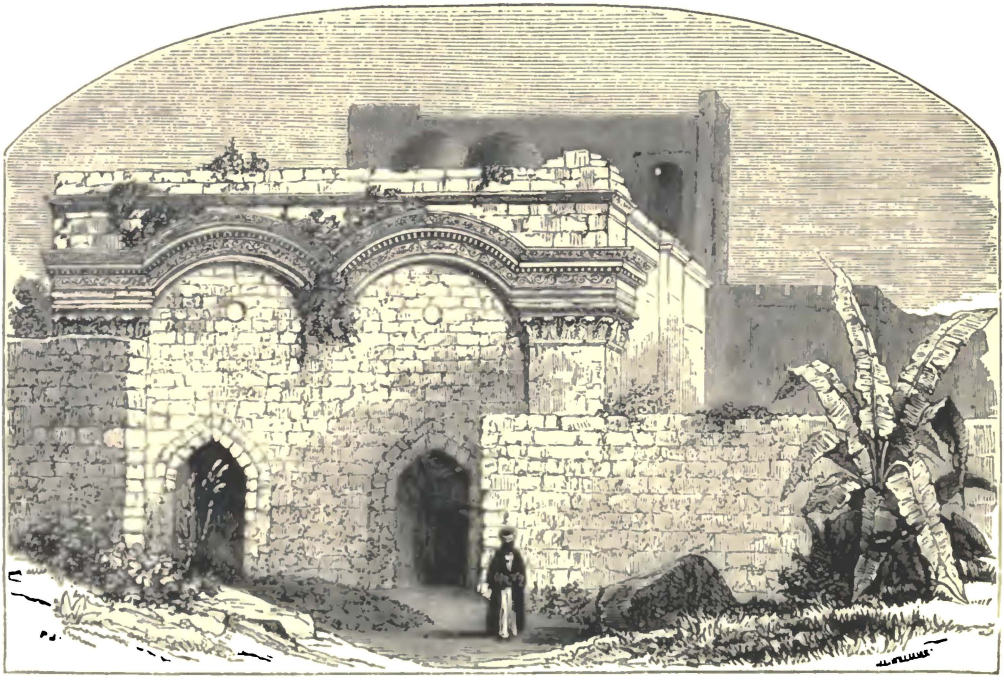
The History of Egypt—The Fall of Cleopatra.

THE new consuls, Cajus Sosius and Domitius Ænobarbus, having declared openly for Antony, quitted Rome and repaired to him. Cæsar, instead of seizing them, or causing them to be pursued, ordered it to be given out that they went to him by his permission; and declared publicly that all persons who were so disposed had his consent to retire whither they thought fit. By that means he remained master at Rome, and was in a condition to decree and enact whatever he thought proper for

his own, or contrary to the interests of Antony.

When Antony was apprised of this, he assembled all the heads of his party; and the result of their deliberations was, that he should declare war against Cæsar, and repudiate Octavia. He did both. Antony's preparations for the war were so far advanced, that if he had attacked Cæsar vigorously without loss of time, the advantage must inevitably have been on his side; for his adversary was not then in a condition to make head against him, either by sea or land. But voluptuousness carried it, and the operations were put off to the next year. This was his ruin. Cæsar, by his delay, had time to assemble all his forces.

The deputies sent by Antony to Rome to declare his divorce from Octavia had orders to command her to quit his house, with all her children, and in case of refusal, to turn her out by force, and to leave



THE GOLDEN GATE, JERUSALEM (*page* 199).

nobody in it but the son of Antony by Fulvia: an indignity the more sensible to Octavia, as a rival was the cause of it. However, stifling her resentment, she answered the deputies only with her tears; and unjust though his orders were, she obeyed them, and removed with her children. She even laboured to appease the people, whom so unworthy an action had incensed against him, and did her utmost to mollify the rage of Cæsar. She represented to them, that it was inconsistent with the wisdom and dignity of the Roman people, to enter into such petty differences; that it was only a quarrel between women, which did not merit their expressing any resentment about it; and that she should be very wretched if she were the occasion of a new war: she, who had solely consented to her marriage with Antony from the hope that it would prove the pledge of an union between him and Cæsar. Her

remonstrances had a different effect from her intentions, and the people, charmed with her virtue, had still more compassion for her misfortune, and detestation for Antony, than before.

But nothing enraged them to such a height as Antony's will, which he had deposited in the hands of the vestal virgins. This mystery was revealed by two persons of consular dignity, who, incapable of suffering the pride of Cleopatra, and the abandoned voluptuousness of Antony, had withdrawn to Cæsar. As they had been witnesses of this will, and knew the secret, they declared it to Cæsar. The vestals made great difficulty to give up an act confided to their care; alleging in their excuse the faith of deposits, which they were obliged to observe; and determined to be forced to it by the authority of the people. The will accordingly being brought into the forum, these three articles were read in it: I. That Antony acknowledged Cæsarion as the lawful son of Julius Cæsar. II. That he appointed his sons by Cleopatra to be his heirs, with the title of kings of kings. III. That he decreed, in case he should die at Rome, that his body, after having been carried in pomp through the city, should be laid the same evening on a bed of state, in order to its being sent to Cleopatra, to whom he left the care of his funeral and interment.

There are some authors, however, who believe this will a piece contrived by Cæsar to render Antony more odious to the people. In effect, what appearance was there, that Antony, who well knew to what a degree the Roman people were jealous of their rights and customs, should confide to them the execution of a testament, which violated them with so much contempt?

When Cæsar had an army and fleet ready, which seemed strong enough to make head against his enemy, he also declared war on his side. But in the decree granted by the people to that purpose, he caused to be expressed that it was against Cleopatra. It was from a refinement of policy he acted in that manner, and did not insert Antony's name in the declaration of war, though actually intended against him. For, besides throwing the blame upon Antony, by making him the aggressor in a war against his country, he artfully managed those who were still attached to him, whose number and credit might have proved formidable, and whom he would have been under the necessity of declaring enemies of the republic, if Antony had been expressly named in the decree.

Antony returned from Athens to Samos, where the whole fleet was assembled. It consisted of five hundred ships of war of extraordinary size and structure, having several decks raised one above another, with towers upon the head and stern of a prodigious height; so that those superb vessels upon the sea might have been taken for floating islands. Such great crews were necessary for completely manning such heavy machines, that Antony, not being able to find mariners enough, had been obliged to take husbandmen, artificers, muleteers, and all sorts of people void of experience, and fitter to give trouble than do service.

On board this fleet were two hundred thousand foot, and twelve hundred horse. The kings of Libya, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, Comagena, and Thrace, were there in person; and those of Pontus, Judea, Lycaonia, Galatia, and Media, had sent their troops. A more splendid and pompous sight could not be seen than this fleet when it put to sea and had unfurled its sails. But nothing equalled the magnificence of Cleopatra's galley, all flaming with gold; its sails of purple; the flags and streamers floating in the wind, whilst trumpets, and other instruments of war, made the heavens resound with airs of joy and triumph. Antony followed her close in a galley almost as splendid. As the poet says:—

"Whilst drunk with fortune's heady wine
Filled with vast hope, though impotent in arms,

The haughty queen conceives the wild design,
So much her vain ambition charms;
With her polluted band of supple slaves,
Her silken servants, and her Pharian knaves,
The capitol in dust to level low,
And give Rome's empire, and the world, a last and fatal blow!"

On the other side less pomp and splendour was seen, but more utility. Cæsar had only two hundred and fifty ships, and fourscore thousand foot, with as many horse as Antony. But all his troops were chosen men, and on board his fleet were none but experienced seamen. His vessels were not so large as Antony's, but they were much lighter and fitter for service.

Cæsar's rendezvous was at Brundusium, and Antony advanced to Corcyra. But the season of the year was over, and bad weather came on, so that they were both obliged to retire and to put their troops into winter quarters, and their fleets into good ports, till spring came on.

Antony and Cæsar as soon as the season would admit, took the field both by sea and land. The two fleets entered the Ambracian Gulf in Epirus. Antony's bravest and most experienced officers advised him not to hazard a battle by sea, to send back Cleopatra into Egypt, and to make all possible haste into Thrace or Macedonia, in order to fight there by land, because his army, composed of good troops and much superior in numbers to Cæsar's, seemed to promise him the victory, whereas a fleet so ill manned as his, how numerous soever it might be, was by no means to be relied upon. But it was long since Antony had been susceptible of good advice, and had not acted only to please Cleopatra. That proud princess, who judged things solely from appearances, believed her fleet invincible, and that Cæsar's ships could not approach it without being dashed to pieces. Besides, she perceived aright that, in case of misfortune, it would be easier for her to escape in her ships than by land. Her opinion therefore took place against the advice of all the generals.

The battle was fought upon the 2nd of September, at the mouth of the Gulf of Ambracia, near the city of Actium, in sight of both the land armies, the one of which was drawn up in battle upon the north, and the other upon the south of that strait, expecting the event. It was doubtful for some time, and seemed as much in favour of Antony as Cæsar, till the retreat of Cleopatra. That queen, frightened with the noise of the battle, in which everything was terrible to a woman, took to flight when she was in no danger, and drew after her the whole Egyptian squadron, that consisted of sixty ships of the line, with which she sailed for the coast of Peloponnesus. Antony, who saw her fly, forgetting everything, forgetting most himself, followed her precipitately, and yielded a victory to Cæsar, which till then he had exceedingly well disputed. It, however, cost the victor extremely dear, for Antony's ships fought so well after his departure, that though the battle began before noon, it was not over when night came on, so that Cæsar's troops were obliged to pass it on board their ships.

The next day, Cæsar seeing his victory complete, detached a squadron in pursuit of Antony and Cleopatra. But that squadron despairing of ever coming up with them, because so far before it, soon returned to join the gross of the fleet. Antony, having entered the admiral-galley in which Cleopatra was, went and sat down at the head of it, where, leaning his elbows on his knees, and supporting his head with his two hands, he remained like a man overwhelmed with shame and rage, reflecting with profound melancholy upon his ill conduct, and the misfortunes she had brought upon him. He kept in that posture and in those thoughts during the three days they were going to Tænarus,* without seeing or speaking to Cleopatra. At the end of that time they saw each other again and lived together as usual.

The land army still remained entire, and

* Promontory of Laconia.

consisted of eighteen legions, and two and twenty thousand horse, under the command of Canidius, Antony's lieutenant-general, and might have made head, and given Cæsar abundance of difficulty, but seeing themselves abandoned by their generals, they surrendered to Cæsar, who received them with open arms.

From Tænarus Cleopatra took the route to Alexandria, and Antony that of Libya, where he had left a considerable army to guard the frontiers of that country. Upon his landing he was informed that Scarpus, who commanded this army, had declared for Cæsar. He was so struck with this news, which he had no room to expect, that he would have killed himself, and was with difficulty prevented from it by his friends. He therefore had no other choice to make than to follow Cleopatra to Alexandria, where she had arrived.

Soon after she formed another very extraordinary design. To avoid falling into Cæsar's hands, who she foresaw would follow her into Egypt, she designed to have her ships in the Mediterranean carried into the Red Sea over the isthmus between them, which is not of any very great breadth, and afterwards to put all her treasures on board those ships, and the others which she had in that sea. But the Arabians, who inhabited the coast, having burnt all the ships she had there, she was obliged to abandon her design.

Changing therefore her resolution, she thought only of gaining Cæsar, whom she looked upon as her conqueror, and to make him a sacrifice of Antony, whose misfortunes had rendered him indifferent to her. Such was this princess's disposition. Though she loved even to madness, she had still more ambition than love, and the crown being dearer to her than her husband, she entertained thoughts of preserving it at the price of Antony's life. But concealing her sentiments from him, she persuaded him to send ambassadors to Cæsar to negotiate a treaty of peace with him. She joined her ambassadors with his, but gave them instructions to treat separately for herself. Cæsar would not so much as see Antony's ambassadors. He dismissed Cleopatra's with a favourable answer. He passionately desired to make sure of her person and treasures; her person to adorn his triumph, her treasures to enable him to discharge the debts he had contracted upon account of this war. He therefore gave her reason to conceive great hopes in case she would sacrifice Antony to him.

The latter, after his return from Libya, had retired into a country house, which he had caused to be built expressly on the banks of the Nile, in order to enjoy the conversation of two of his friends, who had followed him thither. In this retirement it might have been expected that he would hear with pleasure the wise discourse of those two philosophers. But as they could not banish from his heart his love for Cleopatra, the sole cause of all his misfortunes, that passion which they had only suspended soon assumed its former empire. He returned to Alexandria, abandoned himself again to the charms and caresses of Cleopatra, and with design to please her, sent deputies again to Cæsar to demand life of him upon the shameful conditions of passing it at Athens as a private person, provided Cæsar would assure Egypt to Cleopatra and her children.

This second deputation not having met with a more favourable reception than the former, Antony endeavoured to extinguish in himself the sense of his present misfortunes, and the apprehension of those that threatened him, by abandoning himself immoderately to feasting and voluptuousness. Cleopatra and he regaled one another alternately, and strove with emulation to exceed each other in the incredible magnificence of their banquets.

The queen, however, who foresaw what might happen, collected all sorts of poisons, and to try which of them occasioned death with the least pain, she made the experiment of their virtues and strength upon criminals in the prisons condemned to die.

Having observed that the strongest poisons caused death the soonest, but with great torment, and that those which were gentle brought on an easy but slow death, she tried the biting of venomous creatures, and caused various kinds of serpents to be applied to different persons. She made these experiments every day, and discovered at length that the aspic was the only one that caused neither torture nor convulsions; and which, throwing the person bit into an immediate heaviness and stupefaction, attended with a slight sweating upon the face, and a numbness of all the organs of sense, gently extinguished life; so that those in that condition were angry when any one awakened them, or endeavoured to make them rise, like people exceedingly sleepy. This was the poison she fixed upon.

To dispel Antony's suspicions and subjects of complaint, she applied herself with more than ordinary solicitude in caressing him. Though she celebrated her own birthday with little solemnity, and suitably to her present condition, she kept that of Antony with a splendour and magnificence above what she had ever instanced before; so that many of the guests who came poor to that feast, went rich from it.

Cæsar, knowing how important it was to him not to leave his victory imperfect, marched in the beginning of the spring into Syria, and from thence sat down before Pelusium. He sent to summon the governor to open the gates to him; and Seleucus, who commanded there for Cleopatra, having received secret orders upon that head, surrendered the place without waiting a siege. The rumour of this treason spread in the city. Cleopatra, to clear herself of the accusation, put the wife and children of Seleucus into Antony's hands, in order that he might revenge his treachery by putting them to death. What a monster was this princess! The most odious of vices were united in her person: professed immodesty, breach of faith, injustice, cruelty, and what crowns all the rest, the false outside of a deceitful amity, which covers a design formed to deliver up to his enemy the person she loads with the most tender caresses and with marks of the warmest and most sincere attachment. Such are the effects of ambition, which was her predominant vice.

Adjoining to the temple of Isis, she had caused tombs and halls to be erected, superb as well for their beauty and magnificence, as their loftiness and extent. Thither she ordered her most precious movables to be carried—gold, silver, jewels, ebony, ivory, and a large quantity of perfumes and aromatic wood, as if she intended to raise a funeral pile, upon which she would consume herself with her treasures. Cæsar, alarmed for the latter, and apprehending lest her despair should induce her to burn them, despatched every day some person to her, to give her great hopes of the most kind and generous treatment, and nevertheless advanced towards the city by great marches.

Upon arriving there, he encamped near the Hippodrome. He was in hopes of making himself master of the city soon, by means of the intelligence he held with Cleopatra, upon which he relied no less than upon his army.

Antony was ignorant of that princess's intrigues, and being unwilling to believe what was told him of them, he prepared for a good defence. He made a vigorous sally, and after having severely handled the besiegers, and warmly pursued to the very gates of their camp a detachment of horse which had been sent against him, he returned victorious into the city. This was the last effort of his expiring valour; for after this exploit, his fortitude and sense of glory abandoned him, or were never after of any service to him. Instead of making use of this advantage, and of applying himself seriously to his defence, by observing the motions of Cleopatra, who betrayed him, he came, completely armed as he was, to throw himself at her feet, and to kiss her hands. The whole palace of Alexandria immediately resounded with acclamations,

as if the siege had been raised; and Cleopatra, who had no thoughts but of amusing Antony, ordered a magnificent feast to be prepared, at which they passed the rest of the day and part of the night together.

Early on the morrow Antony resolved to attack Cæsar by sea and land. He drew up his land-army upon some eminences in the city, and from thence kept his galleys in view, which were going out of the port, in order to charge those of Cæsar. He waited, without making any motion, to see the success of that attack, but was much astonished when he saw Cleopatra's admiral strike his flag when he came in view of Cæsar's, and surrender his whole fleet to him.

This treason opened Antony's eyes, and made him give credit to what his friends had told him of the queen's perfidy. In this extremity he was for signalising himself by an extraordinary act of valour, capable, in his sense, of doing him abundance of honour. He sent to challenge Cæsar to a single combat. Cæsar made answer, that if Antony was weary of life, there were other ways to die besides that. Antony, seeing himself ridiculed by Cæsar, and betrayed by Cleopatra, returned into the city, and was a moment after abandoned by all his cavalry. It was then, seized with rage and despair, he flew to the palace, with design to avenge himself upon Cleopatra, but did not find her there.

That artificial princess, who had foreseen what happened, to escape the rage of Antony, had retired into the quarter where stood the tombs of the kings of Egypt, which was fortified with good walls, and of which she had ordered the gates to be closed. She caused Antony to be told, that preferring an honourable death to a shameful captivity, she had killed herself in the midst of her ancestors' tombs, where she had also chose her own sepulchre. Antony, too credulous, did not give himself time to examine a piece of news which he ought to have suspected, after all Cleopatra's other infidelities; and struck with the idea of her death, he passed immediately from excess of rage to the most violent transports of grief, and thought only of following her into the grave.

Having taken this furious resolution, he shut himself up in his apartment with a slave, and having caused his armour to be taken off, he commanded him to plunge his dagger into his breast. But that slave, full of affection, respect, and fidelity for his master, stabbed himself with it, and fell dead at his feet. Antony, looking upon this action as an example for him to follow, thrust his sword into his body, and fell upon the floor in a torrent of his blood, which he mingled with that of his slave. At that moment an officer of the queen's guards came to let him know that she was alive. He no sooner heard the name of Cleopatra pronounced, than he opened his dying eyes, and being informed that she was not dead, he suffered his wound to be dressed, and afterwards caused himself to be carried to the fort, where she had shut herself up. Cleopatra would not permit the gates to be opened to give him entrance, for fear of some surprise; but she appeared at a high window, from whence she threw down chains and cords. Antony was made fast to these, and Cleopatra, assisted by two women, who were the only persons she had brought with her into the tomb, drew him up. Never was there a more moving sight. Antony, all bathed in his blood, with death painted in his face, was dragged up in the air, turning his dying eyes and extending his feeble hands towards Cleopatra, as if to conjure her to receive his last breath; whilst she, with her features distorted and her arms strained, pulled the cords with her whole strength; the people below, who could give her no further aid, encouraging her with their cries.

When she had drawn him up to her, and had laid him on a bed, she tore her clothes upon her, and beating her breast, and wiping the blood from his wound, with her face glued to his, she called him her prince, her lord, her dearest spouse. Whilst

she made these mournful exclamations, she cut off Antony's hair, according to the superstition of the Pagans, who believed that a relief to those who died a violent death.

Antony, recovering his senses, and seeing Cleopatra's affliction, said to her, to comfort her, that he thought himself happy as he died in her arms; and that as to his defeat, he was not ashamed of it, it being no dishonour to a Roman to be overcome by Romans. He afterwards advised her to save her life and kingdom, provided she could do so with honour, and to be upon her guard against the traitors of her own court, as well as the Romans in Cæsar's train, and to trust only Proculeius. He expired with these words.

The same moment Proculeius arrived from Cæsar, who could not refrain from tears at the sad relation of what had passed, and at the sight of the sword still reeking with Antony's blood, which was presented to him. He had particular orders to get Cleopatra into his hands, and to take her alive if possible. That princess refused to surrender herself to him. She had, however, a conversation with him, without his entering the tomb. He only came close to the gates, which were well fastened, but gave passage for the voice through clefts. They talked a considerable time together, during which she continually asked the kingdom for her children; whilst he exhorted her to hope the best, and pressed her to confide all her interest to Cæsar.

After having considered the place well, he went to make his report to Cæsar, who immediately sent Gallus to talk again with her. Gallus went to the gates, as Proculeius had done, and spoke like him through crevices, protracting the conversation on purpose. In the meanwhile Proculeius brought a ladder to the wall, entered the tomb by the same window through which she and her women had drawn up Antony, and followed by two officers, who were with him, went down to the gate, where she was speaking to Gallus. One of the two women, who were shut up with her, seeing him come, cried out, quite out of her senses with fear and surprise; "Oh unfortunate Cleopatra, you are taken!" Cleopatra turned her head, saw Proculeius, and would have stabbed herself with a dagger, which she always carried at her waist. But Proculeius ran nimbly to her, took her in his arms, and said to her, "You wrong yourself, and Cæsar also, in depriving him of so grateful an occasion of showing his goodness and clemency." At the same time he forced the dagger out of her hands, and shook her robes, lest she should have concealed poison in them.

Cæsar sent one of his freedmen, named Epaphroditus, with orders to guard her carefully, to prevent her making any attempt upon herself, and to behave to her, at the same time, with all the regard and complacency she could desire; he instructed Proculeius at the same time, to ask the queen what request she had to make him.

Cæsar afterwards prepared to enter Alexandria, the conquest of which there were no longer any to dispute with him. He found the gates of it open, and all the inhabitants in extreme consternation, not knowing what they had to hope or fear. He entered the city, conversing with the philosopher Ariæus, upon whom he leant with an air of familiarity, to signify publicly the regard he had for him. Having arrived at the palace, he ascended a tribunal, which he ordered to be erected there; and seeing the whole people prostrate upon the ground, he commanded them to rise. He then told them, that he pardoned them for three reasons: The first, upon account of Alexander their founder; the second, for the beauty of their city; and the third, for the sake of Ariæus one of their citizens, whose merit and knowledge he esteemed.

Proculeius, in the meantime, acquitted himself of his commission to the queen, who at first asked nothing of Cæsar, but his permission to bury Antony, which was granted her without difficulty. She spared no cost to render his interment magnificent,

according to the custom of Egypt. She caused his body to be embalmed with the most exquisite perfumes of the East, and placed it amongst the tombs of the kings of Egypt.

Cæsar did not think proper to see Cleopatra in the first days of her mourning; but when he believed he might do it with decency, he was introduced into her chamber, after having asked her permission, being desirous to conceal his designs under the regard he professed her. She was laid upon a little bed, in a very simple and neglected manner. When he entered her chamber, though she had nothing on her but a single tunic, she rose immediately and went to throw herself at his feet, horribly disfigured, her hair loose and disordered, her visage wild and haggard, her voice faltering, her eyes almost dissolved by excessive weeping, and her bosom covered with wounds and bruises. That native grace and lofty mien, which her beauty gave her, were, however, not wholly extinct; and notwithstanding the deplorable condition to which she was reduced, even through that depth of grief and dejection, as from a dark cloud, shot forth pointed graces, and a kind of radiance, which brightened in her looks and in every motion of her countenance. Though she was almost dying, she did not despair of inspiring that young victor with love, as she had formerly done Cæsar and Antony.

The chamber where she received him was full of the portraits of Julius Cæsar. "My lord," said she to him, pointing to those pictures, "behold those images of him who adopted you his successor in the Roman Empire, and to whom I was obliged for my crown." Then taking letters out of her bosom, which she had concealed in it; "see also," said she, kissing them, "the dear testimonies of his love." She afterwards read some of the most tender of them, commenting upon them, at proper intervals, with moving exclamations and passionate glances. But she employed those arts with no success; for whether her charms had no longer the power they had in her youth, or that ambition was Cæsar's ruling passion, he did not seem affected with either her person or conversation; contenting himself with exhorting her to take courage, and with assuring her of his good intentions. She was far from being insensible of that coldness, from which she conceived no good augury; but dissembling her concern, and changing the discourse, she thanked him for the compliments Proculeius had made her in his name, and he had thought fit to repeat in person. She added, that in return she would deliver to him all the treasures of the kings of Egypt. And in effect, she put an inventory into his hands of all her movables, jewels, and revenues. And as Seleucus, one of her treasurers, who was present, reproached her with not declaring the whole, and with having concealed and kept back part of her most valuable effects; incensed at so great an insult, she rose up, ran to him, and gave him several blows in the face. Then turning towards Cæsar: "Is it not an horrible thing," said she to him, "that when you have not disdained to visit me, and have thought fit to console me in the sad condition I now am, my own domestics should accuse me before you of retaining some woman's jewel; not to adorn a miserable person as I am, but for a present to your sister Octavia, and your wife Livia; that their protection may induce you to afford a more favourable treatment to an unfortunate princess?"

Cæsar was exceedingly pleased to hear her talk in that manner, not doubting but the love of life inspired her with such language. He told her, she might dispose as she pleased of the jewels she had reserved; and after having assured her that he would treat her with more generosity and magnificence than she could imagine, he withdrew, imagining that he had deceived her, and was deceived himself.

Not doubting but Cæsar intended to make her serve as an ornament to his triumph, she had no other thoughts than

to avoid that shame by dying. She well knew that she was observed by the guards who had been assigned her, and under colour of doing her honour, followed her everywhere; and besides that, her time was short, Cæsar's departure approaching. The better therefore to amuse him, she sent to desire that she might go to pay her last duty at the tomb of Antony, and take her leave of him. Cæsar having granted her that

STREET IN CAIRO.

permission, she went thither accordingly to bathe that tomb with her tears, and to assure Antony, to whom she addressed her discourse, as if he had been present before her eyes, that she would soon give him a more certain proof of her affection.

After that fatal protestation, which she accompanied with sighs and laments, she caused the tomb to be covered with flowers, and returned to her chamber. She then went into a bath, and from the bath to table, having ordered it to be served magnificently. When she rose from table, she wrote a letter to Cæsar; and having made all quit

her chamber except her two women, she shut the door, sat down upon a bed, and asked for a basket of figs, which a peasant had lately brought. She placed it by her, and a moment after lay down as if she had fallen asleep. But that was the effect of the aspic, which was concealed amongst the fruit. That serpent having stung her in the arm, which she had held to it, the poison immediately communicated itself to the heart, and killed her without pain, or being perceived by anybody. The guards had orders to let nothing pass without a strict search into it; but the disguised peasant, who was one of the queen's faithful servants, played his part so well, and there seemed so little appearance of design in a basket of figs, that the guards suffered him to enter. So that all Cæsar's precautions were ineffectual.

He did not doubt Cleopatra's resolution, after having read the letter she had written him, desiring that he would suffer her body to be laid in the same tomb with that of Antony, and instantly despatched two officers to prevent it. But notwithstanding all the haste they could make, they found her dead. As Horace sings :—

"Not the dark palace of the realms below
Can awe the furious purpose of her soul :
Calmly she looks from her superior woe,
That can both death and fear control;
Provokes the serpent's sting, his rage disdains,
And sees his poisons glide through all her veins.
Invidious to the victor's fancied pride,
She will not from her own descend,
Disgraced, a vulgar captive, by his side
His pompous triumph to attend ;
But fiercely flies to death, and bids her sorrows end."

That princess was too haughty, and too much above the vulgar, to suffer herself to be led in triumph at the wheels of the victor's chariot. Determined to die, and thence become capable of the fiercest resolutions, she saw with dry eyes and indifference the mortal venom of the aspic glide into her veins.

She died at thirty-nine years of age, of which she had reigned twenty-two from the death of her father. The statues of Antony were thrown down, and those of Cleopatra remained as they were: Archibius, who had long been in her service, having given Cæsar a thousand talents, that they might not be treated as Antony's had been.

After Cleopatra's death, Egypt was reduced into a province of the Roman Empire, and governed by a prefect sent thither from Rome. The reign of the Ptolemies in Egypt, to date its commencement from Alexander the Great, had continued 293 years, from the year of the world 3681 to 3974.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GORDON—CHINA ONCE MORE—THE CAPE.

CURIOUS to say, till almost the very end of his life, Gordon was better known abroad than at home. Still people were not wanting there to appreciate his value. Among these was the author of "Merv, the Queen of the World," who urged in connection with the Afghan war, then being carried on, that "we should choose a good man for the solution of the Anglo-Russian frontier question; we should allow him to choose his own advisers; we should give him abundance of time to form his own opinions on the subject. He should have unlimited funds to conduct explorations, and to appoint assistant explorers. He should visit in succession Russia and Persia, to realize correctly the genius of those countries. He should have absolute freedom in the preparation of his plans, and the plan, when complete, should be made the basis of a definite and final settlement of the Central Asian question.

I may be asked to point out the Atlas who can bear this enormous responsibility upon his shoulders. We have not to go far to seek him. His name is well known. He is not the offspring of a clique; he is not the creature of a faction. He has fought well; he has ruled well. His Christian piety is a proverb among those who know him; his scorn of pelf and preferment is so remarkable, that he almost stands alone—he hardly belongs to a place-hunting, money-grubbing generation. He possesses the entire confidence of all parties; he enjoys the admiration and love of the nation. Russia knows nothing to his detriment, and he has recently earned her respect by his disinterested exertions on her behalf in the distant East. I have no need to utter his name. It springs spontaneously to the reader's lips—Chinese Gordon!"

Of these exertions more anon; but in the meantime people were astonished to learn that Gordon had been appointed private secretary to Lord Ripon, the newly appointed Governor-General of India. He proceeded to India, but almost immediately resigned.

He himself has told us the reasons for this step:—"Men, at times, owing to the mysteries of Providence, form judgments which they afterwards repent of. This was my case in accepting the appointment Lord Ripon honoured me in offering me. I repented of my act as soon as I had accepted the appointment, and I deeply regret that I had not the moral courage to say so at that time. Nothing could have exceeded the kindness and consideration with which Lord Ripon has treated me. I have never met any one with whom I could have felt greater sympathy in the arduous task he has undertaken. In a moment of weakness I took the appointment of private secretary to Lord Ripon, the new Governor-General of India. No sooner had I landed in Bombay than I saw that, in my irresponsible position, I could not hope to do anything to the purpose, in the face of the vested interests out there. Seeing this, and seeing, moreover, that my views were so diametrically opposed to those of the official classes, I resigned. Lord Ripon's position was certainly a great consideration with me. It was assumed by some that my views of the state of affairs were the Viceroy's; and thus I felt that I should do him harm by staying with him. We parted perfect friends. The brusqueness of my leaving was inevitable, inasmuch as my stay would have put me in possession of secrets of

GORDON IN MANDARIN'S DRESS.

[Mandarins are of two classes, civil and military; the first class is open to any man in the empire who is sufficiently persevering to pass the examinations in Confucian literature. The examinations of the military mandarins are chiefly in martial exercises and administration. Both classes are divided into nine orders, distinguished from one another by buttons, or rather balls, of the size of a pigeon's egg, which are worn above the official cap. The name *mandarin* is not a Chinese word, but is probably derived from the Portuguese *mander*, to command. In former times they exercised a paternal sway over the people amongst whom they lived; but now their chief care too often is to accumulate money as fast as possible as they pass from province to province.]

state, that—considering my decision eventually to leave—I ought not to know. Certainly I might have stayed for a month or two, had a pain in the hand, and gone quietly; but the whole duties were so distasteful, that I felt, being pretty callous as to what the world says, that it was better to go at once."

Instead of returning home, he now went to China, whither a pressing message summoned him. There was danger of war between China and Russia, in connection with Kashgar. Of course in China the name of Gordon was one to conjure with. As he said himself, half humorously, he was a "big man" there. Even in official rank he was high. Our picture recalls to us the fact that he was a mandarin of the highest class, for in the dress of such we have him in that picture represented. His moral influence was still greater; and here it was successful, for he was able to avert the threatened war, and gladly used all his influence on the side of peace.

"My fixed desire," he said, "is to persuade the Chinese not to go to war with Russia, both in their own interests and those of the world, and especially those of England. To me it appears that the questions in dispute cannot be of such vital importance that an arrangement could not be come to by concessions on both sides. Whether I succeed in being heard or not is not in my hands. I protest, however, against being regarded as one who wishes for war in any country, far less in China. In the event of war breaking out, I could not answer how I should act for the present; but I shall ardently desire a speedy peace. Inclined as I am, with only a small degree of admiration for military exploits, I esteem it a far greater honour to promote peace than to gain any petty honours in a wretched war."

The *Times*, in an article on Russia and China, thus sums up his efforts here:—"The outbreak of hostilities seemed imminent, when one more attempt was made to bring about a peaceful solution. The Marquis Tsêng, Chinese Ambassador at the Court of St. James, was ordered to St. Petersburg, to endeavour to amend the action of his predecessor; and Colonel Gordon, in response, it is understood, to an indirect invitation of the Imperial Government, went personally to Pekin, and threw the weight of his great personal influence into the scale of peace. The efforts of both were so far successful, that the danger of immediate collision was staved off. . . .

This, then, in the spring of 1880, seems to have been the political position at Pekin. Prince Chun and the Empress Regent were eager for war, and Tso Tsung-tang, with the tattered legions which had never dared to meet the army of Yakoob Khan, vainly believed himself able to cope with the Russian forces; while Li Hung-Chang and other great satraps, who, with a juster appreciation of the relative strength of China and Russia, desired peace, were dominated by the power of the Imperial name. There is no need to dwell on the circumstances of Colonel Gordon's visits, or on the intrigues which attended his advent. It is enough to say that he paid a visit of several days to the great Viceroy, with whom he had acted in the days of the great Taiping rebellion; and both to him, and subsequently to the high authorities at the capital, urged every argument in favour of peace. Exposing the weakness of their forts and ships, and the unwieldiness and imperfection of their whole military organization, he is said to have warned them that the outbreak of hostilities at Kulja would be followed by the invasion of Manchuria, from the Amoor, and that they might expect a hostile army within two months before the gates of Pekin."

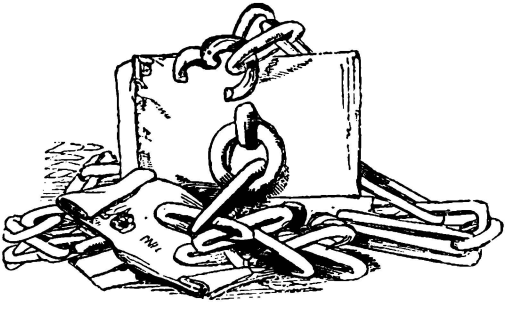
Thus he saved the ingenious and docile population of the Celestial Empire from the horrors of war with the mighty force of the Russian Empire. This being done he returned to England, and almost immediately was on the wing again. Into his various wanderings we need not follow him. The most important was his visit to South Africa, which came about thus:—

On the 23rd of February, 1882, Sir Hercules Robinson despatched this telegram to the Earl of Kimberley :—

"Ministers request me to inquire whether Her Majesty's Government would permit them to obtain the services of Colonel Gordon, R.E., C.B. Ministers desire to invite Colonel Gordon to come to this country for the purpose of consultation as to the best measures to be adopted with reference to Basutoland. In the event of Parliament sanctioning their proposals as to that territory, and to engage his services, should we be prepared to renew the offer made to his predecessor in April, 1881— to assist in terminating the war and administering Basutoland."

He went, but his mission, through the bad conduct of the others, failed there. Mr. Archibald Forbes tells us he wrote— "that he wished to resign, but as he had taken service under certain conditions he was prepared to fulfil them, and intimated accordingly. The Premier was severe in a Little Peddlington fashion, but after the same fashion grandly magnanimous. This was his reply : "In answer to your telegram proposing to come to Cape Town and expressing a wish that Government would accept your resignation, and to subsequent messages intimating that when you telegraphed it had escaped your memory that you had stated your willingness to remain until Parliament met, I have to state that I have no wish to hold you to your promise, and am now prepared to comply with the desire expressed, that your resignation should be accepted : after the intimation that you would not fight the Basutos, and considering the tenor of your communication with Masupha, I regret to record my conviction that your continuance in the position you occupy would not be conducive to public interest."

It was a minor thing to have earned the gratitude of an Emperor for the subjugation of a rebellion that was striking at the vitals of his empire; it was a trifle to have been Viceroy of the Soudan, and to have won the admiration of the world because of the resolute skill with which he had pacificated that vast and turbulent region. What availed Gordon all these things so long as he had been unsuccessful in giving satisfaction to the Premier of the Cape Colony? He lived through much, through what would have proved fatal to most men; but the most surprising proof of tenacious vitality he gave is that he should have survived that august functionary's recorded conviction that his continuance in office "would not be conducive to public interest." He staggered back to England, there to recover from the prostration of despair. It is surprising, indeed, that, after so authoritative an imprimatur of his incapacity, wanton recklessness could tempt greater powers than the Cape Government to entrust him with responsibility. Yet this has been done, and well done, we may add. No doubt our readers will cordially assent to these sarcastic remarks, which are a proper comment on official stupidity.



CHAPTER XXXV.

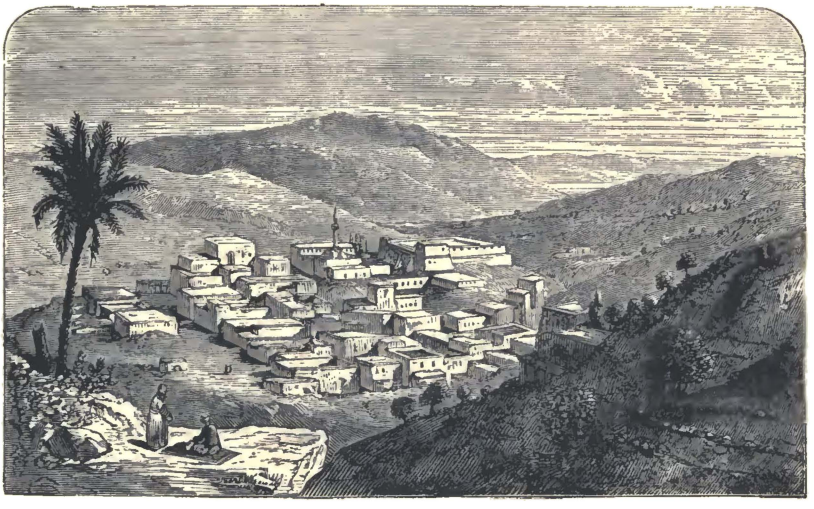
GORDON IN PALESTINE.

AFTER coming back from South Africa Gordon went to Palestine, and living near Jerusalem, occupied himself with a careful study of the localities of the Holy City. We give illustrations of some of the more important of these—St. Stephen's Gate, Jerusalem, and the Golden Gate, Jerusalem. This last is now completely walled up, but was in use when Jerusalem was in the possession of the Christians. The interior is a chamber of considerable size, with much architectural ornamentation, and supported by handsome columns. It is evidently very ancient. There are four principal gates that are constantly open from morning till sunset. On the west side Jaffa Gate; on the south the Gate of Zion; on the east side Stephen's Gate; and on the north the Damascus Gate. The entrances to walled cities in the East were, and still are, secured by gates. Stalls or booths intended for the sale of goods were often near the city gates, and became places of concourse. The gates were often the place of judicial proceedings, as may be learned from Ruth iv., and also of general resort. In Arabia the gate of the city is still the place of judgment. The king or governor passes certain hours of the day there, hears and decides controversies, and transacts business with the people who are passing in and out. As possession of the gates of a city implied possession of the city itself, the word is sometimes used to signify power: "Thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies" (Gen. xxii. 17).

We also give a picture of Nazareth, as a locality of great interest in connection with Gordon's researches in the Holy Land, and an illustration of a Caravanserai, or Eastern Inn.

Gordon's doings in the Holy Land will be best understood by some account of his remarkable little work called "Reflections in Palestine," of which an able reviewer remarks: "It is a difficult, or at least a delicate task to pass this little volume under review, since it is chiefly concerned with solemn topics which are seldom treated in secular journals. Yet it is impossible to pass it over in silence when the name of the author is in all men's mouths; and, moreover, in more ways than one, it must command the most respectful attention. The earnestness of General Gordon is stamped on every line, while his strong and original views are expressed with characteristic self-confidence. Yet the tone is humble, for, if we may say so, he seems to believe himself to be actually inspired by the careful and prayerful study of the Scriptures. These 'Reflections in Palestine' are indeed a strange self-revelation of one of the most remarkable men who has ever lived. The combination of strong, religious enthusiasm, or the profession of it, with the practical gifts that make conquerors, soldiers, or statesmen, has been no unusual phenomenon. But, generally speaking, that enthusiasm has been too obviously tainted by ambition or carnal self-seeking, by spiritual pride or half-conscious hypocrisy. In these 'Reflections,' which were thrown into the form of letters, written either to near relatives or intimate friends, we can detect no trace of anything of the kind. With all their assurance of conviction, their spirit is almost childlike; the writer is no fanatic, and only so far an enthusiast that he has thought with passionate earnestness on matters he believes to be all-important.

Had the little work been published anonymously, even with all we have heard of Gordon's double-sided character, no one could possibly have dreamed of attributing the authorship to him. Indeed, in knowledge of the fact, it is difficult to realize that this docile student of the prophecies, that this humble searcher-out of spiritual mysteries, is the stern soldier who saved the Chinese Empire, and who was forced upon our vacillating Government as the only man who could save 'society' and the garrisons in the Soudan when the case was already desperate. It is probable, however, that all which seems most contradictory in his character really goes far to explain the almost inexplicable success with which he has hitherto triumphed over difficulties without any off chances in his favour. No one has ever questioned his capacity, and the resolutions dictated by his genius have been confirmed in critical circumstances by the conviction that he was but the instrument of an omnipotent Power which would assuredly help him to carry through his work. Then his genius, with the irresistible strength of those convictions, animated his will, and imparted something of his own ex-



GORDON IN PALESTINE—NAZARETH.

alted energy to the semi-civilized races whose primitive beliefs had not yet come in contact with the enfeebling influences of agnosticism or scepticism.

And once the authorship of the 'Reflections' is acknowledged, we have the clue to their author's method of treatment. All the reflections are so far controversial that they dispose of the most hotly-contested questions of topography or doctrine. But, unlike most disputants with new theories to broach or with old doctrines to defend, Gordon makes no reference to authorities, or to the voluminous literature of such questions. He makes no show of erudition, though now and again he shows his knowledge of Hebrew by the use of a Hebrew word. He only knows one book, and that is the Bible; but of the Bible his knowledge is exhaustive and profound; in fact, the soldier who had served in China, in the Soudan, in South Africa, who had been perpetually making forced marches in the midst of watchful enemies, could carry no library of divinity about with him. But it is clear that he had made the Scriptures his constant companion, and that he meditated on what he read there in the watches of the nights. When, after repeated disappointments of a long-cherished plan—

GORDON IN PALESTINE—INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

for his services had been always in demand —he was at last enabled in 1883 to spend a twelvemonth's holiday in Palestine, the 'Reflections' that are now reprinted were all ready to his mind. With the Bible in his hand, with the sacred historians and the prophets for his only guides, he went straight to the holy hill of Zion, to the Mount Moriah, and the Mount of Olives, swept the encumbered slopes clear of *débris* in his mind's eye, and settled the sacred sites on certain postulates he had accepted.

Yet we should mislead our readers did we lead them to suppose that these topographical conclusions of his are founded altogether on blind faith or mystical fancies. On the contrary, the experienced officer of Engineers brings all his professional sagacity to bear on the solution of the problems. He works his diagrams out by contours; he carefully extracts square and cube roots; and he supplements his interpretation of the Scriptures by exact calculations and measurements. And so plausible is the combination of one or the other that did we not feel persuaded, as matter of fact, that, beyond three or four ineffaceable natural landmarks, nothing can ever be confidently determined as to the ancient sites in the sacred city, we should be inclined to say that Gordon had proved some of his points beyond possibility of contradiction. Although true to his character, he is too concise; he goes to those cardinal points of his too directly; and his reasoning would be more likely to recommend itself if he expanded and developed it at greater length. We believe that the scenes of the grand events in the world's history have been effaced beyond possibility of definite recognition. Consequently we take General Gordon's conclusions as suggestive rather than satisfactory, and so we prefer to indicate his method in place of following him into details. For example, some of his strongest arguments for certain localities are drawn from the types of the Old Testament dispensation; and he marks certain central spots precisely by the shadows they threw of the events they typified. He describes with the exactitude of the surveying engineer the lie of the ground on which Jerusalem was built, with its sites immediately beyond the city walls, celebrated in the holy histories :—

'The "skull hill"—Golgotha, or "the place of a skull"—follows a line which is aslant or askew to the valley of the Kedron, until it reaches, at about two-thirds of its entire length, another bare rock, now covered by the Mosque of Omar. . . . I think that the cross stood on the top of the skull hill, in the centre of it, and not where the slaughter-house now stands. Leviticus i. 11, says that the victim was to be slain "on the side of the altar northward before the Lord," and literally they were to slay the victim slantwise to the altar northwards. The altar was on the second knoll within the Haram enclosure, and if the cross were placed in the centre of the skull hill, the whole city, and even the Mount of Olives, would be embraced by those outstretched arms. "All the day long I have stretched out My hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people."'

So that Gordon finds a strong presumption, to say the least, for the site of the crucifixion from the geographical conditions which would give the fullest mystical meaning to the great sacrifice of the Atonement. Then, again, he has drawn out the exact diagram of the internal arrangement of the Temple. He places the ark of the covenant, the candlestick, the table of shew-bread, etc.; and he fixes their places from measurements given in the book of Kings, etc., by two natural sites which he believes are to be absolutely identified. One of these is the altar of burnt offering, the other is the laver or brazen sea. As to the altar, he asserts from analogies in calculations that it was partly formed out of a living rock which may still be seen. While the brazen sea of Solomon, broken up and carried away, was replaced by the fountain of El Kas, 'The Caliph who erected the fountain of El Kas appears to have intended it to occupy the same place as the laver, and to hold about the same quantity. El Kas means "The Chalice."'

We may note, also, the connection in

Gordon's mind between the archæological and the purely religious portions of his book. One and the other are closely linked together by the strict sequence of his method of interpretation. We have seen that, according to him, there are still two existing relics of the old order of things and the Jewish ceremonial. These are the rock and the cup, the altar of sacrifice and the sea in which the priests purified themselves as the ministers of the sinful people. That rock is now represented by the sacramental table of the Lord, and the chalice of the Hebrew priests by the baptismal fonts in our churches. Accordingly, the chief part of these religious 'Reflections' is devoted to the consideration of the Sacraments as the means of grace to man and of recovery from the consequences of the Fall.

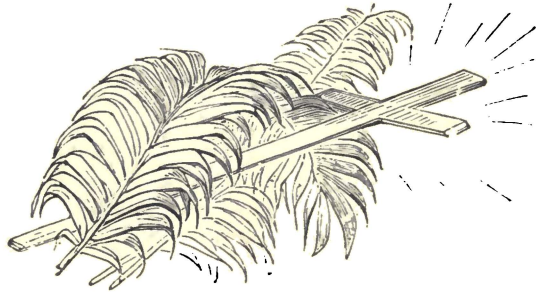
True to his governing principle 'that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God,' and consequently of finding pregnant analogies and lessons in the Old Testament narrative, he sets out from the Fall, showing 'a possible analogy between the three days of creation and our own lives.' That 'possible analogy,' which he really takes for granted, lies at the root and heart of his subsequent matter. First came chaos, where good was mingled with evil, and the light was held captive to the darkness. Second, a state of light. Third, light separated from the darkness, and good separated from evil. Fourth, 'A gathering —good gathered, evil destroyed; light gathered, darkness destroyed.' He adds that, unless we understand that series of events, the remarks that follow will be incomprehensible; and he goes on to develop something like the Persian myth of the perpetual warfare between good and evil. He maintains that the scattering of light in the darkness—that is, the temporary or apparent triumph of evil—in reality tends to the final victory of the light, since it is winnowing the darkness of such light as may be in it. With good men, so far as we understand him, though they are necessarily committed to a struggle with evil, each successive and inevitable discomfiture, if retrieved, lands them on higher and ever higher ground. And 'this is the history of every man's life; of every day's work of man, of the world, of each nation, of the Church, of every member of the Church, the *threshing-floor*.'

In the reflections on the Sacraments, again, Gordon always goes back to material types, by way of interpreting and explaining spiritual operations. He may be a mystic, he may be an enthusiast, yet the practical side of his intellect must have something tangible to argue from; just as in fixing the sites in the precincts of the Temple he makes his start from the solid rock and the perennial spring. Thus, man fell by eating the apple; he received a foreign and poisonous substance, in the shape of the forbidden fruit, into a body that had hitherto been pure and spiritual; so corruption came of incorruption, bringing diseases and death in its train. Man was dead; baptism revives him from death; and in partaking of the Holy Communion, the fruit of the tree of life becomes the antidote to the deadly poison of the tree of good and evil. 'Water must be the connection of baptism with some event prior to the Fall, and that event is the Creation. 'In the beginning God created heavens and earth, and the earth was without form and void, and the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters.' And in baptism, the Spirit, always giving life, is moving as of old on the face of the water. We said that Gordon's very conciseness is somewhat confusing, and at first it struck us from the tenor of his reasoning that he was opposed to infant baptism. But, on the contrary, he holds to it very strongly, though, as is frequently the case, we follow him to his conclusion through a rather fine-drawn and far-fetched chain of thought. 'Baptism signifies the burial of a dead thing which cannot move of itself. A babe is dead as far as its will, etc., are concerned, and when it is figuratively buried in baptism

by believers, there is reason to suppose—indeed, our faith in God obliges us to believe—that it will rise in Christ.' It is Gordon's idea, we may remark, that as the earth once lay dead under a dark waste of waters, so baptism is meant to cover man with water as the figurative acknowledgment of his death.

Perhaps we have said enough to show the characteristics of Gordon's system of theology, which is highly mystical, and sometimes fanciful, but intensely devout and sincere. We have indicated some of his ideas as to the rite of baptism, but we greatly doubt whether this is the place to explain his views as to the holier sacrament of the Lord's Supper; for we could only do him justice by going into them at length. We shall only say that, holding as he does that the elements are actually a spiritual medicine to the body and spirit that were tainted in the person of the first Adam, he is urgent in his pressure upon all to partake, and most catholic in the wide invitations he issues. 'I say, then, what is needed of a man to eat the Sacrament? Simply a sense that he is morally sick and wishes to be better—and few men do not feel both these sentiments.'

It is impossible not to respect—nay, to reverence—the spirit in which Gordon approaches sacred subjects, whatever one may think of his theories, or of the process by which he reasons them out. He has read much in a single Book; he has meditated upon it profoundly, and sometimes he puts things very quaintly, sometimes very tersely, and with pregnant force. He seems to have modelled his thoughts and style on Thomas à Kempis, who is known to have been his favourite among uninspired writers. Here is what he says of the tongue and the ladies:—'The tongue is glib, serpent-like, and it is odd that women have it in such perfection, which none have ever doubted. It is their defence. The woman ate first, and the tongue is her particular *forte*. Yet when women speak good, how well they speak out! They are in this point the salt of the earth.' Again, and in a different tone:—'If the Holy Ghost spoke through us, as He would through many (if the pipe of their bodies were in harmony—that is, if they were sanctified), would not the voice be God's voice?' Again:—'I think our life is one progressive series of finding out Satan. As we grow in grace, we are continually finding out that he is a traitor; he is continually being unmasked.' And for the most vivid and painful piece of writing in the book, we may direct attention to Gordon's conception of the sufferings of the Passion and Crucifixion. But we have said enough to show that the 'Reflections' are a clue to the heroic character of the man who has set before him ideals impossible indeed of attainment, but towards which he is always striving to elevate himself; who seeks to mortify self like his model, Thomas à Kempis, and carries with him the profound conviction that, happen what will, his prayers are being heard and his footsteps directed." And who will dare to say that he is mistaken?



CHAPTER XXXVI.

Sir Sidney Smith—His Defence of Acre.

THE defence of Khartoum by Gordon almost finds a parallel in the defence of Acre by Sir Sidney Smith. That eminent sailor well deserves an honourable place in this record of the great deeds of our countrymen, as, repelling an unjust invasion, he may well be designated a pioneer of freedom.

The great Admiral Howard, who lived in the reign of King Henry VIII., was wont to say that a "certain portion of madness was necessary to enter into the composition of an English seaman." We know not whether this assertion ought to be admitted in its full extent; yet the fact is, that some of our most celebrated naval characters have obtained renown for deeds which appear to cold-blooded men to savour of desperation as well as of valour. It is not our intention to detract from any man's merits who has been, or is now, engaged in the service of his country, either by sea or land; but we are forced to say that our admiration is not so much excited by those dazzling exploits which please the populace, as by the more steady and extensive operations of such magnanimous but prudent commanders who are rather bent upon general good than romantic adventures. Each, however, has his portion of merit; and he who hazards his person with alacrity in behalf of the country for which he fights, must always claim our respect.

Sir William Sidney Smith was born in the Metropolis, 1764. His father was a captain in the army, and his mother the daughter of Mr. Wilkinson, a merchant of great eminence in the city. This match was so hostile to Mr. Wilkinson's sentiments, that he not only discarded Mrs. Smith in his lifetime, but at his death left his whole fortune, which was very considerable, to his other daughter, Lady Camelford.

The subject of the present notice was educated under Dr. Knox, at Tunbridge School; and at an early age was put on board a man-of-war, which profession he had adopted for himself. He rose rapidly, and at the age of sixteen was fifth lieutenant of the *Alcide*, of seventy-four guns. He was made post-captain in 1783, at which time the restoration of peace prevented him from exercising his active spirit in the service of his country.

When the war broke out between Russia and Sweden, in the year 1788, Captain Smith obtained permission from the English Government to enter into the navy of the latter power, by which he was honoured with a distinguished command. During this contest he gave such satisfaction to the court of Sweden by his important services, that the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him; which, however, was not confirmed by his own sovereign. On the termination of that war, he returned to his native country, and soon after set out on his travels through various parts of Europe.

When hostilities broke out between England and France he was in Italy, and on Lord Hood's getting possession of Toulon, Captain Smith went thither and volunteered on board the British fleet. In the subsequent evacuation of that place, he was entrusted with the dangerous but important service of setting fire to the ships dockyards, and arsenals, which he performed with such astonishing skill, boldness, and success, as to call forth the warmest encomiums from Lord Hood in his account of that transaction to the Admiralty.

On his return to England, he had the

command of the *Diamond* frigate bestowed on him, with which he greatly annoyed the enemy on their own coast, and made several important and valuable captures. He had afterwards some other frigates put under his direction, as commodore; with which squadron he performed some essential services, particularly in attacking a French convoy at Herqui, where he landed and demolished the fortifications. At one time Sir Sidney went with his single frigate into Brest harbour, and having reconnoitred the state of the enemy's ships, came out to sea without suspicion. He was enabled to do this by the very fluent manner with which he speaks the French language.

At length, however, his enterprising spirit unfortunately brought him into a very disagreeable situation. Being off Havre-de-Grace, April 18, 1796, he captured an armed vessel in the outer harbour; but the tide making strong up the Seine, she was driven by the force of the current near the forts. When night came on, Sir Sidney, who was determined not to lose his prize, manned and armed his small craft, and went with them to bring her off. He succeeded in boarding her, and was towing her down the river, when an alarm was given, and seven gun-boats proceeded to cut the vessel off. After an obstinate resistance, Sir Sidney was at length taken, together with sixteen of his crew and three of his officers.

The French were happy at having gained possession of one who had been so great an eyesore to them, and conveyed him to the capital, where he was kept in close confinement, without ever being suffered to be at large upon his parole. The English Government, desirous of his release, sent over Captain Bergeret, commander of *La Virginie*, in July following, to be exchanged for him; but the directory refusing to accede to the terms, the French captain returned, saying "he preferred death to dishonour." It was actually one time in contemplation to try Sir Sidney as a spy and incendiary, to which the directory were led in consequence of his conduct at Toulon!

After a long and most rigid confinement, he at length effected his escape, April 24th, 1798, from Paris, and arrived in London May 6th following. The manner in which this occurred was represented in the papers as most extraordinary, and little short of miraculous. It was stated that as the officers were conveying him from one prison to another, a crowd in the street occasioned the carriage to stop, on which some one opened the door and drew Sir Sidney out, who passed unmolested through the people and got into the suburbs, whence, by a circuitous course with an emigrant gentleman he arrived on the sea coast, where they took to an open boat, and after being at sea for some considerable time, were taken up by a British frigate, which landed him and his companion in Old England. It is not unlikely that the French Government took this curious method of releasing him, for it is hardly within the line of probability that such a man should have escaped from his keepers in one of the public streets of Paris, and that too in open day, without the connivance of persons in power.

Sir Sidney was received by his countrymen with that acclamation which a meritorious officer never fails to obtain. His escape was considered as a miracle, which most who heard of it scarcely knew how to credit. His sovereign treated him with the warmest affection, and not only conferred on him marked attention at his public presentation, but honoured him with an immediate private interview at Buckingham House. More substantial marks of favour were not wanting; the very next month Sir Sidney was appointed to the *Tigre* of eighty guns, and in November sailed for the Mediterranean, to assume a distinct command, as an established commodore on the coast of Egypt.

Sir Sidney now entered upon a career by which his former conduct, brilliant as it had been, was thrown into the shade. He repaired to Constantinople to hasten the measures which the Porte was concerting for the expulsion of the French from Egypt.

Their general, Bonaparte, being informed that his arrival was to be the signal for offensive operations, resolved to anticipate them, and to march to Syria to destroy the preparations which Jhezzar, who had been nominated Pasha of Egypt by the Grand Signior, was there making. He accordingly marched with great rapidity towards the province, reduced the fort of El Arisch, and took Jaffa by storm, after which he directed his course towards Acre, the residence of Jhezzar.

Meanwhile Sir Sidney, finding that the Porte was not yet prepared to make any efficient attempt for the recovery of Egypt, proceeded to the coast, and being apprised of the first movements of Bonaparte, endeavoured to check his career by attacking Alexandria, which he bombarded, without further injury to the French than the destruction of two transports. After this fruitless enterprise, he sailed to the assistance of the Pasha of Syria, who at first entertained an idea of defending himself in Acre, anxious only to secure his retreat, and to convey away his women and treasure. The commodore anchored in the road of Caiffa, with the *Tigre*, *Theseus*, and *Alliance* frigate, two days before the enemy made his appearance. In this interval the utmost exertions were made by Captain Miller of the *Theseus*, and Sir Sidney's friend, Colonel Philipeaux, who accompanied him in this expedition, to put the place in a better state of defence, so that it might withstand the attack of an European army. The presence of a British naval force appeared to encourage the Pasha and his troops, and to decide them to make a vigorous resistance.

The enemy's advanced guard was discovered at the foot of Mount Carmel, in the night of March the 17th, by the *Tigre's* guard-boats; these troops not expecting to find a naval force of any description in Syria, took up their ground close to the water-side, and were consequently exposed to the fire of grape-shot from the boats, which put them to the rout the instant it opened upon them, and obliged them to retire precipitately up the mount. The main body of the army finding the road between the sea and Mount Carmel thus exposed, came in by that of Nazareth, and invested the town of Acre to the east.

As the enemy returned the fire of the English by musketry only, it was evident they had not brought cannon with them, which was therefore to be expected by sea, and measures were accordingly taken by Sir Sidney for intercepting them. The *Theseus* was already detached off Jaffa (Joppa). The enemy's flotilla, which came in from sea, fell in with and captured the *Torride*, and was coming round Mount Carmel, when it was discovered from the *Tigre*, consisting of a corvette and nine sail of gun vessels; on seeing the English they instantly hauled off. The ships immediately made sail after them; their guns soon reached them, and seven struck.

These gunboats were loaded, besides their own complement, with battering cannon, ammunition, and every kind of siege equipage for Bonaparte's army before Acre. The corvette, containing that general's private property, and two smaller vessels, escaped, since it became an object to secure the prizes without chasing further; their cargoes, destined for the siege of Acre, being much wanted for its defence. The prizes were accordingly anchored off the town, manned from the ships, and immediately employed in harassing the enemy's posts, impeding his approaches, and covering the ship's boats sent further in shore to cut off his supplies of provisions conveyed coastwise.

The check which the French army had met with, and the loss of their heavy cannon and stores, made Bonaparte draw back his outposts and encamp his army on an insulated height which borders the sea at about a mile distance. After taking possession of Saffet, Nazareth, and Scheffam, in order to clear the passes on the road to Damascus, Bonaparte reconnoitred Acre more accurately with his officers of artillery and engineers, and determined to attack the

front on the east of the town. On the 20th of March the trench was opened at nine hundred feet from the place. The French pushed their works at first with so much activity that the ninth day after the opening of the trench they had twelve pieces of cannon and four mortars mounted, and played with such effect as to pierce the tower, while a branch of the mine had been pushed on to blow up the counterscarp. The mine was sprung, but it only made a hole in the glacis; the French thought the counterscarp injured. The ditch, which had been badly reconnoitred, had appeared but of little depth; the ardour of the Grenadiers, and the contempt with which the taking of Jaffa had inspired them for this kind of fortification, did not suffer them to hesitate. Instead, however, of finding every obstacle smoothed and levelled, they were stopped by a ditch of fifteen feet, of which scarcely half was filled up by the rubbish of the breach; they plunged into it, placed ladders, climbed the breach, but found themselves separated by the counterscarp from the troops which were to support them. The officers who headed the attack, under a most dreadful fire, perished. The Turks, who had abandoned the tower, re-entered it, and the French retreated to their trenches.

During this time the ships under Sir Sidney Smith had been forced to sea in a heavy gale, except the *Alliance* and prize gun-boats, which fortunately rode out the storm. On his return he found that Captain Wilmot had been indefatigable in mounting the prize guns under the direction of Colonel Philipeaux, and that the fire had slackened that of the enemy. As there was much to be apprehended from the effect of the mine which led under the counterscarp, a sortie was determined on; the seamen and marines were to force their way into it, while the Turkish troops attacked the enemy's trenches on the right and left. The sally took place just before daylight on the morning of the 9th of April; the impetuosity and noise of the Turks rendered the attempt to surprise the enemy abortive, though in other respects they displayed great valour. Lieutenant Wright of the *Tigre*, who commanded the seamen pioneers, notwithstanding he received two shots in his right arm as he advanced, entered the mine with the pikemen and proceeded to the bottom of it, where he verified its direction, and destroyed all he could in its then state by pulling down the supporters. Major Douglas of the Marines, to whom Sir Sidney Smith had given the necessary rank of colonel to enable him to command the Turkish officers of that rank, supported the seamen in this desperate service with great gallantry under the increased fire of the enemy, bringing off Lieutenant Wright, who had scarcely strength left to get out of the enemy's trench, from which they were not dislodged, with the rest of the wounded. The only officer killed on this occasion was Major Oldfield, of the Marines, an officer of distinguished merit.

About the 1st of May, Bonaparte was strengthened by the arrival of some pieces of battering artillery, three 24-pounders, brought by the frigates under Vice-Admiral Peree to Jaffa, and six 18-pounders sent from Damietta; these pieces were immediately planted against the town, and the siege was carried on with redoubled vigour. At this period the French met with a great loss in General Caffarelli, one of their principal engineers, who died of the wounds he had received a few days before. They continued to batter in breach with progressive success, and nine several times attempted to storm, but were as often beaten back with immense slaughter. Sir Sidney Smith had been long anxiously looking for a reinforcement. The delay in its arrival being occasioned by Hassan Bey's having originally received directions to join Sir Sidney in Egypt, he was obliged to be very peremptory in the repetition of his orders to join him at Acre; it was not, however, till the evening of the thirty-first day of the siege that his fleet of corvettes and transports made its appearance. The approach

of this additional strength was the signal to Bonaparte for a most vigorous and persevering assault, in hopes to get possession of the town before the reinforcement to the garrison could disembark.

The constant fire of the besiegers was suddenly increased tenfold; the flanking fire of the English from a float was as usual plied to the utmost, but with less effect than heretofore, as the enemy had thrown up epaulements and traverses of sufficient thickness to protect him from it. The guns that could be worked to the greatest advantage were a French brass 18-pounder in the lighthouse castle, manned from the *Theseus* under the direction of Mr. Scroder, master's mate; and the last mounted 24-pounder in the north ravelin, manned from the *Tigre*, under the direction of Mr. Jones, midshipman. These guns being at grape distance of the head of the attacking column, added to the Turkish musketry, did great execution. The *Tigre's* two 68-pound carronades, mounted in two germes lying in the mole, and worked under the direction of Mr. Bray, carpenter of the *Tigre*, threw shells into the centre of this column with evident effect, and checked it considerably. Still, however, the enemy gained ground, and made a lodgment in the second storey of the north-east tower, the upper part being entirely battered down, and the ruins in the ditch forming the ascent by which they mounted. Daylight showed the French standard on the outer angle of the tower. The fire of the besieged was much slackened in comparison to that of the besiegers, and the flanking fire become of less effect, the enemy having covered themselves in this lodgment, and the approach to it, by two traverses across the ditch, which they had constructed under the fire that had been opposed to them during the whole night, and which were now seen composed of sand-bags, and the bodies of their dead built in with them, their bayonets being only visible above them. Hassan Bey's troops were in the boats, though as yet but half way in shore. This was a most critical point of the contest; an effort was necessary to preserve the place for a short time till their arrival. Sir Sidney Smith accordingly landed the boats at the Mole, and took the crews up to the beach, armed with pikes.

The companions of Sir Sidney proved themselves worthy of such a leader, and even eclipsed all the achievements of their forefathers on the plains of Palestine. The effect produced by the arrival of a reinforcement of such men, at so critical a moment, is not to be described. The enthusiastic gratitude of the Turks, men, women, and children, knew no bounds. Many fugitives returned with them to the breach, which they found defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive missile weapons were heavy stones, which, striking the assailants on the head, overthrew the foremost down the slope, and impeded the progress of the rest. A succession, however, ascended to the assault, the heap of ruins between the parties serving as a breast-work for both; the muzzles of the muskets touching, and the spear-heads of the standards locked. Ghezzar Pasha, hearing that the English were on the breach, quitted his station, where, according to the ancient Turkish custom, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket-cartridges with his own hands. The energetic old man coming behind them, pulled them down with violence; saying, if any harm happened to his English friends, all was lost. This amicable contest, as to who should defend the breach, occasioned a rush of Turks to the spot; and time was gained for the arrival of Hassan Bey's troops. Sir Sidney Smith had now to combat the Pasha's repugnance to admit any troops but his Albanians into the garden of his seraglio, which had become a very important post, as occupying the terreplein of the rampart. There were not above 200 of the 1000 Albanians left alive. This was no time for debate, and Sir Sidney over-ruled his objections by

introducing the Chifflic regiment of 1000 men, armed with bayonets, disciplined after the European method. The garrison, animated by the appearance of such a reinforcement, was now all on foot; and there being consequently enough to defend the breach, Sir Sidney proposed to the Pasha, to get rid of the object of his jealousy, by opening the gates, to let them sally, and take the assailants in flank; he readily complied, and Sir Sidney gave direction to the colonel to get possession of the enemy's third parallel, or nearest trench, and there fortify himself by shifting the parapet outwards. This order being clearly understood, the gates were opened, and the Turks rushed out: but they were not equal to such a movement, and were driven back to the town with loss. Mr. Bray, however, as usual, protected the town gates efficaciously with grape from the 68-pounders. The sortie had this good effect, that it obliged the enemy to expose themselves above their parapets, so that the flanking fire brought down numbers of them, and drew their force from the breach, consequently, the small number remaining on the lodgment were killed, or dispersed by hand-grenades. The enemy began a new breach, by an incessant fire directed to the southward of the lodgment, every shot knocking down whole sheets of wall, much less solid than that of the tower, on which they had expended so much time and ammunition.

The group of generals and aides-de-camp which the shells from the 68-pounders had frequently dispersed, was now assembled on Richard Cœur de Lion's Mount. Bonaparte was distinguishable in the centre of a semi-circle: his gesticulations indicated a renewal of attack, and his despatching an officer to the camp, showed that he waited only for a reinforcement. Sir Sidney Smith gave directions for Hassan Bey's ships to take their station in shoal-water to the southward, and made the *Tigre's* signal to weigh and join the *Theseus* to the northward. A little before sunset, a massive column appeared advancing to the breach with a solemn step. The Pasha's idea was not to defend the brink at this time, but rather to let a certain number of the enemy in, and then close with them, according to the Turkish mode of war. The column thus mounted the breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the Pasha's garden, where, in a few minutes, the bravest and most advanced among them lay headless corpses; the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet; the rest retreated precipitately; and the commanding officer, General Lasne, who was seen manfully encouraging his men to mount the breach, was carried off wounded by a musket-shot. General Rombaud was killed. Much confusion arose in the town from the actual entry of the enemy, it having been impossible, nay, impolitic, to give previous information to every one of the mode of defence adopted, lest the enemy should come to a knowledge of it by means of their numerous emissaries.

The English uniform, which had hitherto served as a rallying point for the old garrison, wherever it appeared, was now in the dusk mistaken for French, the newly-arrived Turks not distinguishing between one hat and another in the crowd, and thus many a severe blow of a sabre was parried by the English officers, some of whom had nearly lost their lives, as they were forcing their way through a torrent of fugitives. Calin was restored by the Pasha's exertions, and thus the contest of twenty-five hours ended, both parties being so fatigued as to be unable to move.

After several ineffectual assaults, the enemy had no alternative left but a precipitate retreat, which was put in execution in the night between the 20th and 21st. The battering train of artillery (except the carriages, which were burnt) fell into the hands of the English, amounting to twenty-three pieces. The howitzers, and medium 12-pounders, originally conveyed by land with much difficulty, and successfully

employed to make the first breach, were embarked in the country vessels at Jaffa, to be conveyed coastwise, together with the worst among the two thousand wounded, which embarrassed the march of the army. This operation was to be expected; Sir Sidney took care, therefore, to be between Jaffa and Damietta before the French army could reach the former place. The vessels being hurried to sea without seamen to navigate them, and the wounded being in want of every necessary, even water and provisions, they steered straight to His Majesty's ships, in full confidence of receiving the succours of humanity, in which they were not disappointed.

Thus terminated this remarkable siege, which continued without intermission for sixty days, and in which the hitherto victorious Corsican, at the head of 13,000 men, was baffled in his repeated and desperate attempts to make himself master of an almost defenceless town, by a handful of English seamen; and was at length obliged to return in disgrace, with the loss of one-fourth of his men, and all his artillery. That of the British, in killed, wounded, drowned, and prisoners, amounted to 216.

According to the custom of the Turks, the heads of thirteen French generals, and three hundred officers, who fell into their hands, were forwarded to the Grand Signior, in front of whose palace they were publicly exposed. Seven bags full of the ears of French soldiers killed in Syria were likewise sent him. On receiving intelligence of the meritorious services of Sir Sidney, the emperor sent him an aigrette, and sable fur, similar to that presented to Lord Nelson, worth twenty-five thousand piastres. Nor did his countrymen withhold the applause due to his gallantry. The King himself, on the opening of the next session of Parliament, noticed the heroism of this officer, and the advantage which the nation had derived from his success. The gratitude of both branches of the legislature was expressed in a vote of thanks to Sir Sidney, and to the British officers, seamen, and troops under his command.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SIR SIDNEY SMITH—THE EL ARISCH CONVENTION—AN HONOURABLE SOLDIER.

AFTER leaving every necessary assistance with the Turkish army for its future operations against the French, Sir Sidney Smith repaired to the different islands of the Archipelago, and Constantinople, to refit his little squadron, and to concert with the Ottoman Porte on the most effectual measures to extirpate the French totally out of Egypt. In the meantime Bonaparte had advanced with the greater part of his army and attacked that of the Turks in their entrenched camp before Aboukir, which, after a most desperate and bloody conflict, was stormed and carried, together with the fort of Aboukir. The carnage was dreadful on both sides; the greater part of the Turkish army perished, either by the sword, or were drowned in attempting to get off to the vessels in the bay. The French army also suffered a considerable loss; amongst the slain were several of its principal officers.

Sir Sidney Smith, who had just arrived in the bay, was witness to this defeat, without having it in his power to render the Turks the least assistance. Towards the end of October, a considerable reinforcement of troops and ships had arrived from Constantinople: this accession of strength determined Sir Sidney to proceed to the mouth of the Damietta branch of the Nile, and to make an attack on it to draw the attention of the enemy that way, which, as had been agreed with the Grand Vizier, would leave him more at liberty to advance with the grand army on the side of the desert. For this purpose the coast was sounded, and the pass to Damietta marked with buoys and gunboats. The attack was begun by the *Tigre's* gunboats with great resolution, and the Turks took possession of a ruined castle, from which the enemy in vain attempted to dislodge them. On the 1st of November, the troops were disembarked; at first a considerable advantage was gained over the French, and they were completely routed; but the impetuosity of Osman Aga, and the troops he commanded as a *corps de reserve*, who rushed imprudently forward in pursuit of the fugitives before they were commanded, soon turned the fate of the day. The French availing themselves of their superior tactics, rushed on the Turks with such fury, that they were thrown into the utmost confusion and disorder, fled to the waterside, and throwing themselves into the sea, implored the assistance of the boats, which, with some difficulty and danger, saved all those who were not taken prisoners.

Bonaparte had now left Egypt, and Kleber, who, after his departure, had assumed the command of the French troops, was induced, by the hopeless situation in which he found himself, to agree to evacuate Egypt on condition of obtaining a safe conduct to France. A convention to this effect was signed between that general and the Porte, and by Sir Sidney Smith on the part of Great Britain, the ally of that power.

By an accident greatly to be deplored, a number of letters from French officers to their government were about this time intercepted. In these the state of their army in Egypt was represented in such a light as to induce a persuasion that the enemy must be obliged to submit to the most unfavourable terms. In consequence of this unhappy discovery, the British officers on that station received directions not to treat with the French unless they should acknowledge themselves prisoners of war. The ministers denied the authority of Sir Sidney to conclude the convention of El Arisch, which they refused to ratify, and Lord Keith peremptorily informed Kleber that a passage to France would not be allowed.

This intelligence roused the drooping courage of the foe, who was now rendered desperate by necessity, and prepared anew to dispute the possession of the country he had so lately been willing to evacuate. Whether Sir Sidney was or was not furnished with powers to treat, it soon became evident how politic it would have been to have ratified his convention, the violation of which incurred an expenditure of many millions of treasure, and the loss of many thousands of lives, in the expedition which it was afterwards found necessary to send out for the re-conquest of Egypt.

No sooner was Sir Sidney informed of the disapproval of the treaty by his government, than he gave notice of the rupture to the French general at Cairo. On the faith of the convention the Turkish army had advanced as far as Heliopolis, where the French accordingly met, and totally defeated it. Sir Sidney's honourable frankness towards the enemy so much displeased the Turks, that, on the arrival of a British army to co-operate in the reduction of Egypt, the Captain Pasha insisted, says Sir Robert Wilson, on the recall of Sir Sidney Smith, the saviour of the Turkish Empire. The Turks probably never forgave that generous honesty which would not betray an enemy, and they attributed to him the defeat of the Grand Vizier at Heliopolis.

Many other instances of the philanthropy and benevolence of Sir Sidney Smith, even to his enemies, during his command in the Mediterranean, might be adduced, but the following shall suffice. An account published by the French themselves, stated, that in September, 1800, a flag of truce arrived at Barcelona from Port Mahon, bringing thither more than one hundred prisoners, Spaniards, Ligurians and French, rescued by our countrymen from the cruel hands of the Turks. Among these captives was M. Thevenard, whose father resided at Toulon. He had belonged to the French army in Egypt; his brother had fallen in the battle of Aboukir; and he himself had languished in captivity for some time, till Sir Sidney became apprised of his distressed situation. He immediately made every exertion to procure his release, and with success; but his generosity did not stop here, he supplied him with necessaries, with money, with recommendations to various persons at Constantinople, and afterwards caused him to be conveyed to Rhodes in a vessel purposely equipped for his use. The conduct of Sir Sidney on this occasion was acknowledged with the utmost gratitude by the French, and the following letter, selected from among many others equally benevolent, was published in the French papers.

Copy of a letter from Commodore Sir Sidney Smith, to Captain Gabriel Thevenard.

"ON BOARD THE *Tigre, June 15th*, 1800.

M. Thevenard is requested to come and dine with Sir Sidney Smith on board the *Tigre*, this day, at three o'clock. Sir Sidney takes the liberty to send some clothes, which he supposes a person just escaped from prison may require. The great-coat is not of the best, but, excepting English naval uniforms, it is the only one on board the *Tigre*, and the same Sir Sidney wore during his journey from the Temple, till he reached the sea. It will have done good service if it again serves a similar purpose, by restoring another son to the arms of his aged father, dying with chagrin."

How different this from the treatment he had himself experienced when under similar circumstances!

In 1801, when a powerful British military force was sent to Egypt, Sir Sidney Smith was one of the naval officers appointed to co-operate with the army, at the head of a detachment of seamen, and the Commander-in-chief bore the most honourable testimony to his merits, as having been "indefatigable in his exertions to forward the service on which he was employed." In this service he received a wound, in the battle of the 21st of March, which proved fatal to the lamented Abercromby, but it was not so material as to deprive his brave colleagues of his assistance.

Being soon afterwards prevented, by the jealousy of the Turks, from any further participation in this contest, Sir Sidney returned to England. On his arrival, the Corporation of London, whose public-spirited remuneration of naval valour should not be passed over unnoticed, resolved to bestow on him the freedom of the city, and to accompany it with the present of a valuable sword. Accordingly, on the 7th of December, 1801, the hero attended at Guildhall, to be invested with the civic privileges of which he had been deemed worthy, and to receive the symbol of valour he had so justly merited. On this occasion the chamberlain addressed him in the following terms:

"Sir Sidney Smith, I give you joy in the name of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common-council assembled, and present you the thanks of the court for your gallant and successful defence of St. Jean d'Acre, against the desperate attack of the French army under the command of General Bonaparte; and, as a further testimony of the sense the court entertains of your great display of valour on that occasion, I have the honour to present you with the freedom of the city, and this sword. [Sir Sidney received the sword, and pressed it with

fervour to his lips.] I will not, sir, attempt a panegyric upon an action to which the oratorical powers in the most eloquent assemblies have been confessed unequal; but I cannot help exulting on this happy occasion at the vast national reputation acquired by your conduct at the head of a handful of Britons, in repulsing him who has been justly styled the Alexander of the day, surrounded by a host of conquerors till then deemed invincible. By this splendid achievement you frustrated the designs of the foe on our eastern territories, prevented the overthrow of the Ottoman power in Asia, the downfall of its throne in Europe, and prepared the way for that treaty of peace, which, it is devoutly to be wished, may long preserve the tranquillity of the universe, and promote friendship and goodwill among all nations. It must be highly gratifying to every lover of his country that this event should have happened on the very spot where a gallant English monarch formerly displayed such prodigies of valour, that a celebrated historian recording his actions, struck with the stupendous instances of prowess displayed by that heroic prince, suddenly exclaimed, 'Am I writing history or romance?' Had, sir, that historian survived to have witnessed what has recently happened at St. Jean d'Acre, he would have exultingly resigned his doubts, and generously have confessed, that actions no less extraordinary than those performed by the gallant Cœur de Lion have been achieved by Sir Sidney Smith."

Peace now produced a temporary suspension of the active professional exertions of our hero, who, at the general election in 1802, aspired for the first time to a seat in the House of Commons. After canvassing Rochester, which had chosen Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and a great number of other celebrated naval commanders, for its representatives, he determined to become a candidate. He attained the object of his ambition, for, at the conclusion of the election, his name stood at the head of the poll.

On the renewal of hostilities, in the following year, Sir Sidney was appointed to the *Antelope*, of 50 guns, with the command of a flying squadron. In April, 1804, he received the appointment of Colonel of Marines. On the 16th of the following month he had a smart action with a French flotilla which had left Flushing for the purpose of forming a junction with that at Ostend; but, notwithstanding the vigorous measures adopted by the commodore and the squadron under his command, the greatest part of their vessels reached the place of their destination; a circumstance which could only be imputed to the disadvantages to which the English ships were subjected in consequence of the shallowness of the water, and the effect of the enemy's battering and field-artillery on shore. By these causes he was prevented from taking possession of several of the enemy's vessels which had struck their colours. One, however, was captured, and three schooners and a schuyt were sunk. The loss sustained by the British squadron amounted to 13 killed and 32 wounded.

It was probably the disappointment he experienced in this instance that led him to direct his thoughts toward the construction of vessels capable of acting in shallow water, and fit for transporting artillery and troops; for, in September following, we find him at Dover, making experiments with two vessels of his own contrivance, called the *Gemini* and *Cancer*, which were said perfectly to answer all the purposes for which they were designed.

On the 9th of November, 1805, Sir Sidney attained to the rank of Rear-Admiral of the Blue. Early the following year he hoisted his flag on board the *Pompee*, of 80 guns, one of the ships he had himself been instrumental in carrying away from Toulon in 1793. In her he proceeded to the Mediterranean, where Lord Collingwood placed a small squadron under his orders to annoy the French in their newly-conquered kingdom of Naples. On his arrival, he had the satisfaction to find that the gallant Prince of Hesse still held out in the fortress of

Gaeta; but being without succour, Sir Sidney's first care was to supply him with the most essential articles for the defence of that important place. Conceiving that he could best co-operate with the governor by drawing off some of the attacking force to Naples, the Rear-Admiral proceeded thither in the *Pompee*, accompanied by the *Excellent*, *Intrepid*, and *Athenian*. The city was just then illuminated, on account of Joseph Bonaparte proclaiming himself king of the Two Sicilies. "It would have been easy," says Sir Sidney, "to have interrupted this ceremony and show of festivity; but I considered that the unfortunate inhabitants had evil enough on them; that the restoration of the capital to its lawful sovereign, and its fugitive inhabitants, would be no gratification if it should be found a heap of ruins, ashes, and bones; and that as I had no force to land and keep order in case of the French army retiring to the fortresses, I should leave an opulent city a prey to the licentious part of the community, who would not fail to profit by the confusion the flames would occasion." Swayed by these motives of genuine humanity, the Rear-Admiral would not suffer a single gun to be fired; but no such consideration prevented his attempting to dislodge the French garrison from Capri, the possession of which was of considerable importance to the enemy. He accordingly summoned the commandant to surrender, and on his refusal, a party of seamen and marines were landed. In the conflict which ensued, the French commandant fell, on which the second in command thought fit to accept the terms proposed by Sir Sidney. A capitulation was signed, and the garrison was allowed to march out and pass over to Massa, on the Neapolitan coast, with every honour of war, after the interment of their former brave commander.

In the year 1808, when the French threatened to overrun Portugal, Sir Sidney Smith was sent with a strong squadron in order to save the royal family, and to protect the lives and property of the British subjects in that country. As the Portuguese government did not possess the means of opposing the invaders, they listened to the advice of Lord Strangford, the British ambassador at Lisbon, and prepared to withdraw to the Brazils. Hesitating, however, to execute this bold and rational project, they seemed for a time inclined to throw themselves upon the mercy of the French. As soon as Sir Sidney perceived this change of sentiment, he placed the Tagus in a state of rigorous blockade; but the court soon acknowledged the folly of its conduct, and requested the aid of the gallant Admiral. This was immediately granted, and Sir Sidney was in a short time at sea, having on board the royal house of Braganza, with several thousands of the most respectable people of Lisbon, and a large quantity of money, goods, etc. Thus he acquired the honour of essentially co-operating in saving one of the ancient royal families of Europe from destruction, and of laying the foundation of a new empire in America. Sir Sidney afterwards returned from his station at the Brazils, where it appears his health had suffered considerably from the climate and the anxiety of mind he experienced. He did not continue long unemployed, having in 1812 sailed with a squadron in order to annoy the enemy's coast, a service for which he seemed to be peculiarly well qualified, and where he added another wreath to the laurels he had already won.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Sir John Moore—A Soldier's Career.

IT can never be too often or too earnestly inculcated, that Great Britain is indebted to her free constitution alone for her boasted superiority. The effects of this are evident in every department and every profession, and the churchman, the barrister, and the merchant, afford not more numerous or more conspicuous instances of this truth, than the men of the sword. During the old government of France, in consequence of a special decree enacted in the reign of Louis XIV., none but the nobility could enjoy the honour of serving their country as officers in the army or marine. Even at this day, promotions, at least in the first instance, are chiefly regulated in many of the continental states by the college of heralds, and the number of *quarterings* not unfrequently declares the degree of advancement.

The revolution of 1688 struck a deadly blow at the feudal system, while the introduction of a commercial interest into the scale of our government gave birth to a more generous policy in this country. Merit of all kinds was admitted to a fair competition, and birth, for the first time in the history of modern Europe, began to be considered as secondary to genius.

In consequence of this, our youth of every description have aspired to eminence and celebrity. If Howe was the son of a peer, Shovel was an apprentice to a cobbler; and Churchill, although a man of family, would have lived and died in obscurity, without attaining to the ducal honours of Marlborough, but for the victories of Ramilies and Blenheim.

Bravery, talents, and good conduct, then, are alone sufficient to attain advancement in our navy and army; and we have heard of but few instances when modest and unassuming worth have failed of success. Even our Hotspurs succeed to a certain degree, although ready to exclaim,—

"By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon!
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownèd honour by the locks."

KING HENRY IV., *Act* i. *Scene* 3.

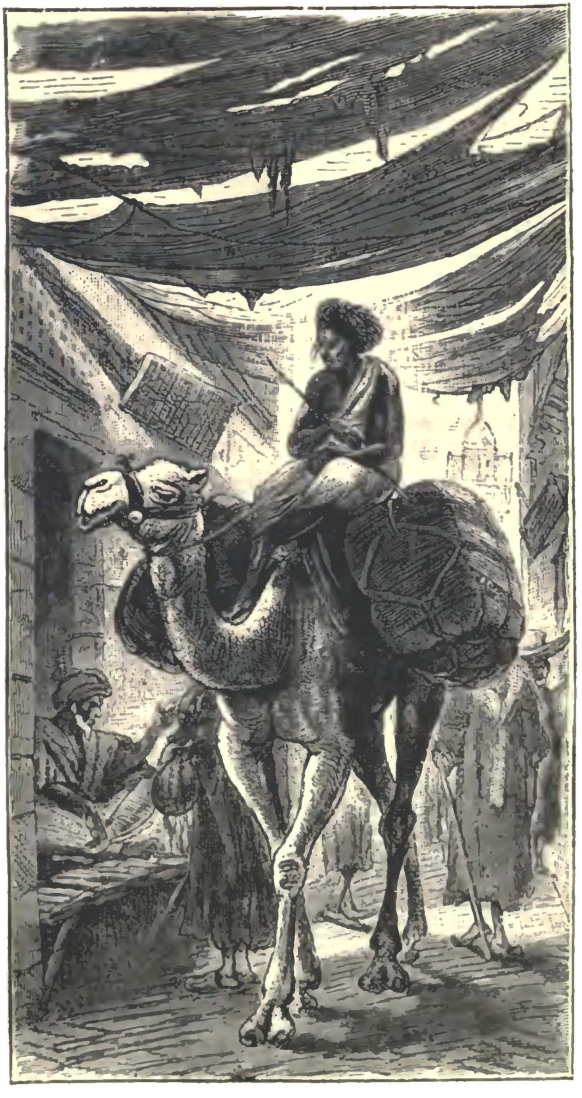
"In thy faint slumbers, I have by thee watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;
Speak terms of manage to the bounding steed;
Cry, Courage! to the field; and thou hast talked
Of sallies and retires; of trenches, tents,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the currents of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat stood upon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbèd stream:
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden haste."

KING HENRY IV., *Scene* 3.

But it is a character of a far different description of which we are now prepared to give an account: a character unassuming of itself, and calculated alike to disarm envy and concentrate applause. While the "spirit-stirring drum" excites our generous youth to arms, while we are prepared to combat and to vanquish a foe flushed with success and inured to victory, it is a task neither unpleasant nor unuseful, to designate the men who have not only bled in the defence of their country, but are formed by nature and education to point out the road to glory. This is calculated, on one hand, to impress our commanders with the idea that their exploits will not be forgotten by the public; and, on the other, to inspire

our troops with a just confidence in those who have already merited the thanks and gratitude of the nation.

General Moore was a native of Scotland. His grandfather, the Rev. Charles Moore, was a clergyman or "minister," as it is usually called, of the Established Church, which is the Presbyterian, and, like most of that profession, afforded an admirable example of manners that betokened all the simplicity of the patriarchal times, and of integrity that was equally edifying and irreproachable. His father, Dr. John Moore, after being bred at the university of Glasgow, first acted as a surgeon in the hospitals in Flanders, during the war preceding the American, and after practising some time in the same capacity in his native country, at length settled in London. He is, however, better known as a traveller than a medical man, and a man of letters than a physician. Early in life he became united to the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Simson, professor of divinity in the University of Glasgow, and had by this lady one daughter and five sons, the eldest of whom forms the subject of this memoir.



EGYPTIAN BAZAAR.

John was born at Glasgow some time before his father bid a last farewell to a city celebrated alike for its literature and its commerce, and to which the whole family was attached by the most tender recollection. It was here also that he received the first rudiments of his education, which was afterwards advanced and perfected under the immediate eyes of a parent.

As the doctor had obtained considerable estimation in the country which gave him birth, both on account of his medical skill and the suavity of his manners, two noblemen of the illustrious house of Hamilton, that had in former times mingled its blood with that of the Caledonian sovereigns, were entrusted to his care. Each of the last

dukes of that name appeared to be affected with a predisposition towards a pulmonary consumption, which, in the end, proved fatal to both, the one dying of that complaint in his fifteenth year, while the life of the second, notwithstanding a variety of excesses, was procrastinated to the period when he had attained the age of forty-four.

After strewing flowers on the tomb of James-George, together with some well written verses, Dr. Moore, at the earnest request of his mother, the Duchess of Argyle, accompanied Douglas Hamilton, the next Duke of Hamilton, to the continent. The period which elapsed during this long, amusing, and instructive tour, was no less than five years; and the view of France, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany, opened new scenes, and afforded subjects for remark, that could not fail to furnish a variety of interesting ideas.

On this occasion, John, the eldest son of Dr. Moore, accompanied his father, and thus, besides the advantages of paternal instruction, had a most excellent opportunity of obtaining a facility in the languages. It was then also, by seeing the best company among the various nations which he visited, that he acquired those manners and that polish so necessary to the intercourse of society.

In all ages the most distinguished warriors have also been the best bred men. Cæsar, notwithstanding the vices which disgraced his private life, and the crimes which led to his advancement, is allowed to have been one of the most accomplished noblemen of his age; even when he expired, and that too by the hand of Brutus, he contrived that his robe should be so adjusted that he might fall decently, if not gracefully. We possess another singular instance of this in the great Duke of Marlborough, a person so eminently destitute of education as to be incapable of penning a letter on the most ordinary occurrences of life. Yet such was the fascination of his manners, that no petitioner ever departed dissatisfied from his presence, while he himself found means to reconcile the differences and unite the discordant interests of several nations, by means of a league hurtful in the extreme to the common enemy, and not a little advantageous to his own country.

Having been destined for the army, Mr. John Moore entered the service early in life; and as he possessed the patronage of two of the first families in Scotland (those of Argyle and Hamilton), his rise was pretty rapid. After passing through all the intermediate degrees, he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the 52nd Regiment of Foot, in 1801 obtained the Colonelcy of the same, and rose to the rank of Major-General soon after. At this period also, we find him representing a district of Scottish boroughs in the British Parliament.

The then war with France afforded the most excellent opportunity for young men of talents to distinguish themselves, and these were not omitted by the subject of this memoir. We accordingly find him employed in the Mediterranean, where he soon became known by his zeal and intrepidity.

The sudden evacuation of Toulon rendered a place of arms in that quarter not only requisite for our troops, but also for our navy; in addition to this, some spot was wanting for the accommodation of the immense number of emigrants who, in consequence of their espousing the cause of England, had been under the necessity of flying from their native homes. An opportunity having presented itself about this time of annexing Corsica to the crown of England, Lord Hood, an able and indefatigable commander, determined to make the attack.

Pascal Paoli, who, after fighting the battles of his country had taken refuge in England, was once more determined to contend for the sovereignty of his native isle; but he had been taught by bitter experience how difficult it was for a handful of half-civilized men to combat the

armies of a nation acquainted with all the resources of war. He therefore, after being elected *generalissimo* by a public *consulta*, entered into a secret correspondence with England, to which he made an offer of the sovereignty of his native island.

The British admiral having determined to do nothing rashly or inconsiderately, was resolved to select two intelligent officers, on purpose to inquire into the probability and means of success. Those pitched upon by him were Lieutenant-Colonel Moore and Major Koehler, who, having landed secretly, had an interview with the veteran chief, and made a true, and, at the same time, a flattering report of his power and authority. Impressed with this intelligence, Lord Hood determined to anticipate the French, who had embarked a body of troops at Nice for the subjugation of the island, and accordingly sailed from the Heires in January, 1795.

Having anchored in a bay to the westward of Mortella Tower, a body of troops, consisting of the second battalion of the Royals, the 11th, 25th, 30th, 50th, 51st, and 69th Regiments, amounting in all to about fourteen hundred men, was landed under Lieutenant-General Dundas, and it was determined that this important post should be immediately seized, without which the anchorage could not be deemed secure. As the celebrated defence made by it not only rendered this little fort memorable, but induced an opinion that similar ones ought to be erected along our own coast, it may not be amiss to attempt a description of it in this place.

The tower of Mortella resembles a wooden sand-box in point of form, being circular, and increasing as it ascends, until it reaches the parapet which overshadows the base. The walls are of a prodigious thickness, and two eighteen-pounders mounted on the summit were protected by means of junk cables, used in the tunny fishery, intermixed with sand. A bomb-proof casemate, capacious enough to shelter a hundred men, defended a well which at once supplied water for drinking, and also for extinguishing any fire occasioned by an attack on the part of an enemy.

The rotundity of the fort rendered it a mark extremely difficult to be hit by the most skilful engineer; and even in that case, as the balls generally struck in an oblique direction, the damage was inconsiderable, while the garrison, consisting of only thirty-three men, were exposed to little or no danger.

This was fully proved by the event; for notwithstanding the *Fortitude* and *Juno* were so placed as to anchor with the most effect, and a combined attack took place by sea and land, the reduction was far from being easy. These ships, unaccustomed to contend with walls, behind which were lodged an invisible enemy, found it convenient to withdraw, after a severe and well-directed fire of two hours and a half, during which one of them was in danger of being burnt by red-hot shot, supplied from a furnace constructed behind the parapet.

It now became necessary to attack the place in form, which accordingly experienced all the honours of a regular siege. The land forces having seized on an eminence that commanded it, a battery was established within two hundred and fifty yards; but the feeble garrison within, which had entered through a narrow aperture in the wall, and by drawing up the ladder rendered an assault impracticable, held out during two whole days, and at length surrendered, rather from the novelty of their situation than any immediate necessity.

While the fate of this paltry but formidable fortress engaged the attention both of the English and the enemy, Lieutenant-Colonel Moore had been detached with two regiments, a small howitzer, and a six-pounder, for the purpose of seizing on Fornelli by a sudden and unexpected movement. Having dragged these for the space of several miles, through a mountainous country, on reconnoitring the place, which on the preceding year had resisted the attack of one of our flying squadrons,

it was found that it could not be taken by a *coup de main*. The present expedition, however, proved the means of its capture: for this officer reported, that provided heavy artillery was brought up, an attack on the enemy's posts seemed likely to be attended with success.

The officers and seamen of the navy cheerfully undertook to accomplish the most laborious part of this expedition, and accordingly, after four days' incessant fatigue, a sufficient quantity of ordnance was hauled, notwithstanding the variety of obstructions that occurred, to an eminence elevated no less than seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. From this commanding height, a single eighteen-pounder so annoyed two French frigates in the adjacent bay of St. Fiorengo, that they were forced to retire, while one battery, consisting of three pieces of artillery, enfiladed the redoubt of the convention, and a second took it in reverse.

In the meantime the Corsicans, to the number of twelve hundred, advanced to the support of their allies, while, to prevent the waste of time, an immediate assault was determined upon, as the French commander refused to capitulate. Accordingly, on the evening of February 17, Lieutenant-Colonel Moore headed a column, with which he advanced against the nearest part of this formidable redoubt, while Lieutenant-Colonel Wauchope and Captain Stewart extended in the centre and on the left, and having thus divided the attention of the enemy, drove them down a steep in the rear. On this occasion Lieutenant-Colonel Moore cut down a French grenadier, who fought by the side of his commander, with his own hand.

In consequence of these operations the English now became masters of the town as well as the gulf of St. Fiorengo, and Lord Hood solicited Major-General Dundas to pursue the good fortune that had hitherto accompanied His Britannic Majesty's arms, in order to complete their career of success by the conquest of Bastia. The Commander-in-chief of the land forces, however, declined to engage in an undertaking for the accomplishment of which the troops under his command appeared inadequate.

On this the British Admiral determined to undertake the siege with the Marines alone. Accordingly Lieutenant-Colonel Villettes having landed with a body of men, who had hitherto served on board, and Captain Nelson (afterwards Admiral Lord Nelson) joined him with a detachment of seamen, batteries were opened and the place summoned. But the chief reliance was on the closeness of the blockade, and to effect this, the ships were moored across the entrance of the harbour, with gunboats and armed launches occupying the intervals, while row-boats were constantly employed during the night to preclude the arrival of any supplies. One thousand three hundred English, and almost eight hundred Corsicans, were opposed on this occasion to a garrison of near three thousand men, yet, after a siege of three and thirty days, General Gentili was under the necessity of surrendering.

As Calvi was now the sole post in the island appertaining to the French, the immediate possession of it became of great importance to the English. Accordingly, while Howe was cruising to intercept a division of the Toulon squadron destined for its relief, the hero of Aboukir, who had as usual distinguished himself by his zeal and intrepidity, proceeded with the troops, and effected a landing at Agra.

In the course of the same day (June 9, 1795), the troops having received considerable reinforcement under Lieutenant-General Stuart, they encamped in a strong position, called "Serra del Cappucine," three miles distant from the object of their attack.

While the English Admiral, not content with blockading up the port, and preventing the possibility of the supplies, was landing seven of the lower guns belonging to his own ship the *Victory*, the approaches and operations by land were found extremely

difficult. To remedy this inconvenience, the seamen and soldiers were employed in constructing roads, bringing up artillery, ordnance, stores, and provisions. It was also determined to dispense upon this occasion with the regular but slow methods of approach hitherto practised in similar cases.

But before the body of the place could be attacked, it became necessary to carry two detached forts. Two mortars and four gun batteries were therefore immediately erected for the purpose of cannonading Mollinochesco, situated on an eminence resembling a promontory, while it became necessary for the capture of Mozello, built in form of a star, to construct works within seven hundred yards of its walls: and to effect the latter object, it was indispensably requisite to put the whole army in motion, so as to take up the precise spot of ground pitched upon, by a sudden and general movement.

These operations having been happily effected, the French found themselves under the necessity of evacuating the Mollinochesco, and a breach appearing by this time practicable in the strong stone fort alluded to before, it was determined to take it by assault. The same officer who had so gallantly carried the convention redoubt at Formelli being pitched upon to achieve this important enterprise, Lieutenant-Colonel Moore accordingly undertook the management of the whole. Daybreak was judged the most proper time for making the attempt, while, to arrive there at the appointed moment, it became necessary to post the troops among the myrtle bushes, with which the neighbouring rocks were covered, and at the same time as near the breach as possible, so as not to alarm the enemy, who, from a point of honour, refused to yield until drawn out by force, and were prepared with grenades, as well as musketry and cannon, to defend a position considered by them as still tenable.

In the meantime false attacks were made in other quarters; and General Stuart, who was extremely anxious for the event, having arrived before daylight, after a short consultation, gave the signal for attack. On this Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, supported by Major Brereton, advanced with unloaded arms and a rapid march, so as, if possible, to surprise the enemy. While in mid career they were observed from the ramparts, and a volley of grape-shot was fired, but in consequence of the indistinct view, arising from the want of light, the shot did but little execution. On this, redoubling their pace, the storming party now scrambled up amidst the rubbish, regardless of the fire of small arms, the roaring of cannon, and the bursting of shells. While Lieutenant-Colonel Wemys, with the Royal Irish Regiment of Artillery, and two pieces of cannon, the latter under the direction of Lieutenant Lemoine, of the Royal Artillery, carried the battery on the left, the assailants, leaving their wounded and dying friends behind, pursued their progress towards the breach.

A variety of impediments occurred, both from the nature of the ground and the desperate resistance made by the enemy. A captain of the Royals was severely wounded by the side of the commanding officer, while he himself received a severe contusion in the head, by the bursting of the same shell. Notwithstanding the effusion of blood, he entered the place along with the Grenadiers, and General Stuart, who had witnessed the whole from a neighbouring eminence, followed fast behind, and threw himself in the arms of Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, thus affording the most ardent testimony of his approbation, in presence of the victors, who shouted with joy.

The troops having now secured themselves in the works thus bravely won, the cannon in the Star fort were immediately turned against Calvi, on which General Casa Bianca, who commanded there, proposed a truce of twenty-five days; but this being deemed inadmissible, additional batteries were erected for heavy guns, while

the mortars and howitzers were so disposed as to annoy the town, and nearly silence the enemy's fire. At length, after the lapse of nine days, and a cannonade and bombardment of eighteen hours, the garrison capitulated; thus concluding a siege which occupied exactly fifty-one days.

The French being now completely subdued, a general *consulta* was convoked at Corte, the most central town in the whole island, at which the venerable Paoli acted as president. The representatives chosen from the *pieves* or districts then voted, with one unanimous voice, that Corsica should be united for ever to the British crown. Sir Gilbert Elliot (afterwards Lord Minto) who had been sent as commissioner to Toulon, and who acted as viceroy, accepted this offer in the name of His Majesty, and a constitution, perhaps but little suitable to the genius of these rude islanders, yet assuredly friendly in no common degree to their national and civil liberties, was immediately tendered.

But it was the opinion of General Stuart that another mode of conduct ought to have been adopted; and, if we are to judge from events, he appears to have estimated the character and situation of those new subjects with the eye of a statesman as well as that of a soldier. After viewing the whole of the island, and examining the means of defence, he represented to the English cabinet, that the best mode of proceeding would be to occupy the forts and harbours, and leave the civil government in the hands of the natives: in short, that they should be allowed to retain that independence in which they had always prided themselves; while we, on the other hand, would thus avoid a supremacy equally burdensome and expensive.

But a different mode was adopted. Incomes were assigned, and pensions granted to the chiefs, while it was naturally expected that something should be contributed by this newly emancipated people in return. But they were unacquainted with fiscal regulations; they spurned at the idea of taxation; and content with their flocks, their streams, and their chestnuts, they almost set the arts of the exchequer at defiance.

In the meantime the Commander-in-chief left the island, to the great regret of the inhabitants, whose friendship he had obtained. Before his departure, he recommended Lieutenant-Colonel Moore, now invested with the rank of Adjutant-General, as a proper person to succeed him. This officer also enjoyed the confidence of the natives, and the esteem of the troops; but he was recalled, as has been said, at the instigation of a person invested with high authority. General Paoli also appears to have given umbrage, as it was found necessary for him to retire, first to Leghorn, and afterwards to England, happy at escaping from the scenes that ensued, and at being exempt from the sorrow and danger of beholding the place of his nativity once more in possession of the French.

Soon after his return to great Great Britain, the Duke of York, fully conscious of the merits and the capacity of the subject of this memoir, selected him as a proper person to serve in an important expedition projected against the French West India colonies. The mortality that had prevailed among our troops in that quarter, added to the intrigues and the exploits of Victor Hughes, a man equally celebrated for his bravery and inhumanity, had in some measure rendered the exploits of a Jervis and a Grey abortive. It must be allowed, at least, that the fatal progress of disease, added to the energetic conduct of that singular man, alluded to above, prevented the judicious measures adopted by these active and intrepid chiefs from being attended with all the brilliant effects which had been expected from their first successes. Of fifty-four thousand men detached to the islands in the course of three years, not only the greater part, but nearly all of them, were doomed to perish by the climate and the sword.

It was determined, therefore, in the

autumn of 1795, to send out a new army under Lieutenant-General Sir Ralph Abercromby, and the fleet and transports accordingly arrived, early in the succeeding year, at Carlisle Bay, in the island of Barbadoes. After the capture of the Dutch colonies of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, which was effected with the utmost ease, part of the troops selected for the reduction of St. Lucia, among whom Mr. Moore served with the rank of Brigadier-General, proceeded to Longueville's Bay, and effected a landing without any considerable opposition. Having advanced next morning to Choe Bay, the centre division of the army disembarked near the village of the same name, on which the advanced body of the enemy retired to Morne Chabot, one of the strongest posts in the island.

Before any further progress could be made, it was deemed necessary to occupy this high and commanding eminence. Accordingly two officers were selected to lead the troops, and were employed in two separate attacks. General Moore, with seven companies of the 53rd Regiment, one hundred of Malcolm's, and fifty of Lewinstein's Rangers, were ordered to advance by a circuitous path, while General Hope, with three hundred and fifty of the 57th, was to march by a nearer and more direct route. But in consequence of some error on the part of the guides, arising from the circumstance of its being a night attack, the former fell in with an advanced picket, considerably more than had been expected, so that his intentions were completely discovered, and the meditated assault anticipated. Notwithstanding this, the Brigadier-General immediately determined to commence operations without waiting for the approach of the other column, and despite this disadvantage, he found means to carry the post, by means of a prompt and decisive movement.

In the course of the succeeding day he advanced to and seized on Morne Duchassaux, in the rear of Morne Fortune, in the possession of which the principal strength of the enemy consisted. In consequence of some mischances, in which neither the Commander-in-chief nor the subject of this memoir are in the least degree implicated, the French batteries were not carried for some days after. But at length two parallels, provided with heavy artillery, having been completed, and the enemy repulsed by General Moore, during a desperate sally for the protection of the Vigie, a lodgment was effected within a few hundred yards of the fort: and this island surrendered to the British arms, May 25, 1796.

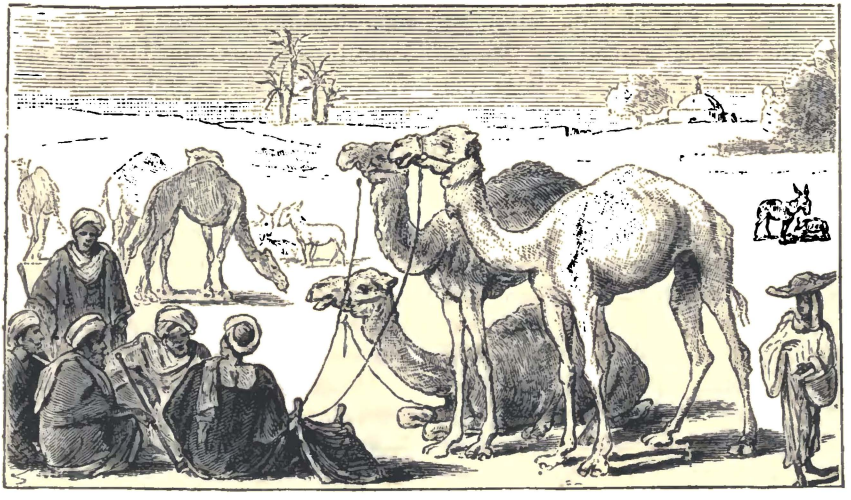
Brigadier-General Moore, after a successful campaign, returned to Europe at the same time with General Abercromby, and no sooner was the latter employed in a new expedition, than he selected this officer, who had now acquired the rank of Major-General, to accompany him. The British Cabinet being fully sensible of the importance of Holland, bereaved of its ancient independence, in consequence of engaging in this war, determined to make a bold attempt, on purpose to rescue an ancient ally from the dominion of France.

The Emperor Paul was accordingly subsidized, and an Anglo-Russian army invaded the Batavian dominions, August 27, 1799. No sooner had a landing been effected than Sir Ralph Abercromby gave orders for two brigades, under the Major-Generals Moore and Burrard, to attack the Helder; but this measure was rendered unnecessary by the conduct of the Dutch under General Daendels, who thought fit to evacuate that important post.

Nor did the prospect of success end here, for the enemy was foiled in an attack on the British cantonments, in the course of which Major-General Moore, who commanded on the right, while displaying his wonted spirit, and experiencing his usual good fortune, received a slight wound. Such hopes of a final and complete success were now held out, that His Royal Highness the Duke of York embarked with the

second division of the army, and on his arrival at head-quarters immediately assumed the command of the whole, seven thousand Russians, under General d'Hermann, having been landed at the same time.

The allied army, after the necessary preparations, now moved forward in four columns; but the country being intersected with hedges, ditches, and canals, their progress was but slow. Bergen, however, was taken possession of by the Russians; yet being driven back soon after upon that place, in consequence of encountering a large body of the enemy advantageously posted in a country with which they were but little acquainted, two of their generals were taken prisoners, and all the advantages of this day, in which the English were everywhere successful, entirely lost. Such a check, after carrying the villages of Walmen, Ouds, Carpsel, and Hoorne, and capturing upwards of three thousand men, together with sixteen pieces of artillery, proved the forerunner of great disasters. At the battle of Alkmaar, indeed, the Gallo-Batavian army was found to give way, after a spirited contest of twelve



EGYPTIAN CATTLE MARKET.

hours, and even at that of Baccum the Anglo-Russians remained masters of the field; but it was by this time perceived that the main object of the expedition could not be attained. The campaign accordingly proved abortive, and eight thousand prisoners of war detained in England were offered and accepted for the permission of reimbarking the troops secure from molestation and attack.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SIR JOHN MOORE—SERVICES IN EGYPT—DEATH AT CORUNNA.

THE next public service in which we find General Moore engaged was the expedition against Egypt. Bonaparte, after a variety of victories against the Turks and Mamelukes, and one solitary but splendid defeat by the English, Ottomans, and Syrians, before Acre, had retired to France, with a view, no doubt, of acquiring the aim, although not the end, of all his toils, by a usurpation of the sovereign power, over a nation

THE RETURN FROM THE FIELD.

free indeed, but split into a variety of factions. While he was preparing fresh triumphs in Italy, which at length led to the battle of Marengo, and the peace of Luneville, Kleber, whom he had invested with the temporary command, obtained a decisive superiority over the Turks in the battle of Heliopolis. On his death, by the hands of an unknown assassin, the English Cabinet, which had omitted a fortunate opportunity of obtaining the evacuation of Egypt, by the fulfilment of the treaty of El Arisch, determined to attempt the reconquest of that country by force.

We shall now take a survey of the operations of the English army. After the failure of an attempt on one of the Spanish ports (Cadiz) it became necessary either for the troops embarked on that expedition to return to England, or endeavour by some brilliant achievement to obliterate the memory of this event. Sir Ralph Abercromby, who had already distinguished himself both in Holland and the West Indies, in consequence of the surrender of Malta, naturally turned his attention towards Egypt. The British Cabinet being at the same time impressed

with the necessity of wresting that country from France, sent out orders for its invasion, and the Turks were incited by the most powerful motives to co-operate effectually in an undertaking calculated to restore one of the brightest gems in the turban of their Sultan.

Lord Keith having rendezvoused with the fleet and transports in the bay of Marmorice, the troops were landed and refreshed, and great hopes were entertained that the Mussulmen, laying aside the indolence which had marked their character for the last century, would arouse themselves into action, and prove themselves worthy of being the descendants of the gallant Tartar tribe that had conquered Constantinople, and rendered the crescent triumphant, not only in the Hellespont, but along the shores of the Mediterranean. Nor did this seem altogether improbable, for the two great officers of state (the Grand Vizier and Captain Pasha) had been ordered to assemble a powerful fleet and army, while the English cavalry was to be remounted by the Turkish horses of the Arabian breed.

But expectations like these were not destined to be fully realized. On the contrary, the delay produced by empty promises was not likely to be compensated by any corresponding advantage. To investigate the cause, it became necessary to detach an officer of rank, and Major-General Moore was accordingly chosen for that purpose. On his arrival in the Vizier's camp at Jaffa, he found all the doubts that had been hitherto entertained but too amply verified. He there beheld an army, if it may be so denominated, chiefly composed of Asiatics, raised according to the exploded principles of the feudal system, equally destitute of discipline and subordination. Afraid to muster his troops lest a mutiny should ensue, equally exposed to the ravages of the plague, the musketry of his own followers, and the intrigues of the seraglio during his absence, His Highness could afford nothing but expectations, while little reliance was to be placed on the naval succours to be afforded by the Captain Pasha.

At length, on the 20th of February, 1801, the British fleet sailed with an army on board of between fifteen and sixteen thousand, but whose effective force is said not to have exceeded twelve thousand men. It also laboured under many disadvantages, as may be learned from the account of an officer (Sir Robert Wilson) embarked on this expedition. According to him, the troops wanted many comforts which that part of Asia Minor could not produce; although several vessels taken on their way from France to Alexandria had afforded a very seasonable supply, being laden with all the epicurean luxuries she could send out. The greatest misfortune was the total want of information respecting Egypt. Not a map to be depended upon could be procured, and the best draft from which information could be formed, and which was distributed to the generals, proved ridiculously incorrect. Sir Sidney Smith was the only officer who knew at all the locality of the coast, and he certainly, as far as he had seen, afforded perfect information. But he had never been in the interior of the country.

Captain Boyle, at Minorca, had given an idea of the disposition of the French, which, considering the caution it was necessary for him to use, and the vigilance which guarded him, did his zeal and address great honour.

Mr. Baldwin, the British consul at Alexandria, who had been sent for from Naples by Sir Ralph Abercromby, on account of his respectable character and influence in Egypt, could not be supposed to give much military information. It is, however, a positive fact, extraordinary as it may appear, that so little was Sir Ralph Abercromby acquainted with the strength of the enemy he was preparing to attack, that he rated their force, at the greatest calculation, at only ten thousand French, and five thousand auxiliaries, then exceeding the

number stated in the official information sent from home, and on which the expedition was originally formed.

But the good fortune and bravery of the English prevailed on this memorable occasion, notwithstanding the multitude of obstacles opposed to their success.

A squadron of men-of-war and transports, amounting to two hundred sail, having arrived in Aboukir Bay March 7th, anchored near the spot rendered so celebrated by the glorious victory of the Nile. The first division of the army, amounting to near six thousand men, having embarked in the boats, a rocket was fired at three o'clock in the morning as a signal to proceed to the place of rendezvous, and at nine they advanced towards the beach, steering directly towards that part of the shore where the enemy appeared the most formidable. The French occupied an admirable military position, consisting of a steep sand-hill receding towards the centre, in form of an amphitheatre, which, together with the castle of Aboukir, poured down a most terrible and continued discharge of shot, shell, and grape, so as to furrow up the waves on all sides of the approaching flotilla.

Notwithstanding this, Major-General Moore having leaped on shore with the reserve, the 23rd Regiment, and the four flank companies of the 40th, belonging to his brigade, rushed up the eminence, and charged with fixed bayonets. The effect produced by this gallant movement was such as might have been expected, for another body of troops was also enabled to get on shore, and the enemy, instead of fighting with their usual obstinacy, retreated to Alexandria, while the invaders encamped with their right to the sea, and the left to the Lake Maadie.

During the action of the 13th of March, the reserve under Major-General Moore was kept in column for a considerable time, with a view to assail one of the flanks of the enemy, and thus finish the campaign by a signal victory; but after some hesitation, it was deemed prudent to encamp with the right to the sea, and the left to the canal of Alexandria.

At the battle of Aboukir, which occurred four days after, the French intended to have decided the fate of Egypt, and accordingly issued orders for "driving the English into the lake of Maadie."

In this action, which proved equally fatal to the cause of the French, and the much-lamented Commander-in-chief of the English, Major-General Moore was wounded while leading on the reserve with his usual gallantry. Notwithstanding this unfortunate accident, we find him employed at the siege of Cairo, and nominated, after its surrender, to escort the French troops to the place of embarkation.

In the latter service, General Moore excited the admiration of the French officers by his judicious arrangements. The Commander-in-chief, in his despatches, says, "The last division of the French troops who surrendered at Cairo, sailed from the bay of Aboukir a few days ago. There have been embarked in all near 13,500 persons, etc." "Major-General Craddock having been confined at Cairo by illness, I entrusted the command of the troops to Major-General Moore, who, during a long march of a very novel and critical nature, displayed much judgment, and conducted himself in a most able and judicious manner. Notwithstanding the mixture of Turks, British, and French, the utmost regularity was preserved, and no one disagreeable circumstance ever took place."

Nothing now remained but the capture of Alexandria to complete the entire conquest of Egypt. This was at length attempted by General Hutchinson; and while Major-General Coote invested the strong castle of Marabout, two other attacks were made by the Generals Moore and Craddock.

Menou being briskly pressed on all sides, and despairing of any assistance on the part of Admiral Gantheume, consented to a negotiation, and Alexandria having sur-

rendered, August 30th, 1801, possession was taken of the entrenched camp, and the heights above Pompey's Pillar, together with Fort Triangular; soon after which the French were sent home, and the English remained the undoubted masters of Egypt.

When the Duke of York, as Commander-in-chief thanked the troops in His Majesty's name for their gallant exertions in this quarter of the globe, he seized that opportunity "of recapitulating the leading features of a series of operations so honourable to the British arms."

It would take us too far away from the main current of our subject to attempt to describe the after-career of Sir John Moore. As our readers are no doubt aware, he was sent to command in Spain, and there, nothing else being left to him, in presence of the enormous forces of Napoleon, he conducted a retreat in the most masterly manner. That retreat ended with the battle of Corunna, which resulted in the complete defeat of the French.

Meanwhile, Sir John Moore, who had exerted himself, with his usual animation, fell, like Wolfe, in the moment of victory. His death was occasioned by a cannon-ball, which struck him in a mortal part, and he was carried towards Corunna in a blanket, supported by sashes. While his wound was probed, he said to an officer, whom he desired to attend him during the short period he had to live, "You know I have always wished to die this way!" Although suffering great pain, he appeared eager to speak again, and the first question put by him was, "Are the French beaten?" On being assured of this fact by several officers who arrived in succession, he exclaimed: "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!" Then addressing himself to one of his aides-de-camp, he continued: "You will see my friends as soon as you possibly can—tell them everything—say to my mother . . ." There his voice failed; but he resumed soon after in a still weaker tone: "Hope—Hope—I—I have much to say, but cannot get it out——Is Colonel Graham, and are all my aides-de-camp well? ——I have made my will, and remember all my servants!"

On the appearance of Major Colborne, his principal aide-de-camp, he spoke most kindly to him, and then turning about to another, he continued: "Remember you go to ——, and tell him that it is my request, and that I expect he will befriend Major Colborne; he has long been with me, and I know he is most worthy of it." He then asked the major if the French were beaten? and, on hearing they were repulsed on every point, he said, it was a great satisfaction in his last moments to know he had beaten the French!

After this, he inquired if General Paget was present? and on being answered in the negative, begged "to be remembered to him."

"I feel myself so strong," added he, "I fear I shall be long in dying;—I am in great pain!" He then thanked the medical men for their attention, and after speaking kindly to Captains Stanhope and Percy, he pressed to his heart the hand of the first aide-de-camp, who came to his assistance, and died in a few minutes, without so much as a struggle.

Thus fell, at the age of 47 years, surrounded by his suite, mourned by his companions in arms, and at the conclusion of a critical victory, which preserved the remainder of his army from destruction, Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, a name that will be long dear to his country. His brilliant exploits having already been detailed, it only remains to observe, that in the course of these, he received no fewer than six wounds: one in the head from a shell, at Corsica; three in Holland, before he could be prevailed upon to leave the field; a musket shot in the leg in Egypt did not interrupt his exertions; and a cannon-ball in Spain bereaved his country of his services!

On the 25th of January, the Earl of Liverpool, as Secretary of State for the

Home Department, while moving the thanks of the House to those officers who had gained the battle of Corunna, paid a high eulogium to the memory of the departed general, "whose whole life," he said, "had been devoted to the service of his country, for there was scarcely any action of importance during the two last wars, in which he had not participated." In the course of the same night, Lord Castlereagh, in his official capacity as Minister at War, expressed his sorrow at the "loss of one of the ablest of our generals—possessing, in an eminent degree, every valuable quality that can dignify the man, and enhance the superiority of the soldier; at once in the prime of life, and the prime of professional desert; giving, in the evidence of his past life, the best assurance of what might be expected from his zeal, intrepidity, and talents." He concluded with the following motion: "That an humble address be presented to His Majesty, requesting that a monument be erected in the cathedral of St. Paul, to the memory of the late Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore, Knight of the Bath, who, after an honourable and meritorious life, fell by a cannon-ball in the action near Corunna, on the 16th of January, 1809, after having, by his judicious dispositions, skill, and gallantry, repulsed an enemy of superior force, and secured to the troops under his command a safe and unmolested embarkation."

The Commander-in-chief, also, in general orders, dated "Horse Guards, February 1, 1809," paid the following tribute to his memory:—

"The benefits derived to an army from the example of a distinguished commander, do not terminate at his death; his virtues live in the recollection of his associates, and his fame remains the strongest incentive to great and glorious actions.

In this view, the Commander-in-chief, amidst the universal regret which the death of Sir John Moore has occasioned, recalls to the troops the military career of that illustrious officer for their instruction.

Sir John Moore, from his youth, embraced the profession with the feelings and sentiments of a soldier; he felt that a perfect knowledge, and an exact performance, of the humble but important duties of a subaltern officer, are the best foundations for subsequent military fame; and his ardent mind, while it looked forward to those brilliant achievements for which it was formed, applied itself with energy and exemplary assiduity to the duties of that station.

In the school of regimental duty, he obtained that correct knowledge of his profession so essential to the proper direction of the gallant spirit of the soldier; and he was enabled to establish a characteristic order and regularity of conduct, because the troops found in their leader a striking example of the discipline which he enforced on others.

Having risen to command, he signalized his name in the West Indies, in Holland, and in Egypt. The unremitting attention with which he devoted himself to the duties of every branch in his profession, obtained him the confidence of Sir Ralph Abercomby, and he became the companion in arms of that illustrious officer, who fell at the head of his victorious troops, in an action which maintained our national superiority over the arms of France.

Thus Sir John Moore at an early period obtained, with general approbation, that conspicuous situation, in which he gloriously terminated his useful and honourable life.

In a military character, obtained amidst the dangers of climate, the privations incident to service, and the sufferings of repeated wounds, it is difficult to select any one point as a preferable subject for praise; it exhibits, however, one feature so particularly characteristic of the man, and so important to the best interests of the service, that the Commander-in-chief is pleased to mark it with his peculiar approbation.

The life of Sir John Moore was spent

among the troops. During the season of repose, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the officer and soldier; in war, he courted service in every quarter of the globe. Regardless of personal considerations, he esteemed that to which his country called him the post of honour, and by his undaunted spirit, and unconquerable perseverance, he pointed the way to victory.

His country, the object of his latest solicitude, will rear a monument to his lamented memory, and the Commander-in-chief feels he is paying the best tribute to his fame by thus holding him forth as an example to the army."

CHAPTER XL.

Modern Egypt—English Crusaders—Our own Day.

FROM the time of Cleopatra we take, so to speak, a leap, in order to bring our narrative down to modern times. We do not dwell on the long Roman occupation of Egypt, nor do we pause to narrate how great was the learning of Alexandria for many centuries, nor how the Christian faith spread in Egypt, nor how it was corrupted with many strange and diverse heresies. Nor need we describe the career of Mahomet, or tell how Egypt was conquered by the adherents of the Mahometan faith.

Under the rule of Saladin, who in 569 A.D. took upon himself the title of Sultan of Egypt, that country once more rose into the first importance. Here again we come across our subject of "the English in Egypt," for it was during the time of that great monarch that some of the most important of the Crusades were carried on. In them many Englishmen were engaged. Hence the following accurate and interesting account of the wars of the Crusaders and of Saladin, which we excerpt from the article "Egypt" in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, will be read with interest. We are there told that "In the year 582 (1186 of our era) war broke out between Saladin and the Crusaders. The Sultan had respected a truce into which he had entered with Baldwin the Leper, and Renaud, before named, was the first to break it. The capture by the latter of a rich caravan enraged Saladin, who despatched orders to all his lieutenants and vassals, summoning them to assist in the 'Holy War.' He marched (A.D. 1187) from Damascus to Karak, and there laid close siege to Renaud; at the same time a large body of cavalry under the command of his son, El-Afdal, advanced on Nazareth; and here a body of 130 Knights Hospitallers and Templars, seconded by a few hundred foot soldiers, and encouraged by the heroic Jacques de Maillé, marshal of the Temple, by their devotion immortalized their memory. Only the Grand Master of the Temple and two of his knights escaped from the unequal struggle. Soon after, Saladin approached in person at the head of an army of 80,000 men; and the Christians with their whole force encountered him on the shore of the Lake of Tiberias. The result of the battle which ensued was the heaviest blow which had yet fallen on the Crusaders. Weakened by thirst, shaken by the flight of a part of their troops on the second day of combat, and overwhelmed by numbers, the knights fought with desperate courage, but at length were forced to the hills of Hitteem. A multitude fell in this bloody fight, and

among the prisoners were Guy de Lusignan (the king of Jerusalem and successor of Baldwin), with his brother and Renaud de Châtillon. The number of prisoners is almost incredible; and the massacre of many of them is an indelible stain on the glory of the generally merciful Saladin. Tiberias, Ptolemais (Acre), Nablous, Jericho, Ramleh, Cæsarea, Arsoor, Joppa, Beyrout, and many other places successively fell into the hands of the conqueror. Tyre resisted his attacks; but Ascalon surrendered on favourable terms, and the fall of Jerusalem crowned these victories. The great clemency of Saladin on this occasion is chronicled by Christian historians, though it is but slightly mentioned by the Moslems, who took offence at the mercy shown to the enemies of their faith.

After these events Tyre was again besieged, and when about to capitulate was relieved by the arrival of Conrad, son of the Marquis of Montferrat. The valiant defence of the town wearied Saladin, who turned his arms against Tripoli; but here he met with no better success. Bohemond, prince of Antioch, and at that time possessor of Tripoli also, was, however, glad to obtain a truce of eight months; and some strongholds (among others Karak) were taken. But now the fortune of war turned against the Sultan. The ever-memorable siege of Acre, maintained with equal constancy by both Christians and Moslems, lasted upwards of two years, and attracted the attention of the whole western world. At length the immense reinforcements received by the besiegers, and the presence of Richard Cœur de Lion of England, and of Philip II. of France, enabled them to overcome all resistance, and the standards of the Cross floated on the ramparts of the city (A.D. 1191). A horrible act of barbarity was here perpetrated: 2,700 Moslem captives were massacred in cold blood, in consequence of Saladin's having failed to fulfil the terms of the capitulation; and the palliative plea of the heat of an assault cannot be urged in extenuation of this enormity. Richard has been accused of being its author; but Michaud believes with reason that it was decided on in a council of the chiefs of the Crusade. On another occasion, however, that king was certainly guilty of similar cruelty.

After a period of repose and debauchery, the army of the Crusaders, commanded by Richard, directed its march towards Jerusalem. Saladin harassed his advance on every point, rendered the cities and strongholds defenceless, and ravaged the country. Richard, nevertheless, was ever victorious; his personal bravery struck terror into the Moslems, and he gained a signal victory over the Sultan in the battle of Arsoor. But dissensions among the chiefs of his army and the uncertain temper of the commander himself debarred the Crusaders from the attainment of their great object, the deliverance of the Holy City; and when all the coast from Joppa to Tyre was in the hands of the Christians, and the army of Saladin was threatened with disorganization, a treaty was concluded, and Richard set sail on his return to England. The glory acquired by Saladin, and the famous campaigns of Cœur de Lion, have rendered the Third Crusade the most memorable in history, and shed a lustre on the arms of both Moslems and Christians greater than they ever attained in those wars, either before or afterwards.

Saladin died about a year after the conclusion of this peace (A.H. 589 or 1193 of our era) at Damascus, at the age of fifty-seven years. Ambition and religious zeal appear to have been his ruling passions; he was courageous, magnanimous, and merciful, possessed of remarkable military talents and great control over himself. His generosity to the vanquished and his faithful observance of his passed word are lauded by the historians of the Crusades; the former brought on him much obloquy among his own fierce soldiers, and is a trait in his character which is worthy of note in the annals of a time when this virtue

was extremely rare. While engaged in the conduct of his continual wars, he was not unmindful of the welfare of Egypt, and during his reign many public works were executed. Of these we may mention especially the citadel of Cairo, with the magnificent buildings which, until very recently, it contained; the third wall of the city; and the repair of the great canal called the Bahr Yoosuf, a very important and useful work. From the year 578 until the period of his death he had not entered Egypt; but his brother El-Melik El-'Adil Seyf-ed-deen (Saphedin) and other princes of his family successively governed that country, and the eunuch Karákoosh, who also defended Acre, held a large share of authority."

Passing by the mediæval period, and coming down to quite modern times, the next epoch that most powerfully attracts our attention in the history of Egypt is the invasion of that country by Napoleon, and the manner in which that invasion was defeated by our English forces. On 19th May, 1798, Napoleon's army set out for

EGYPTIAN BEGGARS.

Egypt; on 12th July it reached Alexandria, after having put in some time at Malta. Napoleon did in a sort conquer the country, but this was only for a time. Finally the French were defeated, and by the Treaty of Alexandria, August, 1801, compelled to evacuate that country. In the various biographies with which we have interspersed our narrative, we have already given a very full account of the various features of that expedition, so that we need not further refer to it here. During the present century many rulers have succeeded each other in Egypt, but it cannot be said that their rule has been very interesting to the English people. In quite recent times this has all been changed. In 1854 Said Pasha succeeded to power. Ismail Pasha followed him. Writing whilst he was still ruling, the author of the article on Egypt before quoted remarked that "the reign of Ismail promises to be the beginning of a new era for Egypt. A man of undoubted ability, possessed of unusual energy in administration, fully appreciative of the importance of western civilization,

fired with the ambition proper to a grandson of Mehemet Ali, the Khedive is a ruler such as Egypt has scarcely seen since the Arab conquest. His first step was to remove, as far as possible, the irksome control of the Porte. At great cost he obtained an imperial firman in 1866, removing almost all the old treaty restrictions, granting him the title of Khedive (pron. khedeev), and settling the succession on the eldest son; and in 1872 another decree, or as we have here called it, firman, made him virtually an independent sovereign.

Having thus obtained for himself and his dynasty a settled regal rank, Ismail turned his attention homewards, and began a series of reforms such as no previous governor of Egypt ever contemplated. He re-established and improved the administrative system organized by Mehemet Ali, and which had fallen into decay under 'Abbás's indolent rule; he caused a thorough remodelling of the customs sys-

AN EGYPTIAN INTERIOR—A FEAST DAY.

tem, which was in an anarchic state, to be made by English officials; in 1865 he bought the Egyptian post-office, and placed it under the direction, with full powers, of an official from St. Martin's-le-Grand, who brought it into admirable working order; he reorganized the military schools of his grandfather, and lent his willing support to the cause of education in every way. Public works have largely engaged the attention of the Khedive. Railways, telegraphs, lighthouses, the harbour works at Suez, the breakwater at Alexandria, have been carried out under his personal auspices by some of the best contractors of Europe. If there is a fault to be found in this Europeanizing of Egypt, it is that the practical zeal for modern civilization leaves no room for the honourable respect due to the unique antiquities of the country. It is true that ancient Egypt is protected by the care of Mariette Bey, but the art of the Arabs is suffered to decay, nay, is even purposely demolished, to make room for modern French gewgaws. A recent writer tells us that a new street cuts through about

a mile of the 'old Arab rookeries,' and gravely advances the opinion that the opera house, and the public gardens, and the other meretricious abominations that have been set up in Cairo are worthy of a second class European city! Still, terrible as is the vandalism now going on in Egypt, there can be little doubt that the present policy of the Khedive will add greatly to the prosperity and health of the people. At the same time, future generations will gain at the fearful expense of the present. The funds required for these public works, as well as the actual labour, have been remorselessly extorted from a poverty-stricken population; and there is probably no peasant now existing whose condition is worse than that of the long-suffering Egyptian fellah.

One of the greatest reforms that Egypt owes to its present ruler is the abolition of the old system of consular jurisdiction, and the substitution of mixed courts, where European and native judges sit together to try all mixed cases without respect to nationality. These courts were established in 1876 on the suggestion of Nubar Pasha, and on the recommendation of an international commission. A code based on the Mahometan law and the Code Napoléon has been drawn up, which seems thoroughly suitable to the needs of the position; and the best results may be looked for from this reform. It were greatly to be desired that the jurisdiction of these courts should be extended so as eventually to supersede the old native system. At present they only take the place of the consular courts."

At this part of our narrative we present our readers with a series of illustrations to bring before them vividly some of the varied features of modern Egyptian life. We here see a bazaar, or general merchant's store (for such is the exact equivalent of that romantic word), a cattle market, and a scene in the neighbourhood of a village. The other two pictures are of a lighter cast. One represents the natives demanding "baksheesh" from the omnipresent British tourist, the other is a view of the interior of an Egyptian house of the better kind on a feast day, when the common routine is broken for the time.

CHAPTER XLI.

MODERN EGYPT—ARABI'S REBELLION—BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

THE bright prospects mentioned in our last chapter were not destined to be realized. The finances of Egypt got into hopeless confusion. "Without going further back than 1876," says Pimblett, "we may observe that the Right Hon. Stephen Cave, who was sent on a special mission from England, reported on the great waste and extravagance countenanced in Egypt, that important national works had been undertaken with insufficient means, that losses were occasioned by adventures, that the military expenditure was misdirected, and that with a view to restoring national credit, and to restrain the expenditure, intervention of one or more of the European Powers was essential. The world had in the previous year been startled by the intelligence that Lord Beaconsfield's Government had purchased shares held by the Khedive in the Suez Canal to the extent of over four millions sterling, so that naturally, apart from our

interest in Egypt as bearing on the highway to our vast possessions in India and elsewhere, our connection with the country had become far more important than heretofore. However, an International Court was effected, and without entering into details, it will be sufficient for our purpose to say that at the beginning of the year 1882 the Dual Control had been established, the position and united action of England and France being fully recognised." The weak Tewfik was at this period Khedive. Arabi Bey, leader of the National Party, as they came to be called, now made himself prominent. He objected to any interference by any foreign Power in Egyptian affairs. They maintained (for it came to that) their right to ruin the country in their own way. This, England and France could not agree to. They brought pressure to bear on Tewfik, who by his vacillating conduct seemed to show himself of that class whose characteristic is described in the proverb as being this, that the last fool has them. He agreed to what the Powers urged—till Arabi put a new scheme before him, when he agreed to that too! Then there was rioting in the streets of Alexandria, and they got so bad that soon England (for notwithstanding the Dual Control she was not supported by France) threatened force.

In July, 1882, the British fleet twenty-four strong, under Sir Beauchamp Seymour, afterwards Lord Alcester, took up a position off Alexandria, and ordered work on the Alexandrian forts to be stopped, and finally it came to hostilities.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 11th July, 1882, "Lord Alcester opened fire upon the forts lining the inner shore of the harbour, and defending the sea-front between the old and new ports of Alexandria. Ample warning had been given of his intention. The twenty-four hours of grace allotted to the Egyptian mutineers came to an end with daybreak, but the cannonade did not commence until three more hours had elapsed. Arabi Pasha and his adherents could not possibly mistake the stern purpose of our men-of-war. One after the other every vessel, except those shortly to be engaged, had sailed or steamed forth from the inner waters. Not only had the many steamers and trading craft thus departed, but the foreign war-ships were all gone, leaving the harbour and the sea-front to the eight great ironclads of Her Majesty, which, with a squadron of five gunboats and one or attending smaller vessels, made up our naval force. The military usurpers of authority in Egypt must have perfectly realized at last that they had exhausted the patience of England, and to do them justice, they gave no sign of shrinking from the consequences. They were as well prepared, after their fashion, as Lord Alcester himself; and when the *Alexandra*, the *Sultan*, and the *Superb* opened a cannonade upon the Ras-el-Tin and inner forts, the mutineers took up the challenge from all their batteries, answering with considerable spirit to those tremendous guns. In a quarter of an hour the action had become general, the *Inflexible*, the *Téméraire*, the *Monarch*, and the *Invincible*—the latter flying the Admiral's flag—carrying the fire eastward, along the sea-face. Never before, it must be remembered, in the history of warfare, has such ponderous artillery been engaged. It was the handselling of those prodigious pieces which had been put on board our first-class ironclads, and shells weighing a ton and upwards were hurling against the earthworks and bastions of Arabi. He, too, commanded the use of powerful guns, many of the twelve and eighteen-ton Armstrongs being mounted and very boldly served. A short spell, however, of the terribly heavy fire of our ironclads sufficed to silence two of the works. Fort Marsa-el-Karat was blown up by the explosion of a magazine; many guns were dismounted at Pharos, Aida, and Ras-el-Tin; and the fire of the Egyptian gunners had become very slack and feeble by midday. Arabi, however, was still able to keep his men at their posts sufficiently to main-

tain a reply, which did not cease when four forts had been destroyed, and all guns on exposed spots silenced. Much courage was shown, it must be allowed, in thus facing the terrific fire of the British heavy artillery, to say nothing of the Gatlings, which from our tops and upper decks swept the batteries of the Egyptians with their deadly storm of balls. At 1.45 p.m. the powder stores of Fort Aida blew up, and three hours later the sea defences were apparently overwhelmed. About five p.m., the British ships ceased firing for the day, the casualties on board the fleet being reported at five killed and twenty-seven wounded. In these figures there is sufficient proof of the ineffectiveness of the Egyptian artillery as regards shell practice, which is most destructive of life in naval engagements. Nor had their guns wrought much harm, it seems, to our men-of-war, four or five of which, indeed, were practically invulnerable to Arabi's batteries. Still it shows that no child's play was undertaken in the Alexandrian waters when the fleet commenced to carry out for itself the demand to cease arming the many forts and earthworks of Arabi. The audacious Pasha was still in possession of guns and positions when the British fire ceased, and the day ended with an order from the Admiral to recommence the attack on Gabaria and the other still unsilenced batteries the next morning.

Little was done by the fleet on Wednesday, the 12th. The *Monarch* and the *Penelope* came round inside the harbour, and the thunder of their guns was now and then ominously rolling. A vast cloud of smoke hung drifting over the city of Alexandria, and flames were rising from one wing of the Khedive's palace as well as from the buildings under the Pharos. The forts on shore were replying with only an occasional gun, but evidently Gabaria and one or two others were not yet silenced. Suddenly the two ironclads ceased to send from their sides those thick rings of whirling smoke with the fiery centre, and a strange quiet ensued, which was followed by the slow departure of these two war-ships from the vicinity of the shore.

Between twelve and one o'clock a flag of truce was seen flying from the Egyptian Arsenal, and they had seen and answered a signal from the Admiral to cease firing. Thus practically ended the work of those terrible nine hours, during which, for the first time, our mighty modern artillery had spoken forth in anger. Darkness now settled upon the scene of wrath and destruction. The great war-ships were one by one withdrawn from their positions, feeling their way with the utmost caution through the shoals and narrow passes of the harbour and its approaches. Arabi had of course extinguished all guiding lights—the object of the flag of truce being to cover his retreat, and only the gleam of a few lamps marked the city.

The gallant dead were committed to the deep, for the sea is the natural cemetery of sailors killed in action. When the funeral ceremony had been completed, the ironclads and their plucky little consorts once again ran their fighting flags up to the peak, and rode to their anchors, or slowly forged ahead, all stripped for action and in fighting order.

Beyond the troubled and discoloured water Alexandria lay, a low gray line, broken here and there by windmills, shattered lighthouses, and the shaft of Pompey's Pillar. Those nearest shore could distinguish with their glasses dismounted guns, parapets crumbled to a dust-heap, timber and masonry and munitions of war in confusion—the result of Tuesday's terrible work—while not only the palace behind, but nearly the whole city, especially the English buildings, smoked and flared: Alexandria was virtually in ruins. The European quarter, including most of the Consular houses, the banks, and the houses of the principal merchants—commonly called the Grand Square—was set on fire during Wednesday night. It is estimated that the flames extended over a mile of

ground. The destruction of property was immense, and it is supposed that as many as 2,000 perished by shots, shells, and explosions.

The Arabs killed all the Christians they could find. From the time of the bombardment a large number of Europeans, chiefly Greeks and Levantines, had hidden all day and night in cellars as best they could. Some French ladies were among them, whose sad condition was very pitiable to behold.

A strong guard was placed round the palace, where both His Highness the Khedive and Dervish Pasha had taken refuge, and the order to assassinate was given; but the cry arose that the English were coming, and the Egyptian troops preferred their own safety to the murder of Tewfik and Dervish. They fled, and the two prisoners were able to escape to the harbour, where they were promptly transferred to the safe refuge of the Admiral's ship of war.

The place was a desert all around. The Bedouins and released convicts seemed to do exactly as they pleased. On Friday, the 14th, however, a detachment of Marines marched through the city, carrying a Gatling gun with them, and during the night occasional shells were fired over the town to intimidate the marauders. Fort Napoleon, which commands the town, and was not dismantled, was occupied by marine gunners. Some Arabs caught plundering were shot down in the streets as warnings to other evil-doers. At the Khedive's palace a company of Marines was drawn up, guarding the entrance. Nearly every European dwelling and shop was looted. Even the roads were cumbered with goods of all kinds. The soldiers generally missed the runaways, wishing rather to frighten than kill. Some found pillaging were beaten, and then set free," which was more lenient treatment than they deserved.

CHAPTER XLII.

A ROMANCE FROM THE BLUE-BOOKS.

IN 1884 an interesting collection of papers was presented to Parliament. This collection consisted of documents relating to the charges which Lord Randolph Churchill brought against the Khedive of being concerned in the massacre at Alexandria which took place about a month before the bombardment of the town by the fleet. The general nature of the statements may be gathered from the following letter of Earl Granville to Sir E. Malet.

"FOREIGN OFFICE, *August 6th*, 1883.

Sir,—The accusation brought in Parliament by Lord Randolph Churchill against His Highness Tewfik Pasha, of complicity in the massacre at Alexandria, has obtained such notoriety that it may be proper to transmit to you a copy of the papers which his lordship has furnished to Her Majesty's Government, in accordance with his undertaking to furnish the evidence on which he relied in support of so grave a charge against the ruler of a friendly country.

These papers consist of five memoranda, the main purpose of which seems to be to assail the Khedive and to vindicate the rebel Arabi and his accomplices. The first memorandum appears to be intended principally to support the accusation brought against the Khedive. It is said to be based on 'independent evidence' and 'reliable authority;' but it contains nothing which

can properly be described as evidence. It consists of a series of extracts from the Blue-books laid before Parliament, curtailed and detached from their context in such a manner as to make them appear to fit in with accusations that partake of the nature of gossip, and with sweeping denunciations resting on hearsay or anonymous testimony.

The last document attached to the papers discloses the principal source of information, and it appears that the accusation against the Khedive emanates from certain political prisoners whose names are not divulged, and whose statements are not only unsupported by any extrinsic evidence, but seem to be deprived of all weight by the particular circumstances under which they were made.

The whole case rests on surmise, suspicion, and hearsay, on unsupported statements made by unnamed persons, or by those whose hatred of the Khedive has been created or embittered by the measures taken against them during the rebellion.

The inferences attempted to be drawn from the passages quoted from the Blue-books must be received with great caution, for it is to be regretted that Lord Randolph Churchill should not have taken more care correctly to extract the quotations on which he bases the serious charges he has preferred. For instance, it will be seen from the accompanying Memoranda that his lordship charges Omar Lutfi with having instigated the outrages committed on the 11th June, and argues that Arabi was innocent of any participation in them. To support these views Lord Randolph Churchill makes the following quotation (Inclosure 4 in No. 2, Mr. Hewart) : 'From information gathered from many sources I am fully of opinion that the riot of the 11th was a preconcerted plan.' It seems difficult to find any reason why these words—'concocted by his Excellency Arabi Pasha and partizans'—which appear in the Blue-book, should have been omitted from the quotation, and yet so it is.

In like manner Lord Randolph Churchhill, in support of the same argument, quotes Mr. Edward Barber as follows: 'After closing the door I went upstairs and saw several Europeans murdered in the street, and the assassins were assisted by the police.' The sentence given in the Blue-book has the additional words, 'or soldiery.' His lordship omits them.

A full examination of the papers and the arguments adduced by Lord Randolph Churchill leads to the conclusion that no *primâ facie* evidence (either legal or moral) exists in support of the charges which have been preferred against His Highness Tewfik Pasha.

I am, etc.,
(Signed) GRANVILLE."

We shall quote a few of the statements, not so much because they are worthy of belief in themselves (for this cannot be affirmed of them) as because they are interesting, and as accounts of the events of some terrible days in the history of Alexandria possess a very considerable amount of interest. Perhaps the most remarkable is the affidavit of John Ninet, which is as follows:—

"I, John Ninet, late of Alexandria, but now residing at London, Doctor of Medicine, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare—

That I was present at Alexandria when Dervish* arrived, on Wednesday, the 7th June, 1882. I saw him on the quay on his way to Ras-el-Tin with Zulficar Pasha (the Khedive's Delegate, a Greek Moslem, and a creature of Saïd Pasha's) and Yacoub Pasha Sami (Arabi's Under-Secretary at War), also Sheikh Assad Bey and Omar Lutfi (Governor of Alexandria). In the afternoon the Ulemas and some of the Notables and the officials called on Dervish, who received them without much ceremony. Also came the Consuls, Mr. Cookson and M. Kleskowski, together, in plain clothes, also the French and English

* Dervish Pasha, an Egyptian of high rank.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

Admirals in uniform. I was present when Mr. Cookson was received. He reminded Dervish that Admiral Seymour was the same who had commanded at Dulcigno, on which Dervish smiled without answering. The Notables, after the Consuls retired, presented a Petition, in which they exposed the grievances of the Egyptian nation, and complained of the presence of the fleet, and its desire for self-government, and he had a long conversation with them on the subject, and promised to have the fleet away before long. I was not present at this, but I heard of it from my friends the Gariani, and also from Abdullah Nadim, who were there. Sheik-el-Hajjrasi was there also. Nadim at this time was constantly to and fro between Alexandria and Cairo. Hassan-el-Akhad was not to my knowledge in Alexandria till after the riots.

The next morning, the 8th, the Dervish went to Cairo. On his way to the station a great crowd followed him, shouting about the Sultan and the fleet. On the platform Zulficar and the rest of the Khedive's officers expostulated about Yacoub Pasha entering Dervish's carriage, but Dervish took Yacoub by the shoulder and made him enter, so that the following four were in the carriage: Dervish, Assad Bey, Zulficar, and Yacoub. Nadim managed to get conveyed among the secretaries and servants by the same train. At Damanhur, Tantah, and Kafr-el-Zaiat deputations met him protesting their loyalty to the Sultan. It is probable that this was ordered.

The following particulars I heard from Arabi, and those sent by him to observe, and which I verily believe to be true. Dervish was met at the Cairo station by the troops and officials, but by none of the National Ministry. There was no particular excitement in the crowd, and he drove straight to Abdin. He received no one that day, and saw only the Khedive and his household at Abdin, and slept at Kafr-en-Nonsa, which had been prepared for him. That night, or the next morning, I have heard the Khedive sent an eunuch, who arranged with Dervish through his secretary that he should have £50,000 as soon as the money could be raised, and thus gained him to his side; for Dervish's instructions had been to depose Tewfik and replace him by Halim. He consequently saw no more of Yacoub Pasha.

Friday was spent by him in visiting the mosques and praying. In one of them certain of the Ulemas presented him with a Petition. This annoyed Dervish, and in the afternoon when the Ulemas came to pay him their respects and to state their grievances, as had been done at Alexandria, he was very rude to them, and told them he had come to speak, not to be spoken to. This caused much excitement in the town, and messengers were sent by the evening trains to all parts of the country with the news that Dervish was not to be trusted. On the Saturday Dervish sent for Arabi and Mahmoud Sami. He received them with a great show of politeness, made them sit by him, and explain the situation.

This Arabi described to me as follows: 'We are all here as brothers, the sons of the Sultan, and I with my white beard can be as a father to you, and we have the same object in view, to oppose the Ghiaours, and obtain the departure of the fleet, which was a disgrace to the Sultan and a menace to Egypt, that they were all bound to act together to this end, and especially Arabi and the Ministry, to show their zeal for their master, and this could best be done by their resigning their military power into his hands, at least in appearance. Also to please the Sultan he must go to Constantinople for a while.'

To this Arabi replied that he was ready to resign, but that as the situation was very strained, and as he had assumed a great responsibility of keeping order, he would not consent to half measures. If he required he would resign in form as well as in name, but he would do neither without a written discharge, because he would not be held responsible for things which he had not done. He had been accused of mal-

versation, tyrannical government, and other matters, and he would not leave his office without a full discharge from such accusations. He would also go to Constantinople when matters were settled, as a private man, to pay his respects to the Sultan.

Dervish was not prepared for this answer, and he did not like it. His countenance changed, but he said, 'Let us consider the matter settled; you will telegraph at once the Governor of Alexandria and the Commander of the garrison, to say that you

TEWFIK, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

have resigned your charge to me, and that you are acting as my wakil; and on Monday, when there will be a meeting of the Consuls and the Khedive at Abdid, we will give you your discharge.' Arabi, however, refused absolutely, saying that until he had his written discharge he should retain his post and responsibility to do this, and there the matter remained. No coffee or cigarettes were offered at this meeting. Mahmoud Sami confirmed the whole of this account to me later in prison.

Nahim brought the news of this interview at once to Alexandria, and returned to

Cairo by the early train on Sunday morning. The same day, Sunday, I was still at Alexandria, and the town was quite quiet. At two o'clock I sent my servant, a Soudani, to fetch a carriage to call on the Commander of the garrison, and he was away

THE GRAND SQUARE, ALEXANDRIA.

half an hour. The Governor was Kurshed Pasha, a Circassian, but a good man, formerly attached to Ismail, and so opposed to the Khedive. My servant on his return begged me not to go where I had intended, as there was fighting in the Kahwat-el-

Garjay, in the Rue des Sœurs, a place where all the European roughs and Arab porters congregate on Sunday. They had already killed two Mussulmen. So I went to the place on foot, not through the Square, but by a back street. I found the Rue des Sœurs full of people, Europeans and Mussulmen, but there was no fighting near me.

But about 200 yards off the mob was waving like the sea, and I saw pistol-shots fired from the windows. All at once the fighting came in our direction, so we retired until we got near the Lazarist school, where I saw in front of a café some dozen Greeks armed with Ordnance rifles, who began firing into the crowd indiscriminately just after we had gone by. Then I saw a carriage with a Mustaphezin wounded or dead in it. This seemed to have given the alarm, for immediately afterwards a number of Moslems, mostly Barbarins or Arabs from the Saïd, came running towards us from several quarters with sticks, with which they laid about them. Then the firing and the fighting became general, and I went towards home.

On my way I met Mr. Cookson in a carriage, and I was told by a bystander that he had been in the house of a Maltese where the pistol-shots were fired, and that it was coming out of that house that he was beaten, because the mob considered him responsible for the firing. He was known to have advised the Maltese some time before to protect themselves in case of disturbances. Later, at about three o'clock, I happened to meet Omar Lutfi walking in plain clothes with some policemen, and I asked him why he did nothing to stop the fighting. He said, 'I have been with the English Consul, who has been beaten.' I said, 'Why did you not go in uniform, and take fifty mounted policemen to stop it?' He said that Kandil, the Chief of the Police, could not be found. 'And the soldiers, why do they do nothing?' He answered, 'They won't move; they have no orders.' 'And the Consuls?' He replied, 'They are making a meeting.' I asked him why he had not telegraphed to the Viceroy and to Arabi Pasha, the proper authority, and he answered rudely, 'What is that to you?'

The French Consulate was full of refugee Europeans. Then I went home, put on my worst clothes, and took a stick with me and went out again. Some boys were running about with property they had taken from the shops. The Mustaphezin did not interfere to prevent the fighting, but I have it from a Christian who was in the Zabetie that it is untrue that any one was ill-treated by them inside.

I met a janissary of the Russian Consulate, who told me that the fight was going on near the Marina, and that people who had been on board the ships for the day had been beaten and killed, and that the Consuls were telegraphing to the Viceroy. This was at half-past three or four, and they expected the troops to interfere.

At about five o'clock the troops appeared, and the thing ended. I am of opinion, from Omar Lutfi's manner, and other circumstances, that he was responsible for the continuation of the fighting. The troops would certainly have interfered if he had ordered them to do so. A strong corroboration is the following circumstance: four days after the riots Omar Lutfi went on board the flag-ship and informed Admiral Seymour that he could not be responsible for order, that Arabi was not able to keep order, and he begged him to land troops—this, although the town was absolutely quiet.

Omar Lutfi was an enemy of Arabi's and a friend of the Khedive. He was removed from his office, as I have heard, on the demand of the Consuls, as a satisfaction to public opinion, when the Ragheb Ministry was formed, and replaced by Zulficar. The Commission of Inquiry was stopped by the Consuls when Arabi demanded that the inquiry should be a full one, including Europeans as well as Egyptians. I learned the fact of the interview on board the flag-ship through Mr. Marriott, employed as

Secretary by Admiral Seymour, and some other of the circumstances from M. de Lex, the Russian Consul.

With regard to the origin of the riots, it was as follows: The arrival of the fleet at Alexandria caused an immense amount of ill-feeling between the Egyptian and the European colony. The Europeans looked upon it as a first act of war, and their demeanour towards the natives became threatening. 'Now,' they said, 'you will see what we are going to do.' Among the Egyptians it became the theme of everyday conversation, and great apprehension was excited. It was thought that troops were going to be landed and Egypt taken possession of by the English. I was constantly asked at this time whether such was the intention. This was increased when it became known that a contract had been made for the provisioning of the fleets by Sir Beauchamp Seymour and M. Conrad for three months. This was in the mouth of every one, and caused great irritation.

Against the French there was not this feeling, because the attitude assumed by M. Conrad, the Admiral, was not offensive. On the contrary, he did his best to conciliate the natives. The irritation alarmed in their turn the Europeans, and especially the English and Maltese, who applied constantly to their Consul for information in what way they were to be protected in case of disturbance. Mr. Cookson told them to protect themselves. About the end of May or the beginning of June, and just about the same time, it became known that firearms had been sent from Greece to arm the Greeks of Alexandria.

The English subjects consequently bought up all the weapons they could find in the town, and I know from officials of the Custom-house that Snider rifles and revolvers were landed for their use from the fleet. It became, therefore, almost certain that a conflict would arise, and as Sunday is the day on which the Europeans were most in the habit of collecting together at the cafés and in the streets drinking, each Sunday was looked upon with special apprehension. So strong was the feeling of impending danger that peaceable persons, natives as well as Europeans, began to leave the country. The Moslems began also to arm themselves with sticks, especially the Barbarins (Nubians), of whom there were some 30,000 in Alexandria. The Barbarins are quarrelsome people and fond of fighting. Many of them were on the side of the Circassian, or Khedive's, party in this affair.

The story of the origin of the riot as I heard it at the time was this: On the morning of the 11th, Sunday, a Maltese, brother of one of Mr. Cookson's servants, came to pay his brother a visit and received a present from the Consul of a sovereign, with which he immediately went to amuse himself in the town. He took a carriage and went the round of the drinking-shops in the French quarter, and came at last to the Kawat-et-Gazaz. He was by that time drunk, and wished to dismiss his carriage by paying the man a piastre. This caused a dispute, which ended by the Maltese taking up a knife, one belonging to the café, and used for cutting cheese, and which was kept tied with a long string to the table, and stabbed the coachman with it. The man was mortally wounded in the belly, and another who came to assist him was killed on the spot by a Greek.

In the scuffle which followed a Greek baker living next door was killed, and the fight became general. The Moabin chief of the police of the district of Laban was an Italian, who could not speak Arabic, and he could not stop it. One of the Mustaphezin in his suite was wounded, and the rest joined in the fight, taking part with the natives. These particulars I had next day from a Christian policeman who was present at the Zabetie.

With respect to Kandil, Chief of the Police, I had seen him on the Thursday in Somariva's shop, and knew that he was ill, for I had felt his pulse, and found he was suffering from a fever. Omar Lutfi could

certainly have stopped the thing if he had chosen. What spread the rioting so rapidly was the fact that the Moslem dead were taken to the mosque. I saw sixty-seven European dead, and I have it from the Mussulman Secretary of the Commission of Inquiry, and also from a Mussulman doctor, Mustapha Bey, that 140 was the number of the Moslems, of whom about twenty-five were Barbarins. The Ouladali Bedouins also took part in the riot. I saw twenty to twenty-five of them near Gaban's house, where they had broken open a shop known as a depôt of firearms. These Ouladali were at that time on the side of the Khedive, having been bribed for £20,000 by Ibraham Tewfik, Mudir of Baharieh, at Damanhur.

I heard afterwards from a certain official of the local telegraph that Omar Lutfi sent many cipher telegrams that day to the Viceroy, but no telegrams to Arabi; and it was not until M. de Lex, the Russian Consul-General, telegraphed to the Viceroy about the dangers of the disturbances, that the Viceroy thought proper to send news of the massacres to Arabi asking him to order the soldiers at Alexandria to stop the rioting, which Arabi did immediately; and on the soldiers appearing, all disturbances ceased at once. When the above facts of the sending of telegrams to the Khedive, and not to Arabi, in Cairo on the Sunday, and of the interview of Arabi and Mahmoud Sami with Dervish on the Saturday previous, and the clandestine visit of Omar Lutfi to Admiral Seymour shortly after the massacres, became known, it was the universal opinion of all the Egyptian notables that the disturbances of the 11th June had been fermented and the massacres allowed to continue by Omar Lutfi, Dervish, the Khedive and his party, for the purpose of bringing discredit upon Arabi and the National party, without regard to the blood that might be shed or the nationality of the victims. (Signed)

JOHN NINET."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE ALEXANDRIA RIOTS—NARRATIVES OF EYE-WITNESSES.

CONTINUING our series of extracts from the papers relative to the massacre at Alexandria, we now give a collection of statements from several of those who were present. Unless where names are specially mentioned the statements are anonymous.

The first statement tells us: "When the disagreement arose between the Khedive and the Mahmoud Sami Ministry, it was rumoured in Cairo that the Khedive would endeavour through some of his followers to cause a riot in Cairo itself, so much so that special precautions were taken to prevent disturbance, and as long as they were in office the Ministry especially watched this matter.

And the Khedive sent for Ibrahim Bey Tewfik, Mudir of Boheyra, and required of him that he should assemble the sheiks of the Bedouin tribes and bring them to him. And when he saw them he received the sheiks with great cordiality, and made them promises, and directed the Mudir to order them to collect 3,000 Bedouin Arabs and bring them into the capital from the side of Ghizeh, hoping thus that there being no discipline among them disturbance would result in the town. But the sheiks found it difficult to collect so many men, owing to the fear the tribes had of the soldiers.

And having failed in this, the Khedive wrote to Omar Lutfi, then Governor of Alexandria, a ciphered telegram, and told him, 'Arabi has guaranteed public safety, and published it in the newspapers, and has made himself responsible to the Consuls, and if he succeeds in his guarantee the Powers will trust him, and our considerations will be lost. Also, the fleets of the Powers are in Alexandrian waters, and men's minds are excited, and quarrels are not far off between Europeans and others. Now, therefore, choose for yourself whether you will serve Arabi in his guarantee, or whether you will serve us.'

And on the day of the event —— went to the office of the Court, and saw that the Court officials were in great joy and merriment on account of what had happened, and were exaggerating the news of it, and they scoffed at Arabi's pledge to keep the peace. Now, it has always been the custom, from the time of the late Khedive, that the men of the Court say nothing but what is agreeable to the Khedive. Every day, indeed, as news reaches them they talk and laugh if it is agreeable to him, and if otherwise they feign all the sorrow they can.

And on the day after the event it was rumoured in Cairo that the Khedive had telegraphed during the massacre to Omar Lutfi, ordering him: 'Ask for soldiers from the Admiral, and do not ask for Egyptian soldiers,' and Omar Lutfi answered: 'The Admiral cannot comply, because something further might happen which would be difficult to stop from the soldiers in the town.'

And twelve days after, when I was in Alexandria, I heard all the people saying with one voice that it was the Governor (Omar Lutfi) who made it go so far, for he was there, and did not give any order to prevent it, or go to the place, except after some time, or ask for the regular soldiers, in spite of their being so near the scene of action, and all the people said this was at the instigation of the Khedive. And I heard from them that near the end of the massacre the Governor was pacing from point to point, and there was a European at a window holding in his hand a revolver, and one of the Bedouins said, 'Shall I shoot that one, O Pasha?' and he said to him, 'Shoot him,' and the Arab fired a bullet at him and killed him. And much of the stolen goods entered his house, and the houses of his relations on that black day. I heard also from them that he incited some of the people during the massacre with encouragement, and made signs to the police not to take any notice, saying, 'Let them die, the sons of dogs.'

Before the event Haidar Pasha went twice to Alexandria, and returned to Cairo both times, and on the day of the event he was at Alexandria, and returned to Cairo both times, and on this day also, and when it was over, he came to Cairo. Then he travelled with the Khedive on the day of his going (to Alexandria).

When the Commission was formed to inquire into the causes of the event, Omar Lutfi was not questioned about anything at all. On the contrary, the Khedive directed him to resign under pretext of illness, etc.

Omar Lutfi was Governor of Alexandria during the riot. He was the person legally responsible for security, and he neglected it completely, even if we do not say that he helped to increase the disorder. Now, if that was in obedience to Arabi—as he (Lutfi) pretended, although his office was now in immediate dependence on the Khedive, since the Khedive had issued a special decree declaring that after Sami's resignation all matters relating to the interior devolved upon the Court—how came he (Lutfi) to be appointed Minister of War as a recompense of his obedience to Arabi and his disobedience to his lord the Khedive? But if it was negligence of his own, how is it that with that negligence and incapacity he was appointed Minister of War? How is it that he was not asked a single question, although he was the first person who should have been questioned? Truly the

march of events proclaims aloud the cause of the riot to be the Khedive in concert with Omar Lutfi.

These are things known to me, and if I were out of danger I could have them confirmed by witnesses who could not be controverted."

Another account says: "The *Mahruasa* newspaper, which was an organ of Omar Lutfi, announced at Alexandria, a few days before the riots of the 11th June, that the Europeans were preparing to fight, stating the number of Europeans prepared. This disturbing announcement drew the attention of some of the notables of Alexandria, who, on inquiry, learnt that the announcement had been ordered.

Unusual movements were observed several days before the riots among some of the Europeans in the neighbourhood of the great Square, to which movements the attention was called by Ahmed Effendi Nabih, the district police superintendent, who reported them to the Chief of the Zaptiyeh and to the Governor. Taher Effendi-el-Kiridli, an officer of the Zaptiyeh, also had his attention drawn to the matter, and he also spoke to Omar Lutfi. But Omar Lutfi took no precautions.

Omar Lutfi had himself been the first person to give a banquet in Alexandria for the success of the army. He was the first to give entertainments and invite orators to exhort the nation to be united with the army.

The Governor pretends that Nadim's speeches were the cause of the disturbances, while the purport of those speeches which Nadim made in the Kanfushi quarter was to persuade the masses to keep quiet and not to interfere with any stranger; and he even said: 'Be it known to you that whatever may be done to you by some of the low-class foreigners, whether abuse, beating, or the like, will be only done with the design of raising a disturbance, so that the English fleet may have a pretext for firing on the city, as many of the notables of Alexandria can testify.' Also, Nadim was not in Alexandria on the day of the riot, but in Cairo.

The riots began about an hour after midnight in the Ibrahim Street, near the Caracol of Labbaneh, between a native named El Ajian and a Maltese. The Maltese first hit the native and knocked him down, wounded, and the news reached the wounded man's brother. He came and asked an Italian policeman to arrest the aggressor, upon which the policeman made use of abusive language towards the wounded man's brother, even assaulting him with blows, he receiving him in like manner. A crowd gathered; the wounded man's brother in his turn wounded the policeman, and the few policemen in the neighbourhood were unable to disperse the mob. Yet there was no fighting to speak about until shots were fired from the windows upon the crowd without distinction. The shots were fired by those sinless Europeans, who can do no wrong! On them be peace. Now the flames of a riot burst forth and the evil grew. The Europeans with their arms attacked the roughs of Alexandria, who held in their hands no weapons save what they snatched up — sticks, umbrellas, chairs, legs of tables. And His Excellency the Governor did not come till after the lapse of two and a half hours, and then he sent to Mr. Cookson, asking his presence in the midst of the riot, we know not why. And when Mr. Cookson came he pushed his way through the fray, risking his life against all prudence (perhaps in order to be wounded or to be killed, and so to lay down his soul as a ransom for the designs of his upright God). And Omar Lutfi did not haste to summon the division of Mustaphezin which was under his orders and dependent on him specially and on the Zaptiyeh, and which had no connection of any sort with the Ministry of War—its pay and man gement being under the Governorship and Zaptiyeh of Alexandria. And when at length his zeal prompted him to call out

the Mustaphezin, he sent for them to come to the scene of the riot unarmed and not in marching order, which made them believe that the Governor only wanted to enlarge the circle of disturbance, so making it general. So they came in that strange state and took part with the pillagers and murderers, and sent much of the stolen property to His Excellency's house.

Then, when he saw that by letting things go further he might perhaps afterwards be himself shown up, he sent for arms to be brought in cabs—when the Mustaphezin had already dispersed and the distribution (of their arms to them) had become impossible. It was not till after the lapse of four hours that Omar Lutfi summoned the regular soldiers, although the head-quarters of the regiments were quite close to him; and when he did so, his summons not being in regular form, the Colonel, Mustafa Abd-er-Rahim, was afraid to act upon it lest the responsibility should fall upon him, and sent to request a summons according to the military regulations. This being sent the troops went and put down the riot and dispersed the crowd.

The Colonel in command of Rab Charkieh, on becoming aware that Omar Lutfi himself was the instigator of the riot, desired to arrest him, but, owing to the country not being under martial law, he was deterred from doing so, and waited to lay the matter before the Under-Secretary of War, Yacoub Sami. But on his arrival he abandoned the idea of the arrest.

About the seventh hour of the night boats were seen approaching the shore carrying English soldiers, and news of this reaching the Colonel, Mustafa Abd-er-Rahim, he informed the Governor, who positively and absolutely contradicted the report. So, to ascertain the facts for themselves, they went to the shore, first informing the French Consul, who himself accompanied the officers, to verify the state of the case. They had also with them some soldiers. The truth of the report becoming evident, the French Consul proceeded at once to the British Consulate, and after some parleying signals were hoisted and the boats put off again.

Verily the greater number of those accused and arrested the day after the riots were crying out, 'We are not to blame. It was His Excellency the Governor himself who ordered us to beat and rob.' Had any real inquiry taken place in those days the general testimony of most of the accused would have fixed suspicion on the Governor. But this Admiral Seymour did not permit, lest his opportunity should be lost.

The Seyyid Kandil had documents in his possession clearly showing the manner of organization concocted by the Governor and the Khedive and those of his Court. And from those documents the Khedive's plan of action in concerting the requisite measures to stir up these abominable riots became known. The papers they forced him to deliver up after his arrest—and he had to give them up."

A third statement tells us: "On Sunday, the 11th June, the Ottoman Commissioner, Dervish Pasha, who had arrived three days before in Egypt, was driving in the avenue that leads from the Palace of Ghizerah to the bridge Kasr-en-Nil. He had just had, at his own residence, a long interview with Arabi Pasha and all the ex-Ministers, and was going to the Palace of Ismailiah, where the Khedive resided, with a view to communicate to him a combination which had been agreed upon, and which might, it was said, reconcile the Khedive with his Minister.

Near the bridge he was met by the Khedive's secretary, Talaat Pasha, who was sent by his master to announce to him that a riot had broken out at Alexandria, that it had been going on for three hours, and that Europeans and Christians were everywhere massacred. This communication was made with an air of triumph. Talaat looked much pleased. He appeared to say that Arabi, for whom so much was

being done, was the sole cause of the occurrence. In truth, Arabi had engaged, in presence of the Consuls, to maintain public order, or to restore it if it should be disturbed. Events now gave him contradiction. Massacres had now been going on three hours without his having been able to do anything towards order, etc.

Dervish Pasha delegated one the aides-de-camp who were in the carriage with him to return immediately to Arabi. Abud being present offered a seat in his carriage

ARABI, THE REBEL PASHA.

to Dervish Pasha's messenger, and took him to the house of Mahmoud Pasha Sami, where Arabi was at the time.

The news of what had happened soon spread through the town. Arabi and his friends were in grief. In the Khedive's palace only there was joy.

To despatches sent by Arabi, the Governor of Alexandria replied that the army under his command had mastered the disturbance and restored order.

One thing is certain, the rising was not unforeseen. It was contrived beforehand with diabolical skill. It has been proved

that naboots (thick sticks used by the Egyptian night watchmen) had some days before the 11th June been distributed among the mob by secret agents; that these naboots made their appearance almost at the same time from various quarters of the town, at the very time when a Maltese had just killed a donkey-man for some futile reason; that the donkey-men, a peaceable class, but very accessible to money, under the influence of which they are capable of the most mischievous acts, played an important part on that unfortunate day; that during the riot, Greeks and Arabs, armed with revolvers, placed in ambuscade in certain houses, fired from the windows into the crowd, their only object being to spread the massacre by firing indiscriminately on Europeans and Arabs; that fanatical sheiks excited the peaceable inhabitants to murder the Christians; that the Mustaphezin (municipal guards under civil authority) sent by the Governor with the apparent object of quelling the tumult, bayoneted the unfortunate people whom it was their duty to protect; that helpless fugitives were murdered by those Mustaphezin in front of the Prefecture of Police; and lastly that the Bedouins, coming in from the neighbourhood of Alexandria, were about to take a share in the plunder when the regular army, which only made its appearance four hours after the first knife was drawn, obliged them to retire.

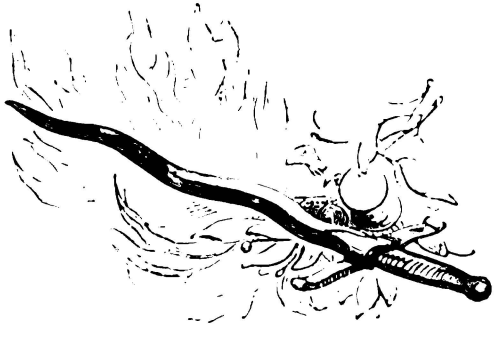
On the other side the Governor of Alexandria explained his delay in sending the regular army to put down the disturbance by his fear lest they might join the rioters; but His Excellency never explained, and never was asked, how that fear which he felt at the beginning of the rising, vanished at the moment of its fullest intensity.

It is certain—and the telegraph clerks attached to the Palace and the Khedive were ready to declare it—that a long correspondence had been carried on between the Governor of Alexandria and the Khedive as soon as the riot broke out, and the question discussed was the sending of troops from the English or the French fleets.

Haidar Pasha, a cousin of the Khedive, who had for several days together had long secret interviews with him through the gates of the harem, and always at nightfall, was in Alexandria at the time of the massacre.

It was only after useless debates with the Admirals on the question of landing, that the Governor, in accord with the Khedive, agreed to appeal to the army to put an end to the massacre."

As these are strong statements, it may be as well to repeat that they are to be taken with such qualification as completely destroys their force, and we again venture to direct the reader's attention to Earl Granville's opinion, as contained in the letter quoted at the beginning of the last chapter as to the whole matter.



CHAPTER XLIV.

LORD ALCESTER—A BRIEF RECORD OF HIS CAREER.

THE bombardment of Alexandria must be said to have made the reputation of Lord Alcester—for to that title he was raised for his skilful management of the affair.

From that useful publication, "Men of the Time," and one or two other authorities, we extract the following account of him. They tell us that—"The Right Hon. Frederick Beauchamp Paget Seymour, Lord Alcester, was the only surviving son of the late Sir Horace Beauchamp Seymour, M.P., and a grandson of Vice-Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour. He was born in Bruton Street, London, on April 12, 1821; was educated at Eton; and entered the royal navy in January, 1834, receiving his lieutenant's commission in March, 1842. He became a captain in 1854, rear-admiral in 1870, vice-admiral in 1876, and admiral in 1882. He served as a volunteer in the Burmese war of 1852–3, as aide-de-camp to General Godwin, and led the storming party of Fusiliers at the capture of the works and pagoda of Pegu. He was also present in numerous other engagements on land and water, was four times gazetted, and awarded the Burmese medal, with the clasp for Pegu, at the close of the campaign. In 1854 he served against the Russians in the operations in the White Sea, and is in receipt of the Baltic medal. A few years later, viz. 1860–1, as commodore in command of the Australian station, he took part in the operations of the Naval Brigade in New Zealand, again distinguishing himself, and receiving the New Zealand medal and the Companionship of the Bath. In 1866 he was appointed an aide-de-camp to the Queen. From 1868 till 1870 he was private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, and he commanded the Detached Squadron from December, 1870, till May, 1872, from which date till March he was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and was re-appointed in 1883. From October, 1874, till November, 1877, when he was made a K.C.B., he commanded the Channel Squadron, and he was appointed Commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean in February, 1880. In September of the same year he assumed the supreme command of the Allied Fleet of the European Powers, which made a naval demonstration off the Albanian coast in consequence of the refusal of the Porte to agree to the cession of Dulcigno to Montenegro. Eventually the Turks consented to the cession, and the object for which the European fleet had been assembled in the Adriatic having thus been achieved, it dispersed on December 5. Sir Beauchamp Seymour received the thanks of Her Majesty's Government for the manner in which he performed his duty on this occasion, and he was created a Grand Cross of the Bath in the following year (1881). In the warlike operations in Egypt in 1882, he took a conspicuous part, as Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet. On the 6th of July he demanded of Arabi Pasha the instant cessation of the works on the forts at Alexandria, under penalty of bombardment; and on the 10th he despatched an ultimatum to the Egyptian Ministry, demanding not only the cessation of all defensive works, but also the surrender of the forts at the mouth of the harbour. Early on the morning of the 11th eight British ironclads and five gunboats advanced to the attack, and although the Egyptian gunners fought their guns

ADMIRAL SIR F. B. P. SEYMOUR, G.C.B..

NOW LORD ALCESTER.

By permission of J. Madarsly, Esq., Oswestry.

exceedingly well, the forts were, in a few hours, laid in ruins or silenced, with slight loss on the British side, and with trifling damage to the ships. On the following day flags of truce were hoisted on shore, and in the afternoon one of the British officers, being sent to treat with the enemy, discovered that the city had been completely abandoned by Arabi and his troops, and that the flags had been merely used as devices to enable the army to withdraw from the city without further molestation. Sir Beauchamp Seymour remained in supreme command at the occupation and arrangement of affairs in Egypt until the arrival of the army under the command of General Sir Garnet Wolseley. For his distinguished services he received the thanks of Parliament, was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Alcester, of Alcester, in the county of Warwick. His lordship also received from Parliament a grant of £25,000, a medal with two clasps, Grand Cordon of the Osmanick, Crown and Star of the Damanick, and the Khedive's Bronze Star." Nor were these all the honours which were bestowed upon this successful sailor.

The Corporation of the City of London, on the 11th April, 1883, presented to him an address of congratulation and thanks for the able and gallant services rendered by him in Egypt, together with the officers and men of all arms and ranks under his command. The freedom of the City, with a sword of honour, was also presented to Lord Alcester.

In presenting the sword of honour to Admiral Lord Alcester, the Chamberlain said it was not to be regarded as an expression of unanimous feeling concerning the objects of the campaign in Egypt, but of admiration of the skill, bravery, endurance, discipline, and devotion to duty manifested by all ranks and arms in the naval service.

Lord Alcester, having taken the sword and pressed the ivory hilt to his lips, said that he was at a loss to find words to express his gratitude. The freedom of the City was an honour which the officers of both the services hoped for, and duly appreciated when received. In his conduct of the naval operations during the Egyptian campaign he had been fortunate in obtaining the cordial support of his officers, seamen and marines, and the willing co-operation of the sister services. He had previously been associated with Lord Wolseley, and he therefore knew what to expect from so true a comrade and so brave a man. In the afternoon before the action at Tel-el-Kebir he spent some time in Sir Garnet's tent, and amidst all the dangers and difficulties which menaced him, he found the General as calm and cool as though he were in St. James's Street. To a man who could so command his temper and feelings at such a moment, victory was pretty well secured. In conclusion, his lordship acknowledged the ready help which he had always received from the Admiralty, and said that amidst all the diversities of political feeling he had found that so long as he was resolved to maintain the honour of his country, and do his duty, the country would see him through his task.

At the banquet in the evening, after the toast of the Queen, which was responded to by Vice-Admiral the Duke of Edinburgh, that of the Army, Navy, and Reserve Forces was given, and the Lord Mayor then proposed—"The health of Admiral Lord Alcester and General Lord Wolseley," and, in a speech of considerable eloquence, he traced out the career and past services of Lord Alcester. He referred particularly to the successful way in which the delicate negotiations were carried out by his lordship when in command of the international squadron in Austrian and Turkish waters before Dulcigno in 1880, the difficult task of keeping together a fleet of different nationalities and representing so many conflicting interests having been so successfully performed by his lordship as to prominently bring before the world his great tact and talents, gaining for him the friendship and regard of the numerous distinguished foreign

officers with whom he was at that time associated, and for the successful termination of which negotiations his lordship received the G.C.B. Referring to his lordship's services during the Egyptian campaign, he remarked that few people appeared to understand fully the responsibilities of his lordship's position during the anxious time immediately preceding the attack on the forts of Alexandria, or to appreciate how admirably the whole of the delicate negotiations with the other Powers represented in Alexandrian waters had been conducted. When the right moment came, his lordship had to decide as to the proper course to pursue; the right one was chosen, and the plans of attack so well and carefully prepared as to result in the signal success which crowned the operations of the day. He briefly alluded to the chief incidents of the recent campaign in Egypt from the time of the bombardment of the forts of Alexandria on the 11th July, to the charge of Kassasin, the midnight march and charge at Tel-el-Kebir, the onward progress to Zagazig and Cairo, and the surrender of Arabi.

Admiral Lord Alcester, who, on rising, was greeted with prolonged cheering, said:—

"My Lord Mayor, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen,—No words at my command can express my feeling for the great honour which you have conferred upon me in drinking my health in the way you have done. I wish to express to the Lord Mayor my sense of the great honour I received this morning at his hands. The freedom of the City of London is one that we, in both services, regard almost as the culminating honour of our career, and I thank you most sincerely for the honour that has been conferred upon me. My Lord Mayor has been kind enough to allude in most complimentary terms—far more than we deserve—to the services we have been enabled to render to our country during the past campaign. I will say one or two words on the earlier part of that campaign, which constituted the extreme difficulty that attended the work I had to do. It was impossible, after the massacre that took place in Alexandria on the 11th June, to do anything in a way I should like to have done it. Had it not been for the enormous European and Levantine population—all subjects of Europe—I think it is very possible that with the small force we had then we should have been able to settle matters on the following morning. There is a distinguished diplomatist here who will bear me out in saying that had we attempted to seek for redress, which we were entitled to demand, the lives of the enormous population at Cairo and all Egypt generally would have suffered. I was told in distinct terms that I must do nothing. I was requested to do nothing until measures had been adopted to remove that population from Egypt. The massacre at Alexandria took place on the 11th June, and I ask attention to this, that the last vessel containing the refugees from Egypt generally was towed out of the harbour of Alexandria at 4 p.m. on the 10th July. We attacked the batteries of Alexandria at seven o'clock on the following morning, and, therefore, I hope I may say there was no want of promptitude. In our endeavours to repress grievances we had to press forward. The rest was a comparatively easy matter. To the gallant officers, seamen and marines was left the task of settling affairs after the bombardment of the forts, and we had the very great advantage of being reinforced by one of the best officers in the British army, my friend Sir Archibald Alison, and subsequently by that most gallant and distinguished officer with whom I had the honour of being associated in the campaign—General (as he was then) Sir Garnet Wolseley. I should be very wrong if I did not take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those gallant officers whom fortune placed under me during the campaign. I will begin by speaking of Admiral Dowell and Sir William Ewart, and also of the gallant officer who so nobly did his duty in the Suez Canal,

and Sir Francis Sullivan, who left nothing to be desired in the management of affairs at Port Said at a most critical time. I should also at the same time speak of two officers of other countries: Admiral Conrad of the French navy, who was not responsible for the change of policy which caused the withdrawal of the French fleet, and Admiral Wrexhall of the American navy, who got his ship under weigh, and passed the squadron in action, his men cheering so rapidly that the crew of the *Lancaster* said there was nothing left them but to acknowledge how much they appreciated this cheering. I may say that no officer in my position ever received such support as I have received from my superiors. I beg to thank Lord Northbrook and the Duke of Cambridge for what they did for me. They anticipated almost every want of mine. I was quite sure that, however I might have failed at first starting, owing to the difficulty of removing British subjects from the coast, in endeavouring to do my duty in my own way and maintain the honour of England I should be backed up by my country. I must express the very great pleasure I have in seeing so many officers of the sister services present, many of whom I have seen under different conditions, and I have again to thank you, my Lord Mayor, for the great honour you have done me."

CHAPTER XLV.

GORDON—HIS OPINION AS TO THE SOUDAN.

GENERAL Gordon's life has been full of strange surprises and adventures; but the most strange and surprising was that which sent him on the ever fateful expedition to Khartoum. The King of the Belgians had determined to send him on an anti-slavery expedition to the head-waters of the Congo. He had accepted this, had returned rom Jerusalem, had gone to Brussels, and from thence had come to England. On the 7th of January he was with his sister at Southampton. On the very next day he received a message from the *Pall Mall Gazette* asking him if he would consent to state his views on the subject of the Soudan. He declined. But the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* was as remarkable and determined a man, in his own way, as General Gordon. After telling us of the declinature, the editor calmly goes on: "Our representative left town by the next train, and found General Gordon at his sister's house, in the outskirts of Southampton. He showed considerable disinclination to express his opinions upon the subject." This is not to be wondered at; but he did at last "listen to the voice of the charmer," and expressed himself fully as to the Soudan. What follows is the substance of what he said to the interviewer. Before quoting it let us merely remind the reader that this is the period after the destruction of the army of Hicks Pasha, when our Government had insisted that the Soudan must be evacuated by the Egyptian Government; though how the garrison and loyal subjects of that Government were to be withdrawn from the rapidly-rising power of the Mahdi was a difficult problem.

On the 8th of January an event occurred which transformed the whole situation. On the 7th of January, having been summoned from Jerusalem by the King of the Belgians to take charge of an anti-slavery expedition on the head-waters of the Congo, General Gordon arrived in London from Brussels.

On the following day a communication was addressed to him at Southampton, whither he had proceeded, asking him if he would consent to hold a conversation on the subject of the Soudan with a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. With characteristic modesty, General Gordon begged to be excused, as his views were of insufficient importance to warrant a journey to Southampton. Our representative left town by the next train, and found General Gordon at his sister's house in the outskirts of Southampton. He showed considerable disinclination to express his opinions upon the subject, but on its being represented to him very strongly that he of all men now in the country was best acquainted with the Soudan, and therefore was best able to speak with authority on the question of the hour, he consented to enter upon the subject. As soon as he had broken the ice he went on with the greatest animation, and even vehemence, expressing himself with the utmost clearness and emphasis upon all the phases of the question of the hour. No transcript of the notes of that conversation, which lasted over two hours, can convey any idea of the manner in which the late Governor-General of the Soudan discussed in all its minuteness of detail the difficulties to be faced, and indicated with the utmost precision and confidence both the causes of the disaster and the methods by which the crisis should be faced. By eliminating all that is extraneous to the vitals of the subject, and rigidly confining attention to the central point, it is possible to convey some meagre impression of what Chinese Gordon thinks of the Soudan in the following rough transcript of the substance of his remarks :—

"So you would abandon the Soudan? But the Eastern Soudan is indispensable to Egypt. It will cost you far more to retain your hold upon Egypt proper if you abandon your hold of the Eastern Soudan to the Mahdi or to the Turk than what it would to retain your hold upon Eastern Soudan by the aid of such material as exists in the provinces. Darfour and Kordofan must be abandoned. That I admit; but the provinces lying to the east of the White Nile should be retained, and north of Sennaar. The danger to be feared is not that the Mahdi will march northward through Wady Halfa; on the contrary, it is very improbable that he will ever go so far north. The danger is altogether of a different nature. It arises from the influence which the spectacle of a conquering Mahometan Power, established close to your frontiers, will exercise upon the population which you govern. In all the cities in Egypt it will be felt that what the Mahdi has done they may do; and, as he has driven out the intruder and the infidel, they may do the same. Nor is it only England that has to face this danger. The success of the Mahdi has already excited dangerous fermentation in Arabia and Syria. Placards have been posted in Damascus calling upon the population to rise and drive out the Turks. If the whole of the Eastern Soudan is surrendered to the Mahdi, the Arab tribes on both sides the Red Sea will take fire. In self-defence the Turks are bound to do something to cope with so formidable a danger, for it is quite possible that if nothing is done the whole of the Eastern Question may be reopened by the triumph of the Mahdi. I see it is proposed to fortify Wady Halfa, and prepare there to resist the Mahdi's attack. You might as well fortify against a fever. Contagion of that kind cannot be kept out by fortifications and garrisons. But that it is real, and that it does exist, will be denied by no one cognisant with Egypt and the East. In self-defence the policy of evacuation cannot possibly be justified.

There is another aspect of the question. You have 6,000 men in Khartoum. What are you going to do with them? You have garrisons in Darfour, Bahr Gazelle, and Gondokoro. Are they to be sacrificed? Their only offence is their loyalty to their sovereign. For their fidelity you are going to abandon them to their fate You say

they are to retire upon Wady Halfa. But Gondokoro is 1,500 miles from Khartoum, and Khartoum is 350 only from Wady Halfa. How will you move your 6,000 men from Khartoum—to say nothing of other places—and all the Europeans in that city, through the desert to Wady Halfa? Where are you going to get the camels to take them away? Will the Mahdi supply them? If they are to escape with their lives, the garrison will not be allowed to leave with a coat on their backs. They will be plundered to the skin, and even then their lives may not be spared. Whatever you may decide about evacuation, you cannot evacuate, because your army cannot be moved. You must either surrender absolutely to the Mahdi, or defend Khartoum at all hazards. The latter is the only course which ought to be entertained. There is no serious difficulty about it. The Mahdi's forces will fall to pieces of themselves; but if in a moment of panic orders are issued for the abandonment of the whole of the Eastern Soudan, a blow will be struck against the security of Egypt and the peace of the East which may have fatal consequences.

The great evil is not at Khartoum, but at Cairo. It is the weakness of Cairo which produces disaster in the Soudan. It is because Hicks was not adequately supported at the first, but was thrust forward upon an impossible enterprise by the men who had refused him supplies when a decisive blow might have been struck, that the Western Soudan has been sacrificed. The Eastern Soudan may, however, be saved if there is a firm hand placed at the helm in Egypt. Everything depends on that.

What then, you ask, should be done? I reply, Place Nubar in power! Nubar is the one supremely able man among Egyptian ministers. He is proof against foreign intrigue, and he thoroughly understands the situation. Place him in power; support him through thick and thin; give him a free hand; and let it be distinctly understood that no intrigues either on the part of Tewfik or any of Nubar's rivals will be allowed for a moment to interfere with the execution of his plans. You are sure to find that the energetic support of Nubar will sooner or later bring you into collision with the Khedive; but if that sovereign really desires, as he says, the welfare of his country, it will be necessary for you to protect Nubar's administration from any direct or indirect interference on his part. Nubar can be depended upon; that I can guarantee. He will not take office without knowing that he is to have his own way; but if he takes office it is the best security that you can have for the restoration of order to the country. Especially is this the case with the Soudan. Nubar should be left untrammelled by any stipulations concerning the evacuation of Khartoum. There is no hurry. The garrisons can hold their own at present. Let them continue to hold on until disunion and tribal jealousies have worked their natural results in the camp of the Mahdi. Nubar should be free to deal with the Soudan in his own way. How he will deal with the Soudan, of course I cannot profess to say; but I should imagine that he would appoint a Governor-General at Khartoum with full powers, and furnish him with two millions sterling—a large sum, no doubt, but a sum which had much better be spent now than wasted in a vain attempt to avert the consequences of an ill-timed surrender. Sir Samuel Baker, who possesses the essential energy and single tongue requisite for the office, might be appointed Governor-General of the Soudan; and he might take his brother as Commander-in-chief.

It should be proclaimed in the hearing of all the Soudanese, and engraved on tablets of brass, that a permanent Constitution was granted to the Soudanese by which no Turk or Circassian would ever be allowed to enter the province to plunder its inhabitants in order to fill his own pockets, and that no immediate emancipation of slaves would be attempted. Immediate

emancipation was denounced in 1833 as confiscation in England, and it is no less confiscation in the Soudan to-day. Whatever is done in that direction should be done gradually, and by a process of registration. Mixed tribunals might be established, if Nubar thought fit, in which European judges would co-operate with the natives in the administration of justice. Police inspectors also might be appointed, and adequate measures taken to root out the abuses which prevail in the prisons.

With regard to Darfour, I should think that Nubar would probably send back the family and the heir of the Sultan of Darfour. If subsidized by the Government and sent back with Sir Samuel Baker, he would not have much difficulty in regaining possession of the kingdom of Darfour, which was formerly one of the best governed of African countries. As regards Abyssinia, the old warning should not be lost sight of —'Put not your trust in princes'; and place no reliance upon the King of Abyssinia, at least outside his own country. Zoula and Bogos might be ceded to him with advantage, and the free right of entry by the port of Massowah might be added; but it would be a mistake to give him possession of Massowah, which he would ruin. A Commission might also be sent down with advantage to examine the state of thing of Harrar, opposite Aden, and see what iniquities are going on there, as also at Berbera and Zeila. By these means, and by the adoption of a steady, consistent policy at head-quarters, it would be possible —not to say easy—to re-establish the authority of the Khedive between the Red Sea and Sennaar.

As to the cost of the Soudan, it is a mistake to suppose that it will necessarily be a charge on the Egyptian Exchequer. It will cost two millions to relieve the garrisons and to quell the revolt; but that expenditure must be incurred any way; and, in all probability, if the garrisons are handed over to be massacred and the country evacuated, the ultimate expenditure would exceed that sum. At first, until the country is pacified, the Soudan will need a subsidy of £200,000 a year from Egypt. That, however, would be temporary. During the last years of my administration the Soudan involved no charge upon the Egyptian Exchequer. The bad provinces were balanced against the good, and an equilibrium was established. The Soudan will never be a source of revenue to Egypt, but it need not be a source of expense. That deficits have arisen, and that the present disaster has occurred, is entirely attributable to a single cause, and that is the grossest misgovernment.

The cause of the rising in the Soudan is the cause of all popular risings against Turkish rule wherever they have occurred. No one who has been in a Turkish province and has witnessed the results of the Bashi-Bazouk system, which excited so much indignation some time ago in Bulgaria, will need to be told why the people of the Soudan have risen in revolt against the Khedive. The Turks, the Circassians, and the Bashi-Bazouks have plundered and oppressed the people in the Soudan as they plundered and oppressed them in the Balkan peninsula. Oppression begat discontent; discontent necessitated an increase of the armed force at the disposal of the authorities; this increase of the army force involved an increase of expenditure, which again was attempted to be met by increasing taxation, and that still further increased the discontent. And so things went on in a dismal circle until they culminated, after repeated deficits, in a disastrous rebellion. That the people were justified in rebelling nobody who knows the treatment to which they were subjected will attempt to deny. Their cries were absolutely unheeded at Cairo. In despair they had recourse to the only method by which they could make their wrongs known; and, on the same principle that Absalom fired the corn of Joab, so they rallied round the Mahdi, who exhorted them to revolt against the Turkish yoke. I am convinced that it is an entire

mistake to regard the Mahdi as in any sense a religious leader; he personifies popular discontent. All the Soudanese are potential Mahdis, just as all the Egyptians are potential Arabis. The movement is not religious, but an outbreak of despair. Three times over I warned the late Khedive that it would be impossible to govern the Soudan on the old system after my appointment to the Governor-Generalship. During the three years that I wielded full powers in the Soudan I taught the natives that they had a right to exist. I waged war against the Turks and Circas-

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sians who had harried the population. I had taught them something of the meaning of liberty and justice, and accustomed them to a higher ideal of government than that with which they had previously been acquainted. As soon as I had gone the Turks and Circassians returned in full force; the old Bashi-Bazouk system was re-established; my old employés were persecuted; and a population which had begun to appreciate something like decent government was flung back to suffer the worst excesses of Turkish rule. The inevitable result followed; and thus it may be said that the egg of the present rebellion was laid in the three years during which I

was allowed to govern the Soudan on other than Turkish principles.

The Soudanese are a very nice people. They deserve the sincere compassion and sympathy of all civilized men. I got on very well with them, and I am sincerely sorry at the prospect of seeing them handed over to be ground down once more by their Turkish and Circassian oppressors. Yet, unless an attempt is made to hold on to the present garrisons, it is inevitable that the Turks, for the sake of self-preservation, must attempt to crush them. They deserve a better fate. It ought not to be impossible to come to terms with them, to grant them a free amnesty for the past, to offer them security for decent government in the future. If this were done, and the government entrusted to a man whose word was truth, all might yet be re-established. So far from believing it impossible to make an arrangement with the Mahdi, I strongly suspect that he is a mere puppet put forward by Ilyas, Zebehr's father-in-law, and the largest slave-owner in Obeid, and that he has assumed a religious title to give colour to his defence of the popular rights.

There is one subject about which I cannot imagine any one can differ. That is the impolicy of announcing our intention to evacuate Khartoum. Even if we were bound to do so we should have said nothing about it. The moment it is known that we have given up the game every man will go over to the Mahdi. All men worship the rising sun. The difficulties of evacuation will be enormously increased, if, indeed, the withdrawal of our garrison is not rendered impossible.

The late Khedive, who is one of the ablest and worst used men in Europe, would not have made such a mistake, and under him the condition of Egypt proper was much better than it is to-day. Now with regard to Egypt, the same principle should be observed that must be acted upon in the Soudan. Let your foundations be broad and firm and based upon the contentment and welfare of the people. Hitherto, both in the Soudan and in Egypt, instead of constructing the social edifice like a pyramid, upon its base, we have been rearing an obelisk which a single push may overturn. Our safety in Egypt is to do something for the people. That is to say, you must reduce their rent, rescue them from the usurers, and retrench expenditure. Nine-tenths of the European employés might probably be weeded out with advantage. The remaining tenth—thoroughly efficient—should be retained; but whatever you do, do not break up Sir Evelyn Wood's army, which is destined to do good work. Stiffen it as much as you please, but with Englishmen, not with Circassians. Circassians are as much foreigners in Egypt as Englishmen are, and certainly not more popular. As for the European population, let them have charters for the formation of municipal councils, for raising volunteer corps, and for organizing in their own defence. Anything more shameful than the flight from Egypt in 1882 I never read. Let them take an example from Shanghai, where the European settlement provides for its own defence and its own government. I should like to see a competent Special Commissioner of the highest standing—such a man, for instance, as Mr. W. E. Forster, who is free at once from traditions of the elders and of the Foreign Office, and of the bondholders, sent out to put Nubar in the saddle, sift out unnecessary employés, and warn evil-doers in the highest places that they will not be allowed to play any tricks. If that were done it would give confidence everywhere, and I see no reason why the last British soldier should not be withdrawn from Egypt in six months' time.

I hope," said General Gordon, in conclusion, "that you will explain that I did not wish to press my opinions upon the public. I am very reluctant to say anything calculated to embarrass the Government in a very difficult crisis; but when you appealed to me, I did feel moved at the thought of the poor Soudanese, whom I knew so well

and loved so much; and I thought that for once I might, for their sake, depart from the resolution which I had formed in my mind to leave these things to be governed by the Higher Power which cannot err, without comment on my part. They are a good people, the poor Soudanese, and if I can do anything for them I shall be only too glad. But, although I have spoken to you quite frankly, I should be much obliged if, when you publish these remarks, you would let it be distinctly understood that I do not wish to depart again from the rule which I have mentioned."

CHAPTER XLVI.

GORDON EN ROUTE FOR KHARTOUM.

IT was undoubtedly the case that the interview so copiously reported in our last chapter "transformed the whole" situation. Gordon's name was at once in everybody's mouth, and people began to say, here is the very man for the Soudan. "So matters stood up to the 17th of January. On that day General Gordon arrived at Brussels in order to see the King of the Belgians and receive from him his final instructions for the Congo, whither he intended to proceed at once. The War Office, with great reluctance, had been prevailed upon to acquiesce in his retention of his commission during his absence on the Congo. On the afternoon of that day he received a telegram summoning him to London. He left immediately, and arrived in London on Friday morning. At three in the afternoon he met Lord Granville, Minister for Foreign Affairs; Lord Hartington, Secretary of State for War; Lord Northbrook, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Sir Charles Dilke, President of the Local Government Board, at the War Office. General Gordon was asked if he would undertake to establish a native government in Khartoum, and do what he could to relieve the endangered garrisons. To this he replied by asking whether he would be under the orders of the Queen or of those of Tewfik, the Khedive. As an officer in the service of Her Majesty, he was bound to execute her orders; but on no consideration whatever would he go to the Soudan as a servant of the Khedive or the Egyptian Government. He was assured that if he accepted the mission offered him he would be the accredited representative of the British Government in the Soudan, and that he would be in no way responsible to the Khedive. In order to make this perfectly clear it was decided that he should proceed to Khartoum *viâ* the Suez Canal and Souakin. Sir Evelyn Baring would meet him on the canal, and he would act with Sir Evelyn Baring in the pacification and the evacuation of the Soudan. This programme was afterwards varied, and General Gordon ultimately went through Cairo on his way to Khartoum. General Gordon was not consulted as to the policy to be pursued. He was entrusted with a mission, which he described in his own graphic way as that of 'cutting the dog's tail off.' 'I've got my orders,' he said; 'I'll do it, *coûte que coûte*.' He made no secret of the fact that he entertained but little hope of the success of his mission; and he hinted pretty broadly that 'the dog's tail' would grow on again. The chief point of agreement between him and the Government was embodied in a proclamation, which was submitted to Sir Evelyn Baring, and approved of by the

Egyptian Government, to the effect that he came as the representative of England to take away the whole of the Egyptian garrisons from the Soudan, and to establish there such native government as he could. Concerning the stability of the system which he was to establish, he expressed himself as very dubious. A semblance of order, he thought, might be established at first; but the ultimate result would be chaos. The tribes would fight against each other, and the prospect of settled order in the country was of the slightest. But, having received his instructions, he set about executing them with characteristic despatch. He met the Ministers at three o'clock in the afternoon. At eight o'clock in the evening he left Charing Cross for the Soudan. The scene at the station was very interesting. Lord Wolseley carried the General's portmanteau, Lord Granville took his ticket for him, and the Duke of Cambridge held open the carriage door. And thus, with universal good wishes, General Gordon started on his journey. Next morning his appointment was approved without a single dissentient voice by the entire press of the country, the only regret expressed being that it had been delayed so long.

It can very easily be proved, by a comparison of dates, that for some time before our Government had been thinking of sending General Gordon on an Egyptian mission; and so the fact of his being sent was by no means entirely due to newspaper influence. Let us continue our narrative by a few quotations from the Blue-books, and that will bring us down to the time when Gordon was actually on his way across the desert to Khartoum. As the papers are not very lengthy we give them almost entire. Nearly all are telegrams.

No. 1.

"Earl Granville to Sir E. Baring.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *December 1st*, 1883.

If General Charles Gordon were willing to go to Egypt would he be of any use to you or to the Egyptian Government, and if so, in what capacity?"

No. 2.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *December 2nd*, 1883.

Reply to your telegram of the 1st December.

The Egyptian Government is very much averse to employing General Gordon, mainly on the ground that, the movement in the Soudan being religious, the appointment of a Christian in high command would probably alienate the tribes who remain faithful.

I think it wise to leave the whole responsibility of Soudan affairs to them, and not to press them on the subject."

No. 3.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 9th*, 1884.

Colonel Coetlogon has telegraphed to the Khedive strongly urging an immediate withdrawal from Khartoum. He says that one-third of garrison are unreliable, and that even if it were twice as strong as it is it would not hold Khartoum against the whole country, which, without a doubt, is all opposed to Egyptian Government. He thinks that if a retreat is ordered at once it can be safely effected. Preliminary instructions have been given to prepare for a retreat. The new Minister for War arrives to-morrow, when more definite orders will be issued.

If any doubts remained as to necessity of adopting policy of withdrawal, they must be entirely removed by Colonel Coetlogon's telegram, which is very strong. Egyptian Governor, and Commander of troops, who is, I believe, a good soldier, entirely agree with him."

No. 4.

"Earl Granville to Sir E. Baring.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *January 10th*, 1884.

Would General Charles Gordon or Sir C. Wilson be of assistance under altered circumstances in Egypt?"

No. 5.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 11th*, 1884, 3.30 *p.m.*

I have consulted with Nubar Pasha, and

I do not think that the services of General Gordon or Sir C. Wilson can be utilized at present."

No. 6.

"Earl Granville to Sir E. Baring.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *January 14th*, 1884.

Can you give further information as to prospects of retreat for army and residents at Khartoum, and measures taken?"

No. 7.

"Earl Granville to Sir E. Baring.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *January 15th*, 1884.

I hear indirectly that Gordon is ready to go straight to Souakin, without passing through Cairo.

Tell me your opinion."

No. 8.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 16th*, 1884.

My Lord,—With reference to your lordship's telegram of the 14th instant, I hope soon to be able to telegraph fully, as the subject of the withdrawal from Khartoum is now being discussed.

There can be no doubt, however, that very great difficulties will be encountered. It was intended to despatch Abd-el-Kader, the new Minister of War, to Khartoum; he at first accepted, but now declines to go. The Egyptian Government would feel greatly obliged if Her Majesty's Government would select a well-qualified British officer to go to Khartoum instead of the War Minister. He would be given full powers, both civil and military, to conduct the retreat.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) E. BARING."

No. 9.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 16th*, 1884.

With reference to my telegram of to-day and your telegram of yesterday, General Gordon would be best man."

No. 10.

"Earl Granville to General Gordon.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *January 18th*, 1884.

Sir,—Her Majesty's Government are desirous that you should proceed at once to Egypt, to report to them on the military situation in the Soudan, and on the measures which it may be advisable to take for the security of the Egyptian garrisons still holding positions in that country, and for the safety of the European population in Khartoum.

You are also desired to consider and report upon the best mode of effecting the evacuation of the interior of the Soudan, and upon the manner in which the safety and the good administration by the Egyptian Government of the ports on the sea-coast can best be secured.

In connection with this subject, you should pay especial consideration to the question of the steps that may usefully be taken to counteract the stimulus which it is feared may possibly be given to the slave-trade by the present insurrectionary movement and by the withdrawal of the Egyptian authority from the interior.

You will be under the instructions of Her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Cairo, through whom your Reports to Her Majesty's Government should be sent, under flying seal.

You will consider yourself authorized and instructed to perform such other duties as the Egyptian Government may desire to intrust to you, and as may be communicated to you by Sir E. Baring. You will be accompanied by Colonel Stewart, who will assist you in the duties thus confided to you.

On your arrival in Egypt you will at once communicate with Sir E. Baring, who will arrange to meet you, and will settle with you whether you should proceed direct to Souakin, or should go yourself or despatch Colonel Stewart to Khartoum viâ the Nile.

I am etc.,

(Signed) GRANVILLE."

No. 11.

"Earl Granville to Sir E. Baring.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *January 18th*, 1884.

Sir,—I enclose copy of the instructions which I have addressed to Major-General

Gordon, who proceeds to-night to Egypt, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, to report to Her Majesty's Government on the state of affairs in the Soudan.

General Gordon will be under your instructions, and will perform such other duties beyond those specified in my despatch as may be intrusted to him by the Egyptian Government through you.

He will report to you his arrival in Egypt; but as he is anxious not to go to Cairo, I have to request you, if possible, to make arrangements for meeting him at Ismailia, in order to concert with him whether he should proceed direct to Souakin, or go himself, or despatch Colonel Stewart, to Khartoum, viâ the Nile.

I am, etc.,
(Signed) GRANVILLE."

No. 12.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 19th*, 1884.

My Lord,—I was very glad to learn, from your lordship's telegram of the 18th instant, that General Gordon and Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart are coming to Egypt to report on the military situation in the Soudan. I am of opinion that it would be useless for these officers to proceed to Souakin, as General Baker is doing all that can be done in that quarter with the means at his disposal.

They should first come to Cairo, and after discussing matters with myself and others, proceed to Khartoum.

It is impossible for me to leave Cairo at present, even for a couple of days, but General Sir Evelyn Wood and Colonel Watson will proceed to Port Said to meet General Gordon.

I have been holding daily conferences on Soudan affairs, and was about to reply to your lordship's telegram of the 14th inst., but will now delay doing so until the arrival of General Gordon.

Instructions have already been sent by the Egyptian Government to Khartoum to commence at once sending to Berber all the civil officials and non-combatants who are desirous of leaving, and for whom transport can be provided. Endeavours are also being made to secure the co-operation of the heads of tribes.

Discretion has been left to the garrison of Sennaar either to retire by the Kassala route or cut its way through to Khartoum.

With regard to the European population, I wish to explain that very few Europeans now remain at Khartoum, and that the real difficulty is in withdrawing the native civil population who wish to leave, and the garrison, with the wives and children of the soldiers.

The position is undoubtedly one of great difficulty, but I see no reason whatever to change my opinion to the effect that the difficulties of withdrawing, great though they be, are less than those of endeavouring to hold the Soudan.

I have, etc.,
(Signed) E. BARING."

No. 13.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 19th*, 1884.

My Lord,—As I understand that several telegrams have been sent to the newspapers at home conveying alarmist news about the state of affairs at Khartoum, I have felt it my duty to telegraph the true state of the case to your lordship.

The only ground for the statement that Khartoum is surrounded, that the telegraph-wire has been cut, etc., is that telegraphic communication across the desert between Merawi and Berber is interrupted.

This has occurred frequently during the last few months, and may very likely be due to some ordinary accident; the line is in a very bad state, and workmen have now been sent to repair it.

At any rate, it is evident that, once the telegraph is out of order, the news purporting to come from Khartoum is mere conjecture.

I have no wish to underrate the difficulties of the present situation, but how-

ever great they may be, there has hitherto been no reason for panic.

I have, etc.,
(Signed) E. BARING."

No. 14.

"Earl Granville to Consul Burrell.

FOREIGN OFFICE,
January 21st, 1884, 2.30 *p.m.*

Give following message from me to General Gordon immediately on his arrival at Port Said on board mail-steamer from Brindisi :—

'Sir E. Baring gives strong reasons why you should go to Cairo, in which we hope you will concur.'"

No. 15.

"Earl Granville to Sir E. Baring.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *January 22nd*, 1884.

Sir,—I enclose herewith a paper containing some suggestions made by General Charles Gordon as to the steps which should be taken with regard to the present state of affairs in the Soudan.

Her Majesty's Government have not sufficient local knowledge to enable them to form an opinion as to the practicability of these suggestions, and I therefore authorize you, as time is valuable, either immediately to make the arrangements suggested, or to await General Gordon's arrival and consult with him as to the action to be taken.

I am, etc.,
(Signed) GRANVILLE."

No. 16.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 23rd*, 1884, 3.10 *p.m.*

Your lordship's telegram of yesterday.

All Gordon's suggestions are excellent, and quite in harmony with the lines on which we have been working. A message was sent by the Khedive some while ago to the leading men at Khartoum, which was in the sense and almost in the words suggested by Gordon.

I think that he had better go by the valley of the Nile, and not by Souakin."

No. 17.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 25th*, 1884, 9 *a.m.*

Gordon arrived last night. I am about to take him to see the Khedive."

No. 18.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 25th*, 1884, 10.45 *a.m.*

The interview between the Khedive and Gordon was very satisfactory."

No. 19.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CARIO, *January 26th*, 1884, 4.55 *p.m.*

Everything has gone most satisfactorily with Gordon. He leaves in very good spirits."

No. 20.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 26th*, 1884.

Gordon leaves for Khartoum this evening. He will be accompanied by one of the family of the Sultan of Darfour."

No. 21.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 30th*, 1884, 1.50 *p.m.*

Power telegraphs rebels besieging Rufar, two days from Khartoum. Gordon's appointment given greatest confidence and satisfaction; still numbers of people going to Berber daily. A sheik, to whom letters were sent, has replied by calling on town to surrender, and by stating that Arabs are only waiting for permission of Mahdi to take it."

No. 22.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *January 31st*, 1884.

I have received a telegram from Gordon, dated Assouan. He has met the French Consular Agent, who left Khartoum on the 15th December, and who says there were no Europeans at Khartoum except some Greeks, who intend to remain there, whatever may be the state of affairs."

No. 23.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.

CAIRO, *February 1st*, 1884, 2.35 *p.m.*

Gordon's suggestions have been followed

in every particular. Although under my instructions, he has, as a matter of fact, been left the widest discretionary power. His visit to Cairo was most useful, as it will enable the authorities here to help him much more than would otherwise have been possible. There is no sort of difference between his views and those entertained by Nubar Pasha and myself."

A few more of these (in this case at any rate) interesting Blue-book passages will show what Gordon's instructions fully were, and how he conceived them.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.—(Received February 7.)

CAIRO, *January 28th*, 1884.

My Lord,—After fully discussing Soudan affairs with General Gordon, it appeared desirable to both Nubar Pasha and myself to give him some further instructions beyond those which are contained in your lordship's letter to him of the 18th January, 1884.*

I have the honour to inclose a copy of these instructions, which will, I trust, meet with your lordship's approval.

I read the draft of the letter over to General Gordon. He expressed to me his entire concurrence in the instructions. The only suggestion he made was in connection with the passage in which, speaking of the policy of abandoning the Soudan, I had said, 'I understand also that you entirely concur in the desirability of adopting this policy.'

General Gordon wished that I should add the words, 'and that you think it should on no account be changed.' These words were accordingly added.

I have, etc.,

(Signed) E. BARING."

Inclosure.

"Sir E. Baring to Major-General Gordon.

CAIRO, *January 25th*, 1884.

Sir,—The instructions of Her Majesty's Government were conveyed to you in a letter of the 18th January, 1884, a copy of which has been communicated to me by Lord Granville.

In that letter, after drawing attention to certain points which were to engage your special attention, Lord Granville 'authorized and instructed you to perform such duties as the Egyptian Government may desire to intrust to you, and as may be communicated to you by Sir E. Baring.'

I have now to indicate to you the views of the Egyptian Government on two of the points to which your special attention was directed by Lord Granville.

These are (1) the measures which it may be advisable to take for the security of the Egyptian garrisons still holding positions in the Soudan, and for the safety of the European population in Khartoum; (2) the best mode of effecting the evacuation of the interior of the Soudan.

These two points are intimately connected, and may conveniently be considered together.

It is believed that the number of Europeans at Khartoum is very small, but it has been estimated by the local authorities that some 10,000 to 15,000 people will wish to move northwards from Khartoum only when the Egyptian garrison is withdrawn.

These people are native Christians, Egyptian employés, their wives and children, etc.

The Government of His Highness the Khedive is earnestly solicitous that no effort should be spared to insure the retreat both of these people and of the Egyptian garrison without loss of life.

As regards the most opportune time and the best method for effecting the retreat, whether of the garrisons or of the civil populations, it is neither necessary nor desirable that you should receive detailed instructions.

A short time ago the local authorities pressed strongly on the Egyptian Government the necessity for giving orders for an immediate retreat.

Orders were given to commence the withdrawal of the civil population.

* See "Egypt, No. 2 (1884)," No. 10.

No sooner, however, had these orders been issued than a telegram was received from the Soudan, strongly urging that the orders for commencing the retreat immediately should be delayed.

Under these circumstances, and in view of the fact that the position at Khartoum is now represented as being less critical, for the moment, than it was a short time ago, it was thought desirable to modify the orders for the immediate retreat of the civil population, and to await your arrival.

You will bear in mind that the main end to be pursued is the evacuation of the Soudan.

This policy was adopted, after very full discussion by the Egyptian Government, on the advice of Her Majesty's Government.

It meets with the full approval of His Highness the Khedive, and of the present Egyptian Ministry.

I understand, also, that you entirely concur in the desirability of adopting this policy, and that you think it should on no account be changed.

You consider that it may take a few months to carry it out with safety. You are further of opinion that 'the restoration of the country should be made to the different petty Sultans who existed at the time of Mohammed Ali's conquest, and whose families still exist'; and that an endeavour should be made to form a confederation of those Sultans.

In this view the Egyptian Government entirely concur. It will, of course, be fully understood that the Egyptian troops are not to be kept in the Soudan merely with a view to consolidating the power of the new rulers of the country.

But the Egyptian Government has the fullest confidence in your judgment, your knowledge of the country, and of your comprehension of the general line of policy to be pursued. You are therefore given full discretionary power to retain the troops for such reasonable period as you may think necessary, in order that the abandonment of the country may be accomplished with the least possible risk to life and property.

A credit of £100,000 has been opened for you at the Finance Department, and further funds will be supplied to you on your requisition when this sum is exhausted.

In undertaking the difficult task which now lies before you, you may feel assured that no effort will be wanting on the part of the Cairo authorities, whether English or Egyptian, to afford you all the co-operation and support in their power.

I am, etc.,
(Signed) E. BARING."

It will be very convenient to have at this place two statements as to Gordon's mission by members of the Government. On 22nd January, Sir Charles Dilke, in addressing a meeting of the Chelsea electors, said:—

"General Gordon is not against, but in favour of the policy of the evacuation of Darfour, Kordofan, and the interior of the Soudan. The greater part of what is called the Soudan is not, and never has been, an integral part of Egypt. The Egyptian is a foreigner there. The Soudan has always been a strain and a drain upon Egypt; and instead of being a help, these countries always have been, in our opinion, a weakness to it, and if they be a weakness to Egypt it would be simple madness to this country to insist upon their retention. We have no interest that the Egyptians, rather than the Sultans of Darfour, should rule in Darfour; our interest is that there should be peace in the country. We have, I think, an interest that the Egyptian rule should be maintained on the coasts of the Red Sea, but we have no interest whatever in upholding Egyptian rule in the interior of the continent of Africa. The Conservatives have told us that we have shown upon this subject a singularly vacillating policy, and they seem to think we were suddenly driven to the employment of General Gordon at a day's notice by the

news we got in the Conservative press. We first suggested the sending out of General Gordon to the late Egyptian Government very many months ago, but at that time the suggestion was not received with favour, either by the Egyptian Government or by our own representatives in Cairo. They thought that, under the circumstances then existing, it would not be desirable that General Gordon should go out. This reluctance lasted until quite recently, and it was a mutual reluctance, for General Gordon did not wish to go. It was only about ten days ago we were informed that General Gordon, although he had no wish to go to Egypt, would willingly obey the orders of Her Majesty's Government if he were directed to go, and that he would gladly act under the instructions of Sir Evelyn Baring. As soon as we had obtained by telegraph the concurrence of Sir Evelyn Baring in our view, the matter was arranged. A reply was received, I think, on Wednesday last. General Gordon's instructions were given to him on the Friday, and with the remarkable public spirit which characterizes him, he started with Colonel Stewart, as you know, on Friday night."

In the House of Commons the subject of Gordon's mission was of course often referred to. Sir Stafford Northcote on one occasion remarked :—

"There is one point upon which all our minds are fixed—I mean the mission of General Gordon. On that point I am anxious to say little or nothing. General Gordon is now engaged in an attempt of the most gallant and dangerous kind. No one can speak with too much admiration of his courage and self-devotion. No one can fail, in this country; to sympathise with him, and earnestly to desire his safety and success. It would be the greatest possible misfortune if, by any word carelessly allowed to drop here, anything were done that would in the slightest degree imperil or disturb the success of his mission. I trust the Government are not proceeding in the case of General Gordon as they have done in too many instances—that they are not throwing all the responsibility upon him, and keeping none for themselves—that they are not confusing his position, and making it uncertain whose servant he is, or to whom he is responsible."

Mr. Gladstone, in reply, thus spoke of Gordon and his mission :—

"General Gordon, in our estimation, is a very great feature in the case. What is General Gordon? He is no common man. I thank the right hon. gentleman for the manner in which he referred to him. I may almost say that General Gordon is not alone. Other very able men are with him —one in particular, Colonel Stewart, his second and coadjutor. And, in fact, we have acted all along on the principle of obtaining for this difficult Egypt problem the very best services we could possibly get. It is no exaggeration, in speaking of General Gordon, to say that he is a hero. It is no exaggeration to say that he is a Christian. It is no exaggeration to say that in his dealings with Oriental people he is also a genius; that he has a faculty, an influence, a command brought about by moral means —for no man in this House hates the unnecessary resort to blood more than General Gordon—he has that faculty which produces effects among those wild Eastern races almost unintelligible to us Western people. Perhaps it may be said, 'If General Gordon has all these gifts, why did you not employ him sooner?' Again you have fallen into an error, for you have not taken the least pains to ascertain whether it was possible or not. The suggestion to employ General Gordon in the Soudan was made at a time so early that it really is not within the limits of the direct responsibility of the present Government.

"As early as in the month of November, 1882, Sir Charles Wilson suggested the employment of General Gordon. But there were difficulties on both sides. It is very difficult to marry two people when one of them is averse; but it is still more difficult to marry them when, unfortunately, there is

an aversion on both sides; and that, I believe, was found to be the case at that period between the Khedive and General Gordon. However, when it came to the grave period, and the increased responsibility upon us for the affairs in the Soudan that followed Hicks's defeat, then it was again our duty to have regard to the possibility of what might be got through General Gordon. The right hon. gentleman will recollect that we have contended all along —he might have done it, but we could not have done it—that down to the time of General Hicks's defeat, we should not have been justified in interfering. It was already known to us that the Egyptian Government objected to General Gordon. On the 1st of December Lord Granville had reason to believe that he was in a condition to offer the services of General Gordon to the Egyptian Government. Unfortunately, they were refused, but they were refused not entirely without reason. The reason was one with which we were not satisfied, but it went far to silence us, and I think the right hon. gentleman will find it to be the case too. The objection made was this: 'The Soudan is a country of strong Mahometan fanaticism, and to send a Christian as our agent would be a dangerous course, and might cause a more dangerous outbreak.' We were not satisfied, but at the same time it was very difficult to brush that objection rudely aside, and that led to some further delay. That was on the 1st of December. But we became acquainted with the sentiments of General Gordon, and, as time went on, the objection of the Egyptian Government became mitigated and entirely changed. However, it was not until the 10th of January—that is to say, eight days after Nubar Pasha came into office, that we had forwarded to us a request to send officers to conduct the evacuation of the Soudan, and on the 16th of January General Gordon was on his way.

At Cairo General Gordon formed his plan, and this we received as a memorandum. We have had some doubts whether it was our duty to produce his plan. If it could have been produced to this House or this country alone, it would have been a different matter, but the promulgation of the plan in Egypt might cause its failure. All I can say on this occasion —but I would rather not enter into particulars at all—is that it was evidently a well-reasoned and considered plan, that it was entirely pacific in its basis, that it proceeds on the plea—which would have been fanatical or presumptuous in my case, or in the case of most of those in this House, but which, in the case of General Gordon, with his experience and his gifts, was neither the one nor the other—not that he must, but that he might, hope to exercise a strong pacific influence by going to the right persons in the Soudan, and it was his desire as much as ours that this should be done without any resort whatever to violent means. Now, General Gordon went, not for the purpose of reconquering the Soudan, or of persuading the chiefs of the Soudan, the Sultans who were at the head of the tribes of the Soudan, to submit themselves again to the Egyptian Government. He went for no such purpose as that. He went for the double purpose of evacuating the country by the extrication of the Egyptian garrisons, and of reconstituting it by giving back to the Sultans their ancestral powers, as I may so call them, which had been withdrawn or suspended during the period of Egyptian occupation. I have told the House already that General Gordon had in view the withdrawal from the country of no less than twenty-nine thousand persons paying military service in Egypt. The House will see how vast was the trust which was placed in the hands of this remarkable person. We cannot exaggerate the importance we attach to it. We are unwilling to do anything which should interfere with this great pacific scheme, which promised a satisfactory solution of the Soudanese difficulty, by at once extricating the garrisons, and reconstituting the country on its own basis of local privileges."

CHAPTER XLVII.

MODERN EGYPT—THE VICTORY OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.

TAKING up our narrative of the history of Egypt again at the point where the British fleet had successfully accomplished the bombardment of Alexandria, we now proceed with this part of our narrative.

Thus the hopes of Arabi and his party seemed crushed at the very commencement. The Khedive came back to the town on the 15th July, and Arabi, who was now at Kafr-Dowar with a number of soldiers, received a message ordering him instantly to submit. This he declined to do, and for some time the rebellion assumed formidable dimensions. "England," said Arabi, "may rest assured we are determined to fight, to die like martyrs for our country—as has been enjoined us by our Prophet—or else to conquer our enemies. Happiness, in either case, is promised to us, and when a people is imbued with this belief their courage knows no bounds." England then had no resource but to crush this presumptive rebel. Sir Garnet, afterwards Lord Wolseley, was appointed Commander-in-chief, and finally a brilliant and decisive triumph crowned his sagacious combinations in Egypt. On September 13, Sir Garnet Wolseley attacked the stronghold of the rebel forces at Tel-el-Kebir, and, after a brief assault, delivered with irresistible vigour, drove the enemy in utter rout from his defences, capturing his guns, trains, supplies, and stores, inflicting heavy loss upon him in killed and wounded, and making a great number of prisoners. Nothing could have been more complete or satisfactory than the success thus achieved; and the plan of action appears as skilful as it was simple. Arabi's force numbered 20,000 trained troops, with 2,500 horse, and 70 guns, besides 6,000 Bedouins and irregulars. Against this numerically strong array the British general could put in line 11,000 bayonets, 2,000 sabres, and 60 guns—sufficient in any case, no doubt, to have gained a victory; but to have attacked in daylight with them the formidable positions of the rebels must and would have entailed a heavy loss. Sir Garnet, therefore, determined to find an ally in the darkness and coolness of the Egyptian night, and devised a scheme which obtained perfect success. As the evening of Tuesday closed in, and the rebel vedettes could make no more observations, he ordered the camp to be struck in silence, and moved the entire fighting force to the ridge beyond the Kassassin lines. Here the British lay down on the sand, taking what sleep they could till 1.30 a.m., when, without the sound of bugle, drum, or pipe, the regiments rose and marched under the darkness for the rebel entrenchments, distant about five miles. The cavalry, with two batteries on our right, were ordered to ride wide round Arabi's north flank, not showing themselves till daybreak. Next them on the left paced quietly the Second Brigade of the First Division, supported by the Guards, under the Duke of Connaught; the seven batteries of artillery advanced as quickly as possible in the centre; to their left strode along the Second Division, the Highland Brigade going foremost; and the Indian contingent moved along the south bank of the canal, the Naval Brigade with their 40-pounder using the rails. In this order the long line of British moved through the darkness, the sand muffling their footfall and the roll of the gun-wheels, so that the dawn was but just showing behind

them over the desert when they had come within a thousand yards of Arabi's trenches. In the grey of the morning the Arabs saw our regiments closing upon them, and a heavy fire was opened from cannon and musketry; but the great peril had been escaped. The ground which in daylight would have been swept with shell and bullets, had been passed without exposure or needless fatigue, and by the time the rebels were really on the alert our men had reached within distance for a rush. It was made with cheers that rent the air, and dissipated the courage of the Arabists. Not staying to load and fire, the British troops, splendidly pioneered by the Royal Irish, dashed up the earthworks and into the trenches of the enemy, clearing his defences with the bayonet point, and slaughtering all who stood. A second line of resistance was discovered in a strong redoubt and side-works upon some rising ground; but with another irresistible onset Her Majesty's soldiers flung themselves on the Arabs holding this, and at about the same moment the British cavalry became visible on the north, and the Indian regiments to the south, threatening to cut off all chance of retreat. The rebel army fell to pieces at this point, and, wildly flying from the rear of their works, streamed off in a confused crowd toward Zagazig, the cavalry charging into their masses, and the artillery coming up at the gallop and hurling shot and shell among the panic-stricken fugitives. Before the sun had well risen, the stern business was concluded, and the thirty thousand fighting men of Arabi were scattered and chased out of sight, the arch-rebel himself escaping on horseback amid his defeated followers.

It is impossible to praise too warmly the masterly dispositions by which this great success was obtained, or the admirable devotion and valour shown by our men in carrying out their General's plans. By thus availing himself of the cover of night, Sir Garnet not only avoided the fatigue and exposure of a fight under the fierce Egyptian sun, but carried his troops, as we have before remarked, in complete safety across that zone of fire where Arabi had no doubt calculated that he could decimate his assailants. Having decided to deliver the frontal attack, our General, by this simple stratagem, disarmed the rebel entrenchments of their greatest strength, and was rewarded by a comparatively insignificant loss in killed and wounded. To carry into victorious effect a scheme so bold, it was necessary that a commander should have troops upon whom he could thoroughly rely, and the magnificent conduct of Her Majesty's regiments is briefly, but proudly, recorded in Sir Garnet's phrase, that it was "everything which could be wished." All appear to have behaved with a steadiness and spirit worthy of the flag which they bore. "All," says Sir Garnet, "went straight at the enemy," evincing the greatest emulation; but the 18th (the Royal Irish) won from their leader the honour of a very particular mention, which their intrepidity fully justified. It may be said, no doubt, that with an enemy more vigilant and more skilled in modern war, no such surprise could have been counted upon, and that a better strategist than Arabi, even if taken off his guard at first, would have made more of his inner defences. Without question a continental general would have known what was happening under the darkness in his front, and found means to check the approach of his foe. But a large part of the very great credit due to the British commander is precisely this, that he had all along taken the just measure of the strength and weakness of his opponents, neither under-valuing nor over-estimating their military qualities and resources. He was bold in season and cautious in season, consummating the wise preparations which ignorant and impatient critics carped at, with a triumph ten times more complete and welcome than the partial success which might, perhaps, have been snatched once and again, or purchased at great cost by precipitate action. From first to last, the

combinations of Sir Garnet Wolseley in this difficult campaign have been such as reflect new lustre upon his qualities as a capable and scientific leader, profound in his study of a military problem, and vigorous, resolute, and watchful in working out its solution. The simplicity of his design upon the present great occasion enhances its merit under the circumstances of the position; for every soldier in the British ranks must have understood the prudence of his commander, and felt himself an intelligent aider in the plan. Nor will the nation be otherwise than grateful, that by his judicious arrangements, many a gallant and valuable life has been spared. The same valour which has been so conspicuously exhibited by all ranks, would have sufficed assuredly to have carried our men into the works of Tel-el-Kebir under the burning sun and the full tempest of Arabi's guns and rifles. But we have the overwhelming triumph now, at a tenth part of the cost in killed and wounded, thanks to that anxious exercise of forethought, and that adroit measurement of his foe, which distinguish all the campaigns of this brilliant and most serviceable soldier.

The losses of the Egyptians are estimated to amount to at least 1,000 killed, besides a vast number wounded, and many hundreds of prisoners. Our casualties number about 150, including 30 killed, among whom were eight officers. It was a cruelly painful sight to look upon the thousands of fugitive Egyptians tearing away in mad haste from the scene of carnage, and be unable to distinguish between the men who had brought all this trouble upon their country and the innocent creatures who formed the greater part of the huge mob that had been coerced into the rebellion and driven against their will to take up arms. While many of the latter pitiable victims were being cut down by our troops, the real instigators of the rebellion were quietly steaming away by rail. These cowardly miscreants betook themselves to the train directly they saw the day was lost. The fugitives suffered severely from our cavalry. The squadrons, under the command of Major-General Drury Lowe, Sir Baker Russell, and Brigadier-General Wilkinson, cut down the flying rebels with terrible effect; but they stopped humanely the instant that the slaughter became unnecessary, and the fight had ended in victory.

The orders given for instant pursuit prove how thoroughly Lord Wolseley understands when, and in what manner, to seize a golden opportunity, while the points upon which he directed the chase of the rebels—Belbeis, Zagazig, and Benha-el-Asl, and Cairo itself—could not have been indicated with truer judgment in a quiet kriegspiel at Aldershot than they were upon the Canal Bridge in rear of Tel-el-Kebir. The instant and vigorous pursuit completed the lesson of the rout. Zagazig was occupied on the afternoon of the day of victory by the Indian cavalry, and was found submissive. Benha was reached on the 14th—a place of great importance. On the southern road towards Cairo the English horse, in two divisions, pushed swiftly along, marching straight into Kalioub, or Cairo itself, whither the Guards' Brigade followed. At Benha we dominated the main line of railway and the river; from Kalioub the minarets of Mehemet Ali's mosque at Cairo are visible, and all these localities lie in the green and fruitful country of the southern delta, where the roads are safe from flood and the markets abundant. Meantime the effects of the triumph and the quick pursuit disclosed themselves rapidly. Sufficient was known to the rebels at Kafr-Dowar on Thursday, the 14th, to induce them to send in a flag of truce offering surrender. As an act of penitence and submission, they had previously cleared away the dam built across the Mahmoudieh Canal, thus again admitting fresh water to the people of Alexandria. In desiring to "cease from all hostilities" the Arabists at Kafr-Dowar kept haggling for permission to surrender to the Khedive and not to the

British; but this piece of diplomacy or *amour propre* did not delay the matter long. Soon after, the very strong position across the Mareotis Isthmus was occupied by our troops without the firing of a shot—another testimony to the good combinations of the British commander. Cairo sent delegates to the Khedive, "charged to declare its loyalty"; Arabi, with his principal adherents, fled thither, and were made prisoners. The surrender of the Aboukir fortress promptly followed these signs of universal collapse in the rebellion; and ere long truthful versions of the scene at Tel-el-Kebir must have convinced the most dogged Egyptian anarchist that Allah was against him. The large armed array will speedily melt away again into the towns and villages of the upper and lower country. Only the Sheik and the Mudir will know how many a quiet-looking fellah, delving hard to heighten the dyke round the cotton fields, was lately one of that crowd which fled from the works of Tel-el-Kebir, with the lightning of the English sabres and the thunder of the English field-guns storming behind them. The fact is, that the fellah is neither by occupation nor character inclined to fanaticism and fighting "for an idea." He wants to be let alone, and to pay light taxes; and has probably cursed Arabi in his heart, while obliged to follow him. There exists, no doubt, a fierce party of disaffection around the nucleus of the El-Azhar University at Cairo, and the Bedouins will lament their lost chances of plunder and murder. In effect, the admirable victory of Tel-el-Kebir has put an end to the rebellion by bringing in its train the prompt surrender of the capital. We have thus secured that highway to India which was so shrewdly threatened, and renewed the hopes of peace and prosperity in Egypt.

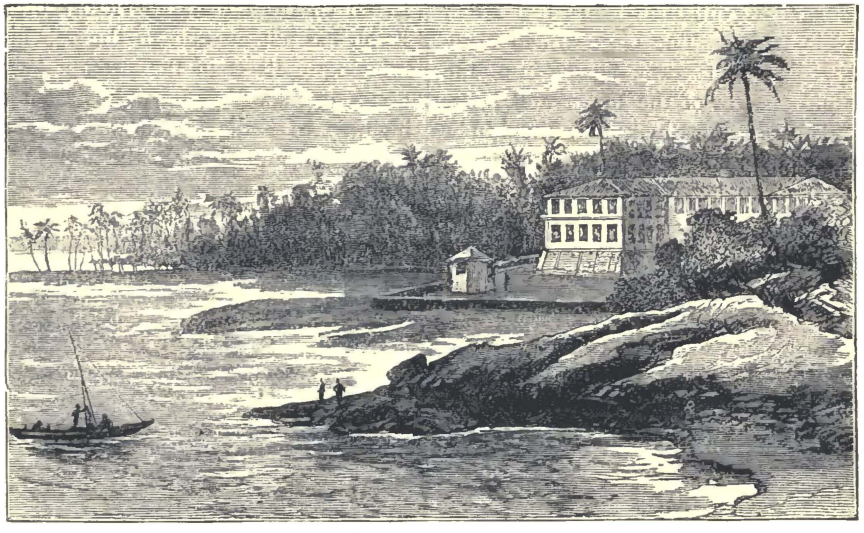
CHAPTER XLVIII.

Modern Egypt—Expedition of Hicks Pasha.

After the collapse of the insurrection and the surrender of Arabi, a court was instituted, chiefly for the trial of that famous rebel. A party in England believed that justice had not been done him, and counsel were sent out to defend him. Finally, by a sort of arrangement he pleaded guilty, was sentenced to death, and almost immediately respited. Then he was sent to a charming residence in Ceylon, there under British protection to spend the remainder of his days.

But our troubles were by no means over. Nay, they were only beginning. The very same weakness on the part of the Egyptians that enabled us to disperse their vast hordes at Tel-el-Kebir, now caused them to hang on us like a dead weight. By a strange course of events, we were saddled with the administration of Egypt very much against the will of Mr. Gladstone's Government. Let us at this stage of our narrative recapitulate the steps that led to the result. There is no doubt that "when, in 1879, the Governments of England and France, acting through the Sultan and at the prompting of Prince Bismarck, deposed Ismail and set up Tewfik on the throne of Egypt, they committed themselves to a pseudo-protectorate of the Pashalik of the Nile. From the deposition of Ismail to the despatch of General Gordon, England has been led on step by step to assume what now amounts

to a virtual although unacknowledged sovereignty over Egypt. It is much easier even now to complain of this increase of our responsibilities than it is to indicate, with all the wisdom gained by experience, the precise point at which any English Government could have withdrawn from intervention in Egyptian affairs. Non-interference was possible, of course, but only on condition that English non-interventionists were willing to acquiesce in French intervention. English public opinion being unanimously hostile to the establishment of a French Protectorate *à la* Tunis over the country commanding the Suez Canal, non-intervention was impossible for any English Government. And if we were ready to go to war to keep the French out, it followed as a corollary that we must be equally ready to interfere to remove causes which would have justified and necessitated French intervention. Thus it came to pass that as we conquered India solely in order to forestal the French in the East, so we have occupied Egypt in order to render impossible the establishment of French ascendency on the highway to India. The question of Egyptian bonds is a mere detail. The key

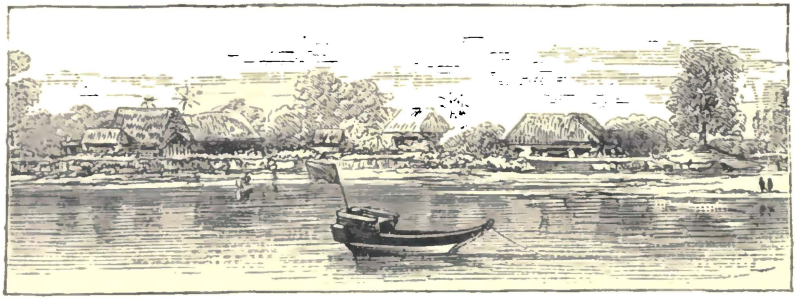


ARABI'S HOUSE, CEYLON.

of the situation lies in the necessity of preventing the Power that controls the Canal becoming the mere creature of France.

What the English have always desired was to reduce their interference in Egypt to the lowest minimum compatible with the exclusion of French ascendency. They were willing to keep step with the French in many questionable operations rather than risk the necessity for more energetic intervention which might follow a breach in the Anglo-French understanding established when Tewfik was placed on the throne. This anxiety precipitated the evil it was intended to avert. France led us into the false step of the Joint Note, and then when the moment came for giving effect to our warnings she recoiled, and left us to face single-handed a situation which, if we had but had a free fight, would never have been created. After rendering it impossible for us to come to terms with Arabi, France left us to suppress him without her aid. The result was the termination of the Anglo-French condominium, the defeat and dispersion of the Egyptian army, and the establishment for a limited but indefinite period of a partnership between

England and Egypt, which may be called the Anglo-Egyptian Government (Limited). This anomalous arrangement has led to all our subsequent troubles, of which the latest, but by no means the last, was the crisis in the Soudan. It was rendered inevitable owing to the curious cross-currents of high policy and popular sympathy. The logic of the ministerial theory demanded that as soon as the rebellion was suppressed, and the Khedive restored, our troops should be recalled, and the restored Egyptian Government left to govern Egypt in its own way. Arabi would have been hanged, the mutinous soldiers decimated, and a strong native Government re-established in the Nile Valley. If the Khedive had been allowed to make himself feared, his Government might have existed without our aid. This, however, was rendered impossible by the men who were afterwards zealous in denouncing the presence of English garrisons in Egypt. They would not let Arabi be hanged. Whenever the Khedive's Government attempted to exert its authority they protested; and, in short, the humanitarians having ham-strung the Khedive, the annexationists were able to demonstrate the necessity for the maintenance of the whole authority that could keep the cripple upon his legs," and so we had to rule. If we are asked, Was then this chain of events inevitable? We reply, Probably it was. Perhaps our Government might have left



VIEW NEAR ARABI'S RESIDENCE IN CEYLON.

things to take their course, and counted on the innate difficulties of the task, finally preventing France from undertaking the management of affairs in Egypt. This is the only thing that could have been done in the matter. Even if possible it was not done, and so the management of affairs remained with us. The Egyptian army was disbanded, and an army of occupation provided. Then Baker Pasha, who had entered the Egyptian service, proceeded to reconstitute the native army. Whilst engaged in these details, the Government at Cairo were alarmed by the sudden increase of a cloud that had been looming on the horizon for some time. There had been rumours for some time that a Mahdi, a false prophet, had appeared in the Soudan, and that he was collecting round him a great body of adherents and advancing northward. Of this Mahdi we give in the proper place a detailed biography. Suffice it to say, that he was reported as advancing on Khartoum. Wherever he encountered the Egyptian soldiery he succeeded in defeating them. It was thought that if an English force were landed at Souakin, and taken across the desert to Berber, that it might have "nipped" the rising "i' the bud." This is mere supposition, however. The fact is, that the rising rapidly spread. El Obeid was taken by the Mahdi, and then Colonel afterwards Hicks Pasha, was appointed to command the Egyptian army and try what a British officer even with inferior troops could do. On March 8th,

1883, Hicks reached Khartoum. He soon gained a great victory at Abu Juma, on the White Nile. There were great rejoicings at this in Cairo, but the British Government in the most direct and solemn manner assured the Khedive that they had nothing whatever to do with the expedition, and that they were in no wise responsible for its success or failure. As, however, it was commanded by an English officer, people at home could not help regarding it as in some way connected with the English in Egypt. Hicks' difficulties were enormous, he was badly supported, and when he marched on El Obeid, where the rebels were collected in great force, it was with the saddest foreboding of all experienced men.

Mr. O'Donovan and Mr. Vitzelly, two able special correspondents, were with him. The former of these gloomily predicted that "a lancehead as big as a shovel" would probably be his doom. The worst fears were soon realized, and that in a most terrible manner.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MODERN EGYPT—DESTRUCTION OF HICKS PASHA'S ARMY.

FOR a long time nothing was known of the fate of Hicks and his army. It had simply disappeared. The vast force of about 11,000 had vanished as if the earth had opened and swallowed them. Finally it was known that the whole army, save a handful of prisoners, whose fate to this day remains uncertain, had perished. Authentic details of this terrible disaster were not known till about eighteen months after, when at Dongola Colonel Colborne, late of Hicks Pasha's staff, received from a slave boy present at the battle, but who had afterwards made his escape, the following thrilling narrative :—

"I was slave of Mohamet Bey's, an officer in General Hicks' army. The army marched from Omdurman and Khartoum along the banks of the Blue Nile. We experienced no opposition whatever on the road to Duem, though we occasionally took spies, and saw parties of the Bagaras watching us at a distance. At night we heard their tom-toms all around, and saw their watch-fires, but we were never attacked. We had an enormous number of camels with us, and plenty of provisions. There were the same regiments that marched under you from Kawa Fort. I was with them, too, when Hicks Pasha joined you with the Nordenfeldt which he brought from the steamer. I remember you and the other English officers when we were attacked in square near Abba Island, when we beat the Bagaras away from us. You, Hicks Pasha, and the other English officers were on horseback outside the square when the Arabs first showed. Then you came in. You were all scattered about, looking out for the Arabs. [This was in answer to questions put to test the accuracy of the boy's information. This was correct, as, having no cavalry all Hicks Pasha's English officers had to patrol outside the square, in which formation Hicks' army always marched.] Besides the old army you were with, there were a great many more who had come from Cairo, and two black battalions which before had been left behind at Khartoum and Rawa. We also had 500 cavalry on our march to Duem. It was a grand army. All were confident of success, and felt certain of reaching El Obeid and defeating Mohammed Ahmed.

We had plenty of music, too; the bands played in the evening. [Here the narrator paused, and seemed to be talking to himself as if recalling those far-distant scenes —camps on the banks of the White Nile pitched picturesquely among the mimosa and sycamores; when, after a hard and wearying day's march, fires would be lit, and the ruddy flames fitfully lit up the foliage hanging in fantastic wreaths and garlands overhead, while the bands playing the wild but melodious Arab and Egyptian airs would enliven the hour of sunset. He seemed to be dreaming for a moment of those times. Then he continued.] We stayed at Duem for some time waiting for stores; then two English officers came up in a steamer from Berber with them. This had delayed us for a long time, and it was unfortunate, most unfortunate, for the rainy season had already finished, and wells and pools soon dry up as in Kordofan. And Hicks Pasha grew very impatient, and my master and the officers used to say that all this delay was caused by the Egyptian Government, and might be fatal to the expedition.

Captain Massey and Major Warner were the two officers who brought up the remaining stores from Berber. At length we marched out of Duem as far as Shat. We halted one whole day here—our first march inland. The world was to be shut out from us. A last opportunity was given to officers to write to their friends, and from here, my master said, Hicks Pasha wrote for the last time till Obeid should be reached, or perhaps till we returned to the Nile. 'Who knows?' he said, with a shrug of his shoulders. My master told the officers around him that it had been decided that no communication should be kept up with the Nile.

It was early dawn when we marched from Shat. We plunged into the desert, having turned our backs on the Nile that the greater part of our soldiers were to see no more. They had commenced their last march—the march from which there was to be no returning. No more would they greet the rising sun. With backs turned to the East, every step they traced on the sand led to the sunset—the sunset of their lives. We now occasionally saw the enemy in the distance—in scattered groups, in front, on our flanks, and we perceived, too, they were gathering in our rear; but when the cavalry were sent out against them they vanished like mists in the morning sun; but they were dogging our footsteps like wild beasts do their prey—slowly, but surely. We used to shell them and fire the Krupps at them.

From Shat we went to the wells of Ragshah, from El Repshah to Helet Bonnee. We always keep two squares a day's march apart. When Hicks Pasha's square, consisting of 5,000 men, left that place, Alladeen Pasha's force, consisting of 6,500, occupied the position. We now marched to El Juama; from this to El Agana.

The enemy always prowled round us at a distance. When the cavalry pursued them they retired. A 'door' was always left in the square for the horsemen to gallop back into the square in case of the enemy attacking in force. From El Agana the next march was to Darael Gemmel (House of the Camel), and then to Arahkieh. After a halt here for a day we marched to Helet el Mana (Lodge of the Mana); thence to Naghier, and from Naghier to Helet el Dobat. At every one of these places we found water. Every day the enemy increased in numbers, and we used to wonder they did not attack us. We had now got into a thick brushwood country, though all along there were mimosa bushes.

At length we reached Lake Rahad. This is a large swamp with pools of water; there is always water here. It is on elevated ground, and rocks and hills around. We had hoped the Tagala tribes would join us here—that is the reason we had come this way—but they were afraid of the Arabs.

I don't think Lake Rahad is more than two and a half days' journey from El Obeid. Hicks Pasha built a fort here, and placed

in it four Krupp guns and nineteen smaller ones. We got here plenty of beans and melons, and as much water as we wanted. We rested here three days. This was our last rest. The enemy were gradually hemming us in even here, and Hicks Pasha determined to push on at once to El Obeid. The order was given to advance, and all tents were struck at daybreak. We had not marched an hour when the enemy for the first time commenced to fire at us, but from a long distance. No one was hit, or scarcely any one; but some camels were wounded. We halted for the night and entrenched ourselves with earthworks, putting a zareba outside again. The fires of the enemy at nightfall played all around. We remained here two days. We found some water, but had to search for it.

We left at sunrise, and marched to Shekan, where we again halted for two days. The reason we did this was because we were now encircled by our enemies, and the camels began to fall from the fire, and soldiers to be wounded and killed. We marched from Shekan till the sun was in the middle of the sky. We halted, as Arabs were all around firing from the bush. On the third day, on our way to Birkee [Birket, Turkish, pronounced Birkee, means a pool], the cavalry went out of the square and encountered the enemy's horsemen,

BERBER.

putting them to flight. Our cavalry then returned, bringing with them several captured horses. This was when the sun was young. Our square continued to move on. Shortly afterwards, the sun being yet young, we heard a sound, 'w-o-o-o-h' [here the boy tried to give the idea of the galloping of horses]. This was the sound he said they heard, and then presently all around they saw Arabs innumerable—the whole world surrounded us (verbatim) and bayarey (flags) were waving, and spears gleaming in the sunshine above the bush. Our square was halted, and we opened fire, killing a great many, but we too lost many. There were too many bushes for the Krupps to do execution, but the machine guns were at work day and night. Next morning when we marched I saw Arabs lying in six heaps slain by these guns. Before we got to Shaheen we had nine Englishmen with us besides Hicks Pasha. At first the Egyptians lay down to hide, but General Hicks ordered his English officers to go round and make them stand up. Some of the English were killed when doing this, and Hicks took out his pocket-book and wrote down their names and the time of day that they were killed, and the manner At noon Hicks Pasha called an assembly of them to see who were alive. We waited for Aladen, who now joined us.

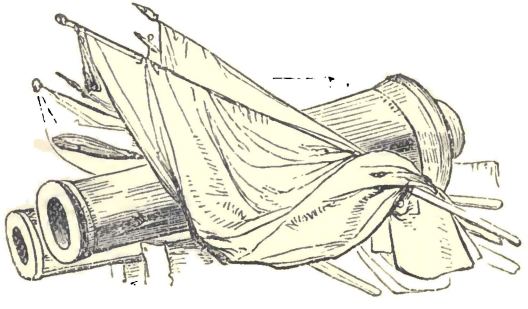
The next morning we all marched oft together. We came to many large trees.

An immense number of the enemy could be seen by field-glasses. The men declared they would rather march on their way fighting, and reach the water, than stand still in square. So Hicks, yielding to these remonstrances, continued to march on in square. It was not yet dhuka (noon), and we were not far from Elquis. We could see it. We should have been there by noon, and there there was abundance of water. The rear face of our square was formed by the two black battalions, one raised in Sennaar and the other from the Mudireer of Sankeet. The guide led us out of the way to a place called Kieb El Khaber (I mean before this), instead of taking us straight to Elquis. It was near noon, just about this time—zyessa—a rush, terrible and sudden, sweeping down like the torrent from the mountain, was made. The Arabs burst upon our front face in overwhelming numbers. It was swept away like chaff before the wind. Seeing this, the other sides of the square turned inwards, and commenced a death-dealing fusillade both on the Arabs pressing into the square and on each other crossways. A terrible slaughter commenced. Hicks Pasha and the very few English officers left with him, seeing all hope of restoring order gone, spurred their horses, and sprang out of the confused mass of wounded, dead, and dying. These officers fired away their revolvers, clearing a space for themselves, till all their ammunition was expended. They killed many. They had got clear outside. They then took to their swords, and fought till they fell. Hicks Pasha now alone remained. He was a terror to the Arabs. They said he never struck a man with his sword without killing him. They named him Abou Deraa Dougal, the heavy armed (or thick and brawny). He kept them all at bay, but he was struck on the wrist with a sword, and he dropped his own. He then fell. I was covered with blood, and I got under a dead body and pretended to be dead while the struggling and yelling, uproar, fighting, and slaughter-

EL OBEID, NEAR WHICH THE ARMY OF HICKS PASHA WAS DESTROYED.

ing was going on, as it did for three hours. The Arabs, triumphant, having hewn down and speared most of the Egyptians, commenced to search the bodies. I say most, because the cavalry galloped off to Lake Raab, and some of the foot soldiers ran off there too. Five hundred Egyptians were taken prisoners. They tried particularly to save the guns; one hundred of these were captured. All these fought against you the other day at Abou Klea. They were made to do so. They felt me and found I was alive; they pricked me with a spear. I was made prisoner. Now what I tell you further is from hearsay. The rear face alone remained in good order when all else was confusion, composed as it was of black troops. These marched away, forming a square of their own, and the Arabs could not break it, so they went to plunder and slaughter the rest. The Blacks marched on till sunset, and there was a lull for them.

Mohammed Ahmed remained far distant at the time of the battle. He had said to the ameers and dervishes, 'Forward! Attack the enemy. Meanwhile I will remain here and pray to Allah for your success.' He came after all was over, and was shown the body of Hicks Pasha. I heard that Mohammed Ahmed put all the spoil into a great hole. He ordered it all to be given to him. At sunset they pursued the black troops. On coming to them the dervishes called out to them, 'Sellima, surrender!' They replied, 'We will not surrender. We will not eat the Effendina's bread for waste (*i.e.* for nothing). Namen Selem ma nokol men. Effendia Khassara. We'll fight till we die, but many of you will die too.' But an unexpected rush was made on them when this parleying was going on, and they were all slain. I was taken to El Obeid. I saw no Englishmen there prisoners. I saw some Greeks. They had all been circumcised; but they were not allowed to keep their shops. These were given to Arabs. I never heard of any Englishman being alive there, or a German servant. [I pressed him on this point.] I was taken to Ondeiman, from which place I ran away and joined you near Metemmeh. The Arabs against us were of the Dar Egeema, El Messelea, El Howasmah, and some of the Hummr tribe. Abd Es Samad and Nawa were the sheiks at the head of the Howayzmi [a branch of the Bederrya Arabs and the Takaeleal from the west]." In answer to my question "How was Hicks Pasha dressed?" he replied, "He wore a red and yellow koopeh round his bonetta (helmet) and a blue coat; belt across his shoulder." [This was the dress the Pasha always wore on line of march.] I showed him the photograph in the book, with Hicks Pasha in the Soudan, and he at once picked out Hicks and Farquhar. He asserted that the soldiers did not lie down (as has been affirmed) on the last day, but fought to the end, and that the battle took place so close to Elbeis [which I suppose to be the same as Melbeis, as I have said before], that you could hear a rifle fired at one place if you were at the other. To Obeid, he says it took him but one day to march.



CHAPTER L.

The Mahdi—The Story of his Origin.

"THE Mahdi," said an enthusiastic Irish orator, "is in reality a Cork man, and his real name is Tim Sullivan." None of our readers, we are sure, will agree to this extraordinary statement; but they will ask, Who is he? Can nothing be known about this extraordinary individual who has had such an influence on the destinies of Egypt, and, through Egypt, on those of England? Carefully collecting such authentic information as is attainable, we now present the results to our readers. An authority observes that "Prophets, whether true or false, are by no means rare in Mohammedan countries, but it is seldom that they create so much stir in the world as the mysterious fanatic who believes, and has inspired his followers with the belief, that he possesses a mission to regenerate Islam. Not long ago a personage with similar pretensions appeared in Tripoli, but local circumstances did not come to his aid, as in the case of the Mahdi of the Soudan. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt was the first to foresee and foretell the danger to be incurred in the existing state of affairs in Equatorial Africa from the advent of this visionary. It happened that the native mind had become, in a measure, prepared for the appearance of a Messiah, or Prophet, who, according to tradition, had been foretold by Mohammed himself as likely to appear about the year 1300 of the Hegira. The turn of the century, according to this calendar, happened about three years ago, almost simultaneously with the appearance of the new saviour of Islam. As Mr. Blunt has pointed out, the condition of the natives in the Soudan and the wide region nominally under the sway of the pashas had become intolerable from oppression, and they were ripe for revolt. Along with this, extraordinary success had for some years attended the spread of the Mohammedan creed in Central Africa, and high authorities estimate the number of converts at from eight to twelve millions. One writer remarks: 'The idea of the regeneration of Islam by force of arms has gained a strong hold over the enthusiasm of these new converts, and on the appearance of the False Prophet in August, 1881, thousands flocked to his standard.'

The Mahdi had thus an enormous advantage over all rival pretenders, and quickly overshadowed all others, who have long since sunk back into their original obscurity. Like most of them, Mohammed Ahmed—for such is the Mahdi's real name—was of origin obscure, but traceable. It is to the unfortunate Colonel Stewart, another victim of Arab treachery, that we are indebted for most of our knowledge of the prophet's early days, for when the gallant Colonel visited El Obeid nearly three years ago the impostor was only beginning to rally round him a ragged following, and to make some noise in the country. From what could then be gathered about him, Colonel Stewart informs us that the Mahdi was the son of a carpenter, and a native of Dongola. In 1852 the father migrated to Shendy, the town on the Nile on the bank opposite Metemmeh, his family consisting of three sons and one daughter, and here a fourth son was born to him. While a boy the future prophet was apprenticed to a boatbuilder, but after receiving a beating from his uncle one day, he fled to Khartoum, where he entered a free school kept by a dervish of great sanctity, and an alleged descendant of the founder of

Islamism. 'Here,' says Colonel Stewart, 'he remained for some time studying religion, the tenets of his sheik, etc., but did not make much progress in the more worldly accomplishments of reading and writing.' His religious education was completed at another school to which he afterwards went near Berber. Thence he settled in a village south of Kana, and enrolled himself as a disciple of a fakir or holy man, delighting in the name of Nur-el-Daim. Having received from this worthy the distinction of sheik, Mohammed Ahmed took up his abode on the island of Abba, near Kana, on the White Nile. 'Here,' adds Colonel Stewart, 'he began by making a subterranean excavation (khaliva = retreat) into which he made a practice of retiring to repeat for hours one of the names of the Deity, this being accompanied by fasting, incense-burning, and prayers. His fame and sanctity by degrees spread far and wide, and Mohammed Ahmed became wealthy, collected disciples, and married several wives, all of whom he was careful to select from among the daughters of the most influential Baggara sheiks (Baggara = tribes owning cattle and horses) and other notables. To keep within the legalised number (four) he was in the habit of divorcing the surplus, and taking them on again according to his fancy.' In these marital responsibilities he was only surpassed by his secretary or factotum, who espoused no fewer than twenty-four ladies of the neighbourhood. But the Mahdi's time was not wholly occupied with the attractions of the harem. The increase of his influence only incited him to fresh efforts. Gradually he acquired a great reputation for holiness, and by-and-by assembled a number of other dervishes around him, and by his powers and tact succeeded in uniting the various tribes under his banner. The principles of his teaching are described as 'Universal equality, universal law and religion, with a community of goods. All who refuse to credit his mission are to be destroyed, whether Christian, Mohammedan, or pagan.'

It was not until the end of 1881 that Raouf Pasha, the then Governor of the Soudan, had his attention directed to the Mahdi's pretensions. The latter at this time was living at Merabich, near the island of Abba. In August, as already stated, he publicly proclaimed his 'mission' during the Feast of Ramadan, and some small parties of troops were sent against him, but failed to catch him. It is more than probable that their sympathies were with him. Colonel Stewart certainly held doubts on the subject. The Mahdi soon afterwards showed himself at the head of his followers near Sennaar, finally taking up a position at Jebel Gadîr, about 150 miles north-west of Kaka, on the White Nile. Here he was attacked by a body of regulars under Raschid Bey, who was defeated with heavy loss. This success inspired the prophet and his adherents with fresh courage and ambition. Their ranks rapidly increased, and early in the following spring the whole province of Kordofan was threatened. Raouf Pasha having been recalled, Abd-el-Kader was appointed to the command at Khartoum, and a more strenuous attempt was made to suppress the new fanatical rising, whose spread began seriously to alarm the Egyptians. In April about 3,000 men were collected in the neighbourhood of Kaka at the cost of reducing the neighbouring garrisons. Taking advantage of this, "the rebels," as the Mahdi's followers began to be called, attacked Sennaar, but after some minor successes, they were dispersed by Giegler Pasha. They were not, however, disheartened, and at length, when they again met the Egyptians face to face, on the 7th of June, 1882, they obtained a signal victory. The Egyptians came upon the rebels in a densely wooded country; a zareba or stockade was commenced, and the troops were formed up in hollow square, but they were unable to withstand the furious onslaught of the Arab host, inspired by religious zeal. Once the square was broken all discipline was lost, and the whole force was simply annihilated. Naturally

an extraordinary impetus was thus given to the insurrection, and many minor engagements took place, resulting generally in favour of the Mahdi. At Shakka, for instance, on June 20th, another Egyptian detachment of 1,000 men was cut to pieces, only a few escaping with their lives. On August 23rd Duem was attacked, but here the rebels were defeated with the loss of 4,500 men. Shortly afterwards the Mahdi took the field in person, and advanced on El Obeid. 'On three successive days,' it is recorded, 'he made desperate assaults on the garrison, but on each occasion he

MOHAMMED AHMED, THE MAHDI.

was repulsed with great slaughter. The rebels are said to have had 10,000 men killed, while the Egyptian loss is put down at 288.' These disasters caused a diminution in the Mahdi's prestige, who had never hitherto been defeated while personally leading his troops, so that he was said to be invincible. But, nothing daunted, the prophet laid siege to the town, and after much bloodshed both El Obeid, Bara, and other fortified posts fell into his hands. Compelled by these reverses to make a more gigantic effort to regain possession of the Soudan, the Egyptian Government despatched Hick Pasha's expedition, numbering upwards of 6,000 men. This army, the

most completely organized and equipped ever assembled in the Soudan, was deemed sufficient for its object, but its overthrow, after a desperate three days' engagement in the desert between the Nile and El Obeid, proved that the strength of the Mahdi had been vastly underrated. After that crowning victory, the Soudan, save such garrison towns as Khartoum, Sennaar, and Kassala, was at his mercy, and the fame of his conquering career has spread not only through all northern Africa, but over the whole Mohammedan world. Personally, the Mahdi is described by Colonel Stewart as tall, slim, with a black beard, and light brown complexion. Like most Dongolawis, he reads and writes with difficulty. He is local head of the Gheelan or Kadrigé order of dervishes, a school originated by Abdul Kader-el-Ghulami, whose tomb is at Bagdad. Judging from his conduct of affairs and policy, I should say he had considerable natural ability. The manner in which he has managed to merge the usually discordant tribes together denotes great tact. He had probably been preparing the movement for some time back." So far Colonel Stewart.

CHAPTER LI.

The Mahdi—How He attained Power.

CONTINUING our account of the Mahdi, we now give a few anecdotes, gathered from various sources, as to this individual. A certain Arab, called "Mahmoud," according to his own account (poured into the eager ear of a newspaper correspondent), has had occasion very bitterly to regret his connection with the False Prophet, for "he is now destitute. Mahmoud attributes all his misfortunes to the Mahdi, and apparently justly so. The merchant at first believed in the Divine mission of the Black Prophet. He was blessed with a young and lovely wife, whom Mohammed Ahmed admired and took. This conduct Mahmoud might have forgiven, because he was very rich and could have purchased another spouse from some of the Arab sheiks, but the prophet also cast eyes on his wealth, and required him to turn it all into the rebel treasury. Meligy expressed a willingness to contribute a portion, and tendered a sum, at the same time secreting the bulk of his money. Then it was the Mahdi's myrmidons seized him and beat him with sticks, and threatened him with death if he refused longer to disclose the hiding-place where his treasure lay. Meligy remained firm, so they fastened a rope to one of his ankles and lowered him down head first into a very deep stone-built well. As he was let down the rope went spinning round, and his head and body were terribly bruised against the sides. The scars still remain. He then gave way and begged for mercy. On being hauled to the top he told them where he had put all his money, and when they had got it he was allowed to go. As soon as he was able he left Obeid, and journeying towards Khartoum, eventually reached a safe place. Mahmoud says many of the Arabs are beginning to disbelieve that Mohammed Ahmed is the 'Mahdi,' and that if it were not for a powerful band he has attracted to his person, who themselves know better than to regard him as a true prophet, he would be driven out of the country. The 'Mahdi,' he continued, is a very able, cunning man in all he does. He has had a building

erected into which he retires to pray, and where he sometimes receives and speaks to his followers. It is regarded as a sort of sanctuary, and is a large square hall-shaped apartment, roofed over. Here he tells his devotees he converses with the 'El Hadra,' or 'Holy Presence,' from whom he receives instruction, direction, and advice on all matters. The credulous Arabs squat around outside this building in hundreds all day long, and when the Mahdi appears beg to be shown the 'Presence,' that they may die happy. 'O prophet,' they cry, 'shows us the El Hadra.' With grave face Mohammed Ahmed turns to some one and answers, 'Wallah!' 'that is a very serious and difficult task you seek to impose on me.' He is invariably polite, and always calls every one 'Ya! Sidi' (sir). If in a complaisant mood, the Mahdi pretends to yield to their request, and invites them into his sanctuary, which is bare of furniture save a few carpets, skins, and mats, a brass bowl, and brass tray. He then bids them search the apartment to see if there is any one or anything beyond what meets their eyes concealed therein. Their answer usually is, 'What need to search, O prophet? There is nothing here.' 'Then leave me for a little whilst I pray,' replies the Mahdi, 'and perhaps the Spirit may grant your request.' Meligy said, when the 'prophet' was left alone, he (the Mahdi) waited a little, then, lifting the brass tray, which had coffee cups standing on it, he poured a vessel of water into the bowl, replacing the tray on the top, but not so as to be resting on the bowl, for the tray was held an inch or two above the bowl either by big pieces of loaf sugar or calcined lime. The water at once began to act upon whichever of these substances he employed, but, before it had time to disintegrate them, the people were readmitted into the apartment, where all appeared as they had seen it a minute before. They were soon alarmed and terrified by seeing the tray move, and hearing the cups and dishes rattle. Sometimes a little smoke or steam accompanied these demonstrations, but, on every occasion on which the ignorant Arabs and negroes witnessed them, they shouted, 'It is the "Presence,"' and, falling down with their foreheads pressed to the ground, remained in pious prayer until the Mahdi bade them leave him. Absurd as it may seem, such is the leading 'miracle' with which the prophet works upon the crass credulity of the ignorant natives. Another plan he has for enlisting adherents is to covertly prepare a pit or hole in the ground, in which he sets matches and gunpowder. Haranguing the wholly savage tribes who flock to hear and see him, he tells them they have nothing to fear from Turk or infidel. If necessary, fire even could be sent to consume all their enemies, so that they would not need to lift their hands against them. Then, to show his power, the Mahdi drives his spear into the ground, selecting the spot prepared, and fire and smoke follow the blow. He tells them the fire will be confined, so as not to then and there burn them. Afterwards his confederates come to his aid and remove the traces of the prepared stage effect. The Mahdi is equally if not more adroit in his manner of getting contributions. From time to time he appears before his people and says he has been commanded to part with all his goods; everything he possesses, in short, must go to the public treasury, or to the 'Bait el Mal'—charity-box. Proffers are made on all sides to save him from stripping his household, but all these he resolutely declines, saying, 'The command is for me, not you.' By-and-by their turn comes, when the Mahdi says he has had a communication from 'El Hadra' that such a one is to give all he has to the 'Bait el Mal.' They have seen the prophet himself complying with these directions of the 'Presence,' and how dare any one else disobey? Accordingly, making a virtue of necessity, goods and slaves all find their way to the 'charity-box'—otherwise the prophet's chest. It was because he scrupled to comply readily with a mandate of the

same kind that poor Mahmoud el Meligy was maltreated. All disputes about goods or betrothals the Mahdi quickly settles by appropriating the goods to the public treasury and the women to his harem. He courts the poor and gives them free licence to plunder, and snubs the sheiks," and thus acquires popularity.

We next give a proclamation of two adherents of the Mahdi, and we follow this up with a letter from Faga Isaak to the False Prophet. The reader will observe that said letter is couched in anything but complimentary terms. Both documents will serve to show our readers the style of communication that prevails in these barbarous lands :—

"To the Shajieh People, dwellers of the countries on the Nile about Aboudôm, Meroe, Korti, Debbah, Abougos, etc., etc. In the name of Allah, the Most Merciful, the Most Compassionate, etc. Thanks be to the Most High and Bountiful, unto whom be prayer and praise. Peace to believers. We write to you to inform you that our Lord, the Apostle of Allah, the long expected One, etc., has had cause to be displeased with you. Ye dwellers on the Nile bank, in all the districts of the Dar Shaikiyeh—we address ourselves especially to the dwellers round about Tungasi and Meroe, Aboudôm, Handak, Abougos, etc. Our Lord God's Apostle is much displeased with all of you, O ye peoples, in that ye have shown much slackness and want of zeal in his service. Nay, ye have even aided his enemies, the accursed Turks and the infidel Inglesi. Now, the sheiks who have permitted this will surely be punished, and that swiftly. All chastisement will be visited on their heads. Then, O people, we pity them and you too when these things shall come to pass. Have you not seen and heard how we have driven back the Inglesi from one shore of the great river to the other? Now know that we in our tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands are coming to visit you shortly. For that day prepare yourselves. If you are obedient to our Lord, you will be forgiven for past offences, for he is merciful, provided you are ready, every one of you, to gather together under our Sanjaks. In that day, if you are faithful and obedient, shall be given you of the spoils taken from the disobedient, and of their substance, of their oxen and camels and sheep. For their lands shall be utterly laid waste and given to the faithful. Now the time we speak of is not far distant; but where are the arms which we sent into your villages —to every village twenty fire rifles? We have heard that you have pleaded that you have been unable to obey owing to the great host of the Inglesi who dropped on your shores like locusts, and owing to the black troops of the Turks. It must be held ever in remembrance by you the ancient alliance and friendship between your tribes and ours. Your safety is assured to you, and arms shall be distributed among you.

WADY MAJUMA.
ABOU GERARD."

Faga Isaak, chief relative of Shee Sinoon, who belongs to Algeria, writes to the Mahdi :—

"You are a false Mahdi (forerunner). It is manifest to all men of learning that you are a wicked impostor—you are found out. Have you not been exposed? What say you? Let me, who have wisdom and learning, and am the possessor, praise be unto Allah! of great discernment and intelligence, explain to you how I know all this. You do not come from Mecca; but even so, had you been the true Mahdi, long ago would you have subdued unto yourself all territory, and kingdoms, and dominions, and powers from the far south in the Tagal Mountains, and the Shilloohs, and the Niam Niams to the north, where is Algeria and Morocco, and the land of Egypt would have bowed to you, and the English and the Turks and all infidels would have been cast out. But now, what are you? A man without power even among his own Ameers. They refuse to

fight for you any more, as you allow their warriors to be slain, and you do not lead yourself. Moreover, you have been defeated by the English. Take heed! Have a care. Do not continue to disturb the land. If you do, I will kill you as I did your uncle, who was the treasurer, and yet stole from the treasury. Do you know why he was killed? Now I tell you—that is the reason."

CHAPTER LII.

The Mahdi—The Secret of His Success.

IT may be asked, How then is it that the Mahdi, a false prophet, really has such enormous power? The answer to that will be found in considering the peculiar attraction which his faith holds out to its votaries. To quote a sentence of the Koran, "O Allah, be it so. Among the glorious associates in Paradise! Now there is no passage of the Koran so vehemently inculcated, so passionately accepted, as that which assures the true believer of the delights of a future world. It has always formed the most stirring appeal of Moslem generals to their soldiers, of the priests of the Ghazi seminaries to their pupils in assassination. The Mahdi, therefore, does not fail to make use of the pleasures of Paradise as an incentive to his men to renewed efforts on the Nile. A correspondent, quoting from an Arabic paper, gives us the text of this famous pretender's proclamation 'to the faithful who are fighting for God, the Prophet, and his servant, Mohammed Ahmed.' It runs thus: 'How are you faithful when you are again murmuring because you are prevented from making pilgrimages to Mecca by the continuance of the war? Do you not know that killing an infidel is more agreeable to God than offering prayers for a thousand months? Do you not know that not only from Mecca, the mother of cities, but also that from every field of battle a path leads to Paradise? O ye faithful, I assure you that if you die in the morning fighting against the infidels, you will, even ere it is noon, be with the Prophet in Paradise. Silken robes of green will clothe you, and golden bracelets adorn you. You will repose by the banks of cool rivers, sipping refreshing drinks, while sixty ever-youthful houris, bright as the moon, will smile upon you.' He does not enumerate the other details of the 'Blessed Isles' of Islam, with its all-shadowing tree, which bears the most delicious meats that the saints can think to ask for; the stream of Salsabil close by, which runs between banks of jasper and gold; the fragrance of a thousand perfumes—scent was one of the chief pleasures of Mahomet—the singing of birds, the luxury of couches of flowers, and so forth. For he knew that every man in his following has them all off by heart, and can tell to a fraction the proportion of each which will be his lot according to the manner of his death, the number of his wounds, or the tally of the infidel slain by him before he fell himself. It was enough to remind his warriors of the delights in store, to suggest to the half-fed, weary men about him the contrast between the Soudan in June and Paradise. 'Have you, then, lost, weak murmurers as you are, all faith in him who was your Light, your Star?' They might be tempted to do so. The Mahdi, however, knows well that, whether or not they are beginning to lose hope of the

conquest of Egypt, and the triumphal progress towards the Holy City which was predicted, their faith will never falter in those promises of 'the Book' of cold springs and delicious fruit,—

'And that pure wine the dark-eyed maids above
Keep sealed with precious musk for those they love.'

Nor, perhaps, could the Mahdi better encourage the sinking spirits of men encamped with but scanty shelter, and still more scanty commissariat, out upon the burning, eye-scorching deserts of the Soudan, overswept with dust-storms driven along by the fierce Khamsin, the stifling Harmattan, dry grain their food, alkaline water their drink, and dreary marching and wounds and death their only service.

'That prophet ill sustains his holy call
Who finds not heavens to suit the tastes of all."

And Mahomet and 'Mohammed Ahmed, his servant,' it must be confessed, found one very suitable indeed to the tastes of Arab folk. Their songs and their speech are filled with phases significant of the yearning of these wild sons of a sterile land for the pleasures of green trees, sweet-smelling flowers, and bubbling water. Religion offers them, these men of hard lives and stern work—as the one supreme delight of the after-world—the luxury of idleness. They are not even to take the trouble to turn upon their beds of roses to eat and drink; for exquisite beings, blessed with perpetual girlhood, will always be at their side to offer them all they want before they can even ask for it. The fruit will bend down to their lips, the fountains of exquisite sherbets rise to them. They are never to grow older than the prime of manhood, and, if they choose, need never, no never, all through the cycles of immortality, stir an inch from the spot where angelic arms, carrying each from the battlefield, have laid them down on the perfumed sward under the Tooba tree. No more camels to drive. No more infidels to shoot them. Peace and plenty, perpetual youth, and sacred laziness. The birds even, in the boughs, are only to sing in murmurous fashion. No ear-splitting, clamorous song will be heard there. The arboreal choir will all be beautified nightingales, singing through veils, as it were, the softest whisperings of melody, that shall never be the same long enough for the listener to recognise a tune twice. The perfumes, in the same way, will glide imperceptibly from one fragrance to another, and each in turn will be new and exquisite. The sherbets will be nectareous blendings of all the hydromels, somas, and meads that poets have devised for happy heroes in the 'Cities of Rest' and 'Elysian Fields,' and are to pass by subtle transmutations from rose to pomegranate, and from citron to date, from orange to grape, and so on through all the pippins and berries of Paradisaic orchards, flavoured with such fruits as saints have worked miracles with, such as tempted Eve, such as the champions of Christendom knew of, as the pilgrims found in the Master's garden, as heroes and goddesses have striven for—the apples of bliss and immortality. The houris, too—'the dark-eyed maids above'—even they are not to weary the eye by monotony. Sixty is the smallest allowance, the 'half rations,' as it were, of a common, ordinary sort of true believer. In exceptional cases they are to be in number beyond counting, and at the wish of their possessor they will change their age, their features, and their voice. It is not enough that they shall each be perfect in her own way; all are to be perfect in every way. Then, to think of it, superadded to all this, the perpetual coolness of thick foliage overhead and gentle breezes, and, above all, utter and inviolable laziness! It is no wonder then that the Mahdi's soldiers, released from the drudgery of beasts of burden only to march and fight in the desperate Soudan, escaped from the tyranny of petty masters to fall under the unrelaxing despotism of a fanatical leader, should go to their deaths lightly. They believe, with a stern faith every iota

of the promises of future pleasures held out to them, and on that belief gladly stake the wretchedness of their life and risk the brief agony of death on the battle-field :—

'Faith, frenzied faith, once wedded firm and fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.'

And those who were in the Soudan bore ample testimony to the amazing, bewildering recklessness and disregard of pain with which these soldiers of the Mahdi came charging on to their fate.

The truth is, they looked beyond the British squares at the green groves of Paradise. The glitter of the grim bayonets before them was as nothing to the radiance of the great gates they could see opening for them. In front the flash of rifles, and the low rolling smoke of the cannon, dull masses of men in grey, and camels in tumultuous motion. But farther off, and visible only to the eyes of those on-rushing fanatics, were the fluttering of robes of green silk, the shimmer of golden ornaments. Here, close at hand, were the furious roar of the artillery, the pitiless fusillade, the fierce clamour of men giving and receiving death; but, above it all, the ears of the true believer, quickened by his mortal wound, caught the sweet liltings of Heaven's singing birds, the murmur of the breeze in the leaves, the babblings of the fountains of Zem-zem, the whispered caresses of those hidden pearls 'the maids.' So they came on in a rush altogether, or in small parties, or even singly, to meet the death 'which leads to Paradise.' Out from the bush, and from behind rocks, they came on, one against a hundred, dancing and shouting. What if they fell? It was an infidel's hand that laid them low. Their end was achieved. Or, if they reached the unbelievers' line, and drove their spears home before they went down before the bullets, all the greater was the gain, all the larger was the fulness of eternal bliss. The leaders of Islam have always known how to avail themselves of this intense confidence in the immediate possession of Paradise. Mahomet himself never failed to employ it to the utmost, and his successors, on many a field of victory, have proved its potency. The Moslem sees his reward actually within his arm's length. He has only to strike and it is his. If he kills, or is killed, he is assured of the Prophet's favour, and if he dies killing he is doubly secure. The lives of such men are, after all, but dull processes. Their language, their philosophy, prove that they feel this themselves. They do not cling to life as a precious provision, but are ready to throw it away. 'Allah's will be done!' and there is an end of it. Of the more practical aspect of the Mahdi's proclamation, the fact that his followers clamoured to be allowed to go to Mecca is very significant, for in the Moslem creed the performance of 'the greater pilgrimage' is in itself a passport to Paradise. For the present, however, it is enough to have noticed the strange phenomenon of such an appeal in these latter days of history, and to have hinted at the pathos which underlies it. Here fighting in the Soudan under a sun that is now torrid, in the midst of a country brought to the miseries of famine by three years of war, we find a military leader calling upon his troops to stand by him, and to rally for further effort, with the promise of shady trees and cool water. They are not to strike for country, or for sovereign, or for God; but for refreshing draughts and the smiles of the houris of heaven. And this suffices." Such are the prospects held out by the Mahdi to his followers.

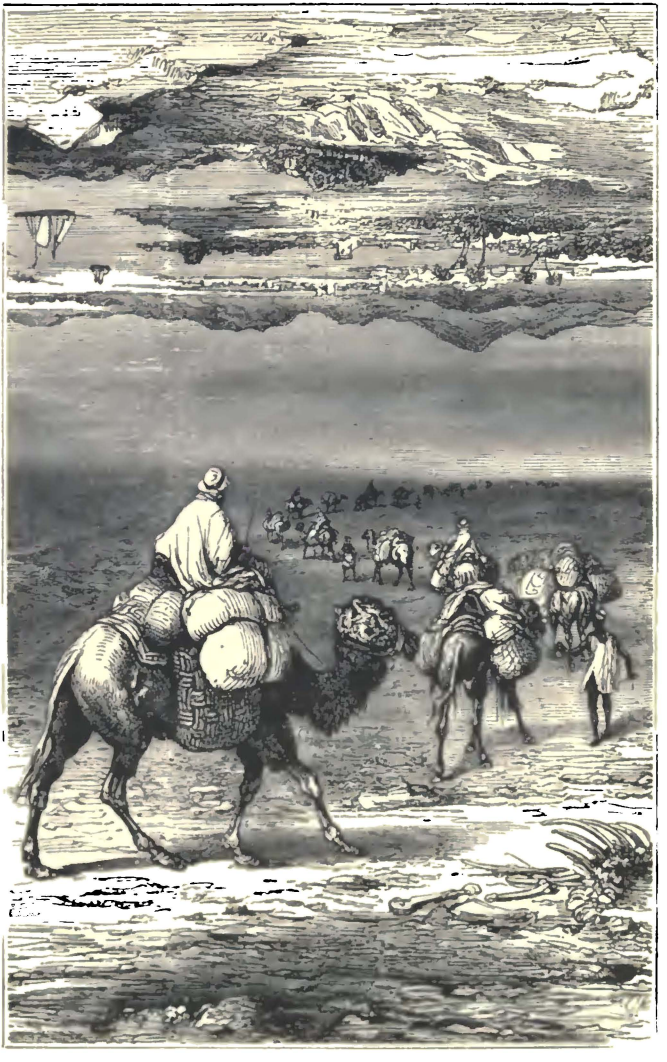
CHAPTER LIII.

GORDON—HIS MISSION IN THE SOUDAN.

WHILST Gordon was speeding on to Cairo as fast as all the appliances of our modern civilization could carry him, his name was in every one's mouth. It was then that the able editor, to whom reference has already been made, took occasion to review the whole situation, and to describe the man with whom he had lately discussed the Soudan question. He goes on to tell us that "It is exactly a fortnight since the present writer, seated on a couch covered with a leopard's skin, in the drawing-room of a quiet Southampton residence, received a friendly greeting from General Gordon, who had not been twenty-four hours in the country after his return from Jerusalem. Up to that moment he had not been consulted by any one as to the crisis in the Soudan. Months before, when he was last in England, although the War Office was full of anxiety about the defence of Khartoum, no official had ever taken the trouble to ascertain the views of the English officer of Engineers who had reigned for years autocrat in the capital of the Soudan. When the crisis which began with the slaughter of Colonel Hicks was deepening, until a terrible catastrophe impended over the garrison of Khartoum, it was not owing to any prompting of the English Government that General Gordon happened to be within two hours' journey of London. The Cabinet had decided the previous week to support Sir Evelyn Baring in demanding the abandonment of the Soudan, and it was only the happy accident that the King of the Belgians had summoned General Gordon from his retirement in Palestine to carve out an anti-slavery empire on the headwaters of the Congo which brought him this month within call. To men like General Gordon there is no such thing as accident. All things were pre-ordained before time began, and kings and peasants are mere instruments in the hands of the Higher Power which cannot err. Even to those who take less lofty views of human destiny, strange indeed was the combination of unexpected coincidences by which it has come to pass that the officer who a week since was all but deprived of his commission in the English army for taking service with the International Associates of the Congo should to-day be speeding southward as fast as the mail packet can carry him to act as the supreme representative of British power in the Equatorial Empire of Egypt. Since Mordecai the Jew was led in triumph through the streets of Shushan there has surely but seldom been so sudden an alternation in human fortunes. But yesterday not a Minister would even do him the honour of asking his counsel. To-day he is the master of the situation, the virtual Sovereign of the Soudan, the man upon whose success or upon whose failure the fortunes of the Ministry may depend. Great as the change is, it leaves him absolutely unchanged. 'For what is this or that to thee,' says Thomas-à-Kempis in the 'Imitation,' a copy of which, with the page doubled down at this passage, was handed to his visitor on leaving. 'Follow thou Me. For what is it to thee whether this man be such or such, or that others do or say thus and thus?' And again at another marked passage it is written, 'Let not thy peace be in the tongues of men; for whether they put a good or bad construction on what thou doest, thou art not therefore another man. Where is true peace and true glory? Is

it not in Me? And he who covets not to please men and fears not their displeasure shall enjoy much peace.' That peace which General Gordon enjoys is unruffled by the contumely, undisturbed by the eulogy of man.

Slightly built, somewhat below the average height, General Gordon's most remark-



THE MIRAGE—AN INCIDENT OF DESERT TRAVEL.

able characteristic at first sight is a child-like simplicity of speech and manners. Notwithstanding his fifty years, his face is almost boyish in its youthfulness, his step is as light and his movements as lithe as the leopard. Although he is still excitable and vehement, those who know him best say that he has under much firmer control those volcanic fires which blazed out with fiercest fury in his younger days; as, for

instance, when he hunted Li Hung Chang revolver in hand from house to house day after day in order to slay the man who had dishonoured and massacred the prisoners whom he had pledged his word to save. But there is that in his face at times even now that contrasts strangely with the sweetness of his smile or the radiance which lights up his face when discoursing on his favourite author and the choice texts of the 'Imitation,' which, for the present, seems to have superseded his old favourite, 'Watson on Contentment.' In Gordon the tenderness of a woman, the gentleness of a child, the ready sympathy with all the sorrows and sufferings of others, are combined with an iron will and a certain 'hardness' which is indispensable to a ruler of men. In the Soudan he was to slave-dealers, pashas, and other evildoers an incarnate terror. On his fleet camel, accompanied only by a single guide, he sped from province to province, like an angel of wrath descending like a thunderbolt upon all who withstood his will. Yet even while the rage of the Berserker flashed in his eye, infinite compassion for the weak, the helpless, and the oppressed trembled in his voice. Again and again he refers in his letters in tones of pity and affection to the poor people of the Soudan. 'I would give my life for them,' he said. 'How can I help feeling for them? All the time I was there every night I used to pray that God would lay upon me the burden of their sins, and crush me with it instead of these poor sheep. A strange prayer you may well think for one who has sins enough of his own to answer for, but nevertheless a real one. I really wished it, and longed for it; and now, having had the burden of their sufferings upon me for so many years, can you wonder that I wish to save them from being handed over to be "slated up" by the Turks?' In General Gordon's eyes, as every one is aware who has read Mr. Berkeley Hill's edition of his letters from Central Africa, the blacks of the Soudan are immeasurably superior in every way to the Egyptian Government. All the misery in those parts, he used to declare, is due to these Arab and Circassian pashas and authorities. 'I would not stay a day for these wretched creatures, but I would give my life for these poor blacks.' The people who annexed the Soudan, he maintained, stood in quite as much need of civilization as those they attempt to civilize. There is no more touching passage in modern writings than that in which he describes his remorse at the share he had in carrying the 'blessings' of Egyptian civilization to the Moogie tribes, hundreds of miles south of Gondokoro. 'We do not want beads,' they cried. 'We do not want to see the pasha; we want our own lands and you to go away.' A magician stood and cursed the expedition, and a disaster soon after befalling, General Gordon was inclined to believe that the prayer for protection against the invader had been heard. '"We do not want your beads, we do not want your cloth," of the poor Moogies rings in my ears. "We want you to go away." They knew well enough the little benefits that would ever accrue from occupation. I do believe that God may listen to the cries for help from the heathen who know Him not. These prayers were earnest prayers for celestial aid, in which the pray-er knew he would need help from some unknown Power to avert a danger. That the native knows not the true God is true, but God knows him, and moved him to prayer, and answered his prayer.' He was convinced that the Egyptians were absolutely unfit to acquire the country. The policy of the abandonment of the further Soudan which the Government has despatched him to carry out is but a development of his own policy, and needs no further justification than the letters written by him as Governor-General of the Soudan in 1879.

In the conversation at Southampton General Gordon made no direct reference to the possibility of his own return to the country. A friend, however, who had

urged very strongly upon him the importance of his revisiting the scene of his former authority, did not think that he was irrevocably opposed to the idea. The garrison at Khartoum must be relieved, but how could we relieve it? Baker could not get there with an army. General Gordon remarked that if he were sent he would go there alone. He believed that he would have no difficulty in making his way without a single attendant through the Bishareen Arabs, to whom he was well known, and when he was once in Khartoum he did not believe he would have much difficulty in organizing an 'ever-victorious army' out of the tribes which would enable him to hold Khartoum until the forces of the Mahdi split to pieces. He entirely scouted the idea that the Mahdi was the leader of a great religious movement. The Mahdi, he believed, was a mere creature of Ilias, the great slave proprietor at Obeid, and Zebehr Pasha, the king of the slave-traders at Cairo. If the latter had been sent against the Mahdi, he would, in General Gordon's opinion, have been taken prisoner immediately, and then converted, of course by *force majeure*, into the Commander-in-chief of the Mahdi's forces. But beyond the widespread discontent occasioned by bad government, the support of these discontented leaders, and the prestige of success, he did not think the Mahdi had any other influence in the Soudan. As for his religious claims, it is natural for them to claim a religious sanction. 'It is convenient also, especially when the cloak of religion allows you to steal your neighbour's cows.' He had personal friends in the Mahdi's camp. One of the revolted chiefs owes to General Gordon the lives of two of his sons, others have seen him strike terror into the hearts of the pashas against whom they are in revolt. All the natives know his inflexible justice. 'Your brother,' he wrote to his sister from Khartoum seven years ago, 'is much feared and, I think, respected, but not overmuch liked. The people in the Soudan tremble before your brother.' Personal popularity, it will be seen, he does not pretend to claim. But he was just, upright, inflexible, and an especial terror to evildoers of the kind against whom the Mahdi has risen in revolt. If he were left absolutely free now, he would begin by proclaiming an amnesty to all those who have, taken part in a rebellion which he regards as not only morally justifiable but politically necessary. The responsibility for the revolt rests not with those who rebelled but with those whose oppressions left the suffering populations no resource but rebellion to remedy their wrongs. By well-directed diplomacy, a judicious expenditure of money, and an offer to recognise the legitimate claims of the revolted tribes to independence, he believes that the operation of the natural forces of disunion might be greatly assisted, and the Mahdi's following would be reduced to manageable proportions. The Mahdi might disappear; but if, on the other hand, he showed sufficient capacity for rule to hold his followers together, and establish a government at Kordofan, then, said General Gordon, with a characteristic phrase, 'he will have earned a right to the crown of martyrdom, and may be left to reign in Obeid.'

The policy which General Gordon would pursue in the Soudan, if he were left absolutely free, may best be described as a great scheme for the restitution of native autonomy. As Mr. Gladstone demanded Home Rule for Bulgaria, so General Gordon advocates Home Rule for the various races inhabiting the Soudan. In the far south in the equatorial regions—and it should not be forgotten that when he first entered Egyptian service his title was 'His Excellency General Colonel Gordon, the Governor-General of the Equator'—he would pursue the same course that he followed when last in office in the Soudan. He would withdraw the authority of Egypt from the tribes, which curiously realize in the heart of Africa the political ideal of the

Parisian Communists. The sheiks, he declares, are absolutely devoid of ambition. Annexation is an unknown vice. Each tribe of from one to three hundred families lives its own independent life.

It is the conviction that he may be able to do some good in that way to the 'poor people of the Soudan' that induced him to postpone his magnificent project of cutting up the slave-trade by the roots at the headwaters of the Congo until he had re-established decent government on the headwaters of the Nile. General Gordon is the natural tribune of the oppressed. If we could imagine a Socialist revolution in this country, General Gordon is an ideal sword ready fashioned to the hand of a democratic revolt of despair. In him the Soudanese will find a champion far abler and stronger than the Egyptian fellaheen found in Arabi. Of Arabi, General Gordon, it may be noted in passing, had but a poor opinion. He had Arabi under his command in Abyssinia, and either arrested him or sent him home for insubordination. He was but a poor creature, and would never have dared to have headed the revolt if he had not been prompted from behind by those against whom he appeared to be moving; for in princes, especially in princes of the Ameer class, General Gordon puts no trust. It is remarkable that when General Gordon first put his foot in Egypt he was weighed down by the spectacle it presented of the poor people being ground down to get money for dukes and pashas and plunderers of all descriptions. But he exclaimed in his own striking way, 'Who art thou, to be afraid of a man? If He wills, I will shake all this in some way not clear to me.' It is clearer to-day. He was then on his way to lay the egg of a revolt which when hatched has shattered the rule of the pasha in the Soudan, and bids fair to result in the regeneration under happier auspices of the whole government of the Nile valley.

'I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people.' That is why he has gone to the Soudan. He expects no gratitude and wishes for none. The people, he said in one of his letters, would probably prefer an Arab Governor-General. But 'the more one lives the more one acts towards people as if they were inanimate objects—namely, to do what you can for them and to utterly disregard whether they are grateful to us or not.' He was called, and he has gone. The post was none of his seeking. But when it was thrust upon him he could not refuse. The difficulties are great. He carries his life in his hand. Success is almost impossible, and failure would impair a reputation hitherto unequalled. That, however, is nothing to him. The confident assurance of supernatural guidance and support is stronger with General Gordon to-day than it was when first he went under fire in the trenches of Sebastopol. 'You are only called on,' he once wrote home, 'at intervals to rely on your God; with me I am obliged continually to do so. I mean by this that you have only great trials, such as the illness of a child when you feel yourself utterly weak now and then. I am constantly in anxiety. The body rebels against this constant leaning on God.' General Gordon has never had much mercy upon his body, but of his physical 'health,' as he calls it, he has had little reason to complain. 'I have in me something,' he wrote in 1874, 'that if God willed might benefit these lands, for He has given me great energy and health, and some little common sense.' Yet although his energy and health are almost unequalled, he has suffered much from *angina pectoris*. Describing its symptoms he says, 'A rush of blood takes place to the head, and you think all is over. I may say I have died suddenly a hundred times.' But in sickness and in health he has followed his standing order, 'Keep your eyes on the cloud by day and the pillar by night and never mind your steps. . . . Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him."

'Beautiful great soul,' said Carlyle of one to whom the accredited representative of the English Government in the Soudan bears no small resemblance in character and in faith. 'Beautiful great soul, to whom the Temporal is all irradiated with the Eternal, and God is everywhere divinely visible in the affairs of man, and man himself has, as it were, become divine,' and as he spoke of the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, so may we speak of the new Governor of the Soudan. 'Were it not for the knowledge that I have that God is Governor-General,' said General Gordon, 'I could not get on at all.' Even those who are most mournfully convinced that there is no God and that Humanity wanders orphaned through a fatherless world, must wish that this unfaltering confidence in the Divine guidance may once more be justified by success, and that 'the shrouded Power that cannot err' may find in General Gordon the instrument for achieving successfully the great work he has on hand in the Soudan," and we shall now go on to state how he proceeded with the terrible and difficult work which he had undertaken to do.

CHAPTER LIV.

GORDON—ARRIVAL IN KHARTOUM—THE SLAVERY PROCLAMATION.

IN the same calm, cheerful frame of mind with which he had always acted, Gordon now proceeded swiftly southward on his journey to Khartoum. Soon he was lost in darkness, and then there was occasion for speculation and anxieties. Now was the time for the evening papers and specials and extra specials in interminable succession. By some private means of knowledge the editors of several papers at once learned, whenever he disappeared from view, that he had been captured by the Arabs, and this they unhesitatingly announced night after night, only to be contradicted morning after morning. Meanwhile, on, on went Gordon on his almost solitary adventure, day after day over these interminable desert sands. Who can say what plans for the future revolved in the eager brain, not disturbed by the monotonous jolting of the camel, to which the rider was so well accustomed! Thoughts about himself did not trouble him much we may be sure. Marianne Faringham thus expressed what must have been his view of the personal situation, in some lines entitled "Is Gordon safe?"—

"A message from one who had gone in haste
Came flashing across the sea;
It told not of weakness but trust in God,
When it asked us, 'Pray for me;'
And since, from churches and English homes,
In the day or the twilight dim,
A chorus of prayers has risen to God—
'Bless and take care of him.'

A lonely man to these strange far lands,
He has gone with his word of peace,
And a million hearts are questioning,
With a pain that does not cease,
'Is Gordon safe? Is there news of him?
What will the tidings be?'
There is little to do but trust and wait,
Yet, *utterly safe is he!*

Was he not safe when the Taiping shots
Were flying about his head?
When troubles thickened with every day,
And he was hard bestead?
Was he not safe in his weary rides
Over the desert sands?
Safe with the Abyssinian king?
Safe with the robber bands?

We know not the dangers around him now,
But this we truly know:

He has with him still in his time of need
His Protector of long ago;
An unseen shield is above his head,
And a strong arm comes between
The strong brave heart that rests in God,
And the death that might have been.

He is not alone, since a Friend is by,
Who answers to every need:
God is his refuge and strength at hand,
Gordon is safe indeed!
He trusts in the mercy of God for all,
And finds it a rock to last;
And back to us now come the ringing words
He spoke in years gone past:

'I am a chisel that does the work
The Master directs above,
Ever the gospel must be good news,
Kind is the God I love.
His salvation is full and free,
He will never cast us out;
I may say I have died a hundred times,
But I never yet had a doubt.'

It is true he may pass from the far Soudan
To rest, and reward, and heaven;
But he is not less safe because from thence
His freedom may be given.
Safe in living, in dying safe,
Where is the need of pain?
God give the hero long life—but death
Will be infinite joy and gain."

But Gordon's fate was as yet distant. He did reach Khartoum, which he entered on 18th February. He had left Charing Cross Station a month before, on the evening of 18th January. We have already given an account of that entry,* and of the scene that took place. Of course this and the famous slavery proclamation excited great interest in England. Our chief newspaper remarked that "Seldom in the history of Oriental peoples has such a scene been enacted as that which our correspondent has described on the occasion of General Gordon's entry into Khartoum. After a rapid and perilous journey, the General reached Khartoum on Monday. In an instant the whole aspect of affairs was changed. He received the whole people at the Mudirieh, and was greeted with the most unequivocal signs of welcome and rejoicing. Their petitions were received, their grievances were listened to, and before the day was out a great pile was made in front of the Palace, whereon the books recording the debts of the people, the symbols of their oppression by rulers who sought only to enrich themselves and exacted tribute by torture, were publicly committed to the flames. Kourbashes, whips, and other instruments of oppression long used by the ruthless agents of a distant and *insouciant* foreign Government, were heaped upon the pile, and, as our correspondent said yesterday in his graphic account, the evidence of debts and the emblems of oppression perished together. Nor was the General content with this merely symbolic deliverance. He forthwith visited the prison, where he found two hundred wretches of all ages and both sexes lying in the utmost misery and loaded with chains. Some of these were innocent, some had never been tried, many were merely prisoners of war, and one poor woman had been fifteen years in the prison for a crime committed when she was a child. The prisoners were all removed, many were liberated at once, while the cases of others were sent for immediate inquiry, and before nightfall the demolition of the loathsome Bastille was begun. We need not wonder that the signs of popular rejoicing were continued far into the night. In that distant city on the Nile, where a few days before all was misery, despondency, and confusion, the coming of one noble-hearted Englishman, resolute, righteous, and fearless, had changed despair into hope, and turned mourning into joy. The people of Khartoum recognised at once that their protector and deliverer had once more come among them, and that his word was to be trusted when he told them that they were no longer to be oppressed by the Circassians, Kurds, and Anatolians, who represented all that they ever knew of their distant rulers in Cairo. General Gordon has clearly explained to the English Government and the English people what

* See Chapter II.

his own view is of the policy to be pursued in the Soudan. 'I must say it would be an iniquity to reconquer these peoples and then hand them back to the Egyptians without guarantees of future good government. It is evident that this we cannot secure them without an inordinate expenditure of men and money. The Soudan is a useless possession, ever was so, and ever will be so. . . . No one who has ever lived in the Soudan can escape the reflection, "What a useless possession is this land." Few men can stand its fearful monotony and deadly climate.' This is the deliberate opinion of the man who knows the Soudan better, and sees it with clearer eyes, than any living being, whether European or Oriental. The people of Khartoum cannot, of course, have known that General Gordon had used these words. But they know the man and his character, they see in his coming their deliverance from oppression and cruel wrong, and they show their rejoicing in a manner which the striking description of our correspondent has made known to all the world.

Let us now consider the text of General Gordon's proclamation to the people of the Soudan concerning slavery. 'Henceforward,' he says, 'nobody will interfere with you in the matter, but every one for himself may take a man into his service. Henceforth no one will interfere with him, and he can do as he pleases in the matter, without interference on the part of anybody.' The matter as well as the form of this proclamation speaks for itself. It is addressed to the people of the Soudan in the terms they are best able to understand. It is a step, and no doubt, in Gordon's judgment, an entirely necessary step, towards that pacification of the Soudan, which he has undertaken to accomplish. Domestic slavery is the burning question of the Soudan. The people of that country are as sensitive as Irish landlords on any question touching their proprietary rights. Lord Dufferin's despatch on the Reorganization of Egypt mentions that a Convention was signed in 1877 between this country and Egypt, whereby the internal slave-trade and the export of slaves from Egyptian territory were prohibited, while at the same time a Khedivial decree was issued ordering that the sale of slaves from family to family should cease in Egypt proper in 1884 and in the Soudan in 1889. The Convention itself has hitherto been very imperfectly executed, for reasons fully explained by Lord Dufferin, and the period fixed for the operation of the decree in the Soudan is still five years distant. In these circumstances to engage in a crusade against the existence of slavery in the Soudan at the very moment when General Gordon has undertaken to restore the country to independent native rulers and to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons would plainly be suicidal. The two things are absolutely incompatible. Either the garrisons must be sacrificed, or slavery must, for the present at any rate, be permitted. It is only fifty years ago that the property of English owners in West Indian slaves was redeemed at a cost of £20,000,000. Can it be supposed that the inhabitants of a country 'larger than Germany, France, and Spain together,' will relinquish their property in slaves—property of which they do not themselves recognise the iniquity—without compensation at the mere bidding of a ruler who has no power to enforce his will? There is no man living who hates slavery more than General Gordon. But no man knows better what he can do, and what he cannot do, and what he must do in order to accomplish the task he has undertaken. He enjoys the full confidence of the Government, he is invested with wide powers of discretion, and he is in a special manner the emissary of the whole English people. If such a man is not to be trusted to do what is right, just, and expedient, it would almost have been better that he had never been sent. The people of this country are naturally very sensitive on the whole subject of slavery. They do well to be so,

they have every right to be so, and in spite of foreign sneers, they have given very substantial pledges of their earnestness and sincerity in the matter. But there is a time for indignation and a time for forbearance. Untimely indignation at this moment might wreck General's Gordon's whole mission and produce irretrievable disaster. Unless we are prepared to conquer and hold the Soudan—an undertaking which no one is mad enough to propose—we cannot put an end to domestic slavery in the Soudan, and in no case would it be just to do so, without either fixing such a period of redemption as Lord Dufferin proposes for Egypt in accordance with Turkish law and custom, or else compensating the owners of slaves for their loss. This question cannot be resolved by a mere philanthropic impulse. We do not abandon our efforts for the suppression of the slave-trade because we are determined to leave the Soudan to itself. That trade must be suppressed, not in the Soudan itself, but in the districts where its roots are fixed, or else on the Nile, in Egypt

GORDON—THE RETURN TO THE SOUDAN.

proper, and on the coasts of the Red Sea. That, however, is a question—and a most important question—for the future. In it are involved the future destiny of Khartoum, which, as Mr. Goschen pointed out, is by no means settled at present, and many other questions of policy which must wait upon events. For the moment, our first object must be the success of General Gordon's mission, and in order to secure that we must leave him to act as he thinks best.

These considerations are so plain and so paramount that we should have thought they hardly needed enforcing. But, unhappily, a most discreditable attempt has been made in the last two days, both in Parliament and outside, to misrepresent General Gordon's actions and motives, to turn the philanthropic sentiments of the country to polemical uses, and to forge a weapon of attack upon the Government out of the General's proclamation concerning slavery in the Soudan. We are, at any rate, glad to note that this conduct is repudiated and condemned by so staunch

a Conservative and so unimpeachable a philanthropist as Lord Norton, who has written ably on the subject, defending General Gordon's action in this most important matter. The same has also been done by Mr. Brett in a very manly and forcible manner. We cannot suppose that the leaders of the Opposition in both Houses who have asked embarrassing questions themselves, and have countenanced those 'philanthropic questionings,' which, as Mr. Goschen truly said, so often defeat their own ends and serve only a party purpose, can really be in any doubt as to the uprightness of General Gordon's motives, the sincerity of his purpose, or the wisdom of his action. But if such is the case, it is difficult to condemn too strongly their attempt to make party capital out of the national antipathy to slavery, which is always ardent and generous, though not, perhaps, always wise. Nor can we pretend to think that the Government has been particularly prompt in dealing with this attempt as it deserved. A mere reference

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to Lord Dufferin's despatch would have shown, without waiting for any explanation from General Gordon, or even for the text of his proclamation, that he has only acted as might have been expected. Domestic slavery still exists in Egypt, and we have not found it necessary to decree its suppression, nor has either party spirit or philanthropic sentiment called upon the Government to do so. If we tolerate it in Cairo, where our authority is absolute, why are we to call for its sudden suppression in the Soudan, where our influence is *nil*? 'In the Soudan,' said Lord Dufferin more than a year ago, 'where slavery is universally prevalent, abolition would cause much dissatisfaction, and perhaps disturbance.' This was written when the Soudan was still under Egyptian rule, and, of course, it applies with greater force now that that rule is at an end. Lord Dufferin's own proposal was that a new Convention should be entered into, whereby slavery would entirely cease in Egypt and its dependencies seven years after the date of signature. By this means the troublesome question

of compensation would be got rid of, in virtue of the Turkish custom whereby slaves are spontaneously freed, or have a half-acknowledged right to claim their freedom, after seven years. The dependencies are now for the most part gone, but as regards Egypt proper there is much to be said for the proposal. In the meanwhile it might be worth while to consider whether, as our Cairo correspondent suggested yesterday, the labouring finance of Egypt might not be relieved by the imposition of a tax on domestic slaves. As for the suppression of the slave-trade, the question is not materially affected by General Gordon's proclamation. His well-known desire is to cut the trade up by the roots in the region of the Congo, and this, as all must hope, he will be spared to accomplish before long. For the rest, if any permanent good is to be done, the traffic must be rigidly suppressed at the Red Sea ports and on the Nile. Whether for this purpose it will be necessary to hold Khartoum permanently so as to secure its communications with the sea and with Lower Egypt, is a question which General Gordon himself will be most competent to answer when the time comes. In the meanwhile we would recommend all those who really have at heart the suppression of the slave-trade, and do not care either to embarrass the Government at a critical moment or to hamper General Gordon in his arduous task, to exercise a little patience, forbearance, and common sense, and not to believe too hastily that a man like General Gordon can be false to the faith and purpose of his noble and stainless life." So men in England talked of our hero.

CHAPTER LV.

Two British War Correspondents—Mr. Cameron and Mr. St. Leger Herbert.

THE war in the Soudan is remarkable for the number of war correspondents who have perished in the field. We have already seen that at the destruction of the army of Hicks Pasha, Mr. O'Donovan and Mr. F. Vitzelly were killed, and we in this chapter give a brief account of Mr. Cameron and Mr. St. Leger Herbert, who were slain in January, 1885, in the British victory at Metemmeh. It becomes us indeed to give some special attention to the arduous toil of the war correspondent, for we have enriched our pages with many extracts from the vivid accounts of battles forwarded to the different London newspapers by the various men. Mr. Cameron was, as is well known, the war correspondent of *The Standard*, whilst Mr. St. Leger Herbert was connected with the *Morning Post*.

The first of these papers refers to his loss by telling us: "The deep feeling of sorrow with which we announce the death of our special correspondent, Mr. Cameron, who was killed in the fighting near Metemmeh, on the 19th inst., will, we are sure, be shared by the readers of *The Standard*, who are familiar with his brilliant work during the six years which have been spent by him in different parts of the world in the service of this journal. From the very first his indefatigable energy, daring, and enterprise placed him in the front rank of special correspondents, and the position which he gained in the Afghan war was more than

maintained in each succeeding campaign in which he took part. Mr. Cameron loved his profession, his heart and soul were in it, and perhaps his leading characteristic was his sense of duty. Naturally one of the most modest and retiring of men, the reputation which he gained by his work in no way altered his disposition in this respect. Any allusion to the daring rides he had accomplished, the tremendous fatigue he had undergone, the dangers to which he had exposed himself, was extremely disagreeable to him. 'I did my best,' he would say simply, and however complete his success, he always on his return home seemed oppressed with a doubt whether his work had been altogether satisfactory. Even in his business relations, he was to the last as diffident and unassuming as when, a tyro in literature, he first joined the staff of *The Standard*. To his personal friends his loss will be great, and most sincerely felt, for he was one of the most kindhearted of men, one of the most genial of companions. As we have already said, he shrank from any approach to publicity, and during his short stays in England spent the greater part of his time out of London. Like most other special correspondents who have made a high mark, Mr. Cameron had no training for journalism; he took to it with instinctive aptitude; his genius was natural, and showed itself at the first opportunity. Intended originally for commerce, he went out to India, and was there engaged in mercantile pursuits when, at the outbreak of the Afghan war, in 1875, the chance presented itself, and, relinquishing his business, he applied for and obtained the post of special correspondent for the *Bombay Gazette*. The brilliancy and thoroughness of his work attracted attention, and when, towards the end of the following year, the advance of Ayoub Khan, and the British defeat at Maiwand caused the war to break out afresh, he offered his services to *The Standard*, he was immediately instructed to join the column which, under General Phayrer, was preparing to march to the relief of Candahar. Journeying night and day, he reached Quettah in seven days after leaving Bombay, having ridden up the Bolan Pass from Sibi in thirty-six hours. He was the first to ride with the news of the victory of General Roberts to the nearest telegraph post, beating his competitors and the Government couriers by a day and a half. Then, returning with equal rapidity to Candahar, he accompanied the first party who went out to the battle-field of Maiwand, and sent home a description of the scene and of the fighting which established his reputation as one of the ablest as well as most enterprising of journalists.

Soon after his return to Bombay the Boer insurrection broke out. Mr. Cameron at once crossed to Natal, arriving there long before the correspondents despatched from England could reach the spot. He was present at the battles of Laing's Nek and Ingogo, and at the fatal fight on Majuba Hill, where he was knocked down and taken prisoner by the Boers, but contrived, nevertheless, on the following day to get through his famous message, descriptive of the battle. After peace was concluded he returned to England, but upon the news of the first riots in Alexandria, left for Egypt, and was present on board the Admiral's flagship, the *Invincible*, at the bombardment of Alexandria. He continued with the British forces until their arrival at Cairo, having witnessed and described every engagement which took place. He had now earned a long rest, but was eager to be at work again, and, after a short interval, started for Madagascar. His visit to the capital, and the letters which he despatched during his stay attracted great attention, as being the first trustworthy accounts of the state of affairs in the island. As the French delayed their attack, and it was altogether uncertain when hostilities would commence, he crossed the Pacific to Melbourne, and thence made his way to Tonquin, where the fighting between the French and the natives had just begun. He was present at the engagement in which the French, acting in three

columns, failed to carry the defences which the Black Flags had erected. English correspondents not being allowed to remain with the French forces, Mr. Cameron was on his way home when Osman Digna's forces began to threaten Souakin, and no sooner did he reach Suez than he took ship for that port. He was present when Baker Pasha's force was crushed by the Arabs, and there he very narrowly escaped with his life. He remained at Souakin until the British expeditionary force arrived, accompanied them in their advance upon Tokar, and was a witness of the battles of El Teb and Tamanieb. His stay in England after his return from this long absence was brief, for in a few weeks he again started for Egypt, and pushed up the Nile with the advanced boats of Lord Wolseley's expedition. His recent telegrams and letters are fresh in the memory of the public. The Arab bullet which ended his brilliant, yet still promising, career has carried away the foremost of the little band of correspondents who daily risk their lives for the public good; it has also deprived this journal of one of the most earnest, indefatigable, and unselfish of workers, and his friends of a most genial, lovable, and kindly comrade."

An old friend of Mr. Cameron thus supplements the above account: "As one who was his companion both in Afghanistan and Egypt, I deplore his early death, not only as that of a good friend lost all too soon, but as of a man destined, in my opinion, to place the position of the war correspondent upon a footing which it has never yet had. For in camp he was independent in demeanour without any bluster, mindful of the interests of his paper without meanly trying to overreach others, sagacious without cunning. His stern face, deep voice, and vigorous bearing made him distinguished among his fellow-correspondents; while his fearless honesty, his frank confession of others' successes, his hatred of swagger and of underhandedness, gained him the respect of all competitors. In times of war the 'special,' let him be never so well recommended individually to the chiefs in command, never so popular personally, finds that he has to assert himself, and often with unmistakable emphasis, if he wishes to see the interests of his paper properly respected and served; and Cameron was never backward in putting his foot down if occasion required. But the judgment which characterized him made him respected everywhere; and if at any special juncture a selection of Press men had to be made, he was certain to be among the chosen few; while the fact that, as a rule, he stood upon his rights on points affecting the general welfare rather than his own individual advantage, constituted him after a fashion a champion of the rest. I have myself, at Cameron's request, gone with him to General or to 'Censor' to ask a favour for the Press in common; and once, I remember, he rode out from Ismailia after a reconnaissance party which Methuen was with, to get an order about hastening the telegraphic service, for want of which all the correspondents were at a standstill. Such was Cameron in camp—industrious in duty, cheery at mess, and always ready for a bit of extra work with a good comrade.

On the march I have seen a good deal of him. We went together from Quetta to Candahar, with Biddulph's column. It was, if I remember right, his first essay in war correspondence, and bade fair to be his last, for he was overtaken by fever, and travelled more like an invalid than a soldier. Sartorius, 'of the Beluchis,' proved then a friend indeed; and as, in addition to every other talent, that able officer is an excellent cook, I have often sat on the shingles on Afghan hill-sides and among the boulders in some dry stream-bed—as a rule, the 'roads' of the country—and, in the humble capacity of scullery-maid to Sartorius's cook, helped to prepare a warm mess of milk and oatmeal, or corn-flour, for our sick companion. There was one day a rather special 'alarm' sounded. The enemy had really been seen this time. Somebody even said that firing was reported. 'Now, don't you

get off your doolie (or stretcher) till I send to you,' said Sartorius to Cameron, as he hurried off himself to see his company were falling in properly. But no sooner was the invalid quite certain that his nurse was out of sight than out he crept from under the curtains of the doolie, and, dragging himself on all fours up to an eminence, sat himself down there, revolver in hand, and there, an hour later, I found him sitting, looking so ill and spectral that I remember thinking he would never get better. When Sartorius came back he 'wigged' him, to which all that Cameron said was, 'Do you think I came here to sit inside a doolie when there's shooting and all kinds of larks going on!'

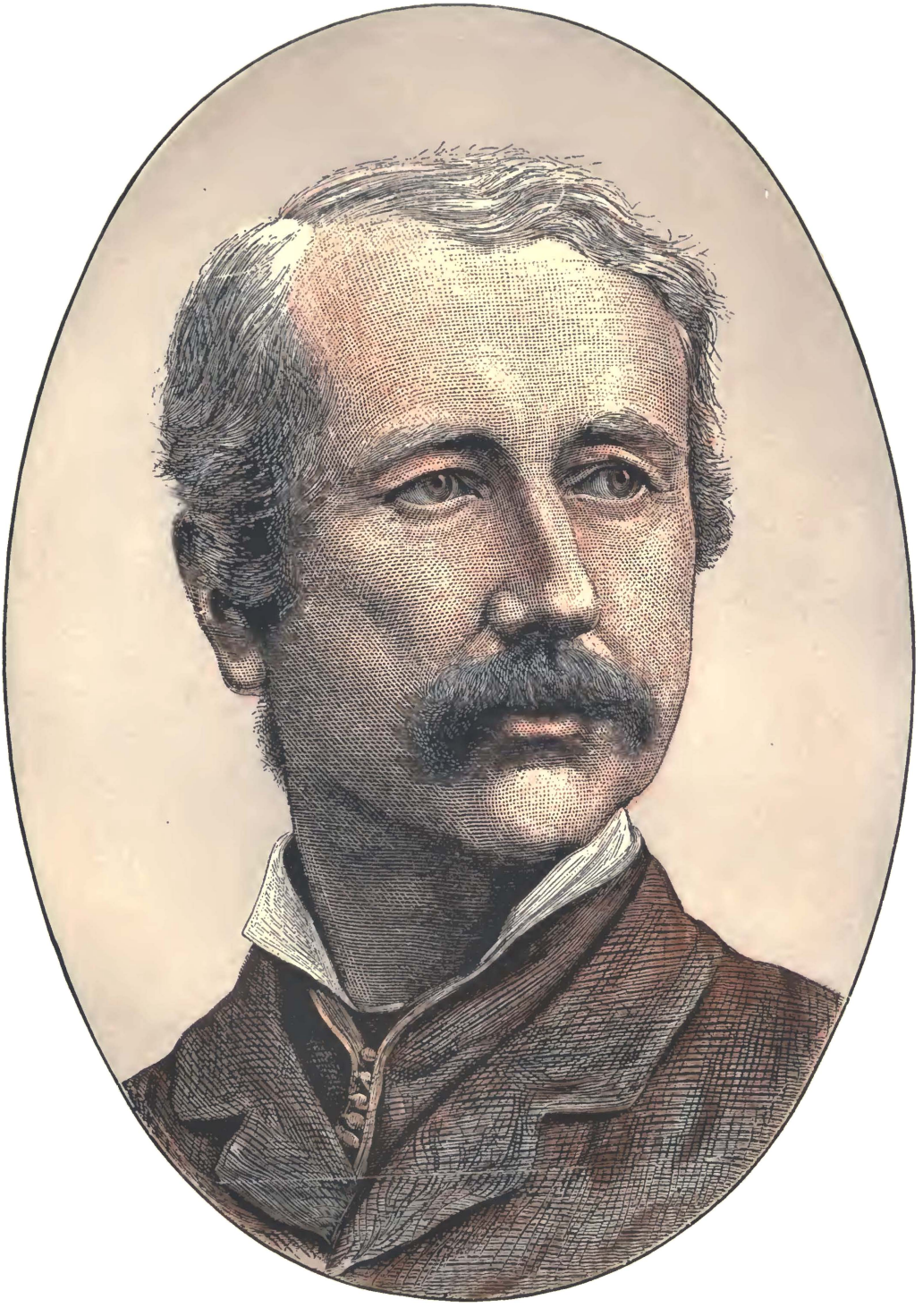
That he soon after recovered and came on on horseback to Candahar with us, and did right good work for you there, you know better perhaps than I do. When I went to Zululand, Cameron stayed in Candahar, and when he came out to the Transvaal I was on my way home. But we met again in Egypt. I had gone out to the Ramleh fortifications, and was trying to pass without attracting our sentry's attention up to a point whence I thought a short stalk might give me a glimpse of the enemy's outposts. Under a giant fig-tree, heavily laden with black fruit, I suddenly encountered Cameron. We exchanged the usual 'Hullo' of friends meeting unexpectedly, and then he said, 'Where are you going?' 'To those palm-trees along that bank, if I could,' I replied. 'Can't,' said Cameron. 'I have been waiting here an hour to see if that blessed sentry of ours will go away, but he won't; and he says that if I try to go over the ditch he'll shoot at me. Those are his orders. But I don't mind having a try all the same,' he added. The sentry, however, was a veritable lynx, and eventually we had to content ourselves with figs and conversation on the spot where we had met. And the memory is still fresh in my mind of the friendliness with which Cameron, who had been in Alexandria from the first, put me as a new comer through the whole business and posted me up to date. Journalists who understand the jealousies which, perhaps of necessity, must exist amongst us will understand my appreciation of such conduct. At Ismailia, where we saw each other daily, he was always the same genial open-hearted comrade, ever anxious to be the first in everything (as his duty was), but never failing to do a service to any friend whom he trusted. Mr. Melton Prior, the artist, and he were inseparables, and no two figures were better known, or more welcome, whether in camp or on the march. In action he kept his head admirably cool, saw more than most of his competitors, and in his arrangements for getting his despatches back to the telegraph box always showed a remarkable sagacity. I remember his cheery 'good morning' as he rode past me, where I stood writing a telegram on my saddle, to the field at Tel-el-Kebir, and after the fight we sat and rested together in one of Arabi's tents. Together we went to Lord Wolseley, where he stood on the bridge eating grapes out of his helmet, and asked him about the chance of our specials getting through, Herbert Stewart, and, I think, Major Gough (killed the other day) coming up to join in the conversation about the fight that ensued. We travelled together to Cairo, and then parted, I coming straight home, he remaining.

Once again we two met in the Savage Club, two days before he went to the Soudan. 'Are you coming?' he asked. I said I was not sure. 'If you do,' he replied, 'you must join Melton Prior and me in a boat. We'll get some other fellow to join, and have a stunning little mess of our own.' We sat a long while discussing the various sojournings in distant places, and I found him just the same good-hearted, sterling fellow that I had always known him. He talked, I recollect, of taking a pleasure trip after the campaign was over—'if they'll give me any leave, you know'—and China and Japan were among the objective points of the expedi-

tion he had hoped to make. But he has taken his last journey, poor fellow—and this may well be said of him, that no bullet or spear in all that desperate fighting from the Wells to the Nile hushed a braver or more tender heart than his."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says :—" It is with sincere regret that we have to announce that Mr. Cameron, of *The Standard*, the first of war correspondents on the active list, was killed in the fighting that took place between Abu Klea and Metemmeh, on the 19th, two days after the first battle. Mr. Cameron had a very narrow escape when the square broke at Tamasi; it was almost by a miracle that he survived Majuba Hill; but his time has come at last. No man could have been more brave, more energetic, and more daring than the correspondent whose brief and brilliant career has come to so sudden a close. Mr. Cameron was in business in India when the Afghan war broke out, writing occasionally for the Press as an amateur. His familiarity with military subjects led to his appointment as special war correspondent, first of an Anglo-Indian paper, and subsequently of *The Standard*. Since his Afghan campaigning he has acted as special for *The Standard* in most of our recent wars. He played a prominent part in the melancholy disaster of Majuba Hill, displaying great bravery and rendering excellent service to our wounded men. He afterwards visited Madagascar and Tonquin, describing with great picturesqueness and vigour the scenes of the French operations. He distinguished himself by his account of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and he sent home a brilliant account of the battle of Tamasi. After General Graham returned, he came back to England with Mr. Melton Prior. When the Nile Expedition was ordered Mr. Cameron went as a matter of course for *The Standard*. It was much remarked upon last week that Cameron for once had failed to get through his telegram describing the battle of Abu Klea. His despatches were always among the first to hand, and it seemed ominous that for once they had failed to get through. Nothing is known as to why they missed, but we are informed by a telegram from the editor of *The Standard* that his brave and distinguished correspondent fell the second day after that fight. Every one who knew him will lament his early death, but most of all will the sad news cast a gloomy shadow over the home where a widowed mother mourns the death of her only son."

We regret to state that in the same engagement in which Mr. Cameron was killed, Mr. St. Leger Herbert, the special correspondent of the *Morning Post*, also lost his life. That paper says that: " We have to deplore the death of our able special correspondent, Mr. St. Leger Algernon Herbert, who accompanied the Expedition of Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart. His telegrams, followed by admirable descriptive letters, have kept our readers fully and accurately informed of the course of events from the departure of our troops from Wady Halfa up to the brilliant but dearly-won victory at Abu Klea. The graphic despatch in which he narrated the incidents and result of that battle will be fresh in the memory of our readers, and it is only yesterday that we published a letter from him describing the march into the desert from Korti to Gakdul. Mr. Herbert proceeded onward with General Stewart's gallant little army in their advance on Metemmeh, and was shot dead during a furious attack on our troops while a zareba or rude entrenchment was being constructed. At the same time, Mr. Cameron, of *The Standard*, who had earned for himself a distinguished reputation as a war correspondent, met with a similar fate. The sad news of the death of Mr. Herbert will evoke deep sorrow among a large and distinguished circle of friends and acquaintances, by whom the lamented gentleman was regarded with warm feelings of affection and esteem. Mr. Herbert was a member of that branch of the Herbert



GEN. LORD WOLSELEY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

family of which the Earl of Carnarvon is the distinguished head. His grandfather, William Herbert, Dean of Manchester, was the third son of the first Earl of Carnarvon, and the Dean's second son, Captain Frederick Charles Herbert, was the father of St. Leger Algernon by his marriage with the youngest daughter of the late Captain Henry Stuart, of the 39th Regiment. Our correspondent was in his 35th year, having been born on the 16th of August, 1850. Although so young he had seen great and varied service, and distinguished himself on many occasions. His university career was brilliant. He was a scholar of Wadham College, and obtained first class at the Oxford Moderations. His first public appointment was with Lord Dufferin when that nobleman was Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada. He afterwards acted as private secretary to Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet) on the occasion of the annnexation of Cyprus, and was also civil secretary to Sir Garnet Wolseley when he proceeded to South Africa as High Commissioner. For his services on these occasions Mr. Herbert was made a Commander of St. Michael and St. George. He was present at the taking of Sekukuni's mountain, for which he obtained the South African medal. Mr. Herbert was also civil secretary to Sir Frederick Roberts in South Africa, and when that General returned to England he was made secretary to the Transvaal Commission. Mr. Herbert served with the Mounted Infantry at Tel-el-Kebir as a volunteer, for which he obtained the Egyptian medal. He was present two years later at the engagements of El Teb and Tamasi, where he acted as galloper to Sir H. Stewart, and obtained the clasp. At Tamasi, Mr. Herbert received a severe wound, but his youth and good constitution enabled him quickly to recover from it. We had the advantage of his services as correspondent during a portion of the Souakin Expedition." Certainly the names of these brave war correspondents will go down to history as surely as the names of Stuart and Wolseley.

CHAPTER LVI.

LORD WOLSELEY—EARLY YEARS OF SERVICE.

WE have so much to do in this work with the exploits of "our only general," as Lord Wolseley has been called, that no doubt our readers have looked ere this for some detailed account of him. This we now proceed to give.

Lord Wolseley is the eldest son of the late Major G. J. Wolseley, of the 25th King's Own Borderers, and was born at Golden Bridge House, County Dublin, on the 4th of June, 1833.

The family of Wolseley is one of the most ancient in the county of Stafford, the manor of Wolseley having been in their possession before the Conquest. Among their progenitors was Sewardus, Lord Wisele, fifth in descent from whom was Robert, Lord of Wolseley, in 1281; and Ralph, another descendant, was a Baron of the Exchequer in the reign of Edward IV. There are two baronetcies in the Wolseley family. The senior title was among the first creations of James I., and dates from the year 1628. Sir Charles Wolseley, the second baronet, represented the county of Stafford in the parliaments of Charles I. and Charles II.; he was also high in favour with the Protector, and was held in general

esteem. Richard Wolseley, a younger son of the second English baronet, had property in Ireland, which he devised to his youngest son, Richard, who, in 1744, was created baronet of "Mount Wolseley, Carlow," in Ireland. His eldest son, Sir Richard, succeeded to the title and estates, and the younger, William, Lord Wolseley's grandfather, was a captain in the 8th Hussars. Having served on the continent, he subsequently retired from the service, took holy orders, and became Rector of Tullycorbet, County Monaghan.

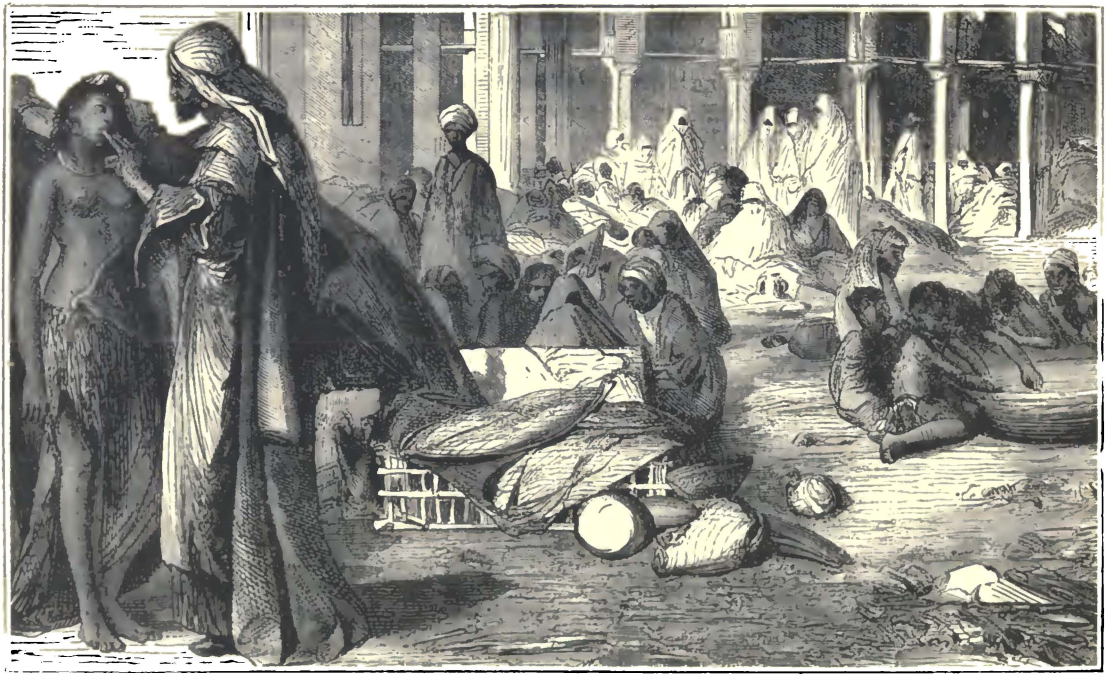
Lord Wolseley is not the first of his family who has won military renown, his ancestor, Colonel William Wolseley, having greatly distinguished himself during the Irish war in the time of William III. He also commanded the Enniskilleners at the ever-memorable battle of the Boyne, on the 1st of July, 1690.

A SLAVE MERCHANT.

Lord Wolseley was educated partly at a day-school near Dublin, and partly by private tutors. Even from boyhood he was studious, and had read the principal works on military history. So eager was he to enter the military profession, that, with his parents' consent, his name was put down for a commission when only fourteen years of age—so true is it that "the boy is father of the man." He had a marked aptitude for mathematical studies, and several times weekly went regularly out to survey and acquire a knowledge of the art of military engineering. His aptitude for military engineering and fortification, and the practical knowledge he acquired of these sciences, was very serviceable to him during his career in the Crimea, where he performed the duties of assistant engineer during the siege of Sebastopol, and afterwards was employed surveying in the Quartermaster-General's department. Beyond all question, the success achieved by Lord Wolseley in the Red River and Ashantee campaigns may be greatly attributed to his practical knowledge of the science of military engineering.

Lord Wolseley's military career began in March, 1852, when he was appointed Ensign in the 80th Regiment, at that time engaged in the second Burmese war.

Here he first displayed those soldierly qualities which have made his name famous in our military annals; here he received his "baptism of fire." If he was fortunate in the circumstances of his military career, it is equally certain that he never missed an opportunity. Whenever a chance offered for earning distinction, he eagerly grasped at it. Self-controlled, vigilant, active, he always exerted himself to the utmost, and proved the truth of the adage, "Where there's a *will*, there's a way." In the second attempt to storm the enemy's position he was so severely wounded that there was great danger of his bleeding to death, and he had a soldier in constant attendance upon him for six months. Even after his arrival in England he had to use crutches for some time; but being blessed with a sound constitution and an *equable* temperament, he gradually gained strength. As finely illustrating his courage, coolness, and



THE SLAVE MARKET.

enthusiasm, we cite with pleasure from Mr. Low's interesting life of the General this incident: "As Wolseley lay helpless on his back, he with unabated resolution waved his sword and cheered on his men; and though some of them offered to carry him to the rear, he refused, and lay there until the position was gained by the gallant fellows, who emulated the example of their youthful leader." He received a medal for his eminent services.

When his health was re-established, he did not rejoin his old regiment, but was posted to a lieutenancy, without purchase, in the 90th Light Infantry, with which his name and fame are identified. After the battle of Inkerman, the regiment sailed from Dublin, and landing at Balaklava on the 4th of December, 1854, immediately proceeded to the front, and on the following day went down to the trenches. For some time Lieutenant Wolseley had been

employed with his regiment in trench duty, but was soon selected for the post of Acting-engineer. Throughout the siege the duties of the engineers were carried on under the greatest difficulties, for they did not receive that support which was indispensable to the success of their operations. The term of duty for engineer officers was never less than twelve, and sometimes even twenty-four hours; and after returning from the trenches, they had to write the report of the day's proceedings. At times the snow-storms and heavy drifts made it necessary to suspend the works entirely; and in the middle of January, when Lieutenant Wolseley was promoted to a captaincy, the frost was so severe that even with a pickaxe it was difficult to make any impression on the ground. A distinguished officer of Engineers, who served in the trenches with Captain Wolseley, and had ample opportunities of observing his bearing under trying circumstances, declared him to be "the bravest man he ever knew." He was noted for always turning his face toward an approaching Russian shell; and while aiding to repair an embrasure, he received a slight wound from the *débris* scattered by a round shot from the enemy. He did not, however, report himself as wounded, it being a point of honour among the Engineers not to leave their post until disabled. At the Quarries an officer of his regiment thought he was dead, as he lay on a heap of slain covered with blood. Though he had not reported himself wounded, Wolseley had been hit on the thigh by a bullet from a canister shot, which caused considerable loss of blood. A few weeks before the memorable fall of Sebastopol he was so severely wounded that his features were not distinguishable as those of a human being. Both his eyes were completely closed, and the injury to one of them was so serious that the sight has been permanently lost. He was carried on a stretcher to St. George's Monastery, not far from Balaklava, and placed in a gloomy cavern, as his eyes were unable to bear the light. On learning that the Russian stronghold had been captured, Captain Wolseley resigned his post of assistant-engineer, and his name was removed from the list. His name was in the list of officers recommended for promotion to the Secretary of State for War. He had been already specially mentioned in the despatch of the Field-marshal commanding-in-chief, Lord Raglan, as one of the officers "who distinguished themselves." As one of the Engineer officers of the right attack, he was in the post of the greatest danger, as evidenced by the fact that of the fourteen officers killed at the siege, twelve belonged to the right attack, or were killed when doing duty there. At the termination of the siege of Sebastopol—in many respects without example in the annals of war—of three messes of four members each, to which he had belonged, he was the only officer remaining in the Crimea, all the others being either killed or forced to leave through wounds.

Captain Wolseley was on the eve of returning to England for the recovery of his health, when he was offered an appointment in the Quartermaster-General's department. As there was much improvement in the sight of one of his eyes, he accepted the offer and remained in the Crimea. He remained there until, on the conclusion of peace with Russia, the allied army was directed to return home. As Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, he assisted Colonel Hallowell at Balaklava in despatching homewards the troops of his division. After the departure of all the regiments, Captain Wolseley embarked for England, being one of the last men to quit the land where he had done and suffered so much in his country's service. For his meritorious services the French Emperor nominated him a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and the Sultan conferred on him the Fifth Class of the Medjidie.

After a few weeks' relaxation at Portsmouth, the 90th received orders to proceed forthwith to China. Seven hundred men, with head-quarters, embarked in the *Hima-*

laya; while the three remaining companies, under Captains Wolseley, Guise, and Irby, sailed in the *Transit.* On their arrival at the Cape on May the 28th, 1857, it was discovered that the latter had sprung a leak near her stern-post; and on the 10th of July, as it was passing through the Straits of Banca, it suddenly crashed on a coral reef, on which it remained immovable. Captain Wolseley lost everything he possessed except the clothes he wore. The Island of Banca is under the protection of the Dutch, and the Governor immediately despatched a gunboat to Singapore to advise the authorities. When they had passed eight days here, a not unpleasant Robinson Crusoe sort of life, Her Majesty's gunboat *Dore* arrived from Singapore and brought the startling news of the Indian Mutiny; that altered the destination of the regiment, and opened a new chapter in Wolseley's career. Already the head-quarters of the 90th had been despatched to Calcutta, and the remaining three companies sailed from Singapore in Her Majesty's ship *Pearl* for the same city.

On the day after their arrival the detachment left Calcutta, and proceeded up-country, reaching Cawnpore about the 27th of September. Formerly one of the largest and finest military stations in India, Cawnpore now presented a desolate appearance. In October Captain Wolseley had his first brush with the Pandies. A report reached Cawnpore that the insurgents were mustering in force at Sheo Rajpore, some miles from Bithoor, the residence of Nana Sahib.

They set out at midnight on the 17th of October, and during the action, which lasted about an hour, our casualties were two killed and six severely wounded, belonging, with one exception, to the 90th; while the enemy's loss was computed at nearly a hundred. Bithoor and Sheo Rajpore were destroyed, the troops bivouacking in Nana Sahib's compound during the night of the 19th October, and on the following day returned to Cawnpore.

At this time, though Delhi had fallen, and Generals Havelock and Outram had effected the relief of the Residency at Lucknow, the position of affairs there was still most critical. Havelock had left at Alumbagh ("Garden of the World"), on the day before his entry into Lucknow, all his baggage and many sick and wounded under a guard of four hundred men, commanded by Colonel McIntyre, of the 78th Highlanders. Orders were received that five hundred men, including the detachment of the 90th, were to march to Alumbagh with supplies. Alumbagh was formerly a palace standing in a beautiful garden—a favourite residence of one of the Queens of Oude. The maintenance of this post—now a walled enclosure, five hundred yards square—proved highly beneficial to the beleaguered garrison, as it secured their communications with Cawnpore. On the 12th of November Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde, arrived at Alumbagh with some additional troops, and next day the detachment of the 90th received the welcome order to march out of a town, where they had been reluctantly prevented from undertaking any offensive operations. The Commander-in-chief had under his command, for the proposed operations for the relief of the Residency, only some four thousand five hundred and fifty men and thirty-two guns. On the 14th, about 9 a.m., the British army started on its momentous mission of effecting the final relief of our countrymen. Many of the rebels were slaughtered like rats in a barn, and in the evening, when the bayonet had completed its fatal work, the men buried the dead in two large pits. Captain Wolseley mentions as a singular coincidence, that when counting the corpses, as they were flung into the pits, it was found that they numbered one thousand eight hundred and fifty-seven, the date of the year. On the 17th, operations were resumed, and the services of Captain Wolseley during the day were so prominent that he had the coveted honour of seeing his name specially mentioned in the Commander-in-

chief's despatch. He was the first who effected a junction with the heroic garrison of the Lucknow Residency.

Lord Clyde, having resolved to withdraw from Lucknow, the 90th and other regiments were engaged in making a direct road from that portion of the Residency where the ladies and children had been confined, to the ground occupied by the relieving force. The 90th was attached to Outram's division, which it was decided should remain at Alumbagh. The object of this occupation was threefold: viz. to avoid the appearance of having abandoned Oude; to keep the insurgents around Lucknow in check; and to secure a point on which our advance for the re-conquest of Oude might be made. Sir James Outram took up a position near Alumbagh on a vast plain, having the Alumbagh enclosure as one of his outposts, as were also the adjacent villages, which were all fortified; and at these posts desultory fighting took place almost daily. Here and at the fort of Jellalabad Wolseley did outpost duty, and from time to time proceeded to Cawnpore, with his company, to escort supplies.

Since Lord Clyde had evacuated Lucknow, taking with him the women and children of the Residency, the rebels had fortified the city with care and skill. In the meantime, having organized his "grand army" for the reconquest of Lucknow and Oude, he pushed his troops across the Ganges, and arrived near Alumbagh on the 1st of March. On the afternoon of the 6th the 90th left their old camping-ground at Alumbagh, and started to join the Commander-in-chief at Dilkhooha. Lord Napier of Magdala, when unveiling the Outram statue at Calcutta, said in reference to this defence of Alumbagh:—"No achievement in the events of 1857 surpassed in skill and resolution the maintenance of the position of Alumbagh with a mere handful of troops against overwhelming numbers, well supplied with artillery. There were no walls or ramparts, merely an open camp, protected by a few well selected intrenched outposts, and a scanty line of bayonets, ever ready, day and night, to repel attack."

After the capture of Lucknow, Sir Hope Grant was placed in command of a division called the "Lucknow Field Force;" and on the 1st of April the 90th, which was to form part of the force, struck their tents at Dilkhooha, and marched into the city. Wolseley was appointed to the charge of the Quartermaster-General's department of the Oude division, and had not been many days in his new post, when on the 11th he accompanied Sir Hope Grant in an expedition to Baru, twenty-five miles from Lucknow. On Wolseley devolved the task of learning the roads, marking out the camping-ground, and securing the services of guides. The column, numbering three thousand men of all arms, visited various places, encountering the enemy, and on the 23rd April Sir Hope Grant returned to Lucknow. On his arrival there Wolseley was gratified to learn that he had been gazetted Brevet-Major.

Sir Hope having received orders from Lord Clyde to disperse a large rebel force, the column left Lucknow on the 27th of April, and visited various towns and villages. Sir Hope hearing at Poorwah that the enemy were gathering in force at Nawabgunge, a village on the Fyzabad road, eighteen miles from Lucknow, on the night of the 12th of June proceeded across country with great rapidity, that his movements might be shrouded by darkness, and his men might escape the fearful effects of a forced march in the sun. The enemy, who numbered sixteen thousand men, had secured a strong position on a large plateau, surrounded on three sides by a stream. The action lasted three hours, and the troops were thoroughly exhausted, having been under arms from ten p.m. on the previous night to nine a.m. on the morning of the 13th, when the enemy finally quitted the field of battle, on which they left six hundred dead and nine guns. The British loss in killed and wounded was sixty-seven. In his despatch, the General, who had be-

fore specially mentioned the services of Major Wolseley during the action at Baru, speaks of him as having again afforded him great assistance. After the battle, Major Wolseley surveyed the ground, and drew a plan which was sent to the Commander-in-chief. Indeed, at Baru, and after every action throughout the campaign in Oude, of which province there were no maps in existence, Wolseley executed plans, which were forwarded to head-quarters, and were of essential use to Lord Clyde when he went over the same ground.

After gaining this victory, which had a marked moral effect upon the rebels, greatly dispiriting them and their leaders, the column encamped on the large plain in rear of the village. Leaving Nawabgunge on the 21st of July, the column visited various places; and at Sultanpore, between the 25th and 27th of August, the General crossed the greater part of his force over the Goomti in the face of a strong rebel army, with a powerful artillery and with only three rafts. This feat was particularly creditable to Major Wolseley, "who," says Sir Hope Grant, "as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, had the superintendence of the arrangements for crossing the river, and who performed them to my entire satisfaction."

The Lucknow Field Force was not allowed a lengthy period of repose, and having thrown a bridge across the Goomti—four hundred feet wide at Sultanpore—on the 3rd of November Sir Hope set out determined to give the rebels, thoroughly disheartened by the continuous defeats they had sustained, "no rest for the sole of their feet." As his great object was to prevent the enemy escaping to the Goruckpore district, he marched to Dalhurree, close to the Nepaul frontier, where he awaited a column, commanded by Brigadier Bowcroft. As, notwithstanding Jung Bahadoor's proclamation to them to lay down their arms and submit themselves to the British, the rebels continued to occupy a menacing position, the General continued to chase and hurry them. At midnight of the 20th of May he marched from Burgudwa, and arrived after sunrise at the jungle covering the entrance to the Jerwah Pass. Here he received information that the Nana and two noted rebels, with about three thousand followers, occupied the spurs of the mountain stretching into the jungle on both sides of the Pass. One company of the Punjaubees climbed the hill to the left and drove the enemy before them, and the remainder of the regiment cleared the ridge on the right and captured the guns; but owing to the troops having marched twenty miles, they were not able to overtake the retreating enemy. Sir Hope writes in his journal:—"I sent a company up the hill to turn the enemy's right; but finding they were not clever in their ascent, I directed Biddulph, together with Wolseley and Wilmot, both on my staff, to lead them up. These three officers did their work well."

Thus ended almost the last conflict of this great and memorable struggle, which had lasted two years, as it was on Sunday, the 10th of May, 1857, that the 3rd Bengal Cavalry mutinied at Meerut. As the last band of the rebels, deprived of their only remaining guns, was now driven into the Nepaul frontier, the General proceeded to Lucknow on the 4th of June, and with his staff took up his residence in the Dilkhoosha.

In the distribution of honours on the conclusion of the mutiny, Wolseley received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was young to have attained so high a rank, for it was on the twenty-sixth anniversary of his birth that in company with his chief he entered Lucknow. The cantonments having been utterly destroyed by the rebels, Wolseley had for a few months been employed in laying out new ones, when he was once more offered a position on the staff of an army about to take the field, and joyfully accepted the proposal, which allowed him to see more of warfare.

CHAPTER LVII.

LORD WOLSELEY—RECORDS OF AN ACTIVE CAREER.

SIR HOPE GRANT had been nominated to the command of the troops, about to proceed in conjunction with a French army to the north of China to bring to terms the Imperial Government, and Wolseley went as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, in charge of the topographical department. Colonel Wolseley accompanied Sir Hope Grant to Calcutta, and with the other members of his staff sailed in the *Fiery Cross*, which cast anchor at Hong-Kong on the 13th of March, 1860. The first step was the joint occupation by the British and French forces of the island of Chusan. The expedition dropped anchor in the noble harbour of Ting-hai, the capital of Chusan, which immediately capitulated. The British Army numbered about fourteen thousand men, and that of the French, under General Montauban, about seven thousand. On the 16th June, the *Grenada*, in which Colonel Wolseley had embarked with the Commander-in-chief, proceeded to sea and put in at Shanghai.

When Lord Elgin arrived at Talien-wan, on the 9th of July, after many conferences, it was decided by Sir Hope Grant and General Montauban, that both armies should sail for Peh-tang on the 26th. Accordingly, on Saturday, the 28th, the entire expedition was assembled at the appointed rendezvous, and on Monday weighed and stood in for the mouth of the Peiho River. Soon after two o'clock, on the 1st August, the gunboats anchored about two thousand yards from the famous Taku forts, all the embrasures of which were masked, and no troops visible. These forts are about three miles from the mouth of the river, the passage of which they command. It was decided that a reconnaissance should be made in the direction of a causeway running towards Taku, and four hundred men were landed on a soft, sticky, mud flat, through which, for nearly a mile, the men floundered and struggled before reaching a hard patch of ground. "Nearly every man," says *The Times* correspondent, "was disembarrassed of his lower integuments, and one gallant brigadier led on his men with no other garment than his shirt." Suffice it to say, that the first phase of the war was completed by the capture of the forts, which, though taken by our sailors in 1858, had in the following year successfully resisted a naval force, under Admiral Sir James Hope.

Leaving a garrison at Taku and Sinho, the allied army began its march toward Pekin, and after several hostile encounters with the Tartar cavalry, arrived at the Summer Palace, about six miles from Pekin, on the 6th of October. It was a curious sight that met Wolseley's eyes as he entered the palace, which for two centuries had been the cherished abode of the dynasty of the Emperor Hien-fung, who, among other titles, arrogated to himself those of "the Sacred Son of Heaven," and "the Governor and Tranquilliser of the Universe." When he entered, everything was *in statu quo* as when the Emperor fled. The private apartments of the Emperor were surrounded by those of his wives, retainers, eunuchs and servants. One was full of furs, another of silks, another of drawings, a series of four thousand, illustrating the whole history of China. When the booty was sold, it realized about £24,000, which enabled each soldier to receive £3 10*s*., and the officers, who received one-third of the whole, were paid in like proportion. Lord

Elgin demanded as compensation the payment of 300,000 taels, about £100,000, which was paid on the 22nd, and his lordship directed the destruction of the palace, which was accordingly carried into effect. Colonel Wolseley was present during the 18th and 19th of October, while the work of destruction was in progress, and was among the last to quit the heap of smouldering ashes, that alone remained to mark the site of the palace. Colonel Wolseley and his assistant had managed to make surveys of the country around Pekin, "so that in the event of any future operations being required in those regions, our work will be much simplified." The good work he had done did not escape the notice of those most competent to judge. The commanding General bestowed high praise upon him, and frequently mentioned him in despatches. On the 7th of November, the 2nd division quitted Pekin, Sir Hope Grant and the 1st division marching on the following day.

Wolseley accompanied Sir Hope Grant to Shanghai, where they and twelve other officers hired a Peninsular and Oriental steamer, and made a pleasure trip to Japan, every important port of which interesting country they visited. On their arrival at Yokohama, the party rode to Yeddo, a distance of nine miles, and stayed at the British Embassy.

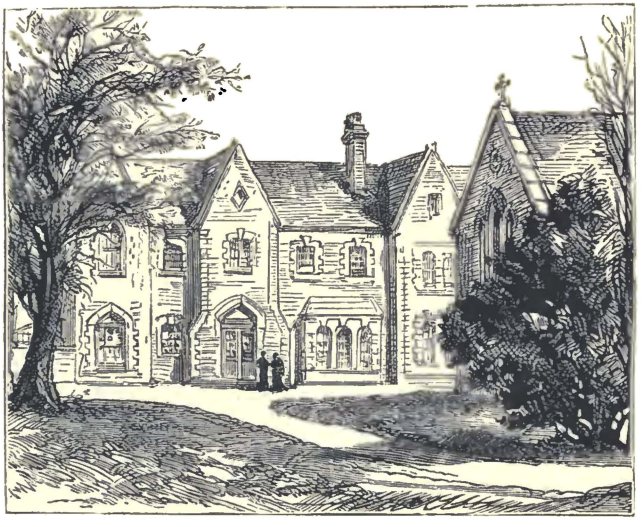
As the campaign in China was one of the shortest, so it was one of the most ably-conducted this country had hitherto waged. The storm of the Taku forts was a gallant feat, and the advance upon, and occupation of, the populous Chinese capital was a daring act for so small a force to execute. After the restoration of peace, Admiral Hope proceeded up the Yang-tsze-Kiang with a squadron of gunboats; and in the month of January, 1861, Colonel Wolseley was directed to proceed, accompanied by an interpreter, to Nankin, on a semi-diplomatic, semi-military mission. He was accommodated in a palace belonging to the Chung-wan, or "Faithful King," one of the eleven Taiping chiefs, who had now been eleven years in arms. In quitting Shanghai for his mission to Nankin, Wolseley had been furnished with merely verbal instructions to gain all the information practicable of the position and prospects of the Taipings, considered from a military point of view. The conclusion he arrived at from a close survey of their resources, was most unfavourable to their eventual success. From Shanghai, Colonel Wolseley proceeded to Hong-Kong, whence he embarked, the last of the head-quarter staff to leave the country, and landed in England in May, 1861, after an absence of fully four years.

On his arrival he was promoted for his services to a substantive majority, and received a medal and two clasps. He also got his long leave of eighteen months, and after visiting his family, proceeded in the autumn of 1861 to Paris, where he employed his leisure in painting in oils and water colours; for like some other officers of the British army, he added to his professional acquirements the skill of an accomplished artist.

In the winter of 1861, nothing looked more certain on the political horizon than the embroilment of this country in a life and death struggle with the greatest Republic of modern times. The incident which nearly precipitated this country into war, was that known as the "Trent Affair," when on the 8th of November, Commodore Wilkes boarded the British Mail Company's steamship *Trent*, on the high seas, and seized Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Confederate Agents accredited to the Courts of London and Paris. On the 17th of November, the day the news of the *Trent* outrage reached London, the War Office ordered the despatch to Canada of a battery of Armstrong guns, a large supply of arms and accoutrements for the Colonial Militia, and a vast quantity of shot, shell, powder, ammunition, and other warlike stores.

At this time Wolseley, who was on leave, was hunting in the County Cork. He had

just bought two horses, and had enjoyed one day's sport on each animal, when a telegram came from Colonel McKenzie offering him employment on active service as Assistant Quartermaster-General. Not many hours elapsed before the hunters were given away, and Wolseley was in London. The *Milbourne*, in which he and the other selected officers embarked, bore up, under stress of weather and want of coal, for Sydney, Cape Breton Island. While here a telegram arrived from Halifax announcing the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and that all chance of war was at an end. The *Milbourne* then proceeded to Halifax, where she found three transports which had disembarked their troops, the War Office having determined to send to Canada ten thousand men and four batteries of Artillery. .From Halifax Colonel Wolseley and other officers proceeded, by a Cunard mail steamer, to Boston, on their voyage to Montreal. They arrived at Montreal on a Sunday, and on



GOLDEN BRIDGE HOUSE, COUNTY DUBLIN,
Where Lord Wolseley was born, June 4, 1833.

the following morning Colonel Wolseley started off on a journey of three hundred miles down the river to Rivière du Loup, situated on the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, where the troops coming from St. John's, New Brunswick, were transhipped from sleighs, in which they had travelled *viâ* Fredericton, to the railway by which they proceeded to their destinations at Quebec, Montreal, Hamilton, Kingston, or Toronto. Colonel Wolseley was the only staff officer at Rivière du Loup, and had to make all the arrangements for the accommodation and passage of the troops, who passed through the village at the rate of nearly two hundred men a day, without a hitch or a single accident—only one man deserting out of the large force that passed through his hands. In the middle of March Wolseley returned to Montreal, the headquarters of the army in the Dominion, and acted for some months as Deputy Quartermaster-General, Colonel McKenzie having returned home.

In the latter part of August, 1862, Colonel Wolseley obtained six weeks' leave, and on the following month quitted New York for a trip "down south." The short time at his disposal was the great drawback to the enjoyment of this visit to the head-quarters of the Confederate Army, but he made the most of it, and altogether he never passed a pleasanter time than when "running the blockade;" while he considered himself amply repaid for any discomfort by his conversations with Robert Lee and Stonewall Jackson, whose deeds will live long in song and story, as long as high character, spotless patriotism, and brilliant military genius command the admiration of the human race.

After his return to Canada, Colonel Wolseley suffered greatly from the wound in the right leg he had received in the Crimea seven years before. During this holiday his exertions on foot caused the

HOLLYMOUNT, RATHMINES, DUBLIN.
The School where Lord Wolseley was educated.

wound to open afresh, and under medical advice he was constrained to proceed to England. Here he placed himself under the eminent surgeon, Sir William Fergusson, and, after a brief stay, returned to Canada in the spring of 1863. Here he resumed his duties as Assistant Quartermaster-General under Colonel Lysons.

In the autumn of 1865 the Fenians in the United States, by their threatening attitude, gave cause for anxiety to the Dominion Government, and Sir Patrick McDougall, who came out to the Dominion to organize and superintend the local forces, established a camp of instruction for cadets. At his request the services of Colonel Wolseley were placed at his disposal, and he appointed him to command the first camp of instruction ever established in Canada. Wolseley performed his arduous duties during the three weeks the camp was established to the entire satisfaction of his

superiors, and Colonel McDougall reported in the following terms :—"I desire to record as strongly as possible my sense of the ability and energy with which the immediate command of the camp was exercised by Colonel Wolseley, and to which is attributable a large share in the success of the experiment. It was a charge requiring unusually delicate management; but in Colonel Wolseley's qualifications tact is combined with firmness, and both with an intimate knowledge of his profession in an unusual degree."

At length on the night of the 31st of May, the Fenian leader, "General" O'Neil, crossed the Niagara River with about twelve hundred men, and having captured Fort Erie, near Buffalo, advanced towards Ridgeway, where he threw up breastworks and awaited reinforcements. On the same day fourteen thousand volunteers were called out for actual service, and within twenty-four hours the companies were all ready, and many had moved to the stations assigned them. On the 3rd of June the Province had more than twenty thousand men under arms. "Experience has shown," wrote the Adjutant-General, "that, in the event of a regular invasion, a hundred thousand men, in addition to the volunteer force, would eagerly come forward in forty-eight hours to aid in defending the country." When the column, which Wolseley accompanied, reached Fort Erie they learnt that a fight had already taken place, with indecisive results, at Ridgeway. But there was no further attempt at invasion by the Fenians, and when Wolseley's brigade was broken up he returned to Montreal. He had scarcely resumed his duties when, in the autumn of this year, 1866, he was placed in command of a camp of observation at Thorold, near St. Catharine's, on the Welland Canal, which the Fenians had expressed their intention to destroy. The large and wealthy city of Buffalo, on the American side, was at this time the centre of the Fenian military organization, and Wolseley had very responsible duties in watching the frontier between Fort Cockburn and the Niagara Falls. He remained at Thorold about a month, exercising his troops, and during this time all the militia of Upper Canada passed through his hands.

CHAPTER LVIII.

LORD WOLSELEY—SERVICES IN AMERICA AND AFRICA.

WOLSELEY'S services in Canada had been so meritorious that he was almost immediately nominated to succeed Colonel Lysons as head of the department in which he had acquired such vast experience; and in September, 1867, he returned to the Dominion as Deputy Quartermaster-General, being the youngest officer who was ever nominated to fill that responsible post. He came home to England, on two months' private leave, in 1868, and during his stay occurred an important event in his life—his marriage with Miss Erskine, who accompanied him on his return to Canada.

Early in 1870 the troubles on the Red River became of so pressing a nature that the Dominion Government, with the consent of the Home Colonial Office, determined on sending an expedition to restore the Queen's authority in that settlement. The consensus of public opinion pointed to Colonel Wolseley as the fittest officer to lead a combined force of regulars and volunteers, and Major-General the Honour-

able James Lindsay accordingly nominated him to the command of the Red River Expedition. After eighteen years' service, Colonel Wolseley found himself entrusted with supreme command, thus at length being afforded the opportunity of achieving distinction for which, as an ambitious soldier, he had long been sighing.

The Red River Territory receives its name from the Red River which, from the lake of the woods westwards to the Rocky Mountains, forms the artificially defined frontier between the United States and the British possessions. The inhabited portion, or Settlement, is merely the strip lying along the banks of the Red River, and of its affluent, the Assiniboine. Its population, at the beginning of 1870, exclusive of Indians, numbered about 15,000 souls.

The Red River Territory had long been under the rule of the Hudson Bay Company, which, in 1670, had received a charter from Charles II. After many years of fruitless negotiations between Canada and this great trading community, an arrangement was made, by which the territories, officially known as Rupert's Land, together with all territorial rights, were first transferred, on paper, to this country, and then made over, by royal proclamation, to the Confederation of the North American Provinces, which paid to the Hudson Bay Company the sum of £300,000, the transfer to take effect from the 1st of December, 1869. In these negotiations the people of the Red River Settlement were never consulted. They naturally resented such cavalier treatment; and when, in 1869, the Canadian Government sent thither a surveying party, a few French half-breeds, under Louis Riel, compelled them to quit the country. On the 24th of November Riel took possession of Fort Garry, which is situated close to Winnipeg, the capital; and becoming more violent, on the 4th of March caused to be executed a man named Thomas Scott, who had attempted to effect the release of some sixty British subjects illegally confined in the Fort. Scott's execution aroused a feeling of intense indignation throughout Canada, and resolutions were passed at public meetings held in Toronto and other towns, calling upon the Government to despatch an expedition to the Red River to restore the Queen's authority and punish the murderers. Considering all the enormous obstacles to the transport of stores and warlike material so great a distance through rivers, lakes, and "portages," Colonel Wolseley exhibited throughout the expedition a patience, energy, and forethought that stamp him as a true leader of men. Often during the long and weary march the spirits of his officers and men were seriously affected by the difficulties of the route; more than once it was anticipated by all that the expedition would have to be abandoned; he alone never once lost heart, but was always cheerful and confident, and bent on pushing on. The force, as organized, consisted of 1,214, with about 400 voyageurs, and 100 teamsters. On the 21st of May Colonel Wolseley, accompanied by his staff, with a company of the 60th Rifles, quitted Toronto amid the hearty good wishes of all classes of the community; the head-quarters and four more companies followed the same day, and the expedition was now fairly started. After steaming across the broad bosom of Lake Superior, the *Chicora* anchored, on the 25th of May, in Thunder Bay, off the end of the road leading to Lake Shebandowan. Wolseley immediately landed, and gave to the spot the name of "Prince Arthur's Landing," in honour of His Royal Highness, who was then serving in Canada with his regiment, the Rifle Brigade. The weather was often wretched in the extreme, the rain pouring all day in cataracts, and officers and men worked daily in their wet clothes. Notwithstanding this, and the hardships they endured, the health of the men was most satisfactory, a result due, doubtless, to Colonel Wolseley having strictly prohibited the use of spirits, which was an unknown luxury in the camp, save in the form of "medical comforts."

While at Thunder Bay Wolseley had an opportunity of being introduced, for the first time, to the Red Indian of Fenimore Cooper's novels, and very different he found him from the ideal limned by that picturesque, but untrustworthy, writer. The party consisted of "Black Stone," an Ojibbeway chief, two of his tribe, and a squaw—ugly, dirty, half-naked savages, who came ostensibly to express their loyalty to the "great mother," but in reality to get what they could, and report what was going on to their tribe. Colonel Wolseley received the Indians with great politeness, and reassured them as to his intentions regarding their lands; and they took their departure on the 6th of June, thoroughly satisfied with their reception and the presents they had received.

On Wednesday, the 24th of August, the British flag once more waved over Fort Garry, within twenty-four hours of the time specified by Colonel Wolseley, when he undertook the conduct of the expedition. Amid a continued downpour, the troops entered by the southern gate, when the Fort was found to be empty of its late defenders—Riel, Lepine, and O'Donoghue having ridden off only a quarter of an hour before. Thus was won a bloodless victory, but one which, nevertheless, having regard to their almost superhuman exertions, must ever be regarded as shedding an additional lustre on the name of the British soldier. Since the 21st of May, when Colonel Wolseley and the advanced guard of the expedition quitted Toronto, they had sailed, and marched, and tugged at the oars, and laboured over forty-seven portages, for a distance of one thousand two hundred miles. Wolseley was only too glad that Riel had fled, as his capture would have complicated matters in the state of parliamentary parties; no attempt was, therefore, made to pursue and arrest the fugitives, though they might easily have been captured. On the 28th, Colonel Wolseley issued a complimentary order to the force, in which he said: "You have endured excessive fatigue in the performance of a service that, for its arduous nature, can bear comparison with any previous military expedition." General Lindsay was enabled to report to the War Office that, "With the exception of one man left at Fort Garry with inflammation of the lungs, the regular force returned to Canada with no sick, and with no casualty by drowning, or of any other description."

On Wolseley's arrival at the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, he found a note from General Lindsay, saying that he intended to embark for England on the 1st of October, and would be glad of his company. Wolseley immediately pushed on for Prince Arthur's Landing in his canoe, and on his arrival took ship to Collingwood. Hurrying through Toronto, he proceeded to Montreal, where the citizens entertained him at a banquet, and presented him with an address of welcome and congratulation. Colonel and Mrs. Wolseley, in company with General Lindsay, proceeded to England in the *Scandinavian;* and on their arrival in London, in October, 1870, Wolseley's appointment of Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada having been abolished with the withdrawal of all British troops from the Dominion, he was placed upon the half-pay list of his rank.

Wolseley, while at Fort Garry, had learned in a letter from his old chief and friend, the late Sir Hope Grant, that his name would be included among the Companions of the Bath, in the next *Gazette*, a tardy acknowledgment for his many and eminent services in four great wars; and now, at the bidding of his Sovereign, he "rose up" Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley, K.C.M.G.

On the 1st of May, 1871, after having been six months on the half-pay list, Sir Garnet Wolseley was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, Discipline Branch, at the Horse Guards.

In the following August there appeared an advertisement in the *Times*, inviting

officers to compete for a prize of £100, offered by the Duke of Wellington, for the best essay on "The System of Field Manœuvres, best adapted for enabling our troops to meet a Continental Army." The competitors were required to send in their essays before the 1st of March in the following year. Under the signature of "Ubique," Sir Garnet Wolseley competed for this prize, but he was not sanguine of success, as, owing to his onerous office work at the Horse Guards, he was only able to give to the composition of his essay such odd portions of his time as were snatched from his official duties. But though this hastily written production of his pen did not carry off the prize, it was regarded with so much favour by the judge, that, together with four others, also "highly recommended," it was published by the desire of the Duke of Wellington.

During the Autumn Manœuvres of 1871, in the neighbourhood of Aldershot and Woolmer Forest, Sir Garnet Wolseley held the post of chief of the staff to Sir Charles Staveley; and in the following year he served as Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of the southern army, commanded by that fine old soldier, Sir John Michel, who, remembering the capacity Wolseley displayed in the China war of 1860, requested him to conduct the duties of that department. Sir Garnet was a member of the committee for the Reorganization of the Army, presided over by General McDougall, and also frequently wrote minutes on various military questions at the request of the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Cardwell, the Secretary of State for War.

But the name and fame of Sir Garnet Wolseley, notwithstanding all his services, might have remained unhonoured and unknown had not one of those crises arisen which this country, with her vast colonies and dependencies, has so frequently been called upon to meet, and once again, "the hour brought forth the man." When we survey the situation of affairs on the Gold Coast in the autumn of 1873, and the difficulties that appeared to militate against a successful invasion of Ashantee, difficulties as to climate, transport, and the limited time disposable for military operations, we may recall the anxiety with which every patriotic heart regarded the success of the expedition at the time it was despatched from these shores. When it was known that the Government had resolved upon an expedition to Coomassie, the Press was filled, as at the time of the Abyssinian war, with dismal prognostications, and one "experienced" gentleman, in answer to a letter from Sir Garnet Wolseley as to necessary articles of outfit, replied that he would "strongly recommend that every officer should take out his coffin." The intelligence, however, of the appointment of Sir Garnet Wolseley to the command of the projected expedition, was received by the country with universal approval, and he speedily gave tokens of the wisdom of the selection in the infinite care and patience he took in organizing the details of the undertaking, and in gaining information on all points from any one who had it to impart.

The time having arrived for his departure, Sir Garnet Wolseley was invested with the local rank of Major-General, and was appointed administrator of the Government of the Gold Coast, with instructions to report direct to the Home Government. The steamship *Amboiz*, in which Sir Garnet sailed from Liverpool, after a voyage of three weeks, cast anchor off Cape Coast on the 2nd of October, and on the following day he landed under the usual salutes.

In order to inspire confidence, and induce the Fantees to exert themselves, Sir Garnet, on the day succeeding his landing, held a durbar (called here a "palaver") of the kings and chiefs of the Protectorate, which took place in a large marquee pitched in front of the Government House. The "kings" began to arrive soon after three o'clock, and with the gravity becoming the solemnity of the occasion, seated themselves on stools, carried by their attendants, some of whom also bore huge umbrellas, which

denote the regal state among these African communities, while others carried swords and canes, and beat tomtoms to herald the approach of their potent masters. Sir Garnet stood, while the kings in succession were introduced to him, and received the conventional shake of the hand from the Queen's Representative. Almost daily interviews took place between him and some of the kings, whom he strove to influence by considerations of profit, as honour and patriotism were unknown words in their vocabulary, to collect their men and fight the Ashantees.

The following "Special General Order" of thanks, issued to the troops by Sir Garnet, sums up the chief events of the Ashantee war:—

"COOMASSIE, *February 5th*, 1874.

Soldiers, Seamen, and Marines of this Expeditionary Force,—

After five days' very hard fighting, under trying conditions, your courage and devotion have been rewarded with complete success. I thank you in Her Majesty's name for your gallantry and good conduct throughout these operations.

In the first phase of this war the Ashantee Army was driven back from the Fantee country into its own territory. Since then you have penetrated far through a dense forest, defended at many points with the greatest obstinacy. You have repeatedly defeated a very numerous and most courageous enemy, fighting on his own ground, in well-selected positions. British pluck and the discipline common to Her Majesty's land and sea forces have enabled you thus to overcome all difficulties and to seize upon the enemy's capital, which now lies at our mercy.

All the people, both European and native, unjustly held captive by the King of Ashantee, are now at liberty; and you have proved to this cruel and barbarous people that England is able to punish her enemies, no matter what their strength in numbers or position.

Maintain on your return march to the coast the same admirable conduct you have hitherto evinced, and England may be as justly proud of having such soldiers, sailors, and marines as I am of having had the honour of commanding you throughout this campaign."

The loot sold at Cape Coast, which realized nearly £6,000, consisted chiefly of the gold ornaments of the king's wives, and included two of His Majesty's solid gold pipes, a curious silver coffee-pot of George the First's time, which Sir Garnet purchased, and an ivory-hilted sword, bearing on one side of the blade the following inscription:—"From Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the King of Ashantee." This weapon, which was left by the king in his bedchamber when he made his hurried exit from Coomassie, was purchased by the officers of the staff, and presented by them to their gallant commander. On the reverse of the blade is a second legend as follows:—"Major-General Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., from the officers of his staff. Coomassie, 4th February, 1874." Doubtless the victor of Amoaful and Ordahsu possesses no more valued *souvenir* of his distinguished military career than this sword of honour, to which a peculiar interest must attach from the names of the original donor and recipient, and the circumstances under which it changed hands.

On the 4th of March Sir Garnet, with his staff, embarked in the *Manitobah*, and, after an uneventful passage, arrived at Portsmouth on the 20th.

The Ashantee campaign has been frequently likened to the Abyssinian war, and the comparison obviously presents itself to the mind, though the conditions under which such striking successes have been achieved by two British commanders are as dissimilar as can well be. Though Lord Napier had to march four hundred miles before he could strike at his savage enemy, and Sir Garnet Wolseley considerably less than two hundred miles, and though the engineering difficulties that beset every

mile of the advance were, in both cases, well-nigh insuperable, yet the climatic conditions were so much in favour of the Indian General, that the palm, as regards the magnitude of the difficulties overcome, must unhesitatingly be awarded to his younger brother-in-arms.

Monday, March 30th, was a day to be remembered with pride by the General and his little army, as they received a double honour—the public approval of Her Majesty, as expressed by her reviewing the troops at Windsor, in the presence of the Legislature, and a vote of thanks from both Houses of Parliament. The Queen drove down the ranks, the special service officers being placed on the right of the line. After the inspection was completed, Her Majesty returned to the saluting point, and the troops were formed into a hollow square, when Sir Garnet, having dismounted, was invested by the Queen with the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and of a Knight Commander of the Bath. Sir Archibald Alison was then presented to Her Majesty, and also Lord Gifford, who was decorated with the Victoria Cross. Sir Garnet, who held the local rank of Major-General while employed on the Gold Coast, was now promoted, by Special General Order, to the rank of Major-General "for distinguished service in the field." On the 20th of April a motion was made in the House of Commons for the bestowal of a grant of £25,000. Mr. Disraeli also offered him a baronetcy, which was declined. Sir Garnet had no other ambition than to attain eminence in his profession. Hence he was able to refuse, without a pang, a baronetcy and the highest honours of the Bath—the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, accepting only the second grade—and by adopting this course he showed his wisdom in avoiding the acceptance of too many honours, which would only tend to excite feelings of jealousy among the less successful of his brothers-in-arms.

Sir Garnet Wolseley was a guest at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, when he was honoured by having his health proposed in the most flattering terms by the heir to the throne. He was also fêted by his countrymen at Dublin, and received honorary degrees from the Universities on two successive days, the 16th and 17th of June, the occasions being those known as "Commemoration" at Oxford and "Commencement" at Cambridge.

The Corporation of the City of London having shortly after his return from Ashantee voted Sir Garnet Wolseley the freedom, accompanied by a sword of honour, the presentation took place on the 22nd of October, at the Guildhall, and was conducted with all the ceremony usual on the rare occasions when potent sovereigns and successful generals have been similarly honoured by the ancient and noble city of London.

CHAPTER LIX.

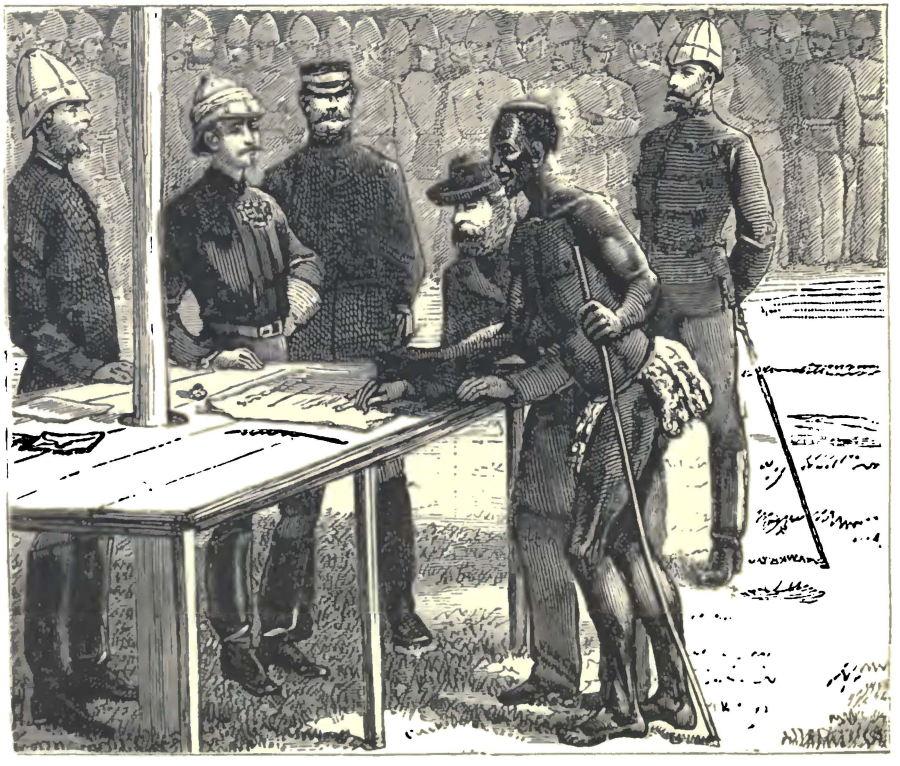
Lord Wolseley—Further Toils and Successes.

SOON after Sir Garnet's return from Ashantee, he was appointed Inspector-General of the Auxiliary Forces, in succession to Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir James Lindsay. This office Wolseley held with advantage to the Auxiliary Forces, as acknowledged by the service papers, until February, 1875, when he was called upon by the Government to proceed to Natal, and assume temporarily the supreme direction of military and civil affairs in the Colony. It was considered desirable that the Colony should be placed in a state of defence, so that there might be no excuse for a repetition of the panic into which the white colonists —who only numbered 17,000 as against 350,000 natives—had been thrown by the recent rebellion.

The *Windsor Castle*, which set sail in the latter part of February, made the passage to Cape Town in twenty-four and a half days. On the 1st of April, Sir Garnet with his staff proceeded from Durban to the capital, Pietermaritzburg, and on the day of his arrival and on the following day held an executive council. The points upon which new legislation was required were briefly: a sounder and fairer native policy than that in operation; the security of life and property; the promotion of public works and immigration; and, lastly, the amendment of a constitution, which the elected members of the Legislative Council themselves declared to be unworkable. This was the crux of Sir Garnet Wolseley's mission, and it was one that perhaps few men would have cared to undertake. It is always a matter of difficulty to obtain a surrender of power from those who possess it, and this was the task Sir Garnet undertook to accomplish. On the 5th of May he opened the session of the Legislative Council in a speech, wherein he stated that a modification of the Council was necessary, in the sense of "increasing and assuring the power of the Executive," which was "essential to the present safety and future progress of the Colony." A writer in the chief Maritzburg paper spoke of Lord Carnarvon, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and Mr. Broome, as three "howling humanitarian fanatics"; and at a large public meeting it was resolved unanimously that it was the duty of the Government to turn every Kaffir out of Natal. Such were the amenities of the conflict upon which Wolseley had entered, and such the views of the Opposition in this Council and Colony. At one time failure appeared so assured that Sir Garnet prepared his despatch to the Secretary of State announcing his want of success. A few days later the third reading of the Constitution Amendment Bill was carried, and then the measure was sent home for the Queen's signature before becoming law.

The Bill settled, Sir Garnet proceeded to the location of Langalibalele, the famous chief and rain-doctor, whose tribe had been broken up in accordance with Lord Carnarvon's instructions, and personally inquired into their condition and that of the neighbouring Putili tribe, who had also been deprived of their cattle for alleged complicity in the rebellion. He resolved to restore to them the value of their property in ploughs and seed, as well as cattle and sheep; and also decided to place in each location an European magistrate to whom the Kaffirs could look for guidance, advice, and protection, thus superseding the influence of their chiefs, under whom

progress was impossible. What with committees and commissions, added to the conduct of the ordinary business of the Colony, Sir Garnet and his "brilliant staff," as the papers always called his officers, were hard at work from seven in the morning till late in the evening, and even the opponents of the recent reforms recognised the devotion and energy of this talented band of soldiers. At length, just five months from the date of his arrival, the task was completed; and on the 1st of September, Sir Garnet, who had handed over the conduct of affairs to Sir Henry Bulwer, made his farewell speech, concluding with an eloquent peroration on the future of Natal, at a banquet given by the Mayor of Durban, at which also were



ZULULAND, SEPTEMBER 1, 1879.
THE ZULU CHIEFS SIGNING THE PEACE STIPULATIONS AT ULUNDI.

present his successor, and Mr. Froude, the eminent historian, who had been sent by Lord Carnarvon to advocate the confederation of the South African States, and made a statesmanlike speech on the occasion.

Two days later, amid the regrets of the colonists, Sir Garnet sailed for England, accompanied by his staff; and at Cape Town a grand public ball was given in his honour, Admiral Lambert and the officers of the Flying Squadron, which had arrived the day before, being present.

On the 4th of October, the *Windsor Castle*, decked from stem to stern with flags, arrived at Plymouth, where Sir Garnet was received with hearty cheers on landing. He now resumed his duties at the War Office, but in November, 1876, was offered by Lord Salisbury, and accepted, a seat at the Council of India, where his varied

military experience was of eminent service.

When war between this country and Russia appeared imminent, Sir Garnet Wolseley was nominated Chief of the Staff to Lord Napier of Magdala, the Commander of the Expeditionary Army; and, on the 28th of February, the Press, in announcing the appointment, was unanimous in expressions of approval. But the war-cloud, which at one time looked so threatening, was finally dispelled by the labours of the Congress at Berlin; and when, on the 8th of July, the British public and the world were amazed by Lord Beaconsfield's great *coup*—the Protectorate of the Turkish Asiatic Empire, and the annexation of Cyprus—the announcement in both Houses of Parliament was coupled with the intimation of Sir Garnet Wolseley's appointment as "Her Majesty's High Commissioner and Commander-in-chief" of this, the newest appanage to the British Crown.

On the following Saturday, the 15th, Sir Garnet left England for Cyprus, *viâ* Brindisi and Malta. We might fairly anticipate, therefore, looking to his antecedents, that he would transform this fair island of the Levant—which in turn has been possessed by Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Saracens, Venetians, and Turks—into what the mightiest warrior of antiquity anticipated it would become in his hands. In a remarkable passage, Alexander the Great says ("Arrian," Vol. i. p. 99): "And Cyprus being in our hands, we shall reign absolute sovereigns at sea, and an easy way will be laid open for making a descent on Egypt." Any one, who has pursued the letters in *The Times* and other papers from their correspondents in that island, can form some estimate of the numerous reforms he has introduced into the administration—if such a term can be applied to the condition of public affairs at the time of our assuming rule over the island: for it was rather the absence of any government than a tyrannical abuse of power. With regard to the Levant fever, which attacked the troops soon after their first landing in the summer of 1878, too much was made. On this point, Sir Garnet wrote to a friend in the following winter: "We are now enjoying delightful weather—so much so that any one arriving here now for the first time would indeed be astonished to learn that the island had ever at any season proved unhealthy."

In the same year, 1879, the Government determined to send out Sir Garnet as administrator in that part of South-Eastern Africa in the neighbourhood of the seat of war, with plenary powers, both civil and military. He landed at Durban on the 28th June, and proceeded direct to Pietermaritzburg, where he was the same day sworn in as Governor of Natal. Certainly Sir Garnet did not let the grass grow under his feet, and rapidly completed a chain of forts across Zululand. He visited various parts, interviewing the Zulu chiefs who had surrendered themselves. Some of the most important, however, of those who came in, and were supposed to have submitted and deserted their king, had, in point of fact, no such intention, appearing merely to make their often and vainly repeated attempt at procuring "terms" for Cetewayo and themselves. After the victory of Ulundi it was argued that the people would be glad to procure peace by giving up their king, whose unconditional submission, or capture, was announced by us to be the only possible conclusion to the war. The English tried in vain to persuade his people to betray him, but this "hated tyrant," although beaten and powerless, flying through the land now in the possession of his conquerors, had still such a hold over the loyalty and affection of his people, that they were true to him in his adversity, and refused to give him up or to set his enemies on his track. Severe measures were taken to procure by force the information which could not otherwise be obtained; but these proved useless. An interpreter, who accompanied Major Barrow's party, writes: "I had been a long

time in Zululand. I knew the people and their habits, and although I believed they would be true to their king, I never expected such devotion. Nothing would move them. Neither the loss of their cattle, the fear of death, nor the offering of large bribes, would make them false to their king. For many days this work of trying to persuade or force the people to betray their king was continued, and at last a woman was frightened into giving a clue, which resulted in taking prisoners three brothers, at whose kraal the king had slept the night before."

Among other patrols sent out to look for Cetewayo was one under Major Marter, King's Dragoon Guards. This force found the natives friendly, but they said frankly that if they knew the king to be close by they would not tell him. At length, after many fruitless efforts, Major Marter espied a kraal in an open space about 2,000 feet below, in a basin, three sides of which were precipitous and covered with dense forest. He considered it would be useless to approach the kraal from the open side, as one minute's warning would enable the king to escape to the nearest point of the forest; and therefore decided to venture down the side of the mountain under cover of the forest, feeling that the importance of the capture would warrant the risk. They left the upper part of the mountain at 1.45 p.m., and, after a scramble over rocks and watercourses, floundering in bogs, and hampered everywhere by trees and gigantic creepers, reached the foot about three o'clock, having lost two horses killed in the descent, and one man having his arm badly hurt. Seeing that the men in the kraal were armed with guns as well as assegais, Major Marter desired his interpreter to call out that if any resistance were offered, he would shoot down every one and burn the kraal. A threat of setting fire to the king's hut was then made, when he asked the rank of the officer, and, after some further parley, came out and stood erect and quite the king, looking at Major Marter, saying: "You would not have taken me, but I never thought troops could come down the mountain through the forest."

Taking the most open line of country, the party set out for Ulundi, Major Marter taking personal charge of the king. On the 31st of August the Major safely reached the camp at Ulundi with Cetewayo; who is described by his captor as "a noble specimen of a man, without any bad expression, and the king all over in appearance and manner." The party reached Port Durnford on the 4th September, and was immediately embarked for Cape Town. There the king met with a fitting reception, and was conveyed to the Castle, where he remained under strict surveillance in the custody of Colonel Hassard, C.B., R.E., Commandant at Cape Town.

The fall of Ulundi was looked upon by some as the finishing touch to the Zulu power and the end of the war, while others considered peace ensured only and completely by the capture of the king. Much, however, remained to be done before Natal could be thought of as at peace with her neighbours and herself, and what has been commonly called the "Settlement of Zululand," was a task which required the gravest consideration and the most careful handling.

Sir Garnet Wolseley's first act in this direction was to call together as many of the principal Zulu chiefs and officials as could be found, and to address them upon the situation. This meeting, which took place at Ulundi on the 1st of September, was attended by about 200 Zulus, including two of Cetewayo's brothers and his prime minister. When Sir Garnet, with his staff, at last appeared, he addressed the assembled chiefs through Mr. John Shepstone, his interpreter. At the conclusion of the General's discourse he produced a document, the purport of which, he said, he had now told them, and which was to be signed by all the chiefs whom he had chosen as rulers of the land, to each of

whom a duplicate copy would be given, while he retained a similar one himself. The first to sign his name was Mr. John Dunn, whose chieftainship was by far the largest; and after him the Zulu chiefs touched the pen while Mr. Shepstone made their crosses for them, in place of the signature which they could not form.

Thus was completed the subjugation of the Zulus, and the Zulu war brought to a termination. Sir Garnet afterwards overpowered Sekukuni's hostile nation, destroyed their stronghold, and finally subdued the disaffected Boers, and completed the annexation of the Transvaal.

Returning in May, 1880, he was appointed Quartermaster-General at the headquarters of the army; and in April, 1882, succeeded Sir Charles Ellice as Adjutant-General of the Army—an important as well as honourable post.

CHAPTER LX.

LORD WOLSELEY—EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION—CHARACTERISTICS AS A WRITER.

IN the same year Sir Garnet was appointed Commander-in-chief of the British Expeditionary Army during the Egyptian war. The remarkable nature of the expedition consists in this—that it is probably the first instance in English military history, where the means were exactly calculated for the end to be obtained, where the Government thoroughly supported the commander of its choice, and the campaign was brought to a conclusion in the very manner and at the very time which had been calculated in London before a single soldier was sent forth from this country.

The events of the campaign have shown that the main, and we might almost say the only immediate, cause of the war, was the revolt of the senior officers against military reduction and reorganization. The colonels of regiments have been almost entirely Turks, and from their ranks have been taken not only the generals, but even the principal ministers and other functionaries. The struggle has always been one for place and power among the colonels, and the common soldiers were but accessories to that end. The combined result of the reforms undertaken by the Ministry of Tewfik and the fight against them, was that at the time of the revolt the Egyptian army was weakened by economy, while its heart was turned against all European interference with the organization of the country. The falsehoods which Arabi and his lieutenants have found themselves obliged to disseminate, are sufficient proof that the movement was artificial, and not caused by any natural uprising of spirit.

From the 11th of June, when the massacres of Alexandria took place, it became certain that Arabi Pasha must be suppressed or European influence in Egypt abandoned. Great patience was shown, and it was not till several new works had been built, while preparations were made to block the mouth of the harbour, that Admiral Seymour on July 6th sent in an ultimatum, the purport of which was that unless certain forts were dismantled within twenty-four hours, he would open fire upon them. At seven o'clock in the morning of the 11th of July the first gun was fired by the *Alexandra*. The reply came in the shape of a mighty burst of artillery fire. Suffice it to say that the results of this action inspired more respect for the enemy than the future pro-

gress of the war has shown that he deserved. But it would appear that throughout the campaign the fire of the Egyptian artillery has always been better than that of the infantry.

Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived at Alexandria on August 15th, and the Khedive at once issued decrees giving full power to the British to undertake operations and occupy the country. On the 21st the disembarkation at Ismailia was in full process. The enemy had been defeated several times, and the situation was clearing itself rapidly. A portion of public opinion, both at home and on the continent, believed that the English force was checked, but its commander was developing his plans for the attack of Tel-el-Kebir, the very spot on which before leaving England he had laid his finger as the scene of the critical battle of the war.

The experience of an Egyptian sun on the desert sands had shown that though English troops could fight and conquer in the heat of the day, the hard task before them had better be performed in the cool hours of the morning. Accordingly, at nightfall, on the 12th September, the force moved silently forward in the order chosen for attack. The total strength present was 11,000 bayonets, 2,000 sabres, and 60 guns, about half that of the enemy. Knowing the effect produced by the sudden apparition of a brave enemy determined to charge, Sir Garnet decided to have no preliminary fire, but to trust only to the shadows of the night to veil his advance. It is said that the men were ordered not even to load if it could possibly be avoided, and, in any case, to close with the foe and, breast to breast, decide the struggle with the bayonet.

In former actions the artillery and cavalry had been chiefly conspicuous. The battle of Tel-el-Kebir was won by the infantry. Nor was any chance of rallying allowed to the beaten enemy. The guns in the redoubts were turned against their former masters, and with astonishing swiftness portions of the British artillery bounded over intervening ditches and parapets into the heart of the position and crushed the terrified masses by shrapnel fire, causing the accumulations of men to burst asunder and fly in all directions. Not a moment was lost. Straight over the battle-field the Indian contingent pressed the flying foe. It was joined by a battalion of Highlanders near Abou Essen, and together they occupied Zagazig that afternoon. The bulk of the cavalry division, and the mounted infantry, having cut through the flying masses, moved south-west by the desert road upon Belbais, which it occupied, after a slight skirmish, that evening. This force occupied Cairo, the capital of Egypt, next evening, the 14th, after a splendid march of thirty-nine miles under the blazing Egyptian sun, saving the town from destruction, which had been threatened, and capturing Arabi himself. On the same day, also, Sir Garnet, the head-quarters staff, and a company of Scots Guards, with the Duke of Connaught, moved on to Zagazig by train; thence next day, the 15th, to Benha and Cairo, entering the capital amid the acclamations of the people, accompanied by detachments of Guards, Highlanders, and Marines.

Sir Garnet left England on the 2nd of August, made the whole voyage round Gibraltar, arrived at Alexandria on the 15th, and entered Cairo a conqueror on the 15th of September. Such are the facilities afforded by steam and the telegraph for a force which undertakes the invasion of an enemy's country. Surely the lesson of this is, that it is more than ever necessary to be prepared *on shore* against the descent of an enemy *by sea*.

For his services in Egypt Sir Garnet received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, was raised to the peerage, promoted to the rank of General, and received from the Khedive, Tewfik Pasha, the grand cordon of the Osmanieh.

The leading features of Lord Wolseley's character are so well hit off by Sir W. G.

Armstrong, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, that we quote his very words: "They had among them one who had won a world-wide reputation as an English general. It was not necessary to enumerate the great services he had rendered prior to the Egyptian campaign. It was sufficient to say that throughout his career he had displayed three qualities very rare, but making when combined a great military genius—dash, discretion, and foresight. There was a remarkable similitude between the names of Wolseley and Wellesley, both Irish, but of English extraction. These were remarkable coincidences, and he ventured to predict that if in this generation we should be unfortunately involved in a great European war, the parallelism would not be confined either to the name or the country. Lord Wolseley had been called a most fortunate general: but there was an old saying, and a true one, that good fortune was only another name for good management. That was certainly the case in the Egyptian campaign, and the result had been brilliant success achieved with singular brevity in the military operations."

In June, 1883, the University of Dublin conferred upon Lord Wolseley the honorary degree of LL.D. This honour was well merited. He is the author of "Narrative of the War with China in 1860, to which is added the Account of a Short Residence with the Taiping Rebels at Nankin, and a Voyage from thence to Hankow" (1862); "The Soldier's Pocket Book for Field Service" (1869; 2nd edition, 1871; new edition, 1882); "The System of Field Manœuvres best adapted for enabling our Troops to meet a Continental Army," printed in "Essays written for the Wellington Prize"(1872); "Marley Castle," a novel, 2 vols. (1877); "Field Pocket Book for the Auxiliary Forces (1873); "France as a Military Power in 1870 and 1878" (in the *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1878); "England as a Military Power in 1854 and in 1878" (March, 1878).

We append one or two specimens of his style as an author. In answer to an invitation to attend a Temperance Demonstration in Hackney during October, 1881, he says: "There is no one in England whose heart is more sincerely in the good cause you advocate than mine. About 90 per cent. of the crime in our army is owing to drunkenness, and when our men are removed from the temptation of intoxicating liquor, crime is practically unknown among them. During the operations I conducted in South Africa in 1879 my own personal escort was composed almost exclusively of teetotalers. They had very hard work to do, but grumbling was never heard from them; and a better behaved set of men I was never assisted by, a fact which I attribute to their being almost all total abstainers."

The following extract concludes his able Paper on "England as a Military Power," contained in the *Nineteenth Century*, March, 1878.

"At no previous period of our history have we ever been so strong in a military sense as at present. In 1854 we were very weak in field artillery; the military force in these islands was under 70,000 men, and there was no reserve whatever beyond some pensioners, who were too old for field service. Were war declared tomorrow, about 400,000 drilled men would fall into line if required, supported by 372 field guns, manned and horsed by the Royal Artillery. That number would roughly be made up as follows:—

Standing Army at Home	99,000 men.
Army and Militia Reserve	40,000 ,,
Militia	85,000 ,,
Volunteers	180,000 ,,
Second Class Army Reserve	10,000 ,,
Total	414,000 ,,

In this calculation I have put the figures very low, and have left out altogether the 10,000 yeomanry who would be available for home service. I have likewise not taken into consideration the number of regular troops that would be available for war, when

the Mediterranean garrisons were furnished by the militia. It will thus be seen that we could at once take the field with two fully equipped army corps of more than 30,000 soldiers each, leaving a similar force of regular troops at home as a reserve. When I compare the military strength of England now with what it was in 1854, I am as amazed at the condition of military weakness and helplessness, in which we were when we began the Russian war of that year, as I am at the ignorance of those who are now to be heard croaking over our supposed want of strength and our alleged consequent inability to fight. Unlike most other nations, if we declare war, we need have no apprehension of invasion; this confers upon us the great advantage of being able to choose our own time for beginning active hostilities; and as our army would necessarily have to be conveyed by sea to the theatre of war, we are always able to select the line of operations considered best and most suitable to the force we act with. In fact the initiative would rest with us, and I need not tell the student of history how invaluable it is to the commander who knows how to take advantage of it. But if we are to secure this national advantage of the initiative, we must act with unity of purpose. In seasons of great peril it is good that one bear sway, and all should support the mode of action selected, even although some may think the plans they have themselves conceived would lead to better results. It is far more important in warlike matters that all should act as one man, than that the ideally best course of action should be adopted.

England can never engage in any great war unless it be thoroughly popular with the nation; but if the warlike spirit of the people be aroused in earnest, we all know that Her Majesty will never want soldiers to fight for the honour and welfare of her kingdom. A great empire has been built up for us by the military achievements of our forefathers. I for my part trust we may be able now and always to address them after the manner of Prince Hal:

'You won it, ruled it, kept it, gave it us,
Then plain and right must our possession be;
Which we with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.'"

CHAPTER LXI.

LORD WOLSELEY—ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SCENES IN HIS LIFE—HIS CHARACTER AS DRAWN BY MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES.

FOLLOWING our usual plan of instructing the mind through the eye, we have illustrated our life of Lord Wolseley with pictures that bring the chief details of his life before our readers' attention. First, we have the house where he was born, modest and unpretending, but evidently substantial and comfortable; then we have the school where he was educated; then a picture from Zululand; and finally a view of his reception at Dover when he returned to his native land after his triumphant suppression of Arabi's rebellion. We need not dwell on these events again, for they are fully described in the chapters of our work devoted to the biography of our General. Let us then conclude this part of our subject with a few remarks on Lord Wolseley's character and exploits from the able pen of Mr. Archibald Forbes:—"When he was gazetted to the

80th, it was on service in Burmah, where Sir John Cheape was conducting what is known as 'The Second Burmese War.' Sir John was operating against a certain Burmese chieftain, who owned the euphonious name of Myat-Loon, and also the reputedly impregnable stronghold of Kyoult Azein, situated in the heart of a dense jungle. The outworks of this stronghold had to be taken by storm, and Wolseley, only just joined, volunteered to lead the storming detachment. His handful of the 80th was conjoined in the operation with a little band of Madras Infantry under the command of Lieutenant Taylor. Taylor and Wolseley raced for the honour of being first inside the enemy's works. Neither won, owing to circumstances over which neither had any control. Both were simultaneously wounded, and strangely enough in the same place. A gingal ball struck Wolseley on the left thigh, tearing away a mass of muscle and flesh. Taylor suffered similarly, but with the more lethal addition that his femoral artery was severed. He bled to death on the spot. Wolseley slowly recovered, but he will bear to his grave the furrow of the gingal ball. When at home convalescent, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 90th, then in the Crimea. After a short spell of trench service with his regiment, Wolseley was selected for duty as acting-engineer of our right attack, and filled this post through the long cruel winter. He was gazetted a captain in the end of 1854, but the promotion was cancelled. And for what reason it would not be easy to guess. Because of Wolseley's youth! He had not been too young to earn the promotion, but the authorities thought a lad of twenty-one and a half too young for a captaincy! Wolseley, justly incensed, threatened to resign if deprived of the promotion he had won, and the authorities cancelled the cancellation. He was thanked in despatches for his services in the capture of the Quarries, and took part in the first unsuccessful assault of the Redan. When engaged in his engineer work in the trenches in August, 1855, Wolseley was all but shattered by a shell that killed the two sappers who were assisting him. The shell burst in a gabion that had been packed with gravel, and the explosion simply 'stuck Wolseley full of stones.' Jagged bits of pebbles were imbedded in him all over from head to foot. There was not a square inch of his face that had not its stone; his left cheek was all but torn away, his eyes were closed (to this day he is blind of one eye, and part of the bone of his left shin was carried away bodily. Fortunately he has been able to keep the eye left to him pretty wide open. He was picked up for dead, but astonished the surgeons who were speaking of him as quite gone by cheerily mumbling that he was 'worth a dozen dead men yet.' This wound, or rather this broadcast area of wounds, temporarily invalided him, and so he missed being present at the capture of the great fortress of the Euxine. He had mended, however, by 1857, and started with his regiment for service in China. The 90th was one of the regiments with this destination which Lord Canning's swift steamers contrived to catch *en route*, and divert to India to aid in the quelling of the great Mutiny that had broken out with so fell an unexpectedness. The gallant 'Perthshire Greybreeks' were included in the column which Sir Colin Campbell led from Cawnpore to the second relief of Lucknow. From the Dilkoosha Sir Colin had sent the 'Black Watch' down the slope on the Martinière. The 93rd and the Sikhs had made a ghastly shambles of the once beautiful Secunderabagh garden. Peel's men, of the *Shannon*, were slogging with their ship's guns into the massive structure of the Shah Nujeef, preparatory to carrying it by escalade out of the branches of a tree which grew against the walls of the shrine. Wolseley, with his two companies of the 90th, was sent to the left to carry the 'Mess House.' The way to its compound wall was across the open.

Wolseley's fellows took with them a couple of light guns. So fierce was the Sepoy fire that, to use Wolseley's own quaint colloquialism, 'the bullets dropped off the tires of the wheels like peas off a drum.' The Mess House was carried with a rush, Wolseley with his own hand, in the midst of a hailstorm of bullets, pulling down the flag of the mutineers from the staff in its roof, and planting in its place the British banner which he carried. Beyond the Mess House lay the Palace known as the Motee Mahal, the last rebel post separating the relieving force from their environed fellow countryfolk. Wolseley led his detachment forward to the assault of the Motee Mahal, which in its turn was taken and cleared after hard fighting and severe loss. This operation consummated the relief. Between the Motee Mahal and the steam-engine post, lay only Mr. Martin's house, which the rebels had evacuated. Young Moorsom ran the gauntlet, and the connection was established. It was Wolseley who greeted the *avant courier* of the besieged.

It has never been my good fortune to accompany a force on campaign under the command of Lord Wolseley, and I write,

THE RETURN FROM EGYPT—THE WELCOME AT DOVER, OCTOBER 28, 1882.

therefore, under some disadvantage. But the expedition which he conducted from Malta to Cyprus when he went to organize the British administration of that island, was at least of a semi-military character, and the opportunity offered of watching his methods as well as a commander as a civil organizer and administrator. His leading characteristic struck me as equanimity. There were many temptations to irritation, in the defective commissariat arrangement, in the characteristic obstructiveness of the Turkish authority whom we were dispossessing, in the hazy indefiniteness of the situation generally. But Wolseley, decisive, nay, incisive when occasion demanded, never betrayed a sign of temper. That he was energetic, one could discern, not less than that his powers of hard work—and of fruitful hard work—were exceptional; but there was no gustiness in the energy, and he slid through his hard work with apt, bright dexterity. He never fussed; and he never entangled himself in the labyrinth of trifles. The absence of all friction in his administrative methods stood accounted for partly by his own idiosyncrasy, partly—a phrase, indeed, of the other reason—because of the

perfect organization and thorough interworking of his staff. I travelled out from home with Wolseley and his staff. The latter had been gathered together hurriedly, but its members met, blended, and set to work in the saloon carriage between Dover and Calais, as if they had stepped into it out of a department in which they had been co-operating for years. While they settled minor points of detail, their chief meanwhile slept serenely, easy in the perfect assurance, based on experience, that his subordinates would deal with these as he would desire they should be dealt with. It was clear to me thus early, and the impression but grew in distinctness, that Wolseley was the man who decided, who decreed, the centurion who said 'Do this;' and that he had recruited for the fulfilment of his behests a set of men on whom he could rely as intelligent and devoted executants, and to whom therefore he could and did confide the functions assigned to each, reserving himself as the chief, unhampered by a multiplicity of details, for the big work of resolving and directing. In all this he was making no experiment. He was sure of his 'machine;' it was of his construction; he had selected every cog and pinion of it; and had tested its efficiency, both in parts and as a whole.

That machine was the congeries of staff officers which outsiders, as they gnash their teeth, designate as the 'Wolseley Gang.' The outsiders do not deny the efficiency of the gang as a working instrument; their grievance is that it should always consist of the same men. There are as good men, they angrily contend, outside the gang as those who are inside the favoured pale; why should Wolseley always lead the same officers on to appointments, opportunities of distinction and rewards, instead of giving other men—the 'outsiders' themselves, inferentially—an opportunity to win tricks in the game? Wolseley makes no specific reply, but his tacit answer is unimpeachable. 'I know these men of mine,' he says in effect, 'and they know me. I selected them originally because of my discernment of character, not at the behest of interest or from the dictates of nepotism. We have worked long together; their familiarity with my methods and my just reliance on them, relieves me of half the burden of command. And again, it is obvious that I must ever, as more important commands are assigned me, be widening the pale of the 'gang.' I never see a man doing good work in the quiet efficient manner that I like, that I do not recruit him into my following. I am always on the alert for capable men, since they are not so plentiful; and, oh! outsider, if you should fulfil my requirements, your turn may come to-morrow.' Further, contends the outsider, somewhat inconsistently, the credit of Wolseley's success is due, not so much to his own merits, as to the attributes of his followers. They forget the legal axiom—*quid facit per alios, facit per se.* That intuitive discernment of character by which Wolseley recognises the capacity of a man for his own purposes, is an attribute second to no gift that a commander can possess. Nor can any one who has had opportunities for watching the professional intercourse between Wolseley and his long accustomed supporters, fail to note that his is ever the unquestioned and unquestionable master-mind.

The key-note to the constitution of that group of devoted adherents who have come to be designated as the 'Wolseley Gang,' I take to be its completeness for the functions which it has to perform as a composite whole. In each of its constituent elements, its compounder, if I may use the expression, has discerned some specific attribute, of which, when the occasion calls it into requisition, he shall take astute and purposeful avail. As a whole, then, it is *totus, teres, atque rotundus,* an engine effectively adapted to a wide range of potential uses. The individual units of that whole do not strike one as by any means, one and all, men of exceptional general military ability. Some of them, indeed, may be called dull men. But never a one of them but has his

speciality. One has a genius for prompt organization; another a rare faculty for administration. A third has a winning manner and a good address, a fourth is the scout of scouts. You may wonder what Wolseley can see in So and so, that he has them always with him. Watch events long enough, and time will furnish you with the answer. This man, perhaps of no great account for ordinary purposes, has a strange gift, when there is doubt in regard to some line of action, of defining the right course in a single rugged, trenchant, pithy sentence that carries conviction; him, one may see, Wolseley keeps just to help him to make up his mind. This other man has seemingly no attribute at all, save inertness, a love for gazing on the wine when it is red, and the cultivation of strong language. But he too has his gift. Arrange for him a plan of attack, set everything in order, tell him that all is ready, and that he may go to work. Then you can discern for what Wolseley has enrolled him in the gang. He draws his sword, he lets a roar out of him fit to wake the dead; he becomes a veritable god of battle—a lambent thunderbolt of war; he radiates from him the mysterious irresistible magnetism that inspires men to follow him, ay, to use the rough soldier-phrase, 'through hell and out at the farther side.' The deed done, the conqueror wipes and sheathes his sword, mops his forehead, sighs for a big drink, and is conspicuous no more till he shall be wanted again.

There is to be said that no one of Wolseley's special men have belied the discrimination which selected him, at all events while remaining under the inspiration of the chief who recruited him. One or two there may have been who have shown un-wisdom when placed in independent positions; yet others, although rarely, have failed to earn approbation under other leaders. But this is but a tribute to the force at once of Wolseley's influence, and the acumen of his discernment of character. He can inspire his subordinates, he can allocate them to duties in the fulfilment of which they earn credit, and contribute to the success of him their master. The 'gang' as an aggregate, is a weapon of extraordinary and diverse force; break it up and its parts are but the withes of the fagot, with here and there a stick of exceptional stoutness.

On occasion he has had to contend against exceptional natural obstacles, and those he has conquered with skilful and gallant constancy. It must be added that he has lacked no appliances which the resources of a wealthy nation in the van of civilization could contribute. His every requisition—and he has requisitioned with a free hand—has been met. He orders a railway—a railway is sent him. The world is harried for mules to constitute his transport, and the wharves groan with the multifarious supplies he has indented for. That he is wise and right to avail himself of the lavish appliances the nation is fain to supply at his bidding, goes without saying; but it is not to be denied that they smooth his path to success. Wellington was stinted of everything by a grudging Government, from men and money to supplies and munitions; tinned provisions were unknown to him, and jams and marmalade undreamt of; he had to feed himself, improvise his own transport, raise his own money; but he cleared the Peninsula and marched to the Garonne. One need not multiply instances within Lord Wolseley's earlier personal experience of successful operations carried out with hardly a tittle of the resources which have ever been so freely at his command. Putting out of reckoning his present enterprise, in regard to which no judgment is perhaps fair or possible, it remains that, thus equipped, Wolseley has been set to do nothing that he has not done promptly, neatly, cleanly, adroitly. He has fully answered every call that has been made upon him, and that without apparent strain. It would be absurd to assert that he has been tried very highly; but I remember using this expression before the present

campaign was begun: 'It seems a fair augury from that past to which Wolseley has ever been equal, that he is likely to prove equal to any future that may come to him.'

The races are mixed in Wolseley, and the cross accounts for the curiously varied traits which his character discloses. His family is a cadet branch of the old Staffordshire Wolseleys, who still hold their property in the Midlands, and who are Anglo-Saxon. The branch from which he springs has been domiciled in Ireland from the time of William III., and intermarriages with Hibernian families have brought it about that quite half the blood in Lord Wolseley's veins is Celtic blood. It is from that he gets his audacity, his *élan*, his buoyancy, his *débonnaire aplomb*, his strain of mostly well-timed recklessness, his alert dexterity, his *finesse*, the adroit suppleness which occasionally astonishes his friends, his warmth of heart. The Saxon blood in him gives him his steadfast constancy under conditions however depressing, his solid strength to hold his own against hostile intrigues, his calm manliness, his almost unparalleled equanimity, his cool, steady rancour against those who have done him despite, his unfaltering fidelity in friendships. Wolseley is a man who must have risen, no matter what avocation he had chosen to pursue. That from boyhood he had a special predilection for the military profession is true; it does not conclusively follow from this that he has a special genius for war. So far as his career has revealed itself, he makes war well, just as he would have done well any other duty that might have fallen to his lot; simply as he would have gained a reputation for success in delicate missions if he had been a diplomat, or attained to the position of a director of the Bank of England had he been a merchant. If he had been a bootblack, he would have started a 'Boot-polishing Company, Limited,' with himself as managing director; if he had gone into patent medicines, he would have out-advertised Professor Holloway, and secured the testimony not of an Arab sheik, but of an emperor, in favour of the efficacy of his pills. No adverse conditions could have held Wolseley down; no native obscurity could have kept him mute, inglorious. And it may be added, that he could have touched nothing which he would not have adorned."

CHAPTER LXII.

GRAHAM'S EXPEDITION—DEFEAT OF BAKER PASHA—NEW PREPARATIONS.

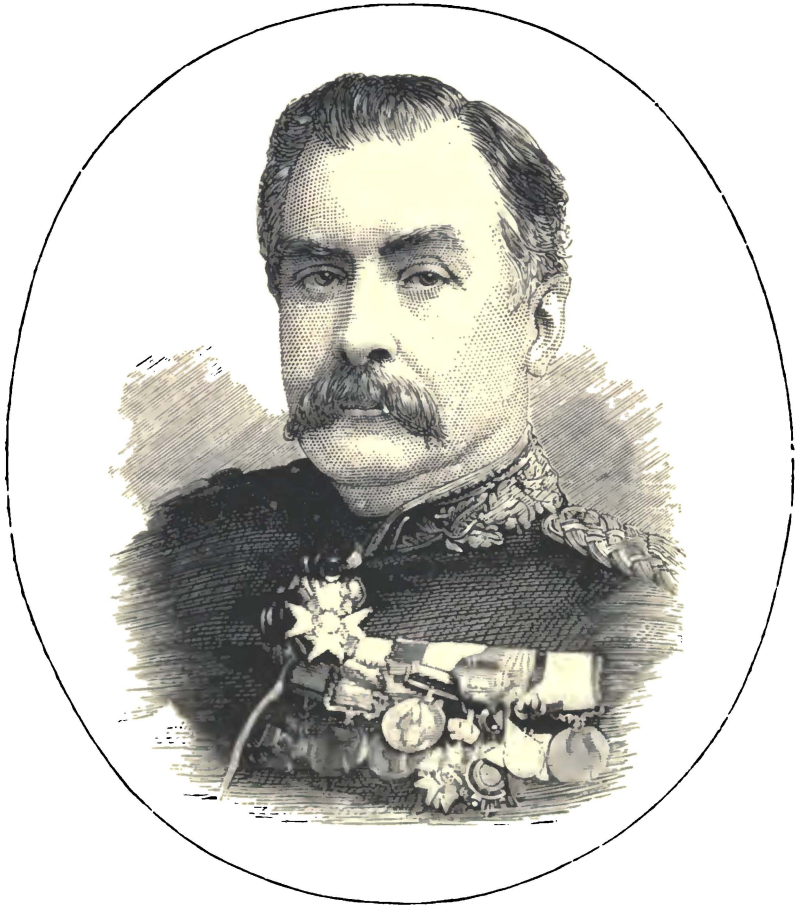
AFTER the annihilation of the army of Hicks Pasha, things in the Soudan seemed to go from bad to worse. The Egyptian officials were as bad as they possibly could be, and their exactions drove the population into a state of rebellion. Hitherto a great deal had been suffered in sullen silence. It was thought there was no help for it. Now, however, it was seen that the Egyptians soldiers were as cowardly as the Egyptian officials were base. Hence there were risings everywhere, and the Egyptian Government was in great difficulties to meet the demand made on its resources. Finally, it was determined to send Baker Pasha to combat the enemy on the east of the Soudan, and to leave the Mahdi to do very much as he liked with the west.

An exact translation of the instructions to Baker Pasha, along with a letter which followed them, are here appended. These documents show his wide powers:—

"General,—Having confidence in the high military capacity which distinguish you, I have nominated you to take command of the operations which have for their object the pacification of the region lying between Berber and Souakin, and the maintenance of communications between these two points.

In entrusting you with this mission, I have to acquaint you with my general views upon the conduct of these operations.

In carrying out this mission you should use every means of conciliation and diplomacy, with a view to secure the obedience and submission of the sheiks of the different tribes before having recourse to force.



LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM, V.C., K.C.B.

To the gendarmes actually at Souakin will be added the black battalions under the command of Zebehr Pasha, who will be placed directly under your orders, and whose well-known influence among the tribes of the Soudan you will not fail to utilize.

The command with civil and military powers of all parts of the Soudan which you may reach is conferred upon you; and this command implies the right to inflict the penalty of death after the sentence of a court-martial, or of any ordinary tribunal, according as the culprits are military or civil.

The power of declaring any city or dis-

trict in a state of siege, and of acting in accordance therewith, is also conferred upon you.

Such, General, are my principal views upon the operations which you will have to conduct.

I have full and entire confidence in your proved capacity, and in the devotion which you have never ceased to show to me, and I hope for the best results from the mission which I entrust to you.

(L.S.) MEHEMET TEWFIK."

"17 *Sefer*, 1301 (*December* 17, 1883).

Although I have, in a previous order, traced in a general manner the line of conduct which you should follow in the mission entrusted to you, I have thought it advisable to indicate to you again privately what you have to do.

The mission entrusted to you, having as its object the pacification of the regions designated in my above-mentioned order, and the maintenance, as far as possible, of communication between Berber and Souakin, I wish you to act with the greatest prudence on account of the insufficiency of the forces placed under your command.

I think it would be hazardous to commence any military operation before receiving the reinforcements which shall be sent to you with Zebehr Pasha. Whilst awaiting these reinforcements you should devote yourself to raising the tone and courage of the soldiers, and assuring the safety and defence of the town of Souakin.

If, in the event of the situation improving, you should consider an action necessary, I rely on your prudence and ability not to engage the enemy except under the most favourable conditions. Such are, General, the views with which I have wished to make you privately acquainted. My confidence in your prudence enables me to count upon your conforming to them.

(Signed) MEHEMET TEWFIK."

Baker Pasha accordingly proceeded with his mission, and on 1st February, 1884, left Trinkitat with an army to relieve Tokar. On the way they were attacked by a comparatively small body of Arabs, and notwithstanding the splendid courage of Baker Pasha, and a few Europeans who accompanied him, the cowardly Egyptians fled at once, without even making a proper effort to defend themselves. The battle, if it could be called such, only lasted eight minutes. When the news of this shameful conflict, and of the increase of the insurrection that at once followed, reached England, it was determined that our interests were involved, and that if we did not interfere the rebels would soon possess themselves of the ports on the Red Sea, and probably advance on Egypt proper. It was therefore determined to drive them back, and relieve Tokar if possible. The *Times*, describing the expedition under General Graham, says that "General Graham, with the head-quarters staff, left Suez on Monday, and it may be well to recapitulate the force which he is to command. The 19th Hussars, consisting of 372 men and 311 horses, left Alexandria on the 14th, and Suez on the 18th, in the *Neæra* and *Osiris*. The 6th Battery 1st Brigade Scottish Division Royal Artillery, equipped with mountain guns, went in the *Rinaldo*. The Royal Highlanders (Black Watch), 750 strong; the 26th Company Royal Engineers, 46 strong; and 100 mounted infantry left Suez on the 16th in the *Orontes*. The 3rd Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps sailed the same day in the *Bokhara*. The *Thibet* left Suez on the 18th with the Gordon Highlanders, 723 strong. Of these, the *Bokhara* has arrived at Souakin and landed her freight. The *Orontes* is said to have gone on to Trinkitat. Of the troops stopped on their way, the *Jumna* has arrived at Souakin and landed the 10th Hussars, 17 officers, and 289 men; with the M Battery 1st Brigade Royal Artillery, 3 officers, and 84 men; the 2nd Battalion Princess Victoria's (Royal Irish Fusiliers), 20 officers, 344 men; and 106 time-expired men. Besides all these, there are the military police, 17 men and 9 horses. The Marines,

if they all arrive in time, will count for a strong battalion. At any rate, there will be at least 500 of them. The *Ranger* has gone on to Trinkitat, and it is expected that the whole force will be concentrated there by Saturday. This is rather later than at first proposed, but is not a bad result considering how sudden the step was of sending a force at all. The three line regiments are at about the regular colonial strength, and make up 2,100 infantry. The total force despatched from Suez numbers about 97 officers and 2,900 men—in all 3,000. Adding the Marines—at least 500—the Irish Fusiliers, the Artillery, and the York and Lancaster Regiment, if it arrives, together with the 10th Hussars, the available force will be about 5,000, and it will have provisions for about a month. A strong opinion is expressed that a force of field artillery should have been sent, as it might have been, from Cairo. This mattered little so long as the Arabs had no guns or could not use them, but they seem to be learning the use of the Krupp guns taken from General Baker's force. The small brass Egyptian guns will be worse than useless, not only because they are miserable weapons, but because the enemy will have better. It may turn out, after all, that the trouble of embarking a battery of good English field artillery would have well repaid itself. Better for the purpose than the brass popguns will be six machine guns, manned by blue-jackets from the fleet.

To supply partially the place of the troops gone southwards, No. 1 Battery 1st Brigade Scottish Division Royal Artillery and the 1st Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment embarked at Malta on the 19th for Alexandria, where also a force of blue-jackets had been landed. The 2nd Battalion Essex Regiment is ordered to embark at Gibraltar for Malta to-day, and will probably go on to Alexandria.

The despatch of a force of this strength in a week from the time when the first orders were received is not, on the whole, a bad performance, considering the nature of the expedition, which involves co-operation between land and sea forces. But there is probably little to boast of in the amount of transport which goes with the troops. In Egypt, as elsewhere, all English forces are apparently content to have little or no permanent organization to supply this most important of all the auxiliaries to an army. The habit of having the greater part of the transport in peace performed by contract or by the ordinary civil means, and the unmilitary objection to anything which bears the faintest resemblance to conscription, have created among us an inveterate habit of leaving all arrangements for the provision of transport to take care of themselves at the last moment. Great difficulties arose from this habit in the late campaign against Arabi, and it is evident that the army of occupation in Egypt is as badly prepared in land transport as English forces always are. For the particular object of the present eepedition little transport is required. The troops are not likely to be on any occasion twenty miles from the ships. But it is to be observed that the regiments were unprepared for even so short a journey as this, seeing that they have had to draw their transport from the Egyptian army, which accordingly becomes immovable. The excuse will be urged that transport costs money, and there is none to spare in Egypt. But this is not at all certain. In a country like Egypt, where the soldiers are brought to the ranks by force, it could not be difficult to establish a system of legal registration by which sufficient animals and vehicles should always be at the disposal of the army of occupation in case of need. If it were only to give practice in organization, the habit of providing transport for war purposes should be cultivated. The English army is the most unquiet on the face of the earth. We are always moving troops about from one part of the globe to another. Thus we have great experience in one kind of transport, and can send a small force a few thousand miles by sea while other

nations would be thinking about it; but we are never ready for even a small march inland. It ought not to be forgotten that in the Egyptian campaign of 1882 the mules which had been bought in divers places were only beginning to arrive as the campaign came to an end after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. When Arthur Wellesley first took charge of the army in Portugal which he immortalized, and which immortalized him, it was so deficient in transport that it could not move to take advantage of the success at Vimeira. He positively could not carry on a campaign with it as it was. And we may see the same story always repeated. The Crimean army nearly perished, chiefly from want of transport and of officers who knew that transport was required. At the Cape, months were wasted in procuring transport. In Afghanistan, again, transport was the one great difficulty in the early stages of the campaign, and now at last the army of occupation cannot relieve a post fifteen miles from the sea without disorganizing Sir Evelyn Wood's force to provide transport. However, that amount of transport was available, and it left Suez on the 19th in three ships, the *Teddington*, the *Mehallah*, and the *Chibin*.

Our Cairo correspondent points out the necessity of sending two battalions to Assouan as soon as possible, to make it felt there that England is in earnest. From another source comes the report that orders have been issued for two English battalions and two battalions of Sir Evelyn Wood's first brigade, officered by Englishmen, to go together. This would show a determination on the part of the English Government to make their hand felt as it has not been hitherto.

It is announced that General Baker is to be placed in charge of the Intelligence Department of the force. The satisfaction of English officers generally at this step has been foreshadowed by the warm welcome given to General Baker by his old comrades of the 10th Hussars. Not only will he be welcomed for 'auld lang syne,' but also because of his peculiar abilities. There are many men in the army now who have acquired a large amount of military knowledge by study, and many others who have seen a considerable amount of active service, with or without much benefit from it. But there are few men in any army who have the acquired knowledge, the experience in the field, and, above all, the military eye of General Baker. This last possession is extremely rare, and the qualities which go to make a cavalry officer of General Baker's stamp are hardly found once in a generation.

The *Orontes* and *Jumna* went yesterday to the rendezvous at Ras Mahdi, conveying the Marines, Rifles, and Fusiliers; also Her Majesty's ship *Carysfort*, with marines and sailors.

It appears to be taken for granted that the relief of Tokar is to be carried out on the same lines as those of General Baker's attempt. But this, like all speculations on military affairs, must depend upon circumstances. When a force is embarked it becomes movable in a very different sense from the limited mobility of a column on land. In one night, or even in two or three hours, it can land in an unexpected place and thus out-manœuvre the enemy. The final decision is likely to be governed rather by the movements of Osman Digna than by the exact limits of a cut-and-dried plan; but the landing at Trinkitat seems probable, because it would place the troops in a position to make the shortest possible march on land, require least transport, and finish the affair in the shortest time. It would appear that Souakin is now garrisoned only by 150 marines, 180 blue-jackets, and 2,000 blacks, who are well known to be the best fighters of all the inhabitants of the Soudan."

CHAPTER LXIII.

GRAHAM'S EXPEDITION—EL TEB AND TAMANIEB.

BEFORE the British force, described in our last, was able to collect itself at Souakin, the news came that Tokar had fallen, and the fall, as was afterwards known, was, in all probability, due to treachery. This made the rebels under Osman Digna still more presumptuous. They collected in great force at El Teb, a few miles from Trin-

SOUAKIN, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR.

kitat, but here, however, they were defeated with great slaughter. About a fortnight afterwards, at Tamanieb, near Souakin, another battle was fought, which resulted, for the time, in the utter dispersal of Osman Digna's force. Of this battle a special correspondent gives us a short account. He begins by remarking that "a straight line drawn to a distance of sixteen miles south-west from Souakin would strike the centre of the chord of the huge arc on which the mountains there group themselves. Up to this chord the plain is tolerably level, rising, however, hillwards, with a gentle slope, from which at the already named distance the town of Souakin is faintly visible, and the remoter sea-line illusively rises beyond the actual horizon. But beyond the chord the plain dips and breaks into an intricate corrugation of the craggy, barren, sun-baked ravines, separated from each other by sandy level spaces, in some of which only a handful of men can find foothold, while

in more than one of the others an army of a hundred thousand men might perform its evolutions, and that too without the view of an inquisitive enemy on the plateau. In one of these flat-bottomed ravines flow the wells of Tamanieb, clear, cool, softly murmurous, round the base of a bare, hot, knotty mount of granite. Not for all the wealth of Golconda would the Arabs exchange these scanty springlets which the savage crags seem to hold watch over jealously. In another ravine, beyond the springs, lies Osman Digna's camp—or more properly speaking, it did lie until last Friday morning, when the last of it, with salvoes of Remington cartridges and shrapnel shells, which exploded in his well-stocked magazines, disappeared in flame and smoke. On the plateau itself, near where the dip begins, and opposite to these two spots, was fought last Thursday morning one of the most obstinate battles in which any British force has for many years been engaged. English victories have in the East generally been combinations of luck and pluck. On this occasion the luck has been singularly conspicuous—so startlingly providential that the victors, had they been pagans of old, would have leapt to the grateful conclusion that their tribal deities had personally shared in the fray. Considering the reckless bravery of the enemy, and the multiplicity of opportunities which he neglected and which we offered him, the battle of Tamanieb is perhaps the most remarkable of the kind on record.

The Arabs—I do not call them rebels; almost every Englishman who fought them calls them admiringly patriots—missed one or two good opportunities when we bivouacked in our zareba. But before describing the facts, I must briefly explain what the zareba was, and how we got there. I showed in a telegram how we marched out in two hollow squares from the breastwork of prickly bush which General Baker had raised two months ago. After marching six miles south-westwards, and reaching the imaginary chord of which I have spoken above, the line of march was diverted sharply south-eastwards. A position was selected about half-way between our next morning's battle-field and the hill (also mentioned in a telegram) upon which General Graham and his staff stood on Wednesday afternoon to survey the country. The position sloped gently upwards towards the dip of the plateau. On this slope then, and along the level part into which it merged on the Souakin side, the troops bivouacked. They did not entrench themselves. They merely cut down the prickly bushes, inside which they fenced themselves, men, horses, ambulances, commissariat trains, mules, and camels. But the zareba, or prickly breastwork, was nowhere half as strong as General Baker's. The fact that these tribes are hardly ever known to attack at night doubtless accounts for the General's abstention from further endeavour to strengthen the post. However, the Arabs did their best to worry us, and by depriving us of sleep, to spoil our nerves for the morning's work. Stretched on the sand after our late dinner of biscuit, 'bully' beef, whisky, and when most of us were on the verge of sleep, we were aroused by a brisk rattle of musketry. Bullets came whistling and hissing overhead, crashing into the bushes, or falling with a hard thud into the sand. The fitful fusillade lasted until after daybreak. The safest portion of the camp during all this firing was, of course, that nearest the enemy—namely, on the ascent pointing to the enemy's position. The bullets flew harmlessly over the slope and fell into the centre and rear of the camp. To avoid the fire we lay, whether sleepy or wakeful, down flat on the sand. After midnight came a long pause, and we thought the Arabs had made up their minds to leave us alone; and the men were again falling asleep. But the camp was aroused out of its uneasy drowsiness by a sudden roaring and confused hubbub of voices. Every one sprang to his feet and seized his arms. In their half-sleep the men fancied the Arabs

were upon them. What caused the panic I forget. It might have been a mule breaking loose and galloping with a tin kettle knocking about his heels. Anything, the most absurdly trifling cause, may lead to a night panic even among the best disciplined troops. On Friday night, for instance, at Baker's zareba, where some of the returning troops rested until the morning, there took place a brief scare, which those on the spot attributed to somebody crying out in his sleep. 'The Johnnies' are upon us, was the instant conclusion; those in the zareba jumped out of it, while those outside jumped in, and for a moment the scene was one of wild confusion. On the Wednesday night the din lasted only for a moment, and though, as already said, the firing lasted for hours after, the men troubled themselves no more about it. They consigned the 'Johnnies' to a warmer locality than the Soudan, and did their best to fall asleep. A good many grumbled that the camp had been pitched on a spot unnecessarily close and exposed to the enemy. But what if the Arabs had chosen to harass our camp with a dropping fire from the nearest hill—that from which, as already said, the General had viewed the situation? There was nothing to prevent the Arabs from doing so—nothing but their own ignorance or want of thought.

We marched out of this zareba a few minutes after eight o'clock, still following the south-westerly course, when we halted. Each brigade—the Second, under General Davis, composed of the Black Watch, 65th, and Marines; and the First, under General Buller, containing the 75th, 89th, and 60th —was drawn up in square, with guns in front line. The march out was rather hurried, and the Second, or attacking, brigade was, as the event showed, led too near the edge of the slope. If I were to state the general opinion on this subject, it would be that the precaution should have been adopted of searching the line of the plateau, in order to ascertain how the enemy were concealed below, and whether they could not be subjected to an enfilading fire. I have already telegraphed that on the day before the battle Admiral Hewitt despatched a special messenger to headquarters with a letter in which the enemy's plan of an ambuscade, as brought in by a spy, was detailed. The value of the information might, it seems, have been tested at one or two points to the right of our line of advance. In one spot, in particular, where the corner of a ravine opened into the plateau, one or two active scouts would have discovered what the enemy were about. The plain truth is, that we hurried along as if we feared we should not catch our enemy. The enemy, much too soon for our convenience, found us. Our front line, composed of the 42nd and 65th (the same regiments also forming the left and right flanks, respectively, of the imperfectly formed square) was ordered to charge. On this point, however, a dispute has arisen which is still unsettled—whether, namely, the two half-battalions in the front line charged simultaneously. The fact is, that the 42nd charged instantly, and the 65th at a short interval, and more quickly than the flank half-battalion. The inequality of movement in the latter case left the right corner and part of the right flank of the square open. Worse still, the charge was made, to quote the common expression in camp, 'at nothing.' The line stopped short, and in a few moments the Arab rush took place, and the Highlanders and 65th were so closely packed together that they had hardly elbow room to use their weapons. The machine guns, which had been hurried up, were in action for a few brief moments only, when the Arabs were surrounding them, crawling under them, and spear-thrusting at the officers and bluejackets who worked them. The Arabs poured in from every part of the slope, but more particularly along the shoulder of one of the ravines. A great cloud of them scudded swiftly along, each man with his body inclined forward and downwards, with his lance in rest. On reaching the square,

the Arabs jumped up, so to speak, to their full height, extended their shields, poised their spears aloft, and threw themselves on the front and right flank of our square. No words can describe the demoniac rush of those tall, handsome, brown-skinned savages, with nothing but a spear, a stick, and not always a shield, upon some of the best disciplined and most renowned troops in the British army. Through the smoke and dust, with their bright spears gleaming, I saw them fall as they crowded onwards, swarm after swarm, with the disorder but with the single purpose of a horde of wild beasts. An officer who was placed in a different part of the square from that in which I stood, compared the appearance presented by Arabs and English troops in that quarter to that of players in a close struggle at football. In one spot the Arabs were pressing hard against the too solid mass of their opponents, preventing our men from loading, and stabbing and prodding at the m with their spears at short grasp. In another they were elbowing and wedging their way, man by man, in the desperate attempt to penetrate to the inside of the square. Only three or four, however, really broke the square. They forced their path in by the gap already mentioned as having been created in the right front and right flank by the unequal advance of the battalions. They were killed as soon as they entered. The square was crushed inwards, not invaded—or, as it would be called, broken. And the Arabs crushed it in because they fell with such swift suddenness upon the Highlanders and 65th that the two latter, falling back in order to load and fire, became clubbed together. I could not help comparing the terrible scene to that of General Baker's ill-fated square at El Teb. We turned one of their own guns upon them as soon as we entered their entrenchments. If the Arabs had had any among them who understood the use of Gatling guns and Gardiners they could have served us in the same way, and with the six which they captured in this rush they might have played havoc in our ranks. Onwards and onwards the tide of wild savagery beat against our lines. So close was the contest that more than one officer, such as Captain Stevenson, of the Black Watch, was forced to strike with his left fist and the hilt, or "basket," of his claymore. The front half-battalion of the 42nd fell back, with a movement similar to a door closing upon its hinges. In other words, it was pressing upon the left flank half-battalion and the Marines, the latter of whom formed the rear of our so-called square. The Marines stood quietly, never flinching for an instant. As the 65th also fell back, the Arab rush was deflected outwards again, towards what a moment or two before was our front, and then round by the left half-battalion of the Black Watch. The Brigade was thus being attacked on three sides. Our men retired step by step, thrusting with their bayonets, or turning round, with loaded rifles, to fire. The finest and bravest troops who ever existed could not, under such circumstances, have made a better stand than those of General Davis's brigade offered. It was during this retirement, to a distance of from two to three hundred yards, that the 42nd lost so heavily—one officer, Captain Aitken, and sixty-one men, including eight or ten sergeants (at this moment I forget the exact figures). The whole line of the two or three hundred yards retreat was covered with the bodies of the Arabs, thus showing how desperate the combat had been. In the course of the retirement, two bodies—one a portion of the 42nd, the other the Marines—succeeded in throwing themselves into square formation. This had the effect of partially arresting the Arabs. Then the rest of the retreating battalion formed up. General Buller's brigade opened fire upon the rushing swarm of the enemy. The cavalry came round by the left flank of General Davis's square, now a square no longer, and dismounting, fired. Then the Arabs retreated to the edge of the plateau, and after a halt, the Second Brigade advanced upon

them in line. Again, too, the Arabs rushed upon their foe, but the gallant attempt was short-lived, and they soon disappeared down the slope and into the ravines. Their bravest warriors had been slain, and the heart, to use an Oriental expression, had been taken out of the survivors. No enemy ever fought with such fierce desperation, with such indifference to their own lives, as our opponents at Tamanieb. Numbers of them who had hurled their spears threw stones for want of better weapons. Colonel Green, of the 42nd, was hit on the head by an Arab three or four yards in front of him. The brave savage was shot stone dead, I believe, by the Colonel himself, who owed his life on more than one occasion during the fight to his dexterous use of his revolver. The battle of Tamanieb was virtually over and won when the guns were retaken. Enough to add, that by mid-day the First Brigade, under General Buller, had reached Osman Digna's camp, pushing on to it across the ravines. In the advance over such frightful ground, it was, of course, found impossible to maintain the formation. But as the enemy were demoralized and in total rout this did not matter. It suggested, however, what the fortunes of the day might have been had the Arabs, by placing their ambuscade well within the labyrinth of ravines and rocks, induced us to enter them. From the manner in which part of the square had been ordered to charge, many, or rather most, of the regimental officers were and still are persuaded that it was intended to order a series of independent charges. I am told, but have not been able to corroborate the story, that before the fight the mounted infantry, who had been sent out to scout in front of our line of march, reported that the enemy were retiring. It was common, though by no means the universal, impression that after their great defeat at El Teb the Arabs would offer no serious resistance. The report, if it really was made, of the mounted infantry must naturally have influenced the General in command, and led him to advance at a faster pace and in less compact order than the sequel proved to be right. It has already appeared how the Arabs let slip one or two opportunities of which a civilized enemy would have taken advantage. Another remains to be noticed. When the two squares moved on to the attack, two or three detachments were left behind in the zareba to guard the ammunition and other stores. Between the zareba and the First Brigade the distance at the commencement of the action could not, I think, have exceeded five hundred yards. The Arabs, when attempting to make their way between it and the Second Brigade, might easily have attacked the zareba and made very short work of the small force holding it. But for the heavy fire maintained by General Buller's brigade, the Arabs would very probably have rushed at the breastwork. But, at the same time, it was open to them to attack it on the right flank—they seem to have been sufficiently numerous even for so extensive a movement—and, if they had done this, the First Brigade could not fire into them without at the same time firing into the zareba itself. The main effort of the Arabs was directed against the Second Brigade—General Davis's—the condition of which, at the supreme crisis, must have inspired them with the triumphant conviction that they were just about to repeat at Tamanieb the horror and carnage of the Egyptian overthrow at El Teb.

General Baker himself had said that if he had to fight another battle of El Teb he would march in the same formation which he adopted at the first time—that, namely, of a single large square. This declaration has been discussed largely since last Thursday, as regards its bearing on that day's tactics and manœuvring. Most judges appear favourable to the adoption of the single formation. The question may now be of comparatively little interest; but for the consideration of those who may be engaged in future wars of the Soudan type, it may be pointed out that neither of our two squares had any supports, by which a gap

in the sides might at any moment be filled. The precaution was adopted at the second battle of El Teb. Not even the gunners of the Naval Brigade had any support last Thursday. To this deficiency must be largely attributed the heavy loss sustained in officers and men by that splendid body.

We know, approximately, what the numbers were which attacked us at Tamai, or, to use the name which is more generally known, and is applicable to the whole district, Tamanieb. But the numbers present in the immediate vicinity of the actual scene of conflict may never be ascertained. It is believed there were large bodies which never engaged us at all, which would have swept upon us if the first rush had been successful, and which drew off through the ravines as soon as they saw how completely the onslaught of their fellow-tribesmen had been repulsed. Every Arab tribe, from Kassala to Souakin, was represented there on the day of the battle, and probably every tribe has lost more or fewer of its bravest warriors. The Arab tactics have been to make their first rush with their very best men, leaving it to the others to follow and complete the confusion and hoped-for massacre. They were perhaps the most savagely ferocious foes with whom British troops have ever come in contact. I have spoken of their courage, but it is the courage of tigers, and the mood in which they have engaged in these battles is the mood of wild beasts mad with fury and thirsting for blood. Their battles are battles in which quarter is neither asked for nor given on either side. Both at El Teb and at Tamanieb boys of twelve and fourteen years old rushed on, armed with spear and club, like their elders. The cubs instinctively showed fight as soon as their teeth and claws grew. On the morning after the battle a wounded Arab was found near the zareba by Col. Slade, who brought him in. I saw him when the doctors were attending to him. He received with brutish half-indifference, half-satisfaction, the kind treatment to which he was without delay subjected. He glared in a curiously absent manner at the group of persons who, standing around him, admired his lithe form, tall stature, and fine eyes and features. A piece of bread was given him. He gnawed half of it, and carelessly handed the other half of it away. Had our captive suddenly recovered his freedom and the use of his limbs, the very first thing he would have done would be to bound at the bundle of spears which a soldier had collected from the field, seize one, and thrust and stab right and left among his benefactors until he himself should be shot or cut down like a rabid dog. At least ten men were killed on Thursday in different parts of the field by wounded Arabs or Arabs who pretended to be dead. The last sight I had of the zareba where we were kept awake all night by the Arabs was that of our captive being conveyed to Souakin. He lay comfortably on a stretcher which was borne by four of the crew of H.M.S. *Euryalus*. A strange partnership between ruthlessness and humanity, savagery and civilization—and civilization was in the right. It was in the right; though we deemed it necessary to obliterate all traces of the four great graves in which we reverently laid the remains of the one hundred and twenty heroes who too vainly shed their blood on that ever memorable field. The graves have been left level with the desert. The chaplain and officers who attended at the sad ceremony can, by marks which they have carefully taken, identify the spot, and we hope and believe that our comrades will rest undesecrated and undisturbed in their desert graves."

The following beautiful lines of poetry may here fitly find a place, as describing the reflections of a soldier before a terrible fight like this :—

"Dear land of my birth, of my friends, of my love,
Shall I never again climb thy mountains,
Nor wander at eve through some lone leafy grove,
To list to the dash of thy fountains?
Shall no hand that I love close my faint beaming eye,
That darkens 'mid warfare and danger?

Ah! no, for I feel that my last heaving sigh
Must fleet on the gale of the stranger.

Then, farewell ye valleys, ye fresh blooming bowers,
Of childhood the once happy dwelling:
No more in your haunts shall I chase the gay hours,
For death at my bosom is knelling.
But proudly the lotus shall bloom o'er my grave,
And mark where a freeman is sleeping;
And my dirge shall be heard in the Nile's dashing waves,
While the Arab his night watch is keeping.

Twas a soldier who spoke—but his voice now is gone,
And lowly the hero is lying;
No sound meets the ear, save the crocodile's moan,
Or the breeze through the palm-tree sighing.
But lone though he rests where the camel is seen
By the wilderness heavily pacing;
His grave in our bosoms shall ever be green,
And his monument ne'er know defacing."

It was now thought that the object of the expedition had been accomplished, as orders were sent to General Graham to evacuate the Eastern Soudan. This he accordingly did, and thus one most unimportant chapter in the Soudan war came to an end.

CHAPTER LXIV.

Osman Digna—His Life at Souakin—Becomes the Mahdi's Lieutenant.

We have already given our readers a detailed account of the Mahdi; we now follow it up by an account of his Emir, or lieutenant, "Osman Ali, or, as he is sometimes called, Abubekr, Digna, the grandson of a Turkish merchant and slave-dealer, who settled at Souakin some time in the beginning of the century. This was long before the seaport passed from Turkish to Egyptian rule, and in the heyday of its prosperity as a place of export of slaves to the Arabian coast of the Red Sea. Ahmed Aga el Digna, as the Turk was named, married a woman of the Hadendowa tribe, a semi-nomad people whose head-quarters are at Fillik, not far from Kassala, and whose territories extend from Fillik some two hundred miles to the hills in the immediate neighbourhood of Souakin. In accordance with the tribal custom the children born of this marriage assumed their mother's nationality, and Ahmed Aga's eldest son, Abubekr, the present Emir's father, was regarded as a Hadendowa pure and simple. Abubekr bequeathed to his two sons, Osman and Ahmed, a thriving trade in European cottons and cutlery, as also in 'hubba soda'—'black ivory grain'—the slang term which the *djellabs*, or slave-dealers, apply to their human chattels. When Osman and his brother Ahmed succeeded to their father's business, the house of Digna reached the height of its prosperity. The head-quarters of the firm were at Souakin, on the outskirts of which was Osman's garden, where nowadays the British soldier, off duty, and with his hands in his pockets, may occasionally be seen smoking the pipe of contemplation. The Souakin branch of the business was managed by Ahmed. His brother Osman, of a more restless and adventurous disposition, was travelling partner, and he travelled far and wide, for the Dignas had agencies at Jeddah, Kassala, Berber, Khartoum, Sennaar, El Obeid, and even at remote Darfour. In exchange for European goods, the Souakin house received from these localities ostrich feathers, gums, ivory, pepper, skins, and other Central African produce, besides black slaves, some of whom were sold at the various places at which the Dignawah caravans

called on their slow march to the coast, while others were shipped on board the firm's dhows for the trip to Jeddah, where there was always a market for them. His long journeys over the Soudan were useful to Osman Digna in a sense which he did not realize when he began them. They enabled him to become acquainted with the leaders of the anti-Egyptian movement which, though not culminating in rebellion until the year 1881–2, was distinctly recognisable at least as early as 1869–70. A man apparently of a reflective as well as active character, Osman detected the spirit of revolt, which was spreading throughout the inner Soudan, its south-western regions especially—the regions which Zebehr Pasha, Zebehr's son Suliman, and other chiefs, had studded with their 'zarebas,' or fortified camps, from which either they, or others with whom they were in alliance used to sally forth on their man-hunting expeditions.

In those years Osman made the acquaintance of Zebehr Pasha. When on the eve of Baker's expedition to Souakin, Zebehr wrote, in his own name and that of the Egyptian Government, a letter and proclamation to Osman Digna, he reminded him of their former meeting in Kordofan. Zebehr's letter was eloquently and gracefully expressed, and most loyal in tone—but whether Zebehr believed that it would have the slightest effect in bringing Osman to reason is quite another question. It may be remarked, in passing, that at this very time, too, a young man named Mohammed Ahmed—the future Mahdi—was on his travels. Having run away from his carpenter's apprenticeship, he was moving about from one so-called theological "school" to another; by his austerities acquiring, among some of the most abjectly superstitious races of the earth, a great reputation for magical powers; and gradually forming among the Baggara and other Soudanese chiefs the friendships and the marriage alliances which he found so useful after he disowned the Egyptian Government, and all but exterminated the first body of the Khedive's troops which was sent to capture him. It would be interesting to know whether the two ever met in the course of their wanderings—say during the seven or eight years subsequent to 1870, a period which covers the first popular recognition of Mohammed Ahmed as a great Dervish, and Osman Digna's first projects of revolt against the Egyptian Government.

About the year 1870, the prosperity of the Digna family began to decline, and in seven years it fell. One of the causes of its earlier luck suggests some not very flattering reflections on the character of Turkish—or, what amounts to the same thing, Egyptian—rule everywhere. Osman's brother filled for many years the office of sheik or chief of the community—or, as we might call it, 'guild'—of merchants in Souakin. As sheik, he was the intermediary between the Government and the class of the population which he represented. As sheik, too, Ahmed Digna had abundant opportunities of assisting the family concern, even in such a nefarious traffic as the sale of slaves. As sheik of the merchants, his first business was to make hay whilst the sun shone—to help himself. In this respect he was neither better nor worse than the rest of his fellow countrymen and co-religionists. Ahmed was, however, superseded in his office by the present incumbent, Chinawi Bey, a wealthy merchant, originally from Jeddah, who is said to have built and to own most of the houses on the island of Souakin, and who (but perhaps this may be the account of those who dislike him for personal reasons) is sometimes described by his fellow-townsmen as the most grasping and ruthless of usurers. Osman Digna and Company sustained serious losses in the capture, by a British cruiser, of one or two cargoes of slaves on their way to Jeddah from a creek near Souakin. The vigilance of the English officials necessitated great precaution in the conveyance of slaves to the coast, and in embarking them for Arabia. Souakin being too closely watched,

the caravan leaders used to avoid the seaport, and by unfrequented paths to deposit their captives by twos and threes at some deserted spot on the shore, whence they might be run across the Red Sea when opportunity offered. Then came the Anglo-Egyptian Slave Convention, which completed the alarm and disgust of the *djellabs*, and of all who were more or less directly interested in the maintenance of a traffic which they held to be permitted by Divine law. It was then that Osman Digna, reduced to despair by the commercial ruin of his house, formed his first schemes of rebellion.

OSMAN DIGNA.

The spot where this occurred is the prettiest in the neighbourhood of Souakin. It is close to a splendid sycamore tree, which overspreads the principal well from which Souakin is supplied, and over which, in the rainy season, it seems to float like a Brobdingnagian green bouquet. To this spot, about a mile from the town, Osman Digna, one day about 1878, invited some of his intimate friends to a secret conference. They met, and Osman harangued them in a pretty violent speech. The story is that he denounced the alliance of a Mohammedan Power, such as Egypt was, with the Frankish nations; that he predicted the commercial ruin of the Soudan as a consequence of the prohibition of the slave-traffic; and that he proposed the disarmament that very night of the weak Egyptian garrison, and the proclamation of Arab independence; and that he then produced a Koran upon which he urged his hearers to swear fellowship with him in his revolutionary enterprise. 'The Hadendowas, the Amarars, the Beni Amers, and the tribes' of the Eastern Soudan, said Osman Digna, 'will support us.' As the local garrison consisted chiefly of a few harmless policemen and decrepit warriors with rusty arms and ragged clothes, it might perhaps have been overthrown without much exertion; and in a few years afterwards the Soudani tribes did join Osman. But on this occasion Osman's friends stared and smiled at him. They clearly showed that they thought him a 'magnoon'—ape, fool, ass, as the word may be freely and variously translated. According to one account of this singular interview, one of the audience remarked that it would be wiser to petition Ismail Pasha. 'Ismail,' screamed Osman, 'Ismail is a Frank, he is a traitor to his religion, he has agreed with the Christians to destroy the customs of Islam, and the Christians themselves wish to liberate our slaves in order that they themselves may possess them.' Osman could make nothing of them; in a fit of anger he told them they deserved whatever hard fate the Christians might bring upon them, and cursing them

roundly for their want of spirit and of fidelity to their country and their religion, he turned away and set out for the Erkowit hills, the high ridges of which, thirty miles off, are seen from Souakin. This is, in its main features, the story which the present writer gathered at Souakin thirteen or fourteen months ago.

During the next six years Osman appears to have been engaged in travelling about the Soudan, extending his visits to Khartoum and beyond it. It would appear that he was somewhere in the Central Soudan when, in the summer of 1881, Mohammed Ahmed, from his retreat in the little island of Abba in the White Nile, proclaimed himself to be the true Mahdi. However that may have been, he lost no time, when once the Mahdi's insurrection was fairly started, in throwing in his lot with the new Prophet. By his capture of El Obeid, in 1883, the Mahdi gained an influence and a holy reputation which were increased only by two subsequent feats, the destruction of Hicks Pasha's force, and the capture of Khartoum. In the spring of 1883 Osman Digna, with his head full of grand schemes, reached El Obeid, where he paid his tribute of reverence to God's Prophet, and offered to serve the new cause in the Red Sea territories. Osman's offer was accepted. He left Obeid with the title of 'Emir' of the Dervish of God, and with letters which he was to distribute to the tribal sheiks, and in which they were ordered to acknowledge Osman's authority. He was joined by his brother Ahmed from Souakin, who, before starting for the interior, sold all the Digna property in the place. Ahmed held high rank under his brother Osman. But a much more influential ally than Ahmed was the Sheik Mahomed Tahir, originally of Damer, a small town and district near Berber. The accession of Sheik Tahir indicates another of the very numerous and complex motives of the Soudan insurrection. The slave chiefs were principally impelled by resentment at interference with their inhuman calling, and the slave-traders have been the prime movers of the insurrection; they were the first to support the Mahdi, and they are still the backbone of his following. Others joined in the insurrection, partly from genuine religious motives, partly from dynastic reasons—both which were combined in Sheik Tahir. An ancestor of Sheik Tahir was chief of Damer when the Egyptians conquered the country sixty-five years ago; and he was implicated in the massacre of the Egyptian leader, Ismail Pasha, and his companions by the king of Shendy. Ismail and his followers were burnt alive; and Sheik Abutaleb (Sheik Tahir's ancestor), together with the 'Tiger' of Shendy, fled to Abyssinia. Shendy and Damer have been hotbeds of disaffection ever since. In the eyes of the people the dispossessed Sheik Tahir embodied their country's ancient cause, and his influence was strengthened still more by his reputation for sanctity. Whenever he went abroad Sheik Tahir was surrounded by crowds struggling for the honour of kissing his hands, feet or raiment. His admirers poured gifts upon him, among which were many slaves. Pious as Sheik Tahir was, he had taste and aptitude for worldly avocations; and he had even slave-dealing transactions with the far-travelled Osman Digna. The Souakin gossips say that the holy man sometimes lost pretty heavily in his partnerships with Osman. Here, then, was a man who, in addition to his great popularity and far-spread reputation for piety, inherited an obligation of revenge. He and Osman were friends. They had a common grievance. Their opportunity had come, and they seized it. Or rather, Osman had seized it already; for he had been invested with his Emirship at El Obeid, by the Dervish of God. So all that Osman had to do on his return journey from Obeid was to to take the holy Sheik Tahir with him into the Hadendowa country. The indolent security of the Egyptian officials at this time in Khartoum and in Berber, where the secret of Osman's mission had leaked out,

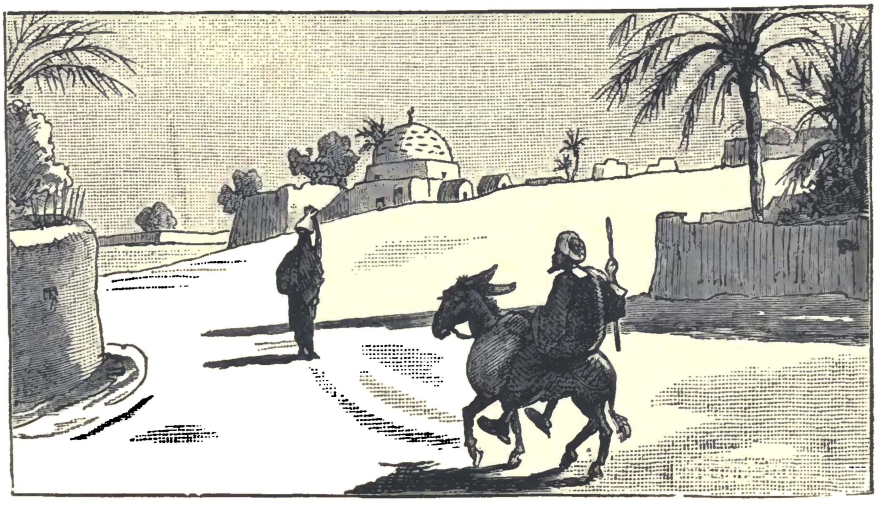
was thoroughly characteristic of them. Suliman Pasha, the Governor-General of Khartoum, laughed at the warnings he received. He jokingly called Osman a 'magnoon,' and even declared that the Hadendowas, in spite of their spears, were a flock of sheep! Past experience of the Hadendowas perhaps justified his Excellency's unflattering estimate of them. Up to that time they had patiently borne the oppressions of the real sheep—the Egyptians. Up to that time a crowd of Hadendowas would have cowered at the sight of an Egyptian with a gun on his shoulder. But the time was near when a multitude of Egyptian warriors would bolt for dear life at the sight of a solitary Hadendowa. This sudden change in the conduct and spirit of the Hadendowas is perhaps the most extraordinary fact in the new history of the Soudan. The change can be explained, but the explanation is too long for our present space. In the month of August, 1883, Osman Digna, with his friend Sheik Tahir, appeared in the Erkowit hills, and in the Mahdi's name issued his proclamations and warnings to the tribal sheiks and the officials of the Egyptian Government. Just at the time—November 4 or 5, 1883—when General Hicks' army was perishing of thirst, and under the spears and fire of the Arabs at Kashgil, Osman Digna's band was slaughtering the Egyptian troops near the black glistening rock not far from Tamai, which Mr. F. Scudamore, one of the special correspondents, appropriately named after the Egyptian leader, Mount Kassim." And so Osman Digna may be said to have from this time fairly established himself in the position of a prosperous and very highly successful rebel chief.

CHAPTER LXV.

GORDON—THE SIEGE OF KHARTOUM—SUMMARY.

THUS, as we have seen, on February 18th, 1884, Gordon arrived in Khartoum. He was not able to carry out his plans as he had intended. In fact, the state of affairs did not allow him to remove the imperilled garrisons and population—to evacuate the Soudan as he had proposed. About a month after his arrival, Khartoum was strictly invested, and right on from then till the end of January, when the town fell through treachery, there was almost continual fighting. As, of course, the telegraph wire was cut at a very early period, a great deal of what passed during the siege was not, and since the three Englishmen—Gordon, Stewart, and Power were all killed, as indeed were all the Europeans, will, as far as we can see, never be known exactly. Still, a good deal of information, not all of it exactly trustworthy, has bit by bit come to light. The newspaper correspondents on the field were able to collect several narrations from natives who were present at the end. Also the diaries of Mr. Frank Power, the *Times* correspondent at Khartoum, have been received, and what is still more precious, a part of the diary of General Gordon. From all these, then, we are able to get a very fair general idea of what actually took place. What we propose to do is, in this chapter, to give in brief the story of the siege, which we take from the same able authority which did so much to bring Gordon before the Government. We are, in the first place, to observe then that "Khartoum, which fell by treachery on the

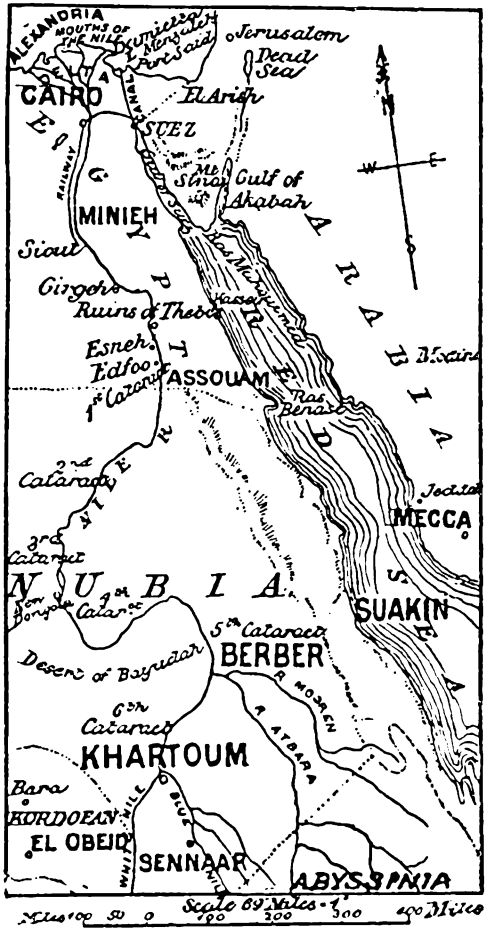
26th January, 1885, was attacked in force for the first time on March 12th, 1884. General Gordon, charged with his mission 'to cut off the dog's tail,' leaving behind him his watchword 'No Panic,' had arrived at Khartoum on February 18th, and spent his time between that date and the investment in sending down women and children, 2,000 of whom were sent safely through to Egypt, in addition to 600 soldiers. It was stated by Sir Evelyn Baring that there were 15,000 persons in Khartoum who ought to be brought back to Egypt—Europeans, civil servants, widows and orphans, and a garrison of one thousand men, one-third of whom were disaffected. To get these people out of Khartoum was General Gordon's first duty, and the first condition of evacuation was the establishment of a stable government in the Soudan. The only man who could establish that Government was Zebehr. Gordon demanded Zebehr with ever-increasing emphasis, and his request was decisively refused. He had then two alternatives—either to surrender absolutely to the Mahdi or to hold on to Khartoum at all hazards. While he was strengthening his position the Mahdi



OUTSKIRTS OF GAREFF.

settled the question by suddenly assuming the offensive. The first step in this memorable siege was the daring march of 4,000 rebels to the Nile, by which on the 12th of March they cut off the 800 men at Halfaya, a village to the north of Khartoum, from the city. A steamer was sent down to reconnoitre, and the moment she reached the front of the rebel position a volley was fired into her, wounding an officer and a soldier. The steamer returned the fire, killing five rebels. Thus hostilities began. Our only justification for assuming the offensive, wrote General Gordon on March 13th, 'is the extrication of the Halfaya garrison.' The rebels, however, did not give him the chance. They cut off three companies of his troops who had gone out to cut wood, capturing eight of their boats, and killing or dispersing 100 to 150 men. They entrenched themselves along the Nile and kept up a heavy rifle fire. Retreat for the garrison was obviously impossible when the rebel force covered the river, the only line of retreat, with their fire. Twelve hundred men were put on board two grain barges, towed by three steamers defended with boiler plates, and carrying mountain guns protected by wooden mantlets; and, with the loss of

only two killed, they succeeded in extricating the 500 men left of the garrison of Halfaya, and capturing 70 camels and 18 horses, with which they returned to Khartoum. The rebels, however, held Halfaya, and on March 16th, Gordon tried to drive them away. Advancing from a stockaded position covering the north front of the town, 2,000 troops advanced across the open in square supported by the fire of the guns



MAP OF THE SOUDAN.

of two steamers. The rebels were retreating when Hassan and Seid Pashas, Gordon's black generals, rode into the wood and called back the enemy. The Egyptians broke and fled, and were pursued to within a mile of the stockade. After this affair he was convinced that he could not take the offensive, but must remain quiet at Khartoum, and wait till the Nile rose.

Six days later the black pashas were tried by court martial, found guilty, and shot. A very determined attack upon one

of the steamers coming up from Berber, at the Salboka pass, was beaten off with great slaughter, Gordon's men firing no fewer than 15,000 rounds of Remington ammunition. Meanwhile his efforts to negotiate failed. 'I will make you Sultan of Kordofan,' he said on arrival to the Mahdi. 'I am the Mahdi,' replied Mohammed Ahmed, by emissaries who were 'exceedingly cheeky,' keeping their hands upon their swords and laying a filthy patched dervish's coat before him—'Will you become a Mussulman?' Gordon flung the bundle across the room, cancelled the Mahdi's Sultanship, and the war was renewed. From that day to the day of the betrayal no day passed without bullets dropping into Khartoum.

Gordon now set to work in earnest to place Khartoum in a defensible position. Ten thousand of the Mahdi's sympathisers left Khartoum and joined the enemy. The steamers kept up a skirmishing fight on both Niles. All the houses on the north side of Khartoum were loopholed. A 16-pounder Krupp was mounted on a barge, and wire was stretched across the front of the stockade. The houses on the northern bank of the Blue Nile were fortified and garrisoned by Bashi-Bazouks. Omdurman was held and fortified on the west and Buri on the east. On the 25th of March Gordon had to disarm and disband 250 Bashi-Bazouks who refused to occupy stockaded houses in a village on the south bank of the Blue Nile (Buri?). The rebels advanced on Hadji Ali, a village to the north of the Nile, and fired into the palace. They were shelled out of their position, but constantly returned to harass the garrison. They seemed to Gordon mere tag-rag and bob-tail, but he dare not go out to meet them for fear of the town. Five hundred brave men could have cleared out the lot, but he had not a hundred. The fighting was confined to artillery fire on one side and desultory rifle shooting on the other. This went on till the end of March. The rebels clustered more closely round the town. On April 19 Gordon telegraphed that he had provisions for five months, and if he only had 2,000 to 3,000 Turkish troops he could soon settle the rebels. Unfortunately he received not one fighting man. Shendy fell into the hands of the rebels. Berber followed, and then for months no word whatever reached this country from Khartoum.

On the 29th September Mr. Power's telegram, dated July 31, was received by the *Times*. From that we gather a tolerably clear notion of the way in which the war went on. Anything more utterly absurd than the accusation that Gordon forced fighting on the Mahdi cannot be conceived. He acted uniformly on the defensive, merely trying to clear his road of an attacking force, and failing because he had no fighting men to take the offensive. He found himself in a trap, out of which he could not cut his way. If he had possessed a single regiment, the front of Khartoum might have been cleared with ease, but his impotence encouraged the rebels, and they clustered round in ever-increasing numbers until at last they crushed his resistance. After the middle of April the rebels began to attack the palace in force, having apparently established themselves on the north bank. The loss of life was chiefly occasioned by the explosion of mines devised by General Gordon, and so placed as to explode when trodden on by the enemy. Of all his expedients these mines were the most successful and the least open to any accusation of offensive operations. The rebels closed in all round towards the end of April, and General Gordon surrounded himself with a formidable triple barrier of land torpedoes, over which were strewn broken glass and crows'-feet. A wire entanglement and a formidable *chevaux de frise* enabled the garrison to feel somewhat secure. On the 27th of April Valeh Bey surrendered at Mesalimeh, a disaster by which General Gordon lost one steamer, seventy shiploads of provisions, and 2,000 rifles.

General Gordon was now entirely cut off from the outside world, and compelled to

rely entirely upon his own resources. He sent out negroes to entice the slaves of the rebels to come over, promising them freedom and rations. This he thought would frighten the rebels more than bullets. It would be the beginning of the end of slavery up here, and the rebels would desert a locality so dangerous to their hold on their live chattels. On April 26th he made his first issue of paper-money, to the extent of £2,500, redeemable in six months. By July 30th it had risen to £26,000, besides the £50,000 borrowed from merchants. On the same day he struck decorations for the defence of Khartoum, for officers in silver, silver-gilt and pewter for the private soldiers. These medals bear a crescent and a star, with words from the Koran, and the date with an inscription—Siege of Khartoum—and a hand-grenade in the centre. 'School children and women,' he wrote, 'also received medals; consequently, I am very popular with the black ladies of Khartoum.'

The attacks of the rebels were kept up with vigour at the beginning of May. On May 6th a heavy attack on Buri was repulsed with great loss of life, chiefly caused by the explosion of mines. On May 7th the Arabs attacked in force from the north front, seizing the houses and holding them for three days, notwithstanding the explosion of nine mines, which cost them 115 lives. On the 9th, however, they were driven out, and after that, although the firing never ceased, there was a comparative cessation of attacks in force. On May 25th, Colonel Stewart was slightly wounded in the arm, when working a mitrailleuse near the Palace. A gun was mounted on both the Palace and the Government House, and at a subsequent period of the siege General Gordon built himself a tower from which he watched over the whole of the fortifications. All through May and June his steamers made foraging expeditions up and down the Nile, shelling the rebels when they showed in force, and bringing back much cattle to the city. On Midsummer Day, Mr. Cuzza, formerly Gordon's agent at Berber, but now a prisoner of the Mahdi's, was sent to the wells to announce the capture of Berber. It was sad news for the three Englishmen alone in the midst of a hostile Soudan. Undaunted they continued to stand at bay, rejoicing greatly that in one, Saati Bey, they had at least a brave and capable officer. Saati had charge of the steamers, and for two months he had uninterrupted success, in spite of the twisted telegraph wires which the rebels stretched across the river. Unfortunately, on July 10th, Saati, with Colonel Stewart and 200 men, after burning Kalaka and three villages, attacked Gatarnulb. Eight Arab horsemen rode at the 200 Egyptians. The 200 fled at once, not caring to fire their Remingtons, and poor Saati was killed. Colonel Stewart narrowly escaped a similar fate.

'Be assured,' wrote General Gordon on July 30th, 'that these hostilities are far from being sought for, but we have no option. Retreat is impossible, unless we abandon the employés and their families, which the general feeling of the troops is against.' Two days before writing that despatch, Mehemet Ali Pasha with the Soudan regiments made an attack from Buri upon the rebels, who had been firing day and night into our lines. It was brilliantly successful at a loss of only four killed. The next day Mr. Power went up to Gareff, on the Blue Nile, with five armoured steamers and four of the armoured barges, on which General Gordon had raised castles twenty feet high, giving a double line of fire. Between Gareff and Khartoum the rebels had lined the river bank with no fewer than thirteen small forts, all of which they cleared out. At Gareff they found two strong earthwork forts, bound together by trunks of palm-trees. One of them was defended by two cannons. The Krupp gun disabled the cannon after a bombardment of eight hours. 'You may rely on this,' said General Gordon, 'that if there was any possible way of avoiding these wretched fights, I should adopt it, for the

whole war is hateful to me.' Fortunately, however, although two of his steamers had received 970 and 800 hits on their hulls respectively, and his men had fired half a million cartridges in four months, he calculated that he had lost only thirty killed and sixty wounded since the action for which the black pashas were shot.

All the ammunition was stored in the large mission premises on the river. At the beginning of August food was thirty times its usual price. The poor were rationed. The conduct of the people and troops was excellent, and they lived in constant expectation of the arrival of relief from England. Gordon repeatedly declared, 'I will not leave these people after all they have gone through. I shall not leave Khartoum until I can put some one in.' Again he said, 'I stay at Khartoum because Arabs have shut us up and will not let us out. I also add that even if the road was opened the people would not let me go unless I gave them some government or took them with me, which I could not do.'

After July 31st there is a sudden cessation of regular communications. Power's journal breaks off then, and we are left to more or less meagre references in Gordon's despatches. On the 23rd of August he sent a characteristic message, in which he announces that the Nile having risen, he has sent Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and the French Consul to take Berber, occupy it for fifteen days, burn it, and then return to Khartoum. Colonel Stewart was to proceed to Dongola. When the steamers returned to Khartoum General Gordon would send to the Equatorial provinces and rescue their garrisons. He wrote: 'I will look after the troops in the Equator, Bahr-el-Ghazel, and in Darfour, although it cost me my life.' Again he said: 'The prosperity of Egypt can only follow the restoration of peace in the Soudan.' In Gordon's opinion it was the dread of the appearance of English or Turkish troops which alone led the Mahdi to refrain so long from effectually attacking Khartoum.

As month after month rolled by and no relieving force made its appearance, 'we appeared even as liars to the people of Khartoum,' said General Gordon. He had promised them Zebehr: Zebehr had never come. He promised them relief: no relief arrived. He had borrowed their money to feed the starving, and now his paper money seemed as if it would never be redeemed. The outlook was black: but the Nile was rising, and if once Colonel Stewart got through to Dongola much might be done. At the beginning of August, with three steamers and part of the garrison, he seized 5,000 quarters of grain, and replenished his almost exhausted granary. He joined hands with the garrison of Sennaar, and thus severed the rebels in two by the Blue Nile. On August 12th a determined attack was made by 5,000 rebels upon Khartoum.

The exact locality of all these fights is somewhat obscure; but this prolonged struggle—in which ultimately the attacking force of 5,000 was beaten back with a loss of 1,800 and two sheiks—was fought for the possession of the loopholed houses to the north of the town. From that time onward communications with Gordon were very fitful. No news was ever allowed to pass the rebel lines. Messenger after messenger was seized. All the late messages from Gordon, except a long despatch of November 4th, which has never been published, were written on tissue paper no bigger than a postage stamp, and either concealed in a quill thrust into the hair, or sewn on the waistband of the natives employed. Gordon seems to have been most active in August and September, when the Nile was high. He had 8,000 men at Khartoum and Sennaar. He reoccupied Halfaya, driving out the rebels, who lost two sheiks. He sent Colonel Stewart and the troops with the steamers to recapture Berber. A steamer which bore a rough effigy of Gordon at the prow was said to be particularly dreaded by the rebels. On August 26th he reported that

he had provisions for five months, but in the forays made by his steamer on the southern Niles he enormously replenished his stores. On one of these southern raids he took with him 6,000 men in thirty-four boats, towed by nine steamers.

Roused by this activity, the Mahdi himself left Obeid and advanced in person to the siege. Arriving before Omdurman about the beginning of November he summoned Gordon to surrender. To the previous summons, Gordon had replied: 'If you are the true Mahdi, dry up the Nile and come and take me.' To another summons Gordon replied, 'Surrender Khartoum? Not for twelve years.' The Mahdi, who had 25,000 and four Krupps, according to one account, and 30,000 foot and 2,000 horse according to another, thereupon began the attack on Omdurman. Gordon, with twelve steamers, replied with such effect that after eight hours' hard fighting the Mahdi was driven southward to El Margatt. This appears to have been the most decisive victory gained by General Gordon during the siege.

After his defeat before Omdurman the Mahdi is said to have made a very remarkable prophecy. He retired into a cave for three days, and on his return he told his followers that Allah had revealed that for sixty days there would be a rest, and after that blood would flow like water. The Mahdi was right. Almost exactly sixty days after that prophecy there was fought the battle of Abu Klea.

Stewart had by this time been killed on his way down from Berber to Dongola, to which place Gordon had sent him. Gordon was all alone. The old men and women who had friends in the neighbouring villages left the town. The uninhabited part was destroyed, the remainder was inclosed by a wall. In the centre of Khartoum he had built himself a tower, from the roof of which he kept a sharp look-out with his field-glass in the day time. At night he went the rounds of the fortifications, cheering his men and keeping them on the alert against attacks. Treachery was always his greatest dread. Many of the townsfolk sympathised with the Mahdi; he could not depend on all his troops, and he could only rely on one of his pashas, Mehemet Ali. He rejoiced exceedingly in the news of the approach of the British relieving force. He illuminated Khartoum and fired salutes in honour of the news, and he doubled his exertions to fill his granaries with grain. On the 21st of November his steamers brought in thirty boatloads of grain from the Blue Nile, the price falling at once to 30*s.* per ardeb.

The last detailed message arrived from Gordon November 13th. It was dated November 4th, and was addressed to Lord Wolseley, and contained 800 words. It gave many directions as to what should be done, and repudiated most emphatically the idea that the expedition was coming to rescue him. 'You are coming,' he wrote, 'not to relieve me, but to rescue the garrisons which I was unable to withdraw.' He had previously received a message from Wolseley of October 14th, so that at this time Khartoum and Dongola were within ten or fifteen days of each other. A subsequent message received on December 8th gave further news of his operations. Gordon was then making powder, repairing disabled steamers, and actually building two new ones. His Admiral Kasham Amors with five steamers and 500 men had driven the rebels from the banks of the Nile as far as Shendy, and had brought in large supplies of grain. The Nile from Sennaar to Shendy was patrolled by his steamers, and, although the Mahdi had 15,000 troops on the west bank of the Nile, all was going well inside, with one exception.

On the 14th of December a letter was received by one of his friends in Cairo from General Gordon, saying, 'Farewell! You will never hear from me again. I fear that there will be treachery in the garrison, and all will be over by Christmas.' It was this melancholy warning that led Lord Wolseley to order the dash across the desert. Of

the origin of his foreboding nothing is known. Sir Henry Gordon appears to believe that the 500 men who joined the garrison of Khartoum from the forces of the Mahdi in September may have been the traitors. Of this there is no evidence. One Farag Pasha was the man who opened the gates, and he probably was with Gordon from the first.

On the 16th of December came news that the Mahdi had again failed in his attack on Omdurman. Gordon had blown up the fort which he had built over against the town, and inflicted great loss on his assailants, who, however, invested the city closely on all sides. The Mahdi had returned to Omdurman where he had concentrated his troops. From thence he sent 14,000 men to Berber to recruit the forces of Osman Digna, and it was these men probably that fought us at Abu Klea.

After this nothing was heard beyond the rumour that Omdurman was captured and two brief messages from Gordon. The first, which arrived January 1st, was as follows: 'Khartoum all right.—C. E. Gordon. December 14th, 1884.' The second was brought by the steamers which met General Stewart at Metemmeh on January 21st: 'Khartoum all right; could hold out for years.—C. E. Gordon. December 29th.'

On the 26th January Farag Pasha opened the gates of the city to the enemy, and one of the most famous sieges in the world's history came to a close. It had lasted from March 12th to January 26th—exactly 320 days," or very nearly one year from his departure for Khartoum.

We append from the same authority a chronological summary:—

"General Gordon left London for Khartoum on the 18th January, 1884. On the 9th of January Colonel Coetlegon telegraphed from Khartoum to the Khedive strongly urging an immediate withdrawal from Khartoum. He said that one-third of the garrison was unreliable, and 'even if it were twice as strong as it is it would not hold Khartoum against the whole country.' On the 5th January, 1884, General Gordon had accepted a commission from the King of the Belgians to proceed to the Congo. On the 8th of January, our representative had an interview with Gordon at Southampton. On the following day the account of that interview appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It was strongly urged that Gordon should be sent out with *carte blanche* to do the best that he could. This view was strongly supported by the press, irrespective of party, and the Government finally determined to accept the suggestion. On the 15th he arrived in town from Southampton and had an interview with Lord Wolseley at the War Office, and expressed his confidence that the Soudanese difficulties could be settled. The following is a diary of the mission:—

1884.

Jan. 18.—Gordon left Charing Cross, at 8 p.m.

Jan. 24.—Arrived at Port Said.

Jan. 25.—Arrived at Cairo.

Jan. 27.—Gordon and Stewart left for Khartoum.

Feb. 2.—Gordon arrived at Korosko and entered Desert.

Feb. 4.—Massacre of Baker Pasha's force at El Teb, near Tokar.

Feb. 9.—Gordon arrived at Berber.

Feb. 13.—Gordon left Berber.

Feb. 18.—Arrived at Khartoum. Issued proclamation to inhabitants remitting taxation and sanctioning slave-trade.

Feb. 29.—Battle of El Teb.

Mar. 7.—Gordon proposed that Zebehr should be sent to Khartoum to succeed him.

Mar. 13.—Defeat of Osman Digna at Tamai.

Mar. 16.—Defeat of Gordon at Halfaya.

Mar. 21.—Fighting reported at Khartoum; relief of the garrison of Halfaya by Gordon.

Mar. 24.—Whole country south of Berber in a state of revolution; Khartoum invested.

April 9.—News received from Gordon dated March 30. From 24th to end of month Gordon had frequent successful engagements with the enemy.

April 16.—Zebehr at Cairo received Gordon's appointment as Assistant-Governor of the Soudan, which Zebehr declines.

April 24.—Berber invested.

May 9.—News received that Gordon had defeated rebels on White Nile.

May 10.—British military authorities in Cairo ordered to prepare for the despatch in October of an expeditionary force for the relief of Khartoum.

Twelve thousand camels to be purchased. Active war preparation in England.

May 27.—News from Mudir of Dongola that he has defeated rebels.

June 10.—News received of fall of Berber and massacre of garrison ; 3,500 persons killed.

July 20.—General Gordon had written to Mudir of Dongola dated June 22. Gordon said he had 8,000 men with him at Khartoum, and asked if reinforcements were coming.

July 23.—Mudir of Dongola defeats 5,000 rebels near Debbah.

Aug. 5.—Credit vote for expedition for £300,000 passed in Commons.

Aug. 7. News received that Gordon, Stewart, and Mr. Power are all well, and on 29th that he had provisions for four months.

Aug. 10.—Gordon gains victory, in which 1,800 rebels were killed.

Aug. 14.—Nile route adopted.

Aug. 28.—Lord Wolseley appointed.

Sept. 8.—News of Mudir of Dongola's victory over rebels.

Sept. 10.—Lord Wolseley arrives at Cairo.

Sept. 12.—News that Gordon had attacked Berber ; also report that he had been actively engaged on the river south of Khartoum, and that he had captured two islands from the rebels.

Sept. 19.—Telegrams arrive from Gordon complaining of slackness of expedition, rebels increasing.

Oct. 4.—Lord Wolseley arrives at Wady Halfa.

Oct. 6.—Wreck and massacre of Colonel Stewart and party near Berber.

Oct. 17.—Bombardment of Metemmeh by Gordon with three steamers and eighteen nuggars.

Nov. 2.— At Dongola.— 1st battalion South Staffordshire embark on 5th. Practically commencement of advance.

Nov. 8.—Letter received from General Gordon, confirming report of Colonel Stewart's death, and saying he has sufficient provisions to hold out till expedition arrives.

Nov. 15.—General Earle arrives at Dongola.

Nov. 25.—Guards Camel Corps arrive at Handak.

Nov. 28.—Naval brigade formed under Lord Charles Beresford.

Dec. 2.—Colonel Burnaby arrives at Wady Halfa and appointed inspecting staff officer.

Dec. 12.—Head-quarters transferred to Ambukol. Sir Herbert Stewart proceeds to Korti with mounted infantry and Guards Camel Corps.

Dec. 15.—Sir Herbert Stewart arrives at Korti.

Dec. 16.—Lord Wolseley arrives at Korti.

Dec. 29.—General Stewart ordered to take the desert route to Metemmeh. General Earle to go up the Nile.

Dec. 30.—Departure of General Stewart for Metemmeh.

1885.

Jan. 1.—Message from Gordon—'Khartoum all right, December 14. C. G. Gordon.'

Jan. 2.—First portion of Stewart's force arrived at Gakdul.

Jan. 14.—Advance from Gakdul for Metemmeh.

Jan. 17.—Attacks the Mahdi's forces at Abu Klea Wells, gaining a victory.

Jan. 18.—Reported capture of Omdurman by the Mahdi.

Jan. 19.—General Stewart again attacked by the Mahdi's forces at Gubat, when enemy were once more defeated. General Stewart wounded.

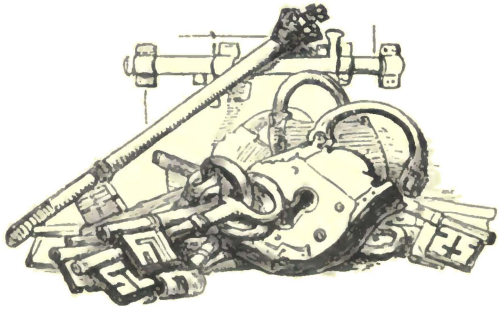
Jan. 20.—Established on the banks of the Nile at Gubat.

Jan. 21.—Reconnaissance in force of Metemmeh, assisted by four steamers sent down by General Gordon, with message dated December 29. 'Khartoum all right, could hold out for years.'

Jan. 22.—Reconnaissance on Shendy.

Jan. 24.—Sir C. Wilson left for Khartoum with two steamers and a detachment of Sussex Regiment.

Jan. 26.—Fall of Khartoum."



CHAPTER LXVI.

GORDON—DESPATCHES RELATING TO THE KHARTOUM EXPEDITION.

WE shall now proceed to give various despatches of General Gordon which before communication was broken he sent to the authorities at home. To make these plainer we give some not from him to elucidate the others.

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.—(Received by telegraph, February 6.)

CAIRO, *February* 6, 1884.

My Lord, I have the honour to inform your lordship that General Gordon left the following message to be given to Mr. Clifford Lloyd, through Lieutenant Rhodes, who came out in the same ship with him: —'Tell Lloyd, no panics. It is possible that I may go to the Mahdi, and not be heard of for two months, for he might keep me as a hostage for Zebehr. You can tell Lloyd this when you get to Cairo, so that he can publish it at the right time, if necessary.' Owing to Mr. Lloyd's recent illness, this message was not given to me until after General Gordon had started from Korosko by the caravan route across the desert to Berber: and no telegrams can reach him till his arrival there. I have telegraphed to him to Berber, repeating the message Mr. Lloyd received, and adding: 'I hope you will give me a positive assurance that you will on no account put yourself voluntarily in the power of the Mahdi. The question is not a personal one. There would, in my opinion, be the strongest political objections to your risking a visit to the Mahdi.' I had intended to wait before communicating on the subject with your lordship until I had received General Gordon's answer from Berber, where he will probably arrive on the 8th. But the telegraph line between Berber and Khartoum has now been cut by the tribes of that district, so that I may be unable to communicate with him by telegraph when once he leaves the former place. I venture, therefore, to request that your lordship will inform me as soon as possible whether I may give General Gordon a positive order from her Majesty's Government that he is on no account to visit the Mahdi.—I have, etc.,

(Signed) E. BARING."

"Earl Granville to Sir E. Baring.

FOREIGN OFFICE,

February 6, 1884, 11.15 p.m.

Your message to General Gordon, referred to in your telegram of to-day, is approved, and you are authorized, if you think it necessary and desirable to do so, to convey to General Gordon our approval of it."

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.—(Received by telegraph, February 9.)

CAIRO, *February* 9, 1884.

My Lord,—I have the honour to inclose copy of a letter from General Gordon, inclosing a letter to be forwarded to the King of the Belgians, in which he urges his Majesty to occupy the Bahr-Gazelle and the Equatorial provinces, and to appoint him Governor-General of all that country. He seems to intend to go straight on in that direction from Khartoum. I do not think that General Gordon should be allowed. at all events for the present, to go anywhere south of Khartoum.—I have, etc.,

(Signed) E. BARING."

Inclosure.

"Major-General Gordon to Sir E. Baring.

KOROSKO, *February* 1, 1884.

My dear Sir Evelyn Baring,—Here is a letter I have written to the King of the Belgians. His Majesty told me he would

take these two provinces if he could get them when I was at Brussels; also that he would take over the troops in them. You might mention this to the Foreign Office, and send them copy of the letter. It would settle the slave trade.—Yours, etc.,

(Signed) C. G. GORDON."

"Earl Granville to Sir E. Baring.

FOREIGN OFFICE, *February* 11, 1884.

Sir,—I have received your telegram of the 9th inst., informing me that you have received a letter from General Gordon, from which it appears that that officer contemplates proceeding to Bahr-Gazelle and the Equatorial provinces. I have to state that her Majesty's Government are of opinion that General Gordon should not at present go beyond Khartoum.—I am, etc.,

(Signed) GRANVILLE."

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.—(Received by telegraph, Feb. 11.)

CAIRO, *February* 11, 1884.

My Lord,—With reference to my despatch of the 6th instant, I have the honour to inform your lordship that I have received a telegram from General Gordon stating as regards the message conveyed to me by Lieutenant Rhodes, that he has no intention of visiting the Mahdi.—I have, etc.,

(Signed) E. BARING."

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.—(Received by telegraph, Feb. 12.)

CAIRO, *February* 12, 1884.

My Lord,—With reference to your lordship's telegram of yesterday, I have the honour to inform your lordship that I have to-day received a telegram from General Gordon from Berber, stating that he will not go further south than Khartoum without my permission.—I have, etc.,

(Signed) E. BARING."

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.—(Received by telegraph, April 16.)

CAIRO, *April* 16, 1884.

My Lord,—I have just received a telegram from General Gordon, of which I inclose a copy, in which he states that he considers himself free to act according to circumstances, that he shall hold on to Khartoum as long as he can, and will endeavour to suppress the rebellion, and that if he cannot do so he will retire to the Equator. General Gordon has informed Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power that they should go to Berber as soon as it is possible to send steamers down. I have, however, received the inclosed telegrams from Colonel Stewart and Mr. Power, from which it appears that they both elect to follow General Gordon to the Equator.—I have, etc.,

(Signed) E. BARING."

Inclosure.

"Major-General Gordon to Sir E. Baring.

KHARTOUM, *April* 16, 1884, 5.15 p.m.

As far as I can understand, the situation is this: You state your intention of not sending any relief up here or to Berber, and you refuse me Zebehr. I consider myself free to act according to circumstances. I shall hold on here as long as I can, and if I can suppress the rebellion I shall do so. If I cannot I shall retire to the Equator, and leave you indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Sennaar, Kassala, Berber, and Dongola, with the certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash up the Mahdi under great difficulties if you would retain peace in Egypt."

Inclosure 2.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart to Sir E. Baring.

KHARTOUM, *April* —, 1884.

General Gordon has acquainted me with your intention of not relieving Khartoum, and proposes I should go to Berber and trust to success of your negotiations for opening road from Souakin to Berber. General Gordon has given you his decision as to what he himself intends doing, and, weighing all circumstances, and doubting the success of your opening the road to Berber, unless by advancing troops, I am inclined to think my retreat will be perhaps safer by the Equator. I shall, therefore, follow the fortunes of General Gordon."

Inclosure 3.

"Mr. Power to Sir E. Baring.

KHARTOUM, *April*, 1884.

General Gordon, in view of the present critical situation here, has made the following intimation to me:—'As soon as it is possible I propose you should go to Berber. If you do not so elect, then justify me to British Minister.' General Gordon of course does not like responsibility of taking English Consul to Equator, but at present I do not see how it is possible for any but an Arab to get to Berber. I would elect to take the less risky route, and go viâ Equator. We are quite blocked on the north, east, and west."

"Sir E. Baring to Earl Granville.—Received by telegraph, April 18.)

CAIRO, *April* 18, 1884.

My Lord,—I have just received a telegram from General Gordon, dated the 10th instant, from which it appears that he has not received my important telegram of the 17th ultimo, which is referred to in my despatch of the following day. He says: 'The only telegram I have received from you since the 10th March was received yesterday, the 9th April, informing me that I should not expect British troops to advance from Souakin to Berber. If you sent others I have not received them.'—I have, etc.,

(Signed) E. BARING."

In a despatch of the same date, already published, Sir E. Baring says:

"It is most unfortunate that, of all the telegrams which I have sent to him since the 10th March, only one very short one of the 23rd appears to have reached him. General Gordon appears to think he is to be abandoned, and is very indignant, as you will have observed from my despatch of the 16th."

Inclosure.

"Major-General Gordon to Sir E. Baring.

KHARTOUM, *April* 8, 1884.

The man who brought letters from Berber states Zebehr is at Korosko; if so, you did not tell me this important fact. Scarcely a day passes without our inflicting losses on rebels, which losses are quite unnecessary if we are eventually to succumb. Cuzzi sent me copy of his telegram to you, and I quite concur in what he says of the futility of negotiations respecting road to Berber. I have telegraphed to Baker to make an appeal to British and American millionaires to give me £300,000 to engage 3,000 Turkish troops from Sultan, and send them here. This would settle the Soudan and Mahdi for ever; for my part, I think you would agree with me. I do not see the fun of being caught here to walk about the streets for years as a Dervish, with sandalled feet; not that (D.V.) I will ever be taken alive. It would be the climax of meanness after I had borrowed money from the people here, had called on them to sell their grain at a low price, etc., to go and abandon them without using every effort to relieve them, whether those efforts are diplomatically correct or not; and I feel sure, whatever you may feel diplomatically, I have your support—and that of every man professing himself a gentleman—in private."

And so in very plain terms Gordon expressed himself.

Mixed with much that is tragic, especially when we consider the end, there is still something that is a little ludicrous in these telegrams. Really the Government did not know quite what to do with this strange individual. But then, if he had been ordinary and common-place, what good would he have done at Khartoum? Then he demanded that Zebehr should be sent to take command in the Soudan. Of course, Zebehr had been mixed up with all sorts of iniquitous proceedings in connection with slavery in the Soudan, and was besides a bitter enemy of Gordon's; but Gordon, notwithstanding, justifies his appointment as follows:—

"KHARTOUM, *March* 8, 1884.

The sending of Zebehr means the extrication of the Cairo employés from Khartoum, and the garrisons from Sennaar

and Kassala. I can see no possible way to do so except through him, who, being a native of the country, can rally the well-affected round him, as they know he will make his home here. I do not think that the giving a subsidy to Zebehr for some two years would be in contradiction to the policy of entire evacuation. It would be nothing more than giving him a lump sum in two instalments under the conditions I have already written.

As for slave-holding, even had we held the Soudan, we could never have interfered with it. I have already said that the treaty of 1877 was an impossible one ; therefore, on that head Zebehr's appointment would make no difference whatever. As for slave-hunting, the evacuation of the Bahr-Gazelle and Equatorial provinces would entirely prevent it. Should Zebehr attempt, after his two years' subsidy was paid him, to take those districts, we could put pressure on him at Souakin, which will remain in our hands. I feel sure that Zebehr will be so occupied with the Soudan proper, and with consolidating his position, that he will not have time to devote to those provinces.

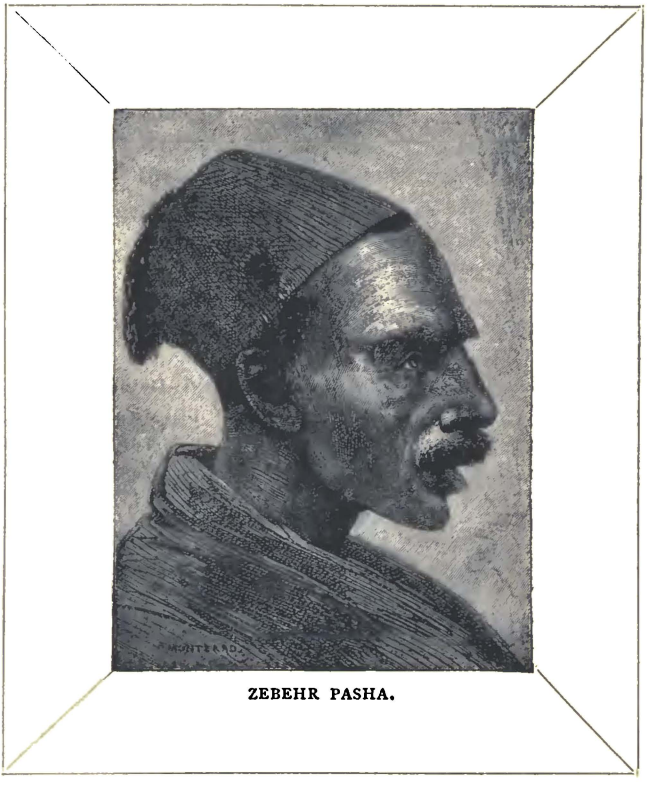
As for the security of Egypt, Zebehr's stay in Cairo has taught him our power, and he would never dream of doing anything against Egypt. He would rather seek its closest alliance, for he is a great trader. As to progress made in extrication of garrisons, all I have done is to send down from Khartoum all the sick men, women, and children of those killed in Kordofan. Sennaar, I heard to-day, is quite safe and quiet. Kassala will hold out without difficulty after Graham's victory, but the road there is blocked, as also is the road to Sennaar. It is quite impossible to get the roads open to Kassala and Sennaar, or to send down the white troops, unless Zebehr comes up. He will change the whole state of affairs. As for the Equatorial and Bahr-Gazelle provinces they are all right ; but I cannot evacuate them till the Nile rises, in about two months. Dongola and Berber are quiet; but I fear for the road between Berber and Khartoum, where the friends of the Mahdi are very active. A body of rebels on the Blue Nile are blockading a force of 1,000 men, who have, however, plenty of food ; till the Nile rises, I cannot relieve them. Darfour, so far as I can understand, is all right, and the restored Sultan should be now working up the tribes to acknowledge him.

It is impossible to find any other man but Zebehr for governing Khartoum. No one has his power. Hussein Pasha Khaleefa has only power at Dongola and Berber. If you do not send Zebehr you have no chance of getting the garrisons away ; this is a heavy argument in favour of sending him. There is no possibility of dividing the country between Zebehr and other chiefs ; none of the latter could stand for a day against the Mahdi's agents, and Hussein Pasha Khaleefa would also fall. The chiefs will not collect here, for the loyal are defending their lands against the disloyal. There is not the least chance of Zebehr making common cause with the Mahdi. Zebehr here would be far more powerful than the Mahdi, and he would make short work of the Mahdi. The Mahdi's power is that of a Pope, Zebehr's will be that of a Sultan. They could never combine. Zebehr is fifty times the Mahdi's match. He is also of good family, well known, and fitted to be Sultan ; the Mahdi, in all these respects, is the exact opposite, besides being a fanatic. I daresay Zebehr, who hates the tribes, did stir up the fires of revolt, in hopes that he would be sent to quell it. It is the irony of fate that he will get his wish if he is sent up."

Sir Evelyn Baring replied at the same time, saying that sending Zebehr and giving him a subsidy was in harmony with the principle of evacuation, and that he had always contemplated making some arrangements for the future government of the Soudan. As to slavery, he pointed out that we must virtually annex the country or accept the inevitable consequences of the policy of abandonment : "I believe that

Zebehr may be made a bulwark against the approach of the Mahdi." But the Government refused to modify their decision, which was that owing to their own opinions and the state of public feeling, "they would not if they could, and they could not if they would."

These telegrams show the very great difficulties of Gordon's position. He was on the spot, and knew best what could be done; and yet he was not allowed to do it. No proposal that he made was agreed to. But then we must remember the difficulties of the position of the Government. What were they to do? They had hoped, and Gordon had hoped, that the garrisons would



ZEBEHR PASHA.

have been allowed to retire quietly; but there was no chance of this at all. The state of the country would not permit it. So the tide of rebellion rose, or, to use another metaphor, the curtain dropped over the doomed city. Sometimes it was raised, and then there was a view of the one stately heroic figure—finally the only countryman of ours left there to uphold the honour of his native land. Gordon was always the main figure. Then our brief glimpse was lost, and all again for a period was dark.

CHAPTER LXVII.

GORDON—LIFE IN KHARTOUM—THE DOOMED CITY.

WHAT sort of life did the people in Khartoum lead during the siege? Here is the extremely vivid account of a resident, as reported for us by a newspaper correspondent, who, writing from Korti, tells us that one morning "on stepping out of my tent in camp I observed approaching me a man with a bronzed, hatchet-shaped visage. He was clothed in Egyptian uniform, and his countenance wore a peculiarly weary and careworn expression as, looking me full in the face, he said, 'You do not know me? We

SHALLOWS OF THE BLUE NILE NEAR KHARTOUM.

were at Kowa Fort together, and marched together in the army of Hicks Pasha.' I remembered him at once, and exchanged notes. 'And where have you been since I left you?' I asked. 'I returned,' he answered, 'at the same time that you did to Khartoum. Do you remember how the townspeople rejoiced as we steamed up the Blue Nile with the band playing and the red flag flying? I remained among the Khartoum garrison when Hicks Pasha started on his unlucky expedition. You would like to hear something of our life during the long siege? Well, I will tell you.' After I had invited him into my tent and sat me down to makes notes of his story, he continued:

'We had a grand illumination the night Gordon arrived. If all Christians were like him all men would become Nazarah; but you do not follow the teachings of your own Prophet as we Mussulmen do. Gordon told us he had come to save us. The officials and Greeks illuminated their houses as you saw Khartoum illuminated on the anniversary of the restoration of the Effendina (Khedive), and every native Soudanese, however poor, lit his lamp; but soon bad tidings came day by day of the approach of the cursed Arabs. Soon we saw them, first in small bodies at a distance, and then in large ones. They nad been hovering around us a long time before the Pasha arrived. Now Gordon set every

man to work; he threw up a long parapet with a deep trench from the Bahr-el-Abiad to the Bahr-el-Azrek, and he built round towers on it and made one iron gate. He did not turn out Arabs from dwelling in Khartoum; there were none there, though we had many traitors. They were known to the Pasha, but he said, "Let them alone; at the end they shall be punished." Among these was the principal baker. At first natives used to bring in provisions every day through the gate Genent, in the Mogr quarter, near Genent-le-Noor (the Garden of Light). The boats crossed over there by the dockyard, and brought from the country all sorts of provisions. You remember when you lay sick at Gordon's old house over the post-office, how refreshing was the sight at early morning of boatloads of huge, sweet water-melons. The boats continued to bring across their cargoes for the two months when melons are in season (May and June). What splendid piles they made on the shore! No wonder you were tempted to eat of them, in spite of the order of Georgio Demetrio, the doctor. I tell you, he remained at Khartoum to the last. Many houses belonged to him, and he had families by three wives. Gordon used to say to all who wanted to leave, "Stay, my friends. The English are coming." That handsome girl of sixteen, his daughter, remained; so did the German tailor, Herr Klein, and his wife and pretty daughter. He had resided twenty-five years there. I cannot say who the European women were that left in the steamer with Colonel Stewart, or whether any did.

Soon after Gordon's arrival Sheik Wad-abou-Gurgy made three forts opposite Khartoum on the Bahr-el-Azrek; for the time was now at hand when we were to be beleaguered. In these he placed three cannon, for his designs were evil—he was rebellious. These forts were near the gardens of Boussi, and now he piled up outside great pyramids of dhurra, three times higher than the forts themselves. When these things were related to Gordon in the early morn (for these piles were made at night) he despatched three steamers, the *Boudain*, the *Mansoua*, and the *Talahowen;* these fired first ball, then shell, to knock down walls, and they succeeded. Mahomet Ali Pasha, commanding ships, ran ashore, and landed troops, while their advance was covered by shrapnel. The black soldiers then stormed the fort, while the Bashi-Bazouks took the outer circle. Many Arabs were killed, and all the dhurra captured and ammunition. After Moulid (anniv. birth Mahomet) Wad Sheik El Obeid came opposite Khartoum to the other side of Bahr-el-Azrek, and encamped on this isle. Gordon Pasha sent for the troops under Hassein Abraham and Mahomet Abru Said, who had been made pashas by Gordon Pasha. You remember large domes seen from your window over the post-office—*taib;* those were sepulchres of mighty sheiks of former days. One Englishman was buried there too. Why not? Directly we landed we formed a four-deep square, such a formation as you know we always kept when marching with Hicks Pasha. Was it ever broken when we marched from Rawa to Gebelain? You know it was not—*taib*. Even so we marched boldly from shore. One gun is at an angle of the square. They charged us furiously: but, ha! how they scampered! Shattered was that great band of rebels! It was near that spot we did battle with the rebels; the place was called Malaah. It was higher up than the island of Tuti. We had 500 men. Now I must tell you of a wicked act of treachery. Landing from the steamers we at once attack the enemy. They run, routed, on account of our furious fire; but now what I have to relate fills my heart with grief. The traitor Abraham takes off his tarbash, puts it in his breast, from which he takes a dervish's cap, putting it on his head. Next to this what does he do? He gallops up to the bugler, and tells him to sound the "kus-rah" ["retreat": this in military Turkish signifies defeat]. The brave boy refused, and said, "Pasha, we

are not defeated; and I will not sound as you order." Then he cleaves the brave boy's head with his scimitar, and smites others who would not turn. Now, when our enemies see these things come to pass, they, who had been in fear and trembling, gain heart, return, and attack us again. We become disorganized—why not? We fly back to the outworks and huts we had left, close to the cemetery. But we did not let the traitorous Pasha escape. We circle round his horse and compel him to retire with us; much does he struggle, beg, and protest; he had endeavoured to escape; but escape for him was not. I cannot tell you what the other Pasha did; I did not observe; but this man—maledictions on his soul! *ma yeshuf el næm*—may he never see luxury! (Paradise)—slew several of our soldiers. But we were too quick for him; we brought him back, bound hand and foot.

Now all these things (continued my informant), and how the traitorous Pasha had been the cause of our disgrace, Gordon Pasha had spied from the top of his house. He was much grieved; and when the wicked Pashas, who were both guilty, were brought bound, as I said, hand and foot before him, he spake never a word except "Away with them!" He was reading Holy Writ at the time. They were tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death. Seven days afterwards they were executed in the inner yard, near the large square of the prison. They were hewn in pieces by a halbert. I saw the execution, so it is of no use your saying "they were shot." I tell you, according to Turkish military law, a military traitor is always sentenced to be cut to pieces. The two were bound up against the wall by chains and rings. Two soldiers armed with sharp hatchets approached them from out of the sides of a square we had formed. The prisoners' crime was read out, and their sentence. A hundred soldiers were present, some senior officers, but not Gordon Pasha. The senior Bey cried out, "Executioners, perform sentence on the traitors!" Immediately these advanced close, and lopped off first their arms above the elbows, then the legs above the knees, then cut their bodies in twain, then decapitated them. They died not till they were cut asunder; then their heads fell on their breasts, and they expired with a hideous yell. Surely their fate was deserved! I cannot say whether Gordon Pasha knew of this manner of execution. I tell you this is the Turkish mode of punishing military traitors, and it is a just punishment.

You would like to know the story of our lives from day to day, but every day was like yesterday, and yesterday and to-day like to-morrow; therefore perhaps I do not tell you correctly in order as things occurred. Who could? There were days and nights of watching; we were like dogs guarding sheepfolds from the wolf or hyæna; but we were not down-hearted. Gordon kept saying to us, "Patience, the English are coming—are coming. God watches over you." He was a good man. "My faith in God never fails," he said; "neither let yours." In the morning the band would play to him early as he used to sit in the kiosque you will remember across the road at the wall, over the Nile. He took his coffee there; he then walked up and down on the top of his house. After this he commenced the business of the day in the rooms of the first storey of the palace. Many officials now visited him; among others the big European doctor, Macolopo Bey, the Austrian and French consuls, Georgio Demetrio (the doctor), the Mudir of the Mudireah, Ali Jeleb, and the Vakeel Mahomet Abdullah. The former stayed to the last; the other was killed with Gordon. Then came the chief butchers and bakers. Often a woman visited him called Zenoba. She was very wealthy; she used to pay into the Mudireah some sixty or seventy thousand dollars at a time; lent to Government on Gordon's security or note of hand. She owned many shops, mills, and nuggars. She was an Egyptian, wife of Hadj Mahomet, wood-

turner. Suleiman Esyah, too, a chief merchant in Khartoum, used to lend money. He occupied two houses in the upper market. After this, at mid-day, Gordon Pasha took his lunch. Business was renewed in the afternoon. At evening time he would ride along the entrenchments from Blue to White Nile. The enemy were always firing in a desultory way. By accident people used to be seriously hit day after day.

Soldiers lined the trenches all day and night. There were four guns there, two pointing towards Bahr Abead, one facing from the iron gate near the cemetery, one facing the village of Burdi. Of the crowds of blacks you speak of living in the poor quarters of Khartoum Gordon made soldiers. All men were compelled to carry arms, regular soldiers got rations of dhurra, the others got Government biscuit. We were always expecting, from dawn to sunset, from sunset to dawn, the arrival of the English. Whenever we heard news of them our hearts rejoiced. The Arabs have a fear of the English, dating back from the time of Arabi's defeat. They believe they carry with them a piece of wood which they can extend to any height, that up this they climb, and spy their enemies at any distance.* Now this I tell you, their terror of you is so great that they will never face you again. The sheiks have informed Mohammed Ahmed that unless he leads them forth to do battle they will not fight; this is since the battle of Abou Tlea—not Klea—as you called it. All were at first loyal in Khartoum, except a few of the head men—such as the chief baker and butcher, but Gordon, who well knew these men to be traitors, said, "Suffer them to remain on at their work; we will show them what justice is when the English come." As time wore on and provisions were become short by reason of the strictness of the siege—for the Arabs were closing around—Gordon sent away all the old men and women who were unable to work out of Khartoum; they were afraid to go at first, but Gordon gave them an introduction to Mohammed Ahmed, writing as follows: "Be kind to these, treat them well, I charge you. Behold, I have kept and fed all these for four months; try how you will like doing so for one month."* Mohammed Ahmed accepted them, and they are with him to this day.

As it was at the time of the Tou el Kebeah (great flood); as it will be at El Achrah (last day); as it has often been when in cities of the earth enemies have been knocking at the gate without, they bought and sold; they married and were given in marriage; yes, there were the usual nuptial rejoicings—the brides soon, alas, to be sold into slavery! Mashallah! It was their kismet. There were the same gatherings round fires you remember witnessing when the Ihrunnahgah (dancing girls) danced in the middle their ghan-ah-ghat to the tune of the terbukat. The festivities and feastings took place nightly. The Soudanese are a light-hearted people even when a cloud hangs over them. You would have thought nothing was going amiss. It is true they believed the English were coming. Spirits were sold at high prices; date spirit two reals a pint bottle; vermouth, two and a half. Meanwhile nothing was bought from outside; nothing brought in. The town was surrounded before the big feast, Eade-el-Kebar.

I cannot say when, for one day was the same as the other, but one day Gordon saw coming from afar two foot messengers across the desert from the Bahr Abiad from

* This idea they get probably from the Heliograph.

* This was told me on two different occasions by more than three Bishareen Arabs who had come from Omdurman—the same who told me of Gordon's fights; but it was thought most improbable by the military authorities—and it was not thought desirable to telegraph this. I therefore withdrew the news from my telegram. I have since had confirmation of this from good authorities who were in Khartoum, and who told me of this unasked. I am aware there is no mention of this in Gordon's diary.

opposite El Kalakli. He ordered the sentinels to let them pass in peace. They waved a white flag, and cried, "Salamu ah la cum." They said they were ambassadors from Wad-el-Jumma, Ameer of Mohammed Ahmed. We replied in words signifying "Peace and mercy of God." Gordon had them escorted to the Palace, and made them partake of coffee, and sit down on a carpet prepared for them, as is the custom. They produced two dervishes' coats and one cap, a rosary, and sandals. "These," said they, "are sent by Wad-el-Jumma, Ameer of our Lord the long-expected one." They had a letter beginning "Hod dale wah dolan." This was the sense of it:—"Take these and Islam, and go home to your country—you and the sons of Errect (Egypt), and leave Soudan (Country of the Blacks) to its relations (literal); and on you be the safety of God and the Prophet; and we will lower you (let you down) with safety (*i.e.*, in good faith)." Gordon took these things and gave them a koflan (robe), pair of boots, tarbush (red fez with blue tassel), and waist-vest, typical of Egyptian costume, saying, "Give these to Wad-el-Jumma. Tell him, Islam enter the Government, as you are a coward (literally man frightened)." He added, "The other man is a clever man and brave." These men were dressed as dervishes. Gordon gave them twenty-five dollars baksheesh. As they left they said, "Remember we have plenty of soldiers and Arabs." At this time Mohammed Ahmed was at El Obeid. The "other man" he alluded to, Wad Abou Gergee, had brought 1,000 men to Gordon. Before this Gordon went out to fight him, and beat him near the outer gardens of Buri; he took all their dhurra and arms. Wad Abou Gergee kept on writing to Gordon, negotiating a surrender. These 1,000 soldiers got into Khartoum. Why did he not come in himself? Because he stayed out to entice others in—mixed Egyptians, Soudanese, and Turkish soldiers drilled by Turks. But Wad Abou Gergee was played a shabby trick by two men, Soudanese, named Wade Jerkook, a merchant, and Mad-ma-quoi, chief butcher. These wrote to Wade-el-Jumma, saying, "O Sheik, Wad Abou Gergee has given the Turks 1,000 men, arms (all Egyptians are called Turks)." When Wad-el-Jumma read this he was wroth, and, catching Wad Abou Gergee, enchained him. The messengers were dismissed at the gate Bawabit-el-Mussel Lamieh; Gordon made it near Boussi.

I would now tell you of the battle of El-effoon, two days' march towards Sennaar. Sheik El Obeid (?), Mahomed Ali Pasha, commanded. I went up with the soldiers to battle with 500 Bashi-Bazouks. On the first day we found Arabs in a building, and drove them out. On the second day we were marching up to a village called Omdoban (Mother of Flies). We attacked the rebels under a dervish, and firing killed many. But we were charged by cavalry and foot. Many of us were then slain. Abou Gergee and Wed Nejûm (Son of the Stars) encamped on the sand south of Khartoum. Three months after Gordon arrived these men sat down before the place. Two sorties were made, and many of them killed. During this time we got forage for our horses from Tuti. Our guns could play on the island. From there, too, melons and cucumbers were brought. And now I would tell you about the steamers. One plied between the rocks—En Mogrin and Khartoum—with one gun. The Arabs intended putting wires across the river at Gebel Ain; but the force of the water broke these. Gordon did not cut them. Behind the trenches were tents, one for twenty-four men; one man kept guard at the trench for the twenty-four; thus we lived, eat, drank, slept, prayed, day and night.'"

But we must reserve for a new chapter the end of the faithful Mussulman's story of the last days of the doomed city of Khartoum.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

GORDON—INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF KHARTOUM.

THE speaker paused for a little, and then went on with his narrative.

"'We were besieged thrice, and thrice we defeated the enemy. We killed many when we attacked Omdurman, but more came on like swarms of flies. Having killed some, their numbers were forthwith trebled.

I forgot to say how Omdurman was taken from us. It was thus: Hicks Pasha built a big trench round it—well, perhaps it was there when you came. Gordon built an inner one; or perhaps it was the reverse. At any rate there were two rings. The rebels crept in between the two and were thus protected. Then they cut off the little garrison's water. Thus was Omdurman taken.

Gordon lived alone with his servant in his palace. Power Bey lived in the Genesi (church of the Roman Catholic mission), to guard the ammunition which was kept in the cloisters. He superintended the making of powder. Colonel Stewart used to superintend the taking out of the powder and its distribution; and was also engaged in looking out. Such was our daily occupation in that city, whose kismet was already written.

Yes; they used to fish, as in your time, with hooks and nets, and catch those great fish with heads like cats and long whiskers—the kabaross. [This is a common fish in the Upper Nile; they call it "cat fish," from its head, I believe. It is, I think, a kind of barbel, and when dressed well is of a very fair taste.] You could put one on a homar (ass). You could rest its head on the donkey's head, and its tail on the animal's tail. There was also the el edgil (calf fish).

We had still tobacco and shoes, for there were shoemakers in the city. We strolled when off duty through the bazaar as usual. Some would gamble with dominoes; some drink merissa, and the young men would dress to please the young girls—with cane under arm and cigarette in mouth. Bargains would be struck, and houses sold, as if the end was not. I am told it has been so with great cities in time of siege. It was so, a Jew told me, with his city in Syria. Do not blame me when I dwell on this: I am a different man. Have I not lost a wife—I had only one—and children? With the young girls, too, there was platting of hair and anointing with butter, and ornamenting necks, ankles, and arms with gold chains and shells. They would sit in the bazaar selling onions and eggs and melons, and butter and sweetmeats, up to the day I left, and would laugh and joke with their admirers, and courtship would go on, like butterflies, heedless.

We went to mosque, too, crowds of us, and the "zikkah" was said (in remembrance). We pray for departed spirits—that they may be in luxury. Why not?

Gordon's paper notes went round like cash. They were looked upon as money. They were mostly one-piastre notes; others for five and ten piastres (a real, or guinea) up to 500 piastres. All mine are gone. I spent them in the desert, where I would buy water, a cup for ten piastres.

The schools went on as usual, Mohammedan; also at the Genesi, till the priests (Italian) left. The little German tailor, Klein, remained till the last; twenty-five years had he resided in Khartoum. His wife and four daughters remained too. They did not go with Stewart I am sure.

There were several white women there

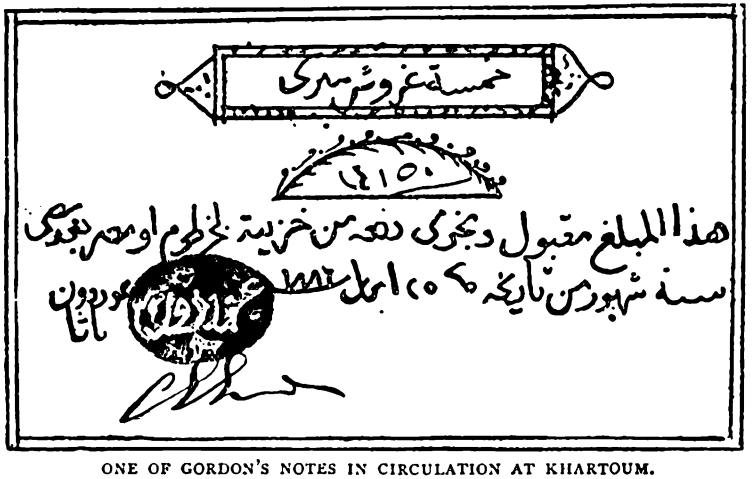
when I left—daughters of Europeans by Abyssinian wives, whom they had bought. There were two or three ladies at the Austrian Consul's. I think all these had so many family ties they would not leave; besides, Gordon always said, "The English are coming."

I do not know that your coming would have altered matters; for this I tell you advisedly—the will of God says it.

There were traitors in our midst; they met and took counsel together against Gordon Pasha. He was warned, but said, "Suffer it to be so."

The plan was to deliver over the city whenever the English drew near. The number of traitors increased daily as they got hopeless. Another thing, and this decided many: after the battle of Abou Klea, the rebels went down and collected all the helmets they could find. They showed these to us, waving them outside the trenches and saying, "Thus and thus have we eaten up the Feringhees." Thus even faithful men were sorely tempted, and became sick at heart.

At night the enemy used to be often at the south end, at speaking distance; and we used to revile each other. We were called the cursed rebels who speak evil of



ONE OF GORDON'S NOTES IN CIRCULATION AT KHARTOUM.

the fathers and mothers to the third and fourth generation. We would call them "sons of dogs" (wadho kelps) [I should think our word whelp comes from this], and shout "Allah bou rou Gehenna—ye rebellious ones; malediction on your fathers; depart to Gehenna." And they would make answer, "Ye are slaves of the infidels; ye too are infidels, as you do not believe in our book. We will eat you up, and wipe you from the face of the earth of Allah."

Thus and thus did we call out to each other during the long night.

The English stayed too long at Metemmeh; perhaps had they gone on at once the gates would not have been opened, but still I tell you treachery was planned long before. The rebels came over at night; or at any rate before dawn, when Tenza and another opened the gate.

The last river trip was made by Tujerat Mahaba. He had on board two gun Krupp. He started at 7 a.m.; at 10 he met a nuggar full of rebels. They had a gun. They fired at each other for an hour. At last the rebel boat sunk. He was still under a heavy fire till he reached Shembat. At Bou the rebels had one Krupp, four guns higher up, and one mitrailleuse or Nordenfeldt. He ran aground. Here he is.

A tall, stout black here entered my tent and kissed my hand. He wore naval uniform—three stripes on arm and Gordon's medal.

'Ha!' I said, referring to these, 'you at least have kept yours.' The others had been selling their lead medals given by Gordon in camp. I deprecated this much; but the reply I invariably met with was—'If I don't buy it, some one else will.'

'I,' said the captain (he was the chief of all the boats), 'would not part with mine for £1,000.' He continued: 'The last words Gordon said were, "Bring the English when you come back, if only three or four;" but I was never to see him more. I have left my wife and children at Khartoum! He has told you I sank the rebel vessel. Well, I was fired at from all directions. I rammed her. I had one hundred and fifty soldiers on board; she had plenty. Down they all went—it was a glorious sight! None escaped. On passing Rezare I was fired at by one hundred and fifty riflemen, but continued my voyage till I got to Gebel-el-Sheik-el-Taeb (the good Sheik). The shots fell short. On the river, near Mashed-el-Hamak (donkey's pasture) six hours from Khartoum—I went upon a rock; then three mountain guns opened fire on me. Three hours afterwards three steamers came, the *Boudain*, *Telehoweah Tepagny*, and *Sophia*. Troops were landed, and we killed many Arabs. I used to be captain of Hicks Pasha's ship, and flew the Pasha's flags. Many times I've taken you down to Omdurman, and I saw you up at Kowa, but you were on shore. General Hicks was very kind, but I was a small Reiss then. If Gordon had lived I should have become as high as this tree—pooh! I have left a thousand of Gordon's notes at Khartoum with my family, and all my clothes.

Latterly the chief men of the town were traitors; all were concerned in opening the gates. They were afraid of starving. This I tell you, and I do not lie. All the white and all the black women are now made slaves. My poor wife, I shall never see her again. When I say white, I mean also those whose mothers were Abyssinian and fathers European, and there were some Turkish ladies who wore the achmet, wives of officers; all will now be slaves. I have finished. I must leave you.'

My interview for the time was now over, and the two gallant men took their departure, seeming depressed and sorrowful. These men had a genuine love for Gordon; you could feel this in every word when they referred to him. 'Ah!' they would ejaculate, 'no one like him on this earth,' so high was their admiration for him."

CHAPTER LXIX.

GORDON—HIS KHARTOUM DIARIES.

WE have already spoken of the diaries which Gordon left. These were brought to this country and published. Their appearance was looked for with the greatest possible interest. We proceed to give an account of these taken from one of the ablest of the notices, which remarked, at the time of their appearance (June, 1885), that "this much-expected work is to-day in the hands of General Gordon's countrymen, and its secrets, which have been so well kept, are no longer hidden. A perusal of the original manuscript, written on telegraph forms, has shown us that, with one or two unimportant exceptions, and with

the substitution of asterisks for names, the diary which General Gordon kept after the departure of Colonel Stewart and his unfortunate companions on the 10th of September appears in its present form almost intact, and very nearly as it left the hands of its author. The diary begins on the 10th of September, and ends on the 14th of December, or about six weeks before the fall of Khartoum. It is divided into six books, of which the last is the most interesting. There is no reason to doubt that General Gordon continued to make these daily jottings down to the close of the siege of

MR. FRANK POWER, "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT AT KHARTOUM.

Khartoum; and, should a seventh volume ever be discovered, there need be no hesitation in saying that it will prove of still higher interest, in proportion as the closing weeks of the long defence of the city intensified the terrible situation for the garrison and its gallant commander. But, although the absence of that final volume must be deplored, these six books constitute a work of unsurpassed interest in our own or any other language. The defence of Khartoum will remain to all time a splendid example of British tenacity and fortitude. It is not probable that the details will ever be completely known for the whole period, but in this volume they are described by the chief

actor for three of the most important and critical months during the siege; and the reader will have little difficulty in forming an opinion for himself as to what they must have been during the earlier six months of the blockade, as well as for the fatal six weeks which followed General Gordon's last 'Good-bye' to his countrymen. It is almost unnecessary to say that just as General Gordon showed by his military and administrative skill and foresight that there was no falling off in his capacity as a leader of men, so does this diary prove that he retained to the last the incisiveness of style and the power to unmask the true facts which were always among his most striking characteristics. No one will read these pages without feeling his admiration increase for the brave man who, when he could easily have escaped, stood firm at the post of duty; and it is inevitable that those who were less single-minded in their devotion to the national interests will suffer in reputation, both among their contemporaries and at the hands of posterity, by comparison with the soldier who held Khartoum for eleven months against the Mahdi, and whose first thought to the very end was how he could best preserve the honour of England.

Where every line is of almost thrilling interest it is difficult to adjust with any nice degree of proportion the parts of the volume which are of the greatest intrinsic value and interest.

Among the most interesting passages are those in which he refers to the loss of Colonel Stewart and Mr. Frank Power, the *Times* correspondent at Khartoum, who, as already mentioned, were killed on the way to Khartoum. We give an authentic portrait of Mr. Power.

Of the black troops he always speaks with pride and affection, but with regard to the fellaheen soldiers on board the steamers he expressed himself in no very complimentary terms.

General Gordon seems to have felt the announcement that the object of Lord Wolseley's expedition was to relieve him not less acutely than the long neglect and indifference with which he had been treated by the Government. More than once he recurs to the subject, and the receipt of some newspapers mentioning the departure of the Gordon Relief Expedition drew from him some strong remonstrances.

There are some who insinuate that General Gordon was inconsistent in his political remedies for the state of things created in the Soudan by the defeat of General Hicks and the progress of the Mahdi; but if his remarks are read with their context and necessary conditions it will be found that the insinuation is baseless.

General Gordon's two principal propositions were either to send up Zebehr or to hand the Soudan over to the Sultan, giving the Porte a sum of money for the purpose of pacifying the country.

The bitter feeling which he felt on the subject of his past treatment and of the neglect which had allowed the Soudan problem to become more complicated did not prejudice him in his views as to what had to be done in the future. To the end he continued to aim at two things, the maintenance of the honour of England and the welfare of the Soudanese. These thoughts found expression in various entries.

There is less in the diary than might have been expected of personal attack on the Government which sent General Gordon to Khartoum; and this is certainly a very gratifying fact, for it shows the noble character of the man.

There are, of course, many passages referring to his relations with Sir Evelyn Baring, who, although General Gordon was not aware of it, supported his demand for Zebehr. He also mentions, in a somewhat satirical fashion, Mr. Egerton, upon whom the task devolved of writing and telegraphing to General Gordon for information.

CHAPTER LXX.

GORDON—HIS KHARTOUM DIARIES.

IN this chapter we continue some brief notes regarding the diary.

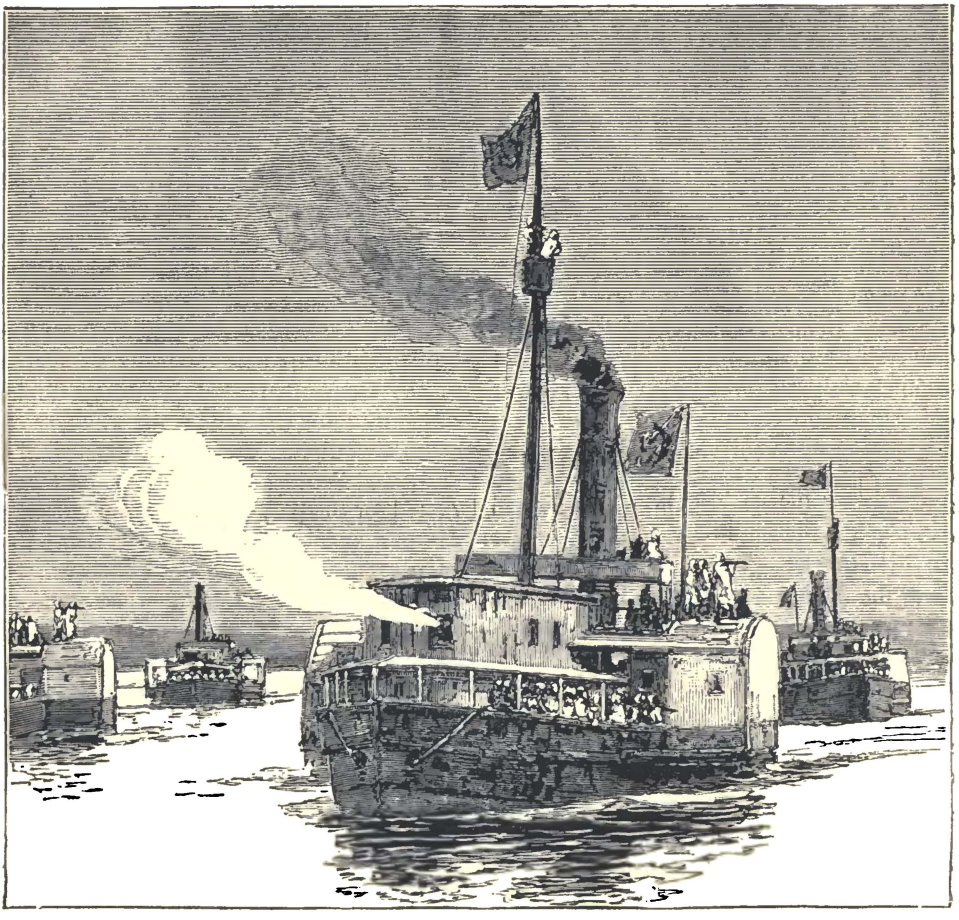
He mentions the roguish deeds of the people by whom he was surrounded, in a manner which shows that he understood how base they were, though he can scarcely help being amused at some of the more comical aspects of their baseness.

His affection for his steamers appears over and over again, and is no doubt to be attributed to his remembrances of his old struggle with the Taipings, when he derived so much assistance from them on the canals and estuaries of Kiangsi.

The blockade of Khartoum suggested to him, as it did to others, a comparison with the siege of Sebastopol, in which he had also taken no insignificant part. It comes out in various passages, in which he compares the two.

"'I have done my best for the honour of our country' are the last words of General Gordon's diary, and in his last letter to his sister he wrote, 'Like Lawrence, I have tried to do my duty.' It is impossible to add by any additional words of ours force to those simple farewell sentences of the man who so long held the attention of the world riveted upon him, and who supported, unaided and alone, the highest traditions of English courage and fortitude. The story of the siege and defence of Khartoum will live for ever in the graphic words of its heroic defender, while regret at the loss of Colonel Stewart's earlier record will be qualified by the possession of Mr. Power's concise and picturesque description of the long months of silence which he was the first to break. Many conclusions will be forced upon the sympathetic reader, or the sceptical, if any such there be from interested motives of party politics; but in some points they will find it difficult to arrive at any save identical decisions. Of these we will mention the three principal. The first is that General Gordon considered that while he had accepted the dangerous task of going to Khartoum, the Government had incurred the less hazardous, but still onerous, duty of keeping open communications with him. Hence his repeated expressions of dissatisfaction at the inquiries as to when he would be hard pressed, and there can be no doubt that he thought the obligation of the Government towards him assumed direct meaning the instant the wire was cut south of Berber. The second point is that whatever General Gordon may have suggested for the purpose of carrying out other persons' opinions, his own view was that there could be no divorce between the Soudan and Egypt, and that the best remedy lay between the appointment of an Egyptian Governor-General and the reassertion of the Sultan's prerogative. The third point is that even when Colonel Stewart left, three months before this journal closes, the garrison was already in difficulties, and every day's delay added to the risk of Khartoum being taken under the nose of the relieving expedition. General Gordon says nothing about his own expectations of being succoured, but when, after many reports of the approach of a relieving force, he learnt in November that it had only reached Ambukol, while the Mahdi's forces had arrived in front of Khartoum, he gave vent to the expressive exclamation, 'This is lively!' The proper persons upon whom the responsibility should devolve for the aid needed in September, 1884, only arriving in January, 1885, when too late,

may never be decided; but Sir Henry Gordon, in one of the introductions to the diary, absolves Sir Charles Wilson from all blame in the matter. Admittedly when that officer had to deal with the situation it was a question of a few hours, and we fail to see, even if the charge were made out much more clearly against him than it can be, how he could be censured, when those who sinned much more deeply, and who wasted weeks and months in telegraphing for exact information, are deemed free from blame. So far as the general opinion of Gordon's character goes, this journal will



GORDON'S STEAMERS.

confirm the popular impression of his heroism. It is impossible to read these daily entries in his diary without feeling the liveliest emotion for his sufferings and for the neglect of which he was the chief victim. Had his vigour been imitated by the Government, Khartoum would never have fallen. Perhaps the most touching incident among these later events was the despatch of the five steamers, each of which he considered the equivalent of 2,000 men, to assist the progress of the expedition, while he deprived himself of their valuable assistance. Had he selfishly retained those steamers for his own safety, there is little doubt that he could

always have ensured for himself a safe retreat. The explanation is no doubt to be found in his belief that Lord Wolseley's force was much nearer than it was. The siege of Khartoum may remain to the end of time a half-told tale, but we may predict that the diary will be read by the whole of the English-speaking races of the world, and that their verdict will be unanimous—admiration mixed with pity for the man who defended Khartoum," a verdict in which we are sure our readers will concur with the utmost unanimity.

CHAPTER LXXI.

GORDON—SCENES OF SUFFERING AT THE FALL OF KHARTOUM —THE END OF THE TRAITOR.

HERE now is the account of two merchants who were present on the fateful night when Khartoum, like some ill-fated vessel, went to ruin almost within reach of help :—

"That night Khartoum was delivered into the hands of the rebels. It fell through the treachery of the accursed Farag Pasha, the Circassian, who opened the gate. May he never reach Paradise! May Shaytan take possession of his soul! But it was Kismet. The gate was called 'Bouri.' It was on the Blue Nile. We were on guard near, but did not see what was going on. We were attacked and fought desperately at the gate. Twelve of us were killed, and twenty-two retreated to a high room, where we were taken prisoners.

And now came the ending. The red flag with the crescent was destined no more to wave over the Palace ; nor would the strains of the hymn of his Highness the Effendina be heard any more at evening within Khartoum. Blood was to flow in her streets, in her dwellings, in her very mosque, and on the Kenniseh of the Narsira.

A cry arose, 'To the Palace! to the Palace!' A wild and furious band rushed towards it, but they were resisted by the black troops, who fought desperately. They knew there was no mercy for them, and that even were their lives spared they would be enslaved, and the state of the slave, the perpetual bondage with hard task masters, is worse than death. Slaves are not treated well, as you think ; heavy chains are round their ankles and middle, and they are lashed for the least offence til blood flows. We had fought for the Christian Pasha and for the Turks, and we knew that we should receive no mercy. We, the party I was with, could not help being taken prisoners. The house was set on fire. The fight raged, and the slaughter continued till the streets were slippery with blood. The rebels rushed onward to the Palace. We saw a mass rolling to and fro, but did not see Gordon Pasha killed. He met his fate as he was leaving the Palace near the large tree which stands on the esplanade. The Palace is not a stone's throw, or at any rate a gunshot distance, from the Austrian Consul's house. He was going in that direction, to the magazine on the Kenniseh, a long way off. We did not hear what became of his body, nor did we hear that his head was cut off; but we saw the head of the traitor Farag, who met with his deserts. We have heard that it was the blacks that

ran away, and that the Egyptian soldiers fought well; that is not true. They were craven. Had it not been for them, in spite of the treachery of many within the town, the Arabs would not have got in, for we watched the traitors. And now fearful scenes took place in every house and building, in the large market-place, in the small bazaars. There were the same terrible scenes in the dwellings where the window-sills and door-lintels were painted azrek,* where there had been many feasts and fantasias, where merissa had flowed in plenty, and where the walls were built of wahál and the roof built of dhurra stalk. Men were slain shrieking for mercy, when mercy was not in the hearts of our savage enemies. Women and children were robbed of their jewels of gold and jewels of silver, of their bracelets, necklaces of precious stones, and carried off to be sold to the Bishareen merchants as slaves. Yes, and white women too—Egyptians and Circassians who wore the burko† over their faces, the rabtah and the turbah, and the kurs‡ on their heads—ladies clad in silk and satin gibbehs and saltahs.§ Mother and daughter alike were dragged off from their homes of comfort. These were widows, wives, and daughters of Egyptian officers, some of whom had been killed with Hicks Pasha; wives and children of Egyptian merchants formerly rich, owning ships and mills, gardens and shops. These were sold afterwards, some for 340 thaleries or more, some for 250, according to age and good looks. And the poor black women already slaves, and their children, were taken off too. These were sold too, for a hundred, eighty, or seventy thaleries. Their husbands and masters were slain before their eyes; and yet I hear it said there was no massacre at the taking of Khartoum! They lie who say so, and are in league with Mohammed 'Ahmed. You must not believe all that men coming from Omdurman tell you. Mohammed Ahmed and the dervishes send you false reports of everything, and you believe them; then they laugh. This fighting and spilling of blood continued till dohr,* till the sun rode high in the sky—red, yet darkened by smoke and dust. There was riot and clamour, hubbub and wrangling over spoil; cursing was heard till the hour of evening prayer. But the Muezzin was not called; neither were any prayers offered up at the mosque on that dark day in the annals of Khartoum. But the history of those scenes will not be written on its records; for all scrolls and papers and books in the archives were destroyed and scattered abroad. Yet the howling herd, possessed by afaséet and gin†—the screeching devils bespattered with gore, swarming about in droves and bands, found not the plunder that they had been promised or had expected. Then they were exasperated. Their fury knew no bounds, and they sought out Farag Pasha; but he was with the dervishes. He had presented himself to them as one deserving well of honour and rewards. 'Where is the hidden treasure of the Greek merchants and Bachalees; of Leontides and Georgio Themetrio? Yes, and of the Franchesi Marquèt; of the Italian Michaelo? We know that you are acquainted with the secret hiding-place. Where are all the thaleries of Marcopolo, and of the German tailor, Klein? We know that those that left Khartoum were unable to carry away their silver, and you know where it is hid.'

The dervishes, seeing the tumult, questioned him sharply and addressed him thus: 'The long-expected One, our Lord, desires to know where the English Pasha

* Blue.

† Face veil.

‡ Rabtah—Egyptian head-dress of women, showing them to be of the upper classes. Turbah—Embroidered muslin. Kur—Gold or silver ornament.

§ Gibbehs and Saltahs—Cloaks and jackets.

* Noon.

† Afaséet and gin; *pl.* of aféet and ginnee—Evil spirits, goblins.

hid his wealth. We know he was very rich, and every day paid large sums of money; this has not been concealed from our Lord. Now therefore let us know, that we may bear him word where all the "felluce" * he gave the troops is hidden, so that we may put it into the treasury. Let him be bound and examined in the inner chamber.'

Then were the doors of the house where the dervishes were, and the gates of the gardens outside—they were in the Genesi—closed against the Arab soldiery, and they were driven out, though angry words and threats were loudly heard. Farag was now questioned, but he swore by Allah and by the souls of his fathers back to three generations that Gordon had no money, and that he knew of no hidden money or treasure.

'You lie,' cried the dervishes. 'You wish after a while to come here, dig, and get it all for yourself. If the Inglezze had no money or silver, how did he make all those silver medals we have seen?'

'Most of them are lead,' Farag replied, 'and he paid every one with paper.'

'It is false,' they replied, 'and now have a care; listen to what we are going to say to you. We are sure you know where the money lies concealed. We are not careful of your life, for you have betrayed the man whose salt you had eaten; you have been the servant of the infidel, and you have betrayed even him. Unless you unfold this secret of the buried treasure, you shall surely die.'

But Farag, it is said—for we were not there—seeing that his end was approaching, that his words were not believed, assumed a proud and haughty bearing, and an attitude of defiance.

'I care not,' he said, 'for your threats. I have told the truth, Allah knows. There is no money, neither is there treasure. You are magnoons* to suppose there is money; but if there were you would not divide it fairly among your followers—to every one his portion. You would keep it among yourselves. I have done a great deed. I have delivered to your lord and master the city, which you could never have taken without my help. You would have been beaten back from the trenches by the Inglezze, who, even now, await their time to punish you; and I have secrets regarding these, which, if I die, will die with me. I tell you again there is no treasure, but you will rue the day if you kill me.'

One among the dervishes then stepped forward and struck him, bound as he was, in the mouth, telling him to cease his fool's prophecies; while another, incensed, rushed at him and struck him on the back of his neck with his two-edged sword, so that with one blow his head fell from his shoulders.

So perished the arch-traitor—may his soul be afflicted! But as for Gordon Pasha the magnanimous, may his soul be 'enjoying fuller knowledge.'

I say nearly all the Egyptian men were slain in spite of their casting themselves down and praying for mercy. Farag Pasha's head was then carried off to Mohammed Ahmed. We heard this when the Kordofan soldiers, who guarded us at the Dormas Gate, talked among themselves. We were there for some days; we saw nothing; but only heard what these soldiers told us. They said two steamers with English had come up and gone back.

We have nothing more to tell you."

Farag Pasha was probably a Circassian. It was the name of the son of Berkook, founder of the Memlook dynasty. There seems no reasonable doubt that he was actually the traitor who admitted the enemy, and nearly all accounts represent him as being killed somewhat as above stated.

* Felluce—Pay.

* Magnoon—Fools.

CHAPTER LXXII.

GORDON—HIS DEATH—SUCCESS OF THE MAHDI.

WE need make no apology for giving another of these deeply, if painfully, interesting accounts of the fall of Khartoum. It is, like all the others, due to the diligence of the newspaper correspondent, who in this case tells us that "Another 'voice' from Khartoum is heard—a Greek, who was made to wear the Mahdi's uniform, and in this costume walked down to Berber—no man forbidding him. He then resolved to escape altogether, and then his troubles commenced. He had no money, but begged his way from village to village. Sometimes he was hunted, and had to hide away; at others he was made to work as a captured slave by men who knew him to be a Greek. At length, after a period of twenty-eight days from Berber, he reached Aboudom, where, suspected at first as a spy, he was made prisoner. He was then sent down by Colonel Butler to General Buller, and arrived at Dongola last Saturday. His very disjointed story I will give you in his own words, translated for me by the Greek interpreter of the Transport Department. It will be observed that he emphatically declares that Gordon was killed in, and not outside, the Palace.

'My name is Rosti Penago. I kept stores for some years in Khartoum. I have lost all. I had a great many of Gordon's cheques. They were taken from me. Shall I get repaid in Cairo? I was a merchant—rich in my way; and look at me now! Yes, I remember you when you used to ride through the streets with General Hicks' staff. Prices went up when you all came. It is true we all combined, we Greeks, with Hicks, Butler, the Syrian Greenburg, a Jew I think he was, to raise the prices of everything. You look upon us all as rogues and rascals. I know we are born so; but we are enterprising. A Greek goes where no other European would venture. Yes, the Greeks here in Dongola, who came to rob, as you say, a good many of them will be ruined; they are obliged to sell off at cost price. But you ought to thank—not revile us. English traders rob too. We don't cheat each other; we are bound to be honest to any compatriot; you cheat each other. What have I to tell you? You say you know everything. What needs my telling you anything?

But this you do not know: the only reason the Mahdi's power is on the wane is because the people see that he, or rather his dervishes, spoil and plunder and carry off the women of the tribes. He will have difficulty in getting the tribes to follow him again; but, if he can, he will, in spite of what you say, enter Egypt. The dervishes are perpetually preaching that he (the Mahdi) must ultimately reach Morocco, Mecca, and Stamboul but that the time has not arrived. The tenets of the Mahdi's religion are very strict. If a married man is guilty of sexual immorality, he is put up to his waist in the sand and stoned to death. If he steals, his hand is cut off. Singing or lascivious dancing, such as used to be in Khartoum, is put a stop to. Every man must pray five times a day. Gordon only went about the town on Friday. Stewart used to live in the old house in the square that General Hicks lived in when he first arrived. No one lived in it when I left, nor did any one live in the Palace. The stench is too great. There are dead bodies in it; none were cleared away. Gordon's Coptic clerks were killed and left there. A fearful stench of putrid corpses pervades the whole atmosphere of Khartoum. The house you

dwelt in with other officers, over the post-office, where are the drawings on the walls—your dining saloon, that now presents a horrible sight. It is strewed with corpses For, you remember, there was a guard there over stores. The guard ran from the gate after closing it up to your dining-room. They were all massacred there. That poor old man, the Italian postmaster, was slain below. Had we the Europeans, supposed that this treachery was going to take place, we should have formed ourselves into a corps for self-defence. As it was, we had all agreed, and Gordon consented, to hold out five days more, and then to jump into the steamer *Montniah*, and run the gauntlet down the river. It was kept ready for this purpose.

Do you know that Gordon used to send off hundreds of letters, but these were always taken to the Mahdi? People used to come to him volunteering to take letters, and Gordon, believing in them, would give them good baksheesh. Stewart used generally to be at a battery he erected close by the kiosk, where the band played. The rebels, knowing Gordon lived in the Palace, used to fire at it all day long, and Stewart would reply to them. Gordon had sand-bags piled up on the roof, and from this he was watching day and night for the arrival of the English. I think he never slept. By night he used to send up rockets. You ask me about the shops and magazines on the promenade over the Blue Nile. Gordon had all these cleared out for the English, who never arrived. We were starving. Gordon had some biscuit and flour, I believe, in the palace. Some Europeans ate grass, and cut down palms to extract the pith from them. The Egyptians and blacks ate anything they could get hold of—camels, donkeys (I have known a donkey's tail sell for eight dollars), dogs, cats, rats. We were entirely surrounded for three months.

WOMAN OF KHARTOUM.

The English could have come up with great ease. If one Englishman had shown, the whole population would have cheered up out of its despondency. Natives outside, who were starving, too, would have joined us, and I believe the Mahdi's forces would have melted away. Perhaps you would have had one fight more. As for Berber, that was weak; you could have taken it easily. I don't think there were more than 2,000 men there when Khartoum was taken.

The steamers arrived at Halfaya. I saw them about one mile and a half from Khartoum. They turned back directly; but I say this—if they had come on then every man would have been destroyed. The

soldiers pointed them out to me jeeringly. "There are your English!" they cried. But I must go back. Stewart used to place fougasses all round the town. He took the tops of cartridges and filled them with matches—so fitted on to the mine that any one walking on them would explode them. Gordon often wanted to go on board the steamers himself, but the inhabitants would not let him; his life was considered far too precious to risk.

When the steamers approached, a great cry arose through the town, "The English are coming! the English are coming!" The rebels took their rifles and commenced to fire at them. "Ha!" said a man to me, "look at them; they cannot save you."

It may have been arranged to deliver up the city just before the English came. I don't know; but this I know, if you had come three days, or two days, sooner, you would have taken Khartoum easily. Farag moved away the troops guarding the gate that was entered the night before, and took them to the other side of the town on some pretence or other. Gordon did not know of this—nor did any one, I think, except the troops themselves. We Europeans knew there were traitors, but we did not think they could do anything, or, as I said before, we should have formed ourselves into a band.

Boom! boom! boom! was the sound that greeted us from dawn to sunset. We were sad, sorrowful, and depressed. Power was in the magazine in the church, guarding and looking after the ammunition. You say you know all I am telling you. Do you know that a woman once got in and nearly succeeded in blowing up all the ammunition? She was seized, but after a while Gordon released her. I used to sit in my shop all day near the barracks selling coffee. All spirituous liquor was gone. We used to sit all day gambling and playing cards: we had tobacco. There were forty-two of us and ten Jews; some of us had our women with us—Greek women—that we had brought with us, but not all. Cuzzi used to go and come with messages from and to Gordon. Gordon said if he came again he would hang him; after that he came no more. And now the day arrived that was to separate husband from wife, brother from sister, and parent from child. The streets were soon to run with blood. I was not at my house. I was with some Greeks—eight in all—near the mosque, when we heard a hideous uproar as of men shouting and yelling, and of women wailing around about on all sides. Nearer and nearer did this long-continued roar approach, swelling as it were and now bursting close on our ears. Men with frightful gashes on their faces and limbs came flying by, and towards us women with torn garments and dishevelled hair shrieking, screaming "Jesu Christo!" I shall not forget that horrible din to the day of my death. "We are lost! We are lost!" we cried. "The place is taken!" But no one would tell us exactly what was the matter. We ran up to the top of the mosque, and saw that the town was given up to massacre and bloodshed. We ran to a house, barricaded the doors and windows, went upstairs, shut ourselves into a room, and determined never to surrender, but die like Greeks: for we, mindful of our ancestors, fight to the last. Thus it was when our fathers were surrounded by Turks; we are a brave nation! How we escaped I will tell you.

But listen, I pray you. Have you not asked me where Gordon Pasha was slain? You say everybody has said he was either killed on the courtyard steps of the Palace, or outside, going to the Austrian Consul's house. They all lie! If you choose to believe them you may, it matters not to me. I am a respectable Greek merchant, not an Arab. You want the truth; I tell it to you. True, I did not see Gordon slain; but everybody in Khartoum knows where the event happened. An Arab rushed upstairs and shot him with a gun as he was reading the Bible. Another Arab cut off his head and put it on a spear; and so went forth into the city, carrying it and

brandishing it on high. The Copts in the Palace in the rooms below were slaughtered at the same time.

The Arabs came pouring in; they slew every man they could find; no mercy was shown to any one. There was no resistance. I don't think a hundred shots were fired by Egyptians or blacks. Men ran in and shut themselves up in houses; but doors were burst open, and spearing, cutting, and slashing went on bravely in the streets, in the market square, in the bazaars. It was a horrible scene this bazaar afterwards. I went through it. Gay curtains, crimson-coloured and oranged-striped, golden-edged satins, silks, and muslins, lay smeared and splashed with blood; everything was upset and strewed about and trampled on. Everywhere was the wildest disorder. You know how narrow it was and how it winds. One corner was so full of corpses and dying that we could not get by. I had my hands tied, and I fell several times in the road, slippery with blood. The havoc went on till eight o'clock. Then Mohammed Ahmed sent over word from Omdurman that Allah had revealed to him that the slaughter must cease. We were told this. It was shouted about the streets, and those that were still hidden were bidden to come forth. Of forty-two Greeks only eight escaped. There were ten Jews; these were killed, I think. Gordon's head I saw on a spear. It was taken over to Omdurman, and shown to Mohammed Ahmed. It was laid before him. A grim savage smile passed over his face. He gazed long at the countenance of his late enemy. "God be praised!" he cried, "can this be his?" He did not express anger at Gordon's death, as you say has been reported; he made merry at his death when it was told him. The head was then borne away, and men plucked the hairs out of his head and beard, and spat in his face. His body was cut up into little pieces. This was his end! I omitted to say that Gordon wrote to the Mahdi saying he might be Viceroy of Kordofan. The Mahdi replied: "I am sent by God to be king of all," and invited him to surrender. Gordon replied in insulting terms, saying he was a false Mahdi, and that he (Gordon) would never surrender to him.

The Copt women were taken to a place called Bousi. They were allowed to go in and out of their house as they pleased, and one by one they got claimed as brides. They went out to look for husbands, and when they found one suitable they were allowed to leave as they liked. But the Greek and all the women in fact were put in a room, and the dervishes and chief leaders picked from among them whom they would. This was at Omdurman. The Greeks, including myself, were dressed in the Mahdi's uniform, and told that from henceforth we were Mussulmen, but we were not circumcised. We were liberated, and were given two dollars each, a monthly allowance. Now, when we heard that our women were taken over to Omdurman and divided among the dervishes, we proceeded there and craved an interview with the Mahdi. It was allowed. We had to take off our shoes, and when within the inner circle—about a quarter of a square mile—we were made to crawl towards him on our knees. Every one has to approach him thus. We addressed him thus: "Kill us, we beseech thee—it is as well. Your dervishes and great men have carried off our wives, sisters and daughters, and life is of no more value to us. Slay us!" Thereupon the Mahdi took pity on our forlorn condition, and ordered our women to be returned to us. To each one was his wife, sister, or relation returned. Those who had lost their husbands were also returned to us, to take care of us; and also Dr. Georgio Demetrio's daughter, whom you asked after, and whose sister is married in Cairo. She was very pretty. Poor girl, she was lovely. Yes; she was led off at first as a slave; but we got her back, and the nuns too. Two priests were killed. The nuns lived with us Greeks. Mdlle. Demetrio is now married to a Greek. The daughter of poor Klein,

the tailor, was carried off as a slave when her father was killed. Among the white women only the Greeks and the nuns were recovered. There were Egyptian-Turkish women carried off; but the Mahdi ordered that those whose husbands were still alive should be returned to them. Why should there be any doubt thrown on this sad story? Is it not probable? Have you not seen many white women in Khartoum, and is it not probable that these Mussulmen would carry them off? I could give you the names of many of European origin. Had you not delayed three days, these would have been saved. Alas! it is a sad story. The picture you showed me (from an illustrated journal) has not the slightest resemblance to Mohammed Ahmed. It must have been drawn from fancy. I will give you a better to-morrow. I am weary of recounting a story over which tears of blood might be shed, so sad and terrible is it even in memory,'" and we may add, in recital also.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

GORDON—EFFECT OF NEWS OF HIS DEATH IN ENGLAND—THE EXAMPLE OF HIS LIFE.

ON February 7th, 1885, *Punch*, which often so faithfully represents the feelings of the English people, had a cartoon which showed Gordon and Wolseley standing hand in hand on the ramparts of Khartoum. Underneath were these words: "At Last!" In another week all was changed; the news of the unexpected fall of Khartoum had been received in the interval, and now the cartoon represented Britannia weeping, while underneath was the legend, "Too Late!" The feelings of our race were well represented in the poetry that accompanied the drawing, and of which we quote a few verses:—

"Too late! Too late! Loud through the desert sounds
That piteous cry, and to the farthest bounds
Of England's Empire echoes. There she stands,
Britannia, stricken 'midst the Libyan sands
With bitter disappointment's venomed dart,
Wrath in her soul and anguish at her heart.
Too late! And after hopes so high they took
The shape of certainty, and fired her look,
Anxious through crawling months of slow delay,
With joy's exultant light. That blunt, half gay
'All's well!' from her beleaguered hero, cast
Care from her burdened breast. 'At last! At last!
She cried, and we all with her, joy so danced
In all our veins. So, gladly, she advanced
Swift though undoubting, eager now to clasp
That valiant hand in an impassioned grasp
In whose close pressure England's heart should speak.
And now! Can it be truth? Can one poor week
Only have sped since that 'At last!' forth brake
From those set lips? No puling plaints shall wake
The mocking desert echoes, no appeal
To aught but English hearts and English steel.
But yet, but yet the sight of those sheer walls
Manned by the foe, like noonday darkness falls
On eyes hope-bright. He held them, *he*, so long
Faithful 'midst falterers, 'midst much weakness strong.
He, one against ten thousand, left alone
Long months, each hour of which must wring a groan
From dogged dawdlers now; he fought, he planned;
That citadel, by one true man well manned,
Of all life's phrases dreariest, shamefullest this,
Scourge of weak will, delay's stern Nemesis!
Not this the hour to echo faction's cry
Of half-exultant chiding, or to ply
The Party-phraser's venomed word-lash. No!
But laggard wills, counsels confused and slow,
Should need no sharper spur, no keener goad,
Than this to urge them on plain Honour's road.
A splendid legend *this* indeed to scrawl

In letters red as blood, with pen of gall
Across a page of Policy! 'Too late!'
Belshazzar's scroll was scarce more big with fate
Than such a shameful script. Erase, erase
The branding blot, ere on our History's face
It burn indelible as sin and shame,
Smirching the record of an honoured name,
Leaving the witness of a great soul lost
Through loitering littleness! Who 'll now count cost,
Or nicely balance chances? Who cries 'Wait,
Ponder, split hairs!' whilst gallant Gordon's fate
Hangs on the hours perchance? Who once again,
Clutching with tremulous hand the old Lion's mane,
Inviolate held, though cowardice, like a blade
Untempered, shivered, and his hand betrayed,
Though treachery's craven craft enmeshed him round,
He, vigilant as valiant, held his ground.
Our *Abdiel*, till the echoes of our shouts
Might almost reach his ears, till chilling doubts
Seemed all dispelled, till o'er the rushing Nile
His greeting came like a half mocking smile
Of cheery, cheering confidence; and then!——
The fingers falter, the recording pen
Drops in impatient indignation. Where
Is our lost lion? See his desert lair
Bristles with hostile spears. At Khartoum's gate
Brave Gordon greets us not! Too late! too late!"

English opinion seems to us to be well expressed in the following eloquent words, written when it was known beyond the possibility of a doubt that Gordon was no more, and that "cruel suspense has given place to sad certainty. All conjectures as to the survival of General Gordon must now be put on one side. The news published this morning appears to place beyond any doubt the fact that he fell stabbed by traitors in the midst of his faithful troops when Khartoum was betrayed. The end came as he expected it. Treachery achieved what overwhelming force had failed to effect, and the forces of the Mahdi, admitted within the fortification by one of Gordon's pashas, made short work of all who would not espouse their cause. The Notables were cut down to a man, the faithful remnant of Gordon's garrison seem to have been killed fighting hard to the last. Their children were spitted on the Arab spears; their women—but there is no need to detail the ghastly incidents of the sack of a city by the savage hordes of the African desert. The streets of the city, we are told, ran with blood. 'The flame of the sword and the lightning of the spear' shone in the doomed city for a space, and when our relieving steamer arrived there was a 'multitude of slain and there was no end of their corpses.' The terrible formula which summed up our policy in the Soudan has been as terribly fulfilled. The garrisons have been speared, and over the whole of the Soudan the Mahdi has now passed his bloody sponge. Nothing has happened that was not foreseen. Far be it from us to profane such a moment as this with any vain recriminations. In the sanctuary of our sorrow such revilings jar like the hootings of some ill-omened bird as we weep over the grave of our dead. But it is precisely because he realized so vividly the approach of that savage orgie of carnage and of lust that General Gordon twelve months ago pleaded so earnestly against the evacuation of the Soudan, and it was in order to stave off this great tragedy that he consented to go to Khartoum to do what he could. He has done what he could, and the catastrophe which, with such heroic courage and such marvellous resource, he has averted for a whole year, has at last overwhelmed him and those whom he sought to save. 'Red ruin' has fallen upon Khartoum—her children have been dashed to pieces in the midst of her, the women have become a prey to the spoiler, and the few brave men who through all the long siege have endured faithful to the end in spite of sore privation, constant attacks, and a haunting sense of desertion and depair, have paid the penalty of their loyalty with their lives. The telegrams from Korti this morning read like the scrolls of the Hebrew prophets on which were written the judgment of God upon the cities of old time. All is over, and the curtain falls upon a scene of bloodshed and desolation, only to be realized by those who remember

the carnage of Cawnpore or the more recent horrors of Batak.

Khartoum has been evacuated by massacre, and with Khartoum General Gordon has perished. Of that there can be no longer any doubt. A career of unsullied splendour has now culminated in a death worthy of the life which it closed. 'The angels of Martyrdom and Victory,' said Mazzini, 'are twin sisters, for Martyrdom is also the benediction of Heaven.' It is difficult for those of us who knew Gordon as a man and as a friend to speak without tear-dimmed eyes and choking utterance of him whom we shall now see no more. None of those who knew that noble heart, so tender and true, who have felt the warm grasp of that generous hand now cold in death, who have been gladdened by the radiance of his ready smile, or inspired to striving after nobler things by the glowing ardour of his simple faith, can dissociate their keen sense of personal bereavement from those more general considerations which must necessarily be before the nation to-day. There was no one who knew him but loved him. So brave he was and so gentle, so great and yet so humble, inspired at once by the sublimest ideals, and yet ever alive to the humorous underside of the world's affairs. No woman could have been more tenderly sympathetic, no paladin more utterly fearless. He realized more than almost any man the ideal of the little child of whom it said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' The transparent sincerity and genuineness of soul, the direct frankness of speech, the utter absence of make-believe, even his tempestuous gusts of wrath at injustice and deceit, and the unreserved penitence with which he would confess his faults, were all childlike to the last degree. But of all these things the outer world knows little, and it is perhaps almost a sacrilege upon the privacy of sorrow to advert even in passing to these touching memories. But even in the midst of our grief, as 'with uncovered head we salute the sacred dead who went and who return not,' we are thrilled with a proud joy as we reflect upon the splendour of that stainless life now crowned with the aureole of martyrdom. Even with that terrible telegram of massacre and treachery before their eyes, there is not one of his friends who for a moment regrets that General Gordon was sent to the Soudan to suffer and to die in the defence of Khartoum. Looking back over the whole of the dark, confused welter of bloodshed and blunder that filled last year, the mission of General Gordon stands out distinct and clear as the one great achievement of England for which every one has indeed good cause to thank God and take courage. Of all the gifts of Heaven to earth, the hero is infinitely the greatest. In him the race sees incarnate its highest ideals, and his existence is in itself an inspiration. For some time past it had seemed as if England were indeed in that decadence which Prince Bismarck believes has already overtaken her. Her old ideals have been obscured. The call of duty no longer rang in our ears as the clarion of God—wrapped in ease and luxury and in unbelief, we were losing faith both in England and in all that had made England great. The individual seemed so helpless. Belief in the transcendent importance of a single brave man's intense conviction had burned low. Patriotism seemed in danger of being sacrificed to party. And even in the midst of that day of darkness and gloom, when Ministers and Opposition alike seemed indifferent to the fate of thousands doomed by our policy to massacre and outrage, a man was raised up who for twelve long months displayed in the sight of the whole world the heroic virtues which our gainsayers believed were all but extinct. On the ramparts of the beleaguered capital of the Libyan Desert, as on some vast world-pedestal, General Gordon has demonstrated before all men the might that lies in the arm of a single Englishman who has faith in his country and his God. In him were incarnate the characteristics of the heroes of our national story. The chivalry of Arthur of

the Table Round, the indomitable valour and saintly life of the Great Alfred, and the religious convictions of Oliver the Protector —all were united in that slight form, now alas! laid low in death, upon which, with ever increasing fascination, the eyes of the world have so long been fixed. The inspiration of his great example, now consecrated by his death, will not be lost upon the nation which, alas! too late, poured forth its millions into the desert sands in order to fulfil the duty to whose supreme claims he has sacrificed his life.

It is a great world-sorrow that has overtaken us to-day. Far away in the distant East the Chinese will suspend for a moment their preparations against their foreign foes in order to fire a funeral salute to the memory of our heroic dead. But in the midst of our sorrow let no thought of anger obtrude towards those whose blind fury slew the man whose supreme desire was to save them from the oppressor. If in the defence of England's honour it is necessary to go to Khartoum, it is not to avenge Gordon's death. Over and over again he said before he went out on his last great mission: 'I would give my life for these poor people of the Soudan. How can I help feeling for them? All the time I was there, every night I used to pray that God would lay upon me the burden of their sins, and crush me with it instead of these poor sheep. I really wished it and longed for it.' And now that his prayer and longing have been realized, it is not for us to justify any operations, which we may have to undertake against the Mahdi to atone for our slackness, by pleas of vengeance. If Lord Wolseley goes to Khartoum, he will not go on a mission of vengeance on General Gordon's account; nor ought he to go to Khartoum at all unless we are to establish some decent government there for 'the poor Soudanese.' Not from the Soudanese, but from us and from our children, will be exacted the penalty for the sacrifice of General Gordon. He has fallen a victim to the selfishness which has characterized our recent policy in the Soudan. If we now begin a new policy, with Gordon's watchwords of Duty and Responsibility, and carry it out in Gordon's spirit, even in this hour of wrath and trouble, we may discern the dawn of a new day, in which, though Gordon be no more, Gordon's high faith and noble courage will mould the future destinies of our land."

Time would fail us to quote the opinions of the foreign papers. All were unanimous in their testimony to the greatness of the man. But that, indeed, required neither proof nor assertion. Let us conclude this chapter with the able poem of Mr. F. L. Gardiner on our hero.

I.

"I see before me a desert of sand,
And a palm-tree alone in a lonely land,
And a burning sky of dusky red,
And a river all parched in its arid bed,
And a horseman who rides with a patient face,
Which gleams with the light of a godly grace,
With some by his side who are staunch and true—
For no stranger is he to a faithful few—
And an eye with a mild, but sorrowing gaze,
Still straining ahead through the mist and haze;
With a will like steel, and a mind as strong,
To help the weak, or redeem a wrong;
With a hopeful heart, and an arm as brave
As any that ever was sent to save—
I see before me a desert plain,
And a face that will never be seen again.

II.

I see rushing on through blood and smoke,
Against spear, and spike, and sabre stroke,
A gallant band who know no fear,
And heed not sabre, spike, or spear;
I see again that form of grace,
With the patient air, and godly face;
I see—within a far-off town,
Whose walls the hordes are hurling down—
A brave man, with a fearless eye,
As he murmurs a vow to win or die,
Though he knows that one who had sworn by his sword
Would open the gates to the savage horde—
I see him hopeful and firm and true,
And still by his side a dauntless few,
And seem to hear—though his lips are dumb—
His anguished cry—'Will they never come?'

III.

I see before me, bereft of breath,
With the glazing eye which tells of death,
All cold and grim with a bloody stain,
A corpse stretched out on the desert plain.
Is this the man with the godly grace,
With the patient air and heroic face?
Is this the man who prayed for peace,
Who to strive for his country would never cease?
Is this the man with steel-like mind,
Who love and home would leave behind?
Who hardships and perils would undertake
Alone—for his country's honour's sake?—
Yes, this is the man thus left to his fate,
While his countrymen moan, 'Alas, too late!'"

CHAPTER LXXIV.

GORDON—A NATION'S GRIEF—AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.

S was fit and proper in the case of one who eminently deserved the title of a Christian warrior, memorial services were held in our principal churches, and some remarkable discourses were preached with his life for their text. From two of these discourses we give extracts. The first is by the Rev. Dr. Butler, of Harrow. It was delivered in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, before Mr. Gladstone, on 15th February, 1885. It is "affectionately dedicated to the boys of Harrow School, in the hope that they may ever be drawn to 'things above' by the examples of heroic Christian souls, and follow them as they follow Christ." Dr. Butler took as his text the verse, "Right dear in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints" (Ps. cxvi. 15), and the following are extracts from his discourse:—

"There ought to be a lesson from God in the death which the nation is to-day mourning. We are so made that when rare goodness and greatness are cut short on earth by a tragic death, all the nobler parts of our nature are moved. As we gaze on some great figure that puts to shame the average feebleness of man, we pass far beyond mere vulgar hero-worship. We lift our hearts to the God of the spirits of all flesh, and glorify Him 'who hath given such power unto men.' I suppose we may say with perfect truth that a mourning so world-wide, so peculiarly poignant, and so intensely personal as the present has not been known in our generation. Indeed, there have been but few periods in history when so many elements of love and pity and reverence combined to turn the mourning of a people into a solemn religious act. We are to-day full of the memory of one who was both a hero and a saint—the most soldier-like of saints, the most saintly of soldiers. So special a combination can never be common. Such occasions are, so to speak, the All Saints' Days of history, the time when goodness is doing its appointed work, drawing men to God by its very beauty, and shaming evil out of sight. We are thinking of men who, by the rare nobleness of their character, have for a time, short or long, attracted in a high degree the love of mankind, and have then, as in a moment, fallen in fight."

After referring to Bayard, the "good knight, without fear and without reproach, the very type of chivalry at its best, the lamentations over whom read almost as a prophecy of that other character, cast in the same knightly mould, which is to-day receiving the homage of all true Christian hearts," to the brave and devout King of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, and to Nelson, "the darling hero of England," the great and most lovable but still erring Nelson, and

the grief occasioned by their deaths, Dr. Butler proceeded to speak of General Gordon as follows:—

"It is no exaggeration to say that the great and good man who has just been snatched away speaks like a prophet of Christ to the men of this generation. The last week has been a week of mission in this vast diocese. And then, just as these special services began, and the prayers of thousands were rising to God that He would lift them out of their worldliness, and teach them the lessons of the manger and the cross, suddenly there flashed across deserts and seas the tidings of the lonely martyrdom of one who stood out before the world as the very symbol of unworldliness and self-sacrifice; a man who cared absolutely nothing for wealth, or honour, or comforts of any kind; who lived for others, prayed for others, and was at any moment ready to die for them;

'Who, doomed to go in company with pain,
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train,
Turned his necessity to glorious gain;'

a man who was never so much in his element as when ministering, at home or abroad, to misery and want; whose conception of life was drawn straight from the Bible, and that faithful mirror of one aspect of the Bible, the famous 'Imitation of Christ'; a man who had for years trodden with unfaltering feet what that high-toned book describes as 'the King's highway of the Holy Cross,' and had accepted and, as it were, drunk in with every fibre of his being that most sublime of Christian truisms —'Go where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt, thou shall not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the Holy Cross.' During the solemn week that has just closed, while every preacher and missioner in London was seeking to impress once more this ideal first on himself and then on those to whom he ministered, was it nothing to know that the most conspicuously Christlike man of his day had just crowned a Christlike life with a Christlike death? Was there any appeal at such a time to compare with his example? Was there any voice so eloquent as the hushed voice of the dead?

Therefore in an age of boundless self-indulgence, when comfort in every form, and avoidance of effort, physical and intellectual, spread their snares so wide and so fatally, let us give thanks for this illustrious spectacle of heroic and saintly self-sacrifice.

'Let his great example stand,
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure.'

Ay, his great example! What an example to the young, who have life before them and have not yet shaped the lines of their career! What an elevating guide to parents in their aspirations for their children!

'For where is he
Who dares foreshadow for an only son
A lovelier life, a more unstained, than his?'

What an example for the soldier! Surely among the many brave men over whom the flag of England waves somewhere to-day, in some portion of her world-wide empire, there must be not a few who are even now turning over the pages of a Bible, perhaps too long unopened, and saying to themselves in their hearts: 'This is the book which, under God, gave Gordon his heroism. This is the companion which never failed him. This is the friend which stood beside him "in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren." This is the book by whose rule he lived, and in whose spirit and power we doubt not he died.'

Once more, what an example to us all! How clear a summons to set the house of our social life in order, and see if it bears any prints of the Holy Cross! The 'world is with us' everywhere, even in our religion. Even our modes of worship are a luxury. What a call from Khartoum to greater simplicity of life, greater dread of softness, greater thought for the poor and the suffering, greater longing for the mind of Christ!

We have heard once again to-day those immortal words that give each year to Quinquagesima Sunday a sanctity of its own: 'Though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.'

And here we have a man, our own countryman, who possessed in the highest degree both these Divine gifts, not only that boundless faith in God which made no task seem to him impossible, but even that rarer and purer treasure, the unfeigned love of his brother-men.

'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift' to His people and to His Church!"

The other is the concluding portion of a discourse by Dr. Jowett, the eminent Master of Balliol, delivered in the chapel of his college.

"There never has been a public calamity (not the death of Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, of which our fathers have told us) affecting so deeply the hearts and minds of England. He upon whom all eyes had been turned during the last year, who had saved an empire, and then retired into private life as if he were nobody: who again went forth and girded himself to the task of putting down slavery and the slave-trade in the interior of Africa: who alone and almost single-handed undertook the still harder task of saving beleaguered garrisons, and of restoring peace and order in the Soudan:—just when his friends were within sight and expecting the joyful meeting, has fallen by the treachery of some of his followers; and the work so nearly crowned with success is undone and has to be begun over again. There is nothing more tragic in history than the death of this great man, whether we consider the loneliness of his position, the nearness of the object, the simplicity and disinterestedness of his aims: no loss certainly could be sadder to us. And not only we, but foreign nations also, seem to feel that by his death the world is poorer—his virtues still the voice of party and of envy—and we are thankful to them for their appreciation of our countryman. The best tribute which we ourselves can pay to him is to do nothing out of revenge or ambition, but from necessity and because we must: because we cannot leave those who have trusted us and him, to be massacred, or allow a country with which, by a series of accidents, we have been brought into connection, to be the prey of anarchy. We follow the path in which he has shown us the way; not desiring to acquire military prestige or national glory, but that we may restore peace and freedom and order to one of the most oppressed regions of earth.

During the past year we have been living at home in ease and comfort, engaged in study or business, enjoying the pleasant country and the return of the seasons from time to time at Oxford and elsewhere. What a contrast to the life of the great Captain, shut up with a single friend, in the city of the desert far away, surrounded by strange people and a strange faith, and yet possessing such a superhuman force of will and mind that he was able to command them, and to use all the resources of war in protecting them against the fanatical hordes of besiegers! What were the thoughts which filled his mind at that time? He was still dwelling in idea on that Divine life which taught him that there was something better and higher than success:—'The Lord had not promised that he should succeed,' and he was willing to die. In such a frame of mind, while taking all the means which military genius could devise for the safety of the town, he passed those lonely hours; once recently to be saddened by the death of his beloved comrade, the only sharer of his enterprise, perhaps strengthening the presentiment of his own death:—'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.'

Men will think and feel about him more or less deeply according to the depth of their own nature; and in some the memory of him will be always and for ever fixed, and will affect their lives. Others will remind us that he maintained singular fancies

about the interpretation of Scripture; that he found a mystical meaning in the rocks which surround Jerusalem; that, like Dante or Swedenborg, he lived, not in a figure only, in the daily sight of heaven and hell. Such fancies or meditations were entertained by almost every saint of mediæval times, Catholic or Protestant. The mention of them leads me to make a remark which has often been made before, respecting this great man, that 'there was something about him which might seem more truly to belong to other times.' He might be regarded as one of the great ones of old, who has visited us for a season, whom the world deemed mad, because he was out of place amid the conventions of society. Is any one so ignorant of human nature as not to know that a self-taught man, conversing with his own soul, and not with established teachers, will have many 'private interpretations of Scripture' (such as there are in Scripture itself), and many personal experiences which have no value or meaning to other persons or to another age or country? But the true greatness, the central idea of such a man is not to be gathered from these weaknesses or fancies, through which as through a many-coloured glass he beheld the vision of the Eternal and Unchangeable. It consists in this—that he devoted himself heart and soul to his country and to his God. 'He endured as seeing Him who is invisible.' Such an intensity of self-devotion, such an abnegation of all things which men hold dear, not for a moment only, or on the field of battle, but always and everywhere; such a 'counting all things but dross,' if he might serve God and his fellow-men, has not been seen in any one else of our time. The fear of treachery and assassination had no power over him, for at any moment he was prepared to die, and he left the accidents of the hour with God. Yet though already seeming to be an inhabitant of another world, he was still the great strategist who knew all the arts of attack and defence; the most mystical of men, he was also the most practical, and breathed into his wavering and half-hearted adherents a spirit and constancy which was not their own.

And so farewell to the Christian hero, 'the happy warrior,' upon whom has come nothing which 'he did not foresee.' We, who are his countrymen, will cherish an affectionate remembrance of him while we live. We know that we cannot imitate the actions and characters of great men; we can only appreciate them. No effort of ours will place us on a level with them. Yet we pray also that some good influence may flow from them to us which may raise us above the conventionalities of the world, above the fashion of political opinions, to dwell in the light of justice, in the constancy of truth. And we pray for this nation also, that the lesson of a great man's death may not be lost upon us; but that in our public acts, as well as in our private lives, we may gather from him courage and firmness and wisdom and self-sacrifice and strength in all the trials which the English people may have to undergo in generations to come. And whether nations, like individuals, tend naturally to decay or not, whether our own country is about to lose something of her ancient power and glory, or, like an eagle, to mount upward and to renew her youth, we may acquiesce in either result, even though we are overmatched by the military or material development of other European States, if only the best qualities of Englishmen flourish and abound in us. For the true life of a nation, as of an individual, consists not in the multitude of her possessions, but in righteousness and peace, in intelligence and education, in the love of truth and justice, in the fulfilment of the destiny which God has assigned to her in the world." So the English nation mourned for Gordon.

CHAPTER LXXV.

GORDON—THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL.

THERE was a general feeling among all classes in England that there ought to be a national monument to the heroic Gordon. This feeling found expression at a great meeting at the Mansion House, on Saturday, March 14th, 1885, at which (according to press accounts) the Lord Mayor presided, and among those present were the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, Cardinal Manning, the Chinese Minister, the Lord Chancellor, Earl Granville, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Strathnairn, Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Arthur Otway, M.P., Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, General Sir John Cowell, General Sir Dighton Probyn, Admiral Sir E. Inglefield, Sir H. W. Acland, Alderman Sir R. Carden, M.P., Alderman Sir W. McArthur, M.P., the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Llandaff, General Henry Eyre, the Governor of the Bank of England, Mr. S. Morley, M.P., Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Whitehead, the Rev. Dr. Butler, of Harrow (Dean Designate of Gloucester), the Rev. Dr. Henry Allon, and Captain the Hon. D. Monson.

The Lord Mayor said he had acted on the suggestion of the Prince of Wales, and called the meeting on as early a date as possible, so that the scheme might be submitted to the public.

Admiral Sir E. Inglefield then, at the instance of the Prince of Wales, read a statement regarding his proposal for the erection of a hospital at Port Said as a national memorial to General Gordon, quoting a report by the local English chaplain as to the deplorable condition of the existing Egyptian hospital. This gentleman said: "In the large ward, which ought to contain only five or six beds, there are ten. The walls are disgracefully dirty and stained, and the floor has never been washed since I have been here. The bed-linen is brown with dirt, and is seldom changed. In one case, to my certain knowledge, it was in use for eight consecutive weeks, without ever being taken off the bed even to air. The patients are mainly their own nurses, those who are able to walk helping those who are not. The medicines are distributed in black beer bottles, without corks. There are no directions for measurement, time of taking, or proper dose. No one comes round to administer it, and the patients have to help themselves at the time and in the quantity they think fit." Sir E. Inglefield added that with those facts before them a committee had set to work to obtain funds for erecting a British hospital there. They had got from the Canal Company a grant of land valued at £4,560, and £1,200 had been subscribed towards the building fund. Plans for a building of two storeys, and capable of accommodating 100 patients, had been prepared under the direction of Lady Strangford. It was proposed to have an interior court or garden, such as was so frequently seen in the East, that could be shaded at all times of the day while exposed to the open air. Interior balconies around that court would afford shade and free ventilation to the whole of the apartments. The rough estimate for the building had been calculated at £11,000. It was estimated that £1,550 annually from various sources would be available for maintenance. He and his committee now suggested that the national memorial to General Gordon should take the form of a British hospital at Port Said, which he

would humbly propose might be named "The Gordon Memorial Hospital" (cheers).

The Prince of Wales said: "My Lord Mayor, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and Gentlemen—The object of our meeting here to-day is to do honour to the name of a great Englishman and of a distinguished soldier. It would almost be out of place and superfluous on my part if I were to say anything in praise of the distinguished man who, we have every reason to believe, is no more living. His name and his deeds are as well known to all of you as I am inclined to think they are known by the whole nation. His career as a soldier, as a philanthropist, and as a Christian is a matter of history. Our object to-day is to determine on some great national memorial to his name and memory. The public take a deep interest in securing that the memorial shall be worthy of his name. The difficulty no doubt arises in the minds of all of us, what would be a suitable memorial? Many would wish some fine statue, some fine monument; but we who know what Gordon was feel convinced that were he living nothing would be more distasteful to him personally than that any memorial should be erected in the shape of a statue or of any great monument. His tastes were most simple, and we all know he was anxious that his name should not be brought prominently before the public, though in every act of his life that name was brought, I am inclined to think, as prominently before the nation as that of any soldier or any great Englishman whom we know of at the present time. Sir Edward Inglefield has been kind enough to read to you a memorandum and a proposal that a much-needed hospital at Port Said should be erected and devoted to the memory of General Gordon, to be called the Gordon Memorial Hospital. I am inclined to think that if this meeting approves of it the scheme is a very good one. I think also there is no institution which would have been more acceptable to General Gordon than a hospital with which his name would have been associated. He was, perhaps, one of the most unselfish men ever known, and his thoughts were always of others. If this hospital were built—and it is well known by all accustomed to the East that the building could be erected in a comparatively short space of time—it would be of immense value and use if the war in the Soudan is likely to be prolonged; but even when that is over it will remain for ever one of the most useful institutions —an international one—that could possibly have been built. The many ships of all nations that go up and down the Canal will see this building, and they will, if necessary, be reminded of the name of Gordon, which will be associated with it. As time is short I will not say more. There is much more that I could say and would wish to have said with regard to the great soldier who in all probability has been taken from us. I feel that it would be almost out of place for me to say any more. I will now only move the first resolution, which is, 'That this committee, having heard the letter and examined the plans submitted by Sir E. Inglefield, are of opinion that the erection of the proposed hospital at Port Said would form a suitable national memorial to General Gordon, and that the same be forthwith carried into effect.' Before sitting down I wish only to say one more word—this will also be alluded to by the Commander-in-chief, who will second this resolution. I feel sure that any memorial which is to be erected in memory of General Gordon would be incomplete unless in some way or other the name of his distinguished lieutenant, Colonel Stewart, were associated with it. Possibly it might be desirable to call one of the great wards Stewart Ward. Colonel Stewart shared all the dangers, all the difficulties of General Gordon, and his life was equally sacrificed in the cause of duty. I feel sure, gentlemen, you would not wish me to omit the name of Colonel Stewart" (cheers).

The Duke of Cambridge, in seconding the resolution, said: "My Lord Mayor, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords and

Gentlemen—I have great satisfaction in being permitted to second this proposition of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness has spoken so feelingly and so fully of the merits of our lamented friend no longer amongst us, General Gordon, that really there is very little more for me to add. Perhaps I personally knew more even than His Royal Highness of General Gordon, for I remember him when I was at Corfu, forty-three years ago, as a little boy living next door to me in the citadel, where his father was then commanding the Royal Engineers. I watched his career from that period to his end with the greatest interest and satisfaction. Nothing could have been greater than his general ability. As a soldier he was marvellous in his intrepidity, his courage, and coolness. As a cosmopolitan we know that he has done great service, not only to his country, but to the world in general. I see here the representative of a distant land—China—which reminds me of how great his services were in that part of the world. Afterwards, in the Soudan, before he went on his last mission, he also showed what he could perform, not only as a soldier, but as an administrator. His Royal Highness has most justly remarked that if there was one thing my excellent friend, General Gordon, was more conspicuous for than anything else, it was simplicity. He was absolutely the simplest-minded man within himself I ever met with; and though grand in his views and conceptions, and able in his administration, he had that peculiarity about him which I am now referring to, which I never saw in a man who had so constantly been placed in high and independent positions. When I took leave of him at the railway when going away, if you had seen the simplicity with which he started you could not have believed that a great genius and a great man was leaving these shores on a distant mission. I think it right to point out that fact, because I cannot imagine that anything would have been more gratifying to him, if he could have evinced it, than that some useful memorial should be established instead of a statue or any other conspicuous object. There was nothing he disliked so much as being brought before the public in his individuality as General Gordon. There was nothing he was so proud of as being a great Englishman and a good and gallant soldier. I think the idea of having this most useful hospital at Port Said is most excellent. I am glad that His Royal Highness has alluded to a subject which I had a good deal at heart—that the name of Colonel Stewart should not be altogether omitted. There is no doubt that General Gordon is the object of our meeting here to-day; I am sure, however, that General Gordon, had he been in a position to express his feelings, would have said, 'Do not forget those who served me faithfully and well, and who have supported me in every way;' and nobody has done so more faithfully—to the death, I may say—than Colonel Stewart. I am sure it will be the feeling, not only of this meeting, but of the public generally, to approve of the suggestion of His Royal Highness—that a ward should be called the Stewart Ward, thus proving that we associate these two men thoroughly and entirely in their late mission. I am sure that is the right thing to do, and I trust that this meeting will agree to the suggestion of His Royal Highness, not only as regards the name of Colonel Stewart being associated, but generally with the great object in view—the building of this hospital at Port Said. I have great pleasure in being permitted to second the resolution."

The Duke of Edinburgh, who was cheered on rising, said: "My Lord Mayor, your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, and Gentlemen—I consider it a great pleasure that I should be able to be present here on this occasion in order to express my own admiration for the great man whose memorial we are to-day assembled here to consider. I should also wish on this occasion to say, on behalf of the service to which I have the

honour to belong, that among no class of Her Majesty's subjects will his memory be more revered than among the members of the naval profession. I think the proposition which we have heard read by Sir Edward Inglefield must commend itself to all those present to-day at this meeting, and will commend itself also most thoroughly to the general public outside; for no institution could be more useful from its position and application, and no institution could be more in accordance with the character of that great man to whom it is to be erected as a memorial. There is one great advantage with regard to this proposal which may be remarked upon, viz., the very short space of time in which the work can be executed. I am informed that it could be completed within the space of four months; therefore the application of the fund raised would come into almost immediate operation. I will now, without any further remarks, read the second resolution which has been placed in my hands, viz.: "That a sub-committee, composed of the following members of the committee, be appointed to carry out the same, namely, the Lord Mayor, the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Napier of Magdala, Sir Edward Inglefield, Sir Henry Ackland, Mr. Walter, M.P., the Governor of the Bank of England, Mr. Edward Baring, Mr. S. Morley, M.P., Mr. Sutherland, M.P., Sir Joseph Fayrer, Sir Dighton Probyn, Sir John Cowell, and Sir J. W. Reid, with power to add to their number.' I have great pleasure in proposing that resolution."

Earl Granville, in seconding the motion, remarked that General Gordon was one of the strongest and, at the same time, the gentlest of men. He was absolutely free from vulgar ambition. He certainly unintentionally and unconsciously built for himself the greatest memorial that could possibly be created, and would fill one of the most romantic pages of the history of England—he might say of the history of the world (cheers).

The Lord Chancellor next moved "That in the event of a balance of the fund remaining after defraying the cost of the erection and completion of the hospital at Port Said, it is resolved that it shall be applied to some benevolent and useful institution or purpose, as the committee may hereafter determine, having special regard to General Gordon's philanthropic character." His lordship remarked that a national memorial should be in harmony with General Gordon's character. He despised all earthly things. He despised all earthly wealth and riches. He seemed to have had no object in life before him except to serve his fellowman, his country, and the public, and to exhibit a noble and consistent example of the power and energy of a real Christian faith. That being so, it was a just homage to such a character that we should determine to devote the funds of this national memorial to purposes of which he would have approved, in which all selfish ideas disappeared in the face of the object of a general and a permanent good to his fellowman. His lordship expressed his entire agreement with the proposal not to make this memorial a personal memorial in the shape of a monument or a statue; but he could not help thinking that the time must and would come, and ought to come, when General Gordon should be remembered even in that form of memorial also (cheers).

Cardinal Manning seconded the resolution, remarking that he heartily concurred in the idea of planting a hospital at the head of the great Eastern waterway, and he suggested that any balance from the fund should be applied to the object which Gordon had so much at heart—the abolition of the slave-trade, and the liberation of, he believed, the most oppressed and suffering of all the races at this moment on the earth—he meant the Soudanese, who, at this time, were being crushed, tormented, and carried away with unknown cruelty into slavery by the Arabs.

All the resolutions were adopted unanimously.

The Lord Mayor stated that since the

last publication of the list of subscriptions they had received some very satisfactory donations. He also mentioned a very interesting circumstance. Although it was not very large in amount, it showed the feeling among the poorer classes of the metropolis. He ordered a box to be placed outside the door of the Mansion House, and the result of that is, that in the small coin of the poor they had received a sum of £29 4s. 6d. (loud cheers).

Earl Fitzwilliam moved, and the Dean of Westminster seconded, a cordial vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor, which was put to the meeting by the Prince of Wales, and carried unanimously.

The Lord Mayor having replied, the meeting separated.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

GORDON—THE BOYS' CAMP—FAMILY WISHES AND THOUGHTS.

THE proposal to establish a hospital at Port Said as a national memorial to General Gordon, did not on the whole find favour with the English people. It was thought that the movement should be more exclusively national. This feeling finally became so strong, that it was determined to change the plan, and accordingly another meeting of the Mansion House Committee of the fund for providing a national memorial of General Gordon, was held in the Venetian Parlour, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, M.P. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was present, as were also Field-Marshal Lord Strathnairn, Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Brabazon, the Dean of Llandaff, Mr. Walter, M.P., the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Macartney, C.M.G. (representing the Chinese Minister), Sir J. Watt Reid, Sir W. P. Andrew, the Rev. Canon Scarth, Lieut.-General Sir Dighton Probyn, V.C., Admiral Sir Edward Inglefield, General Sir John Cowell, Sir Henry W. Gordon, General Eyre, Sir W. Guyer Hunter, Sir Robert Carden, M.P., Mr. Sutherland, M.P., General Sir F. J. Goldsmid, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Sir E. Lechmere, M.P., Colonel Donnelly, Sir Henry Acland, the Rev. Prebendary Barnes, General Sir Andrew Clarke, Mr. Sheriff Faudel Phillips, Captain Douglas Gafton, C.B., and Mr. Soulsby, the secretary. The fund was reported to amount, after payment of expenses, to £18,031. After a conference, at which many members of the committee spoke,

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales moved: "That this meeting adopts the proposal of creating a Gordon Boys' Home as a national memorial to General Gordon, and that a sub-committee be appointed to draw up a scheme to amalgamate the camp idea, which has approved itself to the minds of so many members of the committee of the National Memorial (Mansion House Fund), with that of training for civil life."

The resolution was seconded by Sir Robert Carden, M.P., and carried unanimously.

On the motion of His Royal Highness, it was further resolved that the following gentlemen should be nominated as a sub-committee to draw up the scheme: Lord Napier of Magdala, Mr. Walter, M.P., Mr. Sutherland, M.P., General Sir Dighton Probyn, General Sir John Cowell, Admiral Sir E. Inglefield, and Sir H. W. Gordon.

A meeting of the sub-committee was subsequently held, under the presidency of Lord Napier of Magdala, when they arrived

unanimously at the following resolutions, in which Lieutenant-General Higginson, C.B., on the part of the Gordon Boys' Camp Committee, concurred:—

"That the Memorial Institution shall be called 'The Gordon Boys' Home,' that it shall train boys of the age of fourteen, and between fourteen and eighteen, for military or civil life, according to their capabilities and inclinations; that the training shall comprise elementary education and instruction in trades and industrial pursuits, and that discipline on military principles be maintained."

"The committee recommend the commencement of the Gordon Boys' Home, on a small scale for the accommodation of about fifty boys, and that preliminary inquiries be made for acquiring a piece of land suitable for the purpose."

A further meeting of the committee was held in July, 1885, at the Mansion House, under the presidency of Field-Marshal Lord Napier of Magdala, G.C.B. Lieutenant-General Higginson, C.B., handed in a memorandum, stating that the committee of the Gordon Boys' Camp accepted the proposed amalgamation, by which the Mansion House Committee and the Gordon Boys' Camp Committee were to be united, and their funds merged for the objects of "The Gordon Boys' Home," under the general designation of "The National Memorial to General Gordon." It was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Mr. Walter, M.P., that, consequent upon this agreement to amalgamate, the two committees should be merged in one, under the name of a council, with the Prince of Wales as president, and the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Connaught, and the Duke of Cambridge as vice-presidents, and that an appeal should be made to the public for the additional funds required to carry out the objects of the Gordon Boys' Home.

This change was universally approved of by the press and the public. It must have been peculiarly gratifying to the members of Gordon's own family. One of Gordon's sisters had at the time when the proposal was first mooted, written in the following terms to a lady called Mrs. Warne, who is a resident at Gravesend:—

"My dear Mrs. Warne—I knew you would be thinking of me in this most terrible trial, and thank you for your kind letter of sympathy. I do not know how I shall live without him. You know what he was, and what a loss he must be to me. I like to think of him at Gravesend, where I spent so many happy months with him. I owe more to him than any one that ever lived. He was such a help and comfort. He liked his time at Gravesend, as you well know. Was he not fond of his 'scuttlers,' and the boys equally fond of him? You were a great help to him I know, and anything you can tell me of him will be acceptable. I want the national memorial to take the form of a home for poor neglected boys, to train them and make them respectable members of society. He would wish this, would he not? How distasteful would monuments, statues, etc., be to him. I have written and told the Lord Mayor of my wish. My brother, Sir Henry Gordon, fully concurs in my desire." Miss Gordon concludes her epistle by hoping that the "Gravesend memorial will take a useful form, to help poor people."

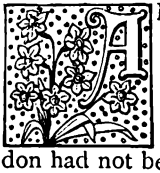
Another letter, from another sister of Gordon's, as showing what his family thought of him, and how thoroughly he was at one with them, may here be given. It was written to the Secretary of the Romsey Working Men's Conservative Association, which association had passed a vote of sympathy with the family of the departed hero. We may observe here that this was a proper thing of the association to do as working men, but not as Conservatives. Nothing could be imagined worse than the attempt to make political capital out of Gordon's death, and we are glad to say it was *not* attempted on any great scale. Here, however, is the simple and touching letter:

"Dear Sir,—On the part of my sisters

and myself I have to thank the Romsey Working Men's Conservative Association for their very kind resolution conveying their condolence and sympathy on the death of our brother. The tribute of admiration expressed of his character is particularly gratifying in this time of sorrow, which is greatly increased by the thought of the sufferings he must have endured for so many months in mind and body; yet he was not alone, for he realized the presence of His God and of His rule, as is shown in some of his last words: 'Remember our Lord did not promise success or peace in this life; He promised tribulation. So if things do not go well after the flesh He still is faithful; He will do all in love and mercy to me. My part is to submit to His will, however dark it may be,'" and the Divine decree was that he should perish in the far Soudan, and not be permitted to carry out the noble work of helping to found a great state on the Congo—a part of Africa already consecrated by the labours of Gordon's countryman, the simple-minded Mungo Park (whose portrait we have given along with that of Bruce), and since then the field where many Britons have laboured, but which was not now to be toiled in by one perhaps the noblest of them all.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

GORDON—CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS AND REMINISCENCES.



N illustration with which we here present our readers recalls an incident in Gordon's career. It is the time when the name of Chinese Gordon had not been effaced by the wider view of General Gordon of Khartoum. Our picture is of Gordon directing a battle, whilst carrying in his hand the little stick which came to be known as the magic wand of victory. Of that wand of victory we have already spoken. We mention it here again, to bid the reader ask himself if it be not the case that, looking back upon the whole life of the hero, we find that this wand had a deeply symbolical meaning. It shows us that Gordon's strength is, in reality, spiritual. He was strong in weakness and great in defect. The manner of his death will probably be for ever unknown. No funeral rites were said over "that sacred head." Rather it was exposed to cruel insult. But it is perhaps the death he would have chosen. In death as in life, he resembled the Master whom he served.

After he was gone his friends found a melancholy pleasure in collecting records of him. We are sure it will be interesting to our readers, if we quote some additional reminiscences of his work at Gravesend, by Mr. Arnold White, who tells us that "the five great forts that form the first and second line of the Thames defences are mainly the result of Gordon's work at Gravesend from 1865 to 1871. Except in the Crimean trenches, as a lad of twenty-two, at no other period of his life was he exclusively concerned in work for his own country. But this period, unless I am mistaken, will be that on which the thoughts of future generations will most love to linger, not because his industry and military genius assisted in providing effectual safeguards for London, but because he taught us in his leisure moments the right way to

approach the poor man and the poor boy, and to arouse in them feelings of devotion and love which enabled them to resist the temptations common to their class, and thus effectually to help themselves. The modest quarters in which Gordon lived

THE MAGIC WAND OF VICTORY.

during those six years stand in the centre of one of the forts. Clinker-built and russet tiled, the outside of the cottage appears more humble than it really is. Entering through a little passage and leaving the sitting-room on the right, the drawing or dining-room gives an outlook to a spacious lawn, with one spreading chestnut tree—

now gaunt and grey in the March wind—backed by the earthworks and bastions of the fort. A fireplace faces the bow window, and over the chimney-piece Gordon placed his map of the world, with the little flags to mark the progress of his 'kings' in their wanderings by land and sea. This room was used by Gordon in his leisure moments; and in it many and many a poor fellow from the gutter and the shrimp boat first found help and hope. Upstairs is Gordon's bedroom, with a fine view of the Sheerness bend in the Thames, of the four forts, and of the busy steamers trafficking up and down the stream. Adjacent is the boys' room, where Gordon's 'kings' were accommodated wholesale, so near to the 'Kernel's' own chamber that any uproar could quickly be checked.

Outside, the garden beds, box-edged and old-fashioned, are quite unchanged. On summer days this garden was in Gordon's time the resort of the old and the halt. Fourteen years have passed away since Gordon left Gravesend. He has, however, contrived to leave behind him, especially among the poor, so passionate a clinging to his memory that his loss is to them a reality and a sorrow that cannot be observed without sharing in their pain. He never taught them that the language of religion was a panacea for hunger and despair. Hothouse grapes of the best, carried nightly to the bedside of a fevered and improvident waterman, and placed one by one in the parched mouth of the sick man, formed the sort of religious message Gordon favoured. A man whose intelligence made him fretful on a sick bed, where he was condemned to irksome idleness of mind, found, by Gordon's thoughts, a *Daily News* delivered every morning at the door. Some irregularity occurring in the delivery of the paper, Gordon, delegating the office to no one, himself saw to the establishment of a punctual supply, and did not quit his object until the sick man received his welcome newspaper with regularity. In so deep a mine of memories every lode cannot be worked, but there were some instances of the singular attachment aroused by Gordon's life that must not be omitted. An old woman whose sons had long since been helped by Gordon, and who had of late fallen on evil days, heard that Gordon was dead, and conceived the idea—for it is not easy to see how she could have gained it from outside—that Gordon's body was coming to London for interment. Although in sore straits, and with no capital but some dilapidated nets, this woman was actually negotiating for the sale of those nets to provide the funds to go to London and throw herself for the last time upon the remains of the man she loved so well. 'For,' she said, 'I do not care if I starve the day after.'

Another old man, in horn barnacles, half blind, with a keen memory, and obvious sincerity—for he could not read the newspapers, and he had no one now to read them for him—spoke of Gordon's goodness to the wife now dead. Doctors ordered, as doctors will, delicacies beyond the old man's means. Wine and soup were as much out of his reach as a trip to Madeira. Gordon heard of this, and the delicacies and wine were brought twice a day by his own hand; and when the cares of Coal-house Fort or other of the iron-shielded Thames defences detained him, he would always send the soup or the wine. When the old woman grew better Gordon would sit by her bedside and read the Scriptures, and the old husband says she listened gladly. The Fort-house garden and its box-edged walks were made free to the woman and her husband, and for a few years she hobbled in on sunny days, and took her ease on the lawn and among the old-fashioned flowers. She and her benefactor are both gone to their long homes now; and the only spectator of the fact I relate is an old man, who cannot be long in following after them. Sometimes Gordon would be deceived. His good heart laid him open to unscrupulous practices. Children would be sent shoeless into the streets

to waylay the Colonel. Clothes would be torn to simulate the rags of misery. The curious part of these devices is in the sequel. The perpetrators, though they succeeded in 'doing' the Colonel in the first instance, were broken down in their efforts by the sheer power of affection the man inspired. My informant said: 'Them as swindled him was the most sorry, 'specially when the news came of his death.'

I encountered one old man who had been a sergeant in the Crimea, and who had had one transaction with Gordon at that early date. The sergeant had saved and wished to remit £7 to his wife, and applied to Gordon to send it home. Gordon sent it home, and without saying anything about it added £3, making £10 in all. A year passed, when the sergeant returned home, and found that Gordon, surmising that the wife was not too well off, had silently supplemented from his own scanty pay the sergeant's remittance. Gordon believed in outdoor relief. His pensioners were not a few. Sometimes he would pay a poor and deserving woman to look after a superannuated man, and if the woman acquitted herself well of her task—and he was strict in requiring good work—he would take her under his own care. There is at least one such case in Gravesend now—the case of an elderly woman, whose care of one of Gordon's pensioners had drawn from the Colonel a promise of help 'when he came back from Khartoum.' This promise must now be redeemed by others, and it is an honour to share in it.

Perhaps the spot most directly connected with the story of Gordon's Gravesend life is the dingy corner of the ragged school, with the tall window looking on to the unlovely red tiles and the grey bricks and mortar of the soup kitchen. Here in this corner every Sunday he was regularly to be found with his class of sixteen boys, upon whom he shed the light of his singular nature. Those boys were 'rough 'uns' when they were first caught, but they soon sobered down, and in every known case became personally indebted to Gordon for a changed life. The Colonel would never take the chair except on one occasion, when 300 of the parents of the boys were entertained at a tea-meeting. He carried self-effacement into the smallest details of life. Some of the poorer of those lads he would have to the Fort-house, where he would feed and lodge them. Three or four of them had scarlet fever at his house, and the Colonel would sit with them far into the night, talking to them and soothing them until they fell asleep. 'He entered,' says Mr. Penman, 'into all their concerns, caring nothing for himself. He cared only to make them happy and industrious, while his chief aim was to lead them to the Saviour.'

Gordon's four principles of life were (he said to himself)—(1) entire self-forgetfulness; (2) the absence of pretension; (3) the refusal to accept as a motive the world's praise or disapproval; and (4) to follow in all things the will of God. The Rev. W. Guest, who has very kindly interested himself in my efforts to find traces of Gordon's example to the English people, says that the Colonel would enter homes infected with contagion and fever when others hesitated to go. He would often go to the workhouse, and walk with the old men in the yard without a shadow of assumption. He was wont not only to give tobacco to the old fellows, and tea to the crones, but kept up his gifts after he left Gravesend. With him, out of sight was not out of mind. He would write to a washer-woman and send her his photograph with a great deal more suavity of manner than that he has displayed to the Prime Minister of England.

It is impossible to close these brief notes without a reference to the 'national' memorial to General Gordon. It is mere affectation to dub a Port Said Hospital a fitting monument of the reverence and affection of the English people to one of the simplest and bravest men whose life-long neglect of himself and love for others

are even now but partially understood. From the riverside poor, whose lot he did so much to lighten, to the 'great ladies' in society, to whom he has offered so valuable an example, every one is saying the same thing. A national memorial must consist of the contributions of the people, and those contributions need not necessarily take a pecuniary form. Every man and woman in the United Kingdom who approves of Gordon's methods can contribute to a national memorial to his fame, without the fetters of iron rules, and without the taint of the almost inevitable gold. Were every man and woman who enjoys the advantages of refinement and culture to win, as equals, with infinite pity the friendship of those less happily placed, they would find beneath the corduroy jacket and the cotton frock hearts as staunch as any that are covered with more modish material. But such contributions involve the laying down of personal ease, and that we may conclude, all must do who will follow Gordon's example," and be at all like unto that hero.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Additional Facts about our War Correspondents.

AS a supplement to our accounts of the two eminent war correspondents killed at the battles of Gubat and Metemmeh we now give a few remarks on that class of brave and able men to whom we in this volume are so deeply indebted:—

"'Travelling gentlemen, newspaper correspondents, and all that race of drones are an encumbrance to an army; they eat the rations of fighting men, and do no work at all. Their numbers should be restricted as much as possible.' It is to be hoped that when the next or fifth edition of the 'Soldier's Pocket Book' is published by General Lord Wolseley experience will have shown him the necessity of modifying, if not of recalling altogether, the words which we have just quoted. In one of the desperate hand-to-hand encounters fought on Monday, the 19th July, 1885, two newspaper correspondents, Mr. Cameron, of the *Standard*, and Mr. St. Leger Herbert, of the *Morning Post*, lost their lives, while a third, Mr. Burleigh —the representative of *The Daily Telegraph* —was slightly wounded. Although still young in years, Mr. Cameron had already rendered such signal services, not only to the journal which he represented so faithfully and fearlessly, but also to the public at large, that his death, 'upon the field of honour' will cause sorrow to thousands who may not even have known him by sight. Calm and intrepid amidst the turmoil of battle, and with the rare power of thinking coolly and retaining full presence of mind under a deadly hail of bullets, the war correspondents of English journals well deserve a tribute of gratitude and admiration, which the events of last Monday will but serve to intensify and accentuate. Forty years and more have elapsed since that bravest of men, George Borrow, was moved, in his best-known book, 'The Bible in Spain,' to break into a rhapsody on the subject of 'those extraordinary men, the foreign correspondents of English journals.' He adds that, 'The activity, energy, and courage which they display in the pursuit of information are truly remarkable. I saw them during the three days at Paris mingling with canaille and gamins behind the barriers, while the mitraille was flying in all

directions, and the desperate cuirassiers were dashing their fierce horses against those seemingly feeble bulwarks. There they stood, dotting down their observations as unconcernedly as though reporting the proceedings of a Reform meeting in Finsbury Square; whilst in Spain several of them accompanied the Carlist and Christino guerillas in some of their most desperate raids and expeditions, exposing themselves to the danger of hostile bullets, the inclemency of winter, and the fierce heat of a vertical sun in summer.'

The English war correspondent, as we now know him, is a new creation since George Borrow wrote the above words. The difficulty and slowness of communication banished correspondents from the English army which fought under the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsular War, and it was little likely that Napoleon the Great would have tolerated their presence in his camps when he put forth every effort of which he was capable to suppress printed comments upon his proceedings and policy either in war or peace. So far as England is concerned, Dr. William Howard Russell is credited with having been the first to lay down the road along which a host of others have since travelled; and of the many English war correspondents who have served in different parts of the world, several—such as Mr. Bowlby, Colonel Pemberton, Mr. M'Gahan, Mr. O'Donovan, Mr. Leader, Mr. Cameron, and Mr. Herbert—have already sacrificed their lives in their fearless and zealous discharge of duty. The list of victories will, we doubt not, be indefinitely extended in the future, if it be destined, as is but too probable, that 'wars shall never cease upon earth.' For whenever and wherever armed bodies of men meet in hostile collision, there will English newspaper correspondents be found in the midst of them. Illustrious soldiers of all nations have preceded or followed Lord Wolseley in denouncing them as 'spies,' or 'drones,' or 'curses of armies'; and writing from the Crimea, on the 4th of January, 1855, Field-Marshal Sir John F. Burgoyne, in a letter which has since been published by his son-in-law, Mr. George Wrottesley, observes: 'Some of the newspaper correspondents are likely to do us an immensity of mischief, publicly by the information afforded to the enemy, and privately by damaging all our reputations. In Mr. Russell's letter, published on the 18th ot December, there are, for instance, details calculated to afford valuable information to the enemy as to the weakness of our force, the fatigues to which we are subjected, the sickness, the imperfect supply of rations, the impossibility of getting up arms and ammunition, the want of roads, and the general disorganization.' Despite the diatribes levelled by Sir John Burgoyne against Mr. Russell, we know that Sebastopol fell, and that but for the spirit infused into the British nation by war correspondents at the front, this result might have been longer delayed, if not frustrated altogether. One incident which occurred during the American Civil War deserves to be commemorated, because it is worth a host of theories, whether indulged in by officers in command or by civilians at home. As General Sherman was advancing upon Atlanta in 1864, a copy of the *New York Herald* was put one morning into his hand. The General read the letter sent home from his army by the correspondent of the journal in question, and was beyond measure enraged to find that the latter had correctly anticipated some movement which was in contemplation. Sending at once for the offender, the General gave forcible vent to his indignation, and impetuously ordered the correspondent and all his brethren of the pen to quit the camp before nightfall. One of General Sherman's staff was possessed, however, of a calmer and more judicial temperament than his chief, and ventured to ask him, when his fit of anger had passed away, to reconsider his decision, and to admit the peccant correspondent to his presence once more. The latter came and explained that he had already made

arrangements with ten soldiers, some of them officers and some privates, to send regular letters to New York, adding that out of every hundred men then serving under General Sherman's command, at least a dozen would gladly accept the post which he himself was about to vacate. It occurred to the General that professional journalists trained to the business would be less mischievous than hundreds of volunteers whose identity it was impossible for him to trace, and accordingly the order banishing correspondents from the camp was at once cancelled.

It is certain that henceforward no free nation will ever engage in wars without demanding that the well-qualified correspondents of its public journals should be tolerated, if not encouraged, at the front. For it rests with the General in command to exercise such control over these '*bouches inutiles*' that no communications of a mischievous or inconvenient kind will ever be sent home. We greatly doubt whether any

THE PEACEFUL DAYS OF EGYPTIAN TRAVEL.

General who has ever commanded an English army can mention a single instance in which a correspondent has violated the confidence reposed in him, or failed to sympathise heartily with the soldiers whose hardships and dangers he is sharing, and whose glorious deeds he is only too eager to commemorate. Instead of 'eating the rations of fighting men, and doing nothing at all,' the war correspondent has a harder task imposed upon him than any officer or private in the force. 'Ride all day and write all night' was the curt definition of a correspondent's duties given by a great master of that difficult craft; and when, in addition to writing, he has to despatch his letter or telegram to its destination through a hostile country thickly beset with savage foes, the task is one which his censors and critics, sitting perhaps in their comfortable armchairs by the fireside, would be little likely to envy or, we must add, to discharge. His body and nerve must be of iron; his knowledge of the art of war by no means inconsiderable; his gifts of graphic and vivid delineation must be utilised at a

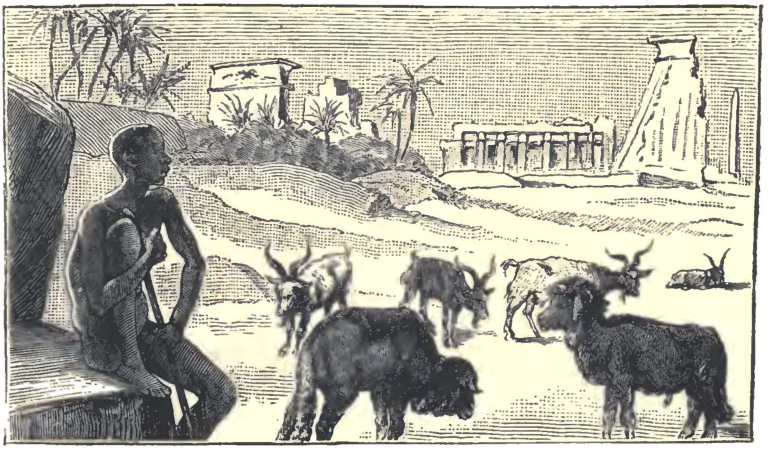
moment's notice and often under the most trying circumstances; his indifference to heat or cold, to food or sleep, must be equal to that possessed, according to Livy, by Hannibal himself. If he falls, many narrow-minded soldiers of the old school may sneer and say, 'What business had he there?' If sickness befal him, no pension from a grateful country will be provided for his old age. Such is the life cheerfully endured by these 'pens of the war'; and among the Englishmen who, in the Soudan, have sealed their devotion to duty with their blood, it is meet and right that the names of Cameron and Herbert should be mentioned with special honour. The tragic fate of Mr. Bowlby in 1860 will be long remembered; yet for the tortures endured by him and by others before death put an end to their sufferings, ample compensation was exacted from the Chinese Government by the iron will of Lord Palmerston. For Mr.

EGYPTIAN SUGAR CANE MARKET.

Cameron and Mr. Herbert, who met their deaths nobly in the Soudan, the sympathy and regret of their countrymen are of little avail. Those war correspondents, however, who survived the dire onslaughts of the furious spearmen of the desert were assured that their telegraphic messages, their letters, and their sketches from the front were scrutinized and surveyed at home by no unsympathetic eyes. To them it is principally due that the gallantry and steadiness of English officers and soldiers are known and fully appreciated in England; and when, in due course, the Muse of History records the wars and battles at which they were present, it is from the columns of English journals, to which as fearless and zealous servants of the public they have contributed, that her information will be mainly derived. Nor should it be forgotten that English generals have often availed themselves of a newspaper representative's zeal and intelligence for purposes of value to the army in the field and to the Government in

Downing Street. Thus General Graham entrusted his despatch after the battle of Tamai to the hands of Mr. Burleigh, and it was conveyed home with a rapidity which could not otherwise have been attained. We live in an age which, be its faults what they may, is little likely to fail in gratitude to the dauntless, unselfish, and highly-gifted men by whom it has been so faithfully served," and whose memory it will long hold in reverence.

Here we again take the opportunity to present our readers with some further illustrations exhibiting various features of Egyptian life. One shows us a party of unmistakable British tourists in the peaceful days of Egyptian travel, when the desert was as safe as Hyde Park. Another exhibits to us a market for sugar cane, which is an Egyptian product of increasing importance. Two other pictures are of herd-boys : one is peacefully doing his duty, whilst the other—well, the other shows us that boys are the same all the world over ! An additional confirmation, if confirmation indeed were needed, is given us by our illustration of the donkey boys, racing their unfortunate animals under the shadow of a temple of unknown antiquity, which was assuredly not built to be thus treated.



EGYPTIAN HERD-BOY.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

HASSAN, THE EGYPTIAN SOLDIER PRINCE—A SUMMARY OF HIS CAREER.

CONSIDERABLE interest was created in England in February, 1885, by the announcement that Prince Hassan, brother of the Khedive, had joined Lord Wolseley's headquarters with the titular office of High Commissioner for the Egyptian Government in the Soudan, and that he was in actual command of a regiment of Egyptian cavalry.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* remarked:—"The news that Prince Hassan, the Khedive's brother, has been summoned to the Soudan by Lord Wolseley has given rise to grave misgivings. Is the Government, it is asked, about to reverse the last solitary vestige of its original policy by re-establishing Egyptian

authority in the Soudan? The suggestion is received with a chorus of groans in London and much applause at Cairo. If another Governor-General is to be sent to the Soudan from Cairo—and no doubt the Egyptian Government is well within its rights in nominating a new representative there, if only to complete the evacuation—it could hardly have made a better choice than Prince Hassan, whose nomination to such a post, oddly enough, was first made in this paper as long ago as September, 1881."

Was it possible that the innate faults of Turkish or Egyptian rule could be cured if the one in high place busied himself with the government? What these faults were all England knew by this time.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, writing from Khartoum, said :—"I am firmly convinced that the Egyptians are quite unfit in every way to undertake such a trust as the government of so vast a country with a view to its welfare, and that, both for their sake and for that of the people they try to rule, it would be advisable to abandon large portions of it. The fact of their incompetence to rule is so generally acknowledged that it is unnecessary to discuss the question. . . . I am not altogether sure if it would not in the end be better for all

RETURN AT EVENING.

parties if the Mahdi or some other leader were successful, and the Egyptians compelled to restrict their territory to the east bank of the White Nile." The Duke of Argyll proclaimed some years ago "on the housetop of the world,"—as he phrased it—that a rebellion against Turkish rule was everywhere and always justifiable; and the sufferings of the populations in the Soudan seem to have been no less grievous than those which provoked risings in other parts of the dominions of the Sultan. The administration of justice was frightfully corrupt. The taxes were gathered by Bashi-Bazouks, most of whom are described by Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart as "swaggering bullies, robbing, plundering, and ill-treating the people with impunity." He goes on to say: "Probably for every pound that reaches the treasury these men rob the people of an equal amount. As soldiers they are valueless. They are a constant menace to public tranquillity; and before any amelioration can be expected they must be got rid of. Taxes were levied at so heavy a rate that whole districts were reduced to destitution, and thousands of farms went out of cultivation."

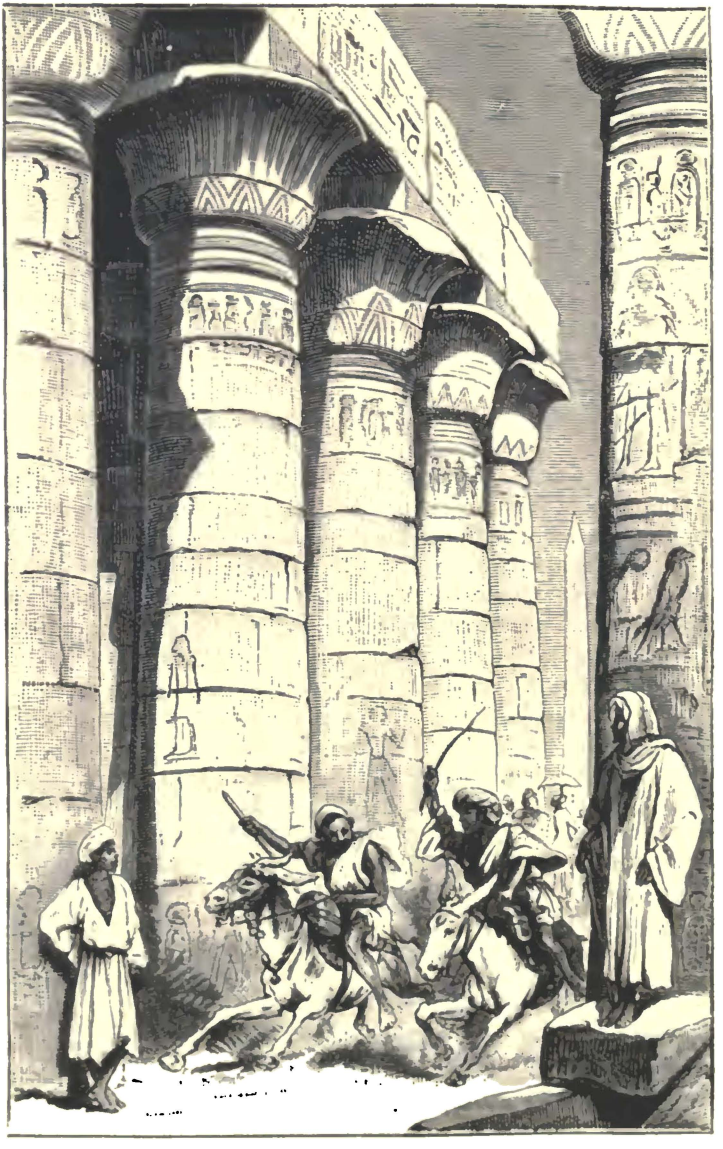
Gordon is a proof to all time of what a ruler determined to do his duty can do, even in the Soudan, and even when confronted by the stupidity and scoundrelism of

Egyptian officials. But then every man is not Gordon, or the world we live in would be a very different place from what it is. There can be no doubt, however, that the past record of Hassan was favourable. Baron de Malortie, in 1881, speaking of him tells us that "the third son of Ismail Pasha, Prince Hassan, might be called the Soldier Prince, and it is to him that the Khedive would have done well to have long ago confided the task of bribing the rebellious colonels, and of reorganizing an army with whom Prince Hassan is justly popular. He was born a soldier, indefatigable in all manly exercises, and the sound of bugle and drum had for him irresistible attractions. Yet when the Khedive determined on sending the younger princes to complete their studies on the continent, he selected England for Prince Hassan, thinking perhaps that his son's martial disposition would be sobered down by a few years spent among us—the only non-military nation amid the Great Powers of our time; and after staying for about a year in London the Prince went to Oxford, where he remained three years, under the care of Mr. Murray, a fellow of Christ Church. He learned to love and respect England, English ways and institutions, to breathe the air of a free country, and to understand that a nation can be great with a small army when law is king, and the welfare of all the guiding policy of a Government. At the end of 1872 Prince Hassan went to Egypt to get married, and after a short honeymoon he returned to the Continent, entering as a cornet the Prussian 1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards. The Prince, who is a perfect master of French, English, and German, remained two years and a half at Berlin; and, with the exception of a three months' leave to join the Abyssinian expedition as a volunteer, Prince Hassan devoted all his time to the study of every branch of his profession. And here it may be mentioned that officers and men who did not like going to Abyssinia started full of enthusiasm the day a son of "Effendina" showed them the way, ready to share the hardships and dangers of that deadly climate.

After completing his military studies in Prussia, Prince Hassan was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army, and shortly after Minister of War: but he was hardly a month in office when the despatch of 25,000 Egyptians to Turkey offered him a chance to see service in the field. As general commanding the expeditionary force, he remained for about fourteen months at Varna, taking an active part in the engagements of Mehemet Ali's army, of which he commanded the left wing. He was present at the battles of Kara Hassankeui and Loftcha. During the campaign the Prince found ample opportunities for endearing himself to his troops; he was indefatigable in studying the comfort and welfare of the men. His humane and kind treatment of the inhabitants of the Turkish districts under his command received a well-deserved acknowledgment when, after his departure, the inhabitants forwarded to the Sultan and the Khedive an address of thanks for the lasting advantages they owed to the initiative of Prince Hassan, of whose just and beneficent rule they spoke in the most eulogistic terms.

On his return to Egypt the Prince took once more the portfolio of the War Office, which he retained until the formation of the Nubar-Wilson Ministry, when he retired into private life until the appointment of Cherif Pasha as Nubar Pasha's successor. Solicited to undertake once more the ungrateful task of Commander-in-chief, Prince Hassan discharged its duties until the fall of his father, whom he had to follow into exile. His worst enemies are unable to associate his name with political intrigues, or anything unworthy of a soldier devoted to his country, and whose return is sure to be welcomed by both officers and men, who have not forgotten the zeal and activity with which the Prince had infused order and discipline into all branches of his profession."

"*Beaucoup de bruit, peu de fruit*," says a French proverb—"much cry, little wool," says our English one; and indeed, from the wisdom of all nations we could prove (did not the experience of every one furnish an infinite number of examples) that the most



YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN EGYPT.

high-sounding announcements sometimes do not mean very much. So it was in this case. Hassan might be able or not able, it did not greatly matter, for he never got the chance of showing it. The appointment was a merely nominal one. It was only an idle compliment, and exercised no influence in the Soudan.

One thing let us say in conclusion. According to Lord Bacon, "to have good forms is a sort of perpetual letters commendatory," and certainly all who study our portrait of Prince Hassan will be attracted to him, for he seems to be, as far as we can judge from his appearance, a very fair example of the Egyptian young man of the period. May fate still have good in store for him!

CHAPTER LXXX.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT IN THE SOUDAN—"FIT TO GO ANYWHERE AND DO ANYTHING."

THERE were many things in the Soudan war upon which it is impossible to look back with satisfaction. Much of it was even disastrous, but "there is a soul of goodness in things evil," and our troubles revealed to us one satisfactory thing—it showed us that in times of difficulty our colonies would stand by the mother country. What a bright prospect for the future! Happy indeed will be the old age of the mother country, when strong and rising colonies announce that they will protect that old age.

When the news of the fall of Khartoum was announced, it was perhaps thought to be a more dangerous blow to the Empire than it actually was. At any rate our Australian and Canadian colonies at once offered to send a force to help us in prosecuting the war. This offer, so far as regards the Australian colony, was accepted, and on the 3rd of March, 1885, the force embarked at Sydney. A Reuter's telegram of that date briefly summarized the proceedings:—

"SYDNEY, *March 3rd.*

To-day was observed as a public holiday in celebration of the departure of the New South Wales contingent for the Soudan. The event is regarded as not only one of the greatest in the annals of the colony, but as possessing a deep historic interest as the first occasion in which Australian troops have shared in the defence of the Empire.

From the date on which the colony's offer was accepted to the hour of the departure of the contingent, public enthusiasm has been maintained at its utmost tension. The number of volunteers has reached six times the required strength of the force, and there has been a continuous flow of contributions in money and in kind from all quarters, and the Patriotic Fund now amounts to £45,000.

The troops were reviewed on Saturday by Lord Augustus Loftus, Governor of New South Wales, in the presence of 50,000 spectators. On Sunday special services were held for the volunteers in the Anglican and Roman Catholic Cathedrals, sermons being preached by the Primate and the Roman Catholic Archbishop.

To-day the streets forming the line of route from the Barracks to the Circular Quay, a distance of two miles, were lined by immense numbers of spectators, assembled from all parts and forming a dense mass. The troops were escorted by 600 sailors and marines from the men-of-war stationed here, and by all the available local forces, and were accompanied by the Governor, the Ministers, and the principal officials of the colony. The procession formed an imposing spectacle, and the popular enthusiasm was unbounded, the

progress of the contingent being greeted with loud cheers, and the frequent expression of good wishes from the assembled multitude.

On reaching the quay the men formed square, and were addressed by the Governor as follows: 'Soldiers of New South Wales,—I have considered it my duty, as the representative of Her Majesty, to say a few words to you at this solemn moment, before your embarkation. For the first time in the great history of the British Empire a distant colony is sending, at its own cost, and completely equipped, a contingent of troops, who have volunteered with an enthusiasm of which only we who witnessed it can judge, to assist the Imperial forces in a bitter struggle for the suppression of unspeakable cruelty, and for the establishment of order and justice in a misgoverned country. Countless as have been the occasions when the blood and treasure of England have been poured out freely to protect the feeble, to shield the defenceless, or to maintain right, there has never been one in which humanity has been more deeply interested in the triumph of the arms of England than the cause which you have heroically resolved to uphold by your valour. You will be greeted in Egypt by the hearty welcome of thousands of chivalrous soldiers who have never yet looked upon such an action as yours. The eyes of your gracious Queen will be bent upon your exertions, and in every part of the world where our flag floats, men, women, and children will eagerly read of your exploits and pray for your success. Soldiers! you carry in your keeping the honour of this great colony, which has made such splendid sacrifices in order to send you to the front with an equipment of which the nations most practised in war might have been proud. You will have the glorious privilege of helping to maintain the honour of the Empire. In your ranks are numbers who are voluntarily leaving the paths of fortune, worldly advantages, the comforts of home, and the sweetness of domestic life, for heroic service in a bloody war, in which already many brave men have been stricken down. You are doing this to show to the world the unity of the mighty and invincible Empire of which you are members. Your country charges itself with the care of the dear ones you leave behind, and all that generosity, tenderness, and gratitude can do to care for them and to succour and console them will be looked upon as a labour of love by the nation.'

His Excellency, in bidding farewell to the men, said: 'Our earnest hope is that it may be your glorious privilege to share in the triumph as in the service, and that you will come back to us crowned with England's gratitude as you are now encompassed with her sympathies.'

The contingent then marched on board the transports, the Infantry and most of the Artillery embarking on board the *Iberia*, which takes 600 of the men, the remaining 200, together with the horses and stores, being conveyed on board the *Australasian*.

Enthusiastic cheers arose from the quay, as the vessels steamed away to the 'Heads,' accompanied by a perfect fleet of steamers."

From causes which will be gathered from an attentive perusal of that part of our volume which deals with the Soudan war, the contingent returned earlier than could have been expected; but there was no diminution in the enthusiasm, as the following simple record will show:—

"SYDNEY, *June 23rd.*

The return of the Australian contingent from the Soudan has been made the occasion of a demonstration and welcome, quite Australian in its character, inasmuch as the whole of the colonies voluntarily sent special representatives to congratulate the troops, and also expressed their deep sense of the services which they had rendered.

The Government ordered the day to be observed as a public holiday, and massed in the metropolis the whole of the available forces, numbering about 5,000 men, while Admiral Tryon furnished an Imperial escort

from the British war-vessels now here. The result was a spectacular display which more than equalled that at the departure of the contingent, but the effect was marred by unfavourable weather.

The *Arab*, with the contingent on board, arrived on Friday night, and was placed in quarantine till this morning, when the official landing took place. The streets were crowded with people, and great enthusiasm prevailed. Among those present were Lord Augustus Loftus, the Governor, Admiral Tryon, Commander-in-chief on the Australian station, the Ministers, and a number of other official personages. The troops having been reviewed by the Governor, His Excellency addressed them as follows:

'Soldiers,—On behalf of Her Majesty and the people of this country, I offer you her thanks and their welcome on your return to the colony. We rejoiced at the privilege accorded us of sending you on the service for which you were despatched, and our joy is the greater at receiving you back again, after having performed that service to the credit of your country, to the entire satisfaction of the Imperial officers under whom you were placed, and to the advantage of the Empire, the story of whose exploits is inextricably interwoven with some of the most glorious passages of military history. They received you with respect, they laboured by your side in your short campaign, and would have gladly and confidently shared with you the glory of the conflict. It is twenty-six years ago—on Jan. 28, 1859—that a great English statesman, a great orator, and one of the greatest men of letters of this age, said at a public banquet in London, speaking of the Australian colonies, these simple but memorable words: "It may happen that the time will arrive when the other Great Powers of the whole world will rise up against the venerable parent of so many noble children. If that period should ever arrive, I believe the colonies will not be unmindful of the tie which binds them to the mother country. I believe their vessels will come thick and fast across the ocean to her assistance, and that voices will be heard universally among them saying in effect that while Australia lasts England shall not perish." 'Your action,' continued Lord A. Loftus, 'has, as far as the sympathy of the colonies is concerned, made the late Lord Lytton's hopeful words a prophecy for purposes of defence, and has practically established an Imperial Federation.'

The men were then dismissed after giving cheers for Queen Victoria."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT—THEIR EXPLOITS IN THE SOUDAN.

UCH was the out-going and home-coming of the Australians. How had they been occupied between? Well, circumstances did not permit the British General to avail himself of their services to any great extent; but certainly what was seen of them was highly satisfactory. For indeed it cannot be "forgotten how the 'Australians,' as they were called, though most of them came from New South Wales, were received in the Soudan. It was an ovation. As the *Iberia* and the *Australasia* steamed into the Souakin harbour, the fleet in the port manned their yards, the crews cheered them to the echo, and 'Well done, Australia!' was the watchword of the hour.

As they disembarked, the pipers of the Guards met them, and after receiving the congratulations of a brilliant staff deputed by Sir Gerald Graham to meet them, their commandant, Colonel Richardson, marched off his contingent—fine bearded fellows, just such sons as England looks to have, let them live east, west, south, or north—to their sandy quarters on the wind-swept desert. All the way as they went cheer after cheer met and followed them, and the crack regiments of the Imperial army turned out with hearty hurrahs to welcome these youngsters in war into their tents. In the distance, over towards Hasheen, there was a sand-cloud moving, where the Bengal Cavalry scouting on the plain had started an Arab outpost, and the Australians, therefore, as they marched, could actually feel that every step they took was bringing them nearer to the foe they had come to fight, and were eager to meet. Then, arrived in camp, the General halted them, and, in a speech of admirable sympathy, told them—these men who had left hearth and home, left comfort and native land, to come and help 'the old country' to fight her battles—what England thought of them. He told them that we were proud of our colonies, and that the Queen thanked them. The occasion was one which, even amidst the hard realities of war, appealed to the sentiment and sympathy of every one present; and there was not a man in all the camp who did not recognise the heart-stirring significance of this visible and natural rallying of her colonies round England—of the presence, armed and uniformed, of these gallant men from the Antipodes.

Of course they were new to the ways of camps. Were they not volunteers from farmstead and sheep-run and city professions, picked by doctors simply according to their physical qualifications; hard-seasoned men, such as climates despair of breaking down, who could march over the Arabs' hills under a blazing sun without turning a hair? They were most of them 'Volunteers' in their own country, but very few indeed had served in the British army; so that virtually they marched into the encampment at Souakin, into the very midst of the pick of the Imperial troops, as amateurs. It was wonderful, however, to see how quickly they shook down. The red tape of departments was a perpetual stumbling-block,—as, indeed, it well might be,—and it took them a long time to understand the apparent selfishness of that rigid routine without which administration would be impossible. They suffered, in common with the rest of the army, from the perplexities caused by the unnecessary number of staff officers with no obvious duties beyond mutual obstruction. In the frequent shiftings of camp which were mysteriously ordained they had a habit of spilling supplies and property upon the desert; but they soon pulled themselves together, mastered the intricacies of a camp which was perpetually being reorganized, and learned to sympathise with departments which were themselves bewildered by constant changes of orders. Thus the Australians' camp was before long as soldierly and smart as any other. A trifle rougher in the appointments of the messes it was no doubt, a thought less comfortable in the arrangement of kit in the soldiers' tents; but they had not come out for comfort. What they wanted was fighting, and they were as keen for a scrimmage as soldiers could be. Not that they got any chances. Now and again they marched out in reconnaissance, dispersed small parties, and marched back again. In the advance upon Tamai, elaborately arranged so that there should be no enemy to fight, the Australians did all that there was to do. It was not much, but Lord Wolseley and General Graham said nothing more than was the due of these stalwart volunteers when they told them they were fit to go anywhere and do anything. The way they marched was a sight to see, and they came home every man in his place—not one fallen out, not one sick. 'Those are the men to make

soldiers out of,' said the Chief of the Staff, and he was right—exactly the men fitted physically for endurance and deeds of courage, and mentally imbued with sentiments of liveliest patriotism and enthusiasm in their duty. The soldiers of other regiments—and what splendid battalions we had there!—thought well of them as comrades; as Lord Augustus Loftus says, had 'confidence' in them; but over and above this feeling there was a strange sympathy, often very handsomely expressed, with the contingent, that, standing round a canteen, would say, 'The Queen, God bless her!' before they drank their glass, and who closed Divine service on Sundays with the National Anthem, a chorus of deep manly voices such as was heard from one end of the Handoob Camp to the other. It is not that we, living in the British Isles, have forgotten what loyalty is, or the meaning of devotion to the Throne; only we have given over speaking much about it. These sentiments are so much taken for granted, and our services so thoroughly understood to be at the command of the Queen and the country, that it does not occur to us as necessary to assure ourselves or each other by verbal repetitions of such honoured and cherished facts. In Australia, however, the opportunity of proving cheerfulness of personal service, of visibly and materially expressing enthusiastic allegiance, had never occurred before. It was a new experience for our handsome, fine-grown kinsmen in the Southern Ocean, this sailing away from home, from wife and child, in defence of England's honour, this falling into line with Imperial troops to repulse the onset of a common enemy, this actually standing bayonet in hand to hold back the Arabs from our zarebas, in doughty guardianship of English treasure, English life, and English fame. Even the very word 'Imperial' fell strangely from their lips. They threw a dignity into it that seemed to give a noble adjective a new significance. Imperial! How it filled the mouth when an Australian uttered it! The hearer half-wondered at the majesty of it, and discovered afresh the reverence that attached to the word.

Australia also may be said to have now awakened to the new significance in that word Imperial. Intercolonial jealousies, long nourished in a spirit of rivalry that was neither dishonourable nor even unbecoming, have now been laid aside, and the colonies find themselves on the threshold of an 'Imperial Federation.' The sailing of those two ships across the sea with their freights of gallant men touched the chord which diplomacy failed to reach and statesmanship had almost despaired of striking. Nothing that could have been said or written could have had such force as this marching of a New South Wales contingent shoulder to shoulder with the British army. It carried all before it. Every man who went back became an Imperialist, through and through, and the colony that sent them forth was with them heart and soul. The others who offered to help, and some day, if a sorer strain is put upon the national resources, will have another opportunity for making the same brave, loyal proposal, also, under the impulse of a most admirable jealousy, gave their voices for federation. Thus, in a day, as it were, there sprung up beyond the seas another Empire of which England may well be proud, and which her enemies justly take into account when they reckon up the military power of Britain."

And it is most assuredly right that they should do so. What now will be the vast hordes of the Russian or Germanic empires compared with England supported by her ever-increasing colonial empire?

PRINCE HASSAN.

EGYPTIAN HIGH COMMISSIONER IN THE SOUDAN.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION—THE START—THE CAMEL CORPS.

A TELEGRAM from Mr. Power, the British Consul at Khartoum, to Sir E. Baring, may here be inserted to show the state of affairs in a part of the Soudan that was now to become of intense interest to people at home.

"KHARTOUM, *December 30th*, 1883.

It would be perhaps well to let you know the precise situation here. The European and loyal population are beginning to think that they have been either forgotten or abandoned by the Government at Cairo. The state of affairs here is very desperate; we know that twenty-three days ago the Mahdi was assembling a great army to attack us, and to an Arab, Obeid is only an eleven days' march from here. Some do the distance in nine days. What numbers he will bring I cannot say, but we have here, including gunners and sentries, in all but 3,000 to hold four miles of earthworks, on which are a few old bronze guns and one Krupp field-piece; this number of men would not properly man the walls, and it leaves us without any reserve or relief to move to a threatened place in case of attack. It also forbids us having any guard in the city, which, in case of attack, will be at the mercy of an undisguisedly rebel population. At present we are not strong enough to seize the well-known ringleaders or agents of the Mahdi. This is well known to the Government, yet over forty days have elapsed since it heard the news of our situation here, and there are as yet no signs of a relieving column arriving. We have not yet even heard if they have arrived at Assiout, eight hours from Cairo. On the 27th of last month (November) the Khedive telegraphed most distinctly that Zebehr Pasha and his Bedouins had left Cairo two days before. He said that Baker was leaving Suez, yet we find that the papers of the 4th instant state that neither one nor the other have left Cairo, and that Zebehr was, before leaving, to raise, arm, and, I suppose, train 1,000 negroes. In three days this town may be in the hands of the rebels, yet there has been an attempt made to prevent the Kawah and Duem garrisons from joining us. If Khartoum falls, all Lower Egypt goes, as the Mahdi avows his intention of sweeping across the Suez Canal into Arabia. If Khartoum falls, every man from here to Assiout will be in arms to join him as he passes. In Khartoum many most respectable men who would wish to be loyal to the Khedive believe him to be a true prophet.

Ibrahim Pasha and Colonel de Coetlogon will, of course, attempt to hold the town while they can get a man to stand, but I fail to see how the earthworks can be held with the present force, even if the population remain quiet. On Christmas Day Ibrahim Pasha told me that every house in Khartoum had arms in it, and we are not strong enough to have domiciliary visits carried out. Colonel Coetlogon is indefatigable in his efforts to provide that nothing should be left undone for the safety of the town. All the works have been carried out under his personal supervision, and he is continually inspecting the working gangs while at work; he has driven a deep ditch and parapet 1,400 metres long across the level space or plain left dry by the subsidence of the river; but for him this broad avenue into the town would have been left open and unprotected, so now the fortification runs from river to river. There is here

a small portion of the population, European or otherwise, whose loyalty is undoubted. These men would undoubtedly be ready to defend their property and families here, and act as police to keep the mob in check, in case of attack, but there are no arms to serve out to them, there being but a few hundred rifles in the arsenal, not enough to provide for accidents amongst the soldiers."

Such was Khartoum in the last hours of 1883. The man who was to save it for a year from its impending doom was at that moment in conference with the King of the Belgians as to the Congo State, whither he was about to proceed. In its proper place we told fully how Major-General Charles George Gordon was appointed to the command in the Soudan, and how he defended Khartoum. This part of our work tells how the expedition that was finally sent to his relief fared. That an expedition was to be sent was definitely announced on the 6th of August, 1883, and it was afterwards agreed that it should be sent by the Nile route. Lord Wolseley was placed in command, and he left Cairo with his staff on 29th September. Of course everything that skill and science could do to assure the success of the expedition was done. Boats and skilled boatmen were provided, and a Camel Corps was equipped. A correspondent, writing towards the end of September, describes the departure of this last. He tells us that "the detachments of Household Cavalry and Foot Guards which are to form the Camel Corps in the expedition to Khartoum yesterday embarked for Egypt. The drafts from the 2nd battalion of the Grenadiers, from the Tower, went by train from the Mansion House to Victoria. The detachment of the 2nd Coldstreams, the 1st Scots, and the 1st Grenadiers marched from Chelsea to Victoria, headed by the band of the Scots Guards. The 1st Coldstreams and the 2nd Scots Guards marched from Wellington barracks to Victoria, headed by the Coldstreams bands. A great crowd lined the railings outside the barracks, and accompanied the troops on their march to the station, where a large assemblage had congregated. The bulk of the crowd was not allowed inside the station until a few minutes before the train started, at 8.32. Many ladies and officers came down to bid their friends adieu; and as the train moved out of the station, all the bands massed and played 'God save the Queen,' amid great cheering and waving of handkerchiefs.

At Aldershot the two divisions of the Camel Corps, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel R. A. J. Talbot, 1st Life Guards, and Lieut.-Colonel Stanley Clarke, paraded at the West Cavalry Barracks, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, and marched to the town station of the South-Western Railway, to proceed by special train to Portsmouth. The troops in the Cavalry and Infantry barracks turned out in large numbers and cheered their comrades of the Camel Corps. The bands of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, 7th and 20th Hussars, played both divisions of the corps to the railway-station, which they left by special trains at 8.55 and 9.10. A detachment of the Army Hospital Corps, consisting of Surgeon J. A. Smith, Army Medical Department, and fifty-six non-commissioned officers and men, and a party of the Royal Engineers, including two sergeants, two corporals, and nine sappers, proceeded to Portsmouth with the Camel Corps, to embark for Egypt. Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Alison, commanding the division; Major-General Fraser, commanding the Cavalry Brigade; Colonel Robinson, Assistant Quartermaster-General; Captain Thompson, Brigade Major of Cavalry; Major Chalmer, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General; and several other staff and regimental officers accompanied the Camel Corps to the station and witnessed their departure.

The detachments forming the Guards contingent, and the cavalry division of the Camel Corps, on their arrival at Portsmouth embarked in the steamers *Deccan* and

Australia, which lay alongside the south railway jetty of the dockyard. An inspection of both ships had been previously made by Captain Brownlow, Surveyor of Shipping, who was accompanied by several naval and military officers; and they had also been visited by the Commander-in-chief (Admiral Hornby), and Admiral Superintendent F. A. Herbert, all of whom expressed their entire satisfaction with the arrangements made by the P. and O. Company for the accommodation of the troops. The embarkation took place under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir George Willis, and was carried out by Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon. The Heavy Cavalry were the first to reach the jetty, and were followed shortly afterwards by the Light Division. The former take passage to Alexandria in the *Deccan*, and the latter in the *Australia*, which also took on board a detachment of the Army Hospital Corps for duty during the passage, as well as fifty others for Egypt, while a draft of Royal Engineers joined the *Deccan*. As the troops landed from successive trains, they were drawn up and briefly inspected before marching on board. The embarkation was conducted quietly and expeditiously; and later the men, having divested themselves of their accoutrements, partook of a substantial meal. Besides a great deal of personal baggage, the *Australia* and the *Deccan* both shipped large quantities of ammunition and special stores. On the departure of the ships there was a good deal of cheering from the spectators on the jetty.

Two life-belts, or cork jackets, per boat are ordered to be added to the equipment of the Nile expedition, and two thousand of these articles are now being delivered at Woolwich dockyard for conveyance to Egypt. About a score of the troop boats at present remain at Woolwich, and will be shipped on board the *Hornhead*. A collapsing boat of canvas, eighteen feet in length, and exceedingly light, was sent to Colonel Webber, Director of Telegraphs at Cairo, to whom also were consigned some thousands of insulators and other stores for his special service."

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

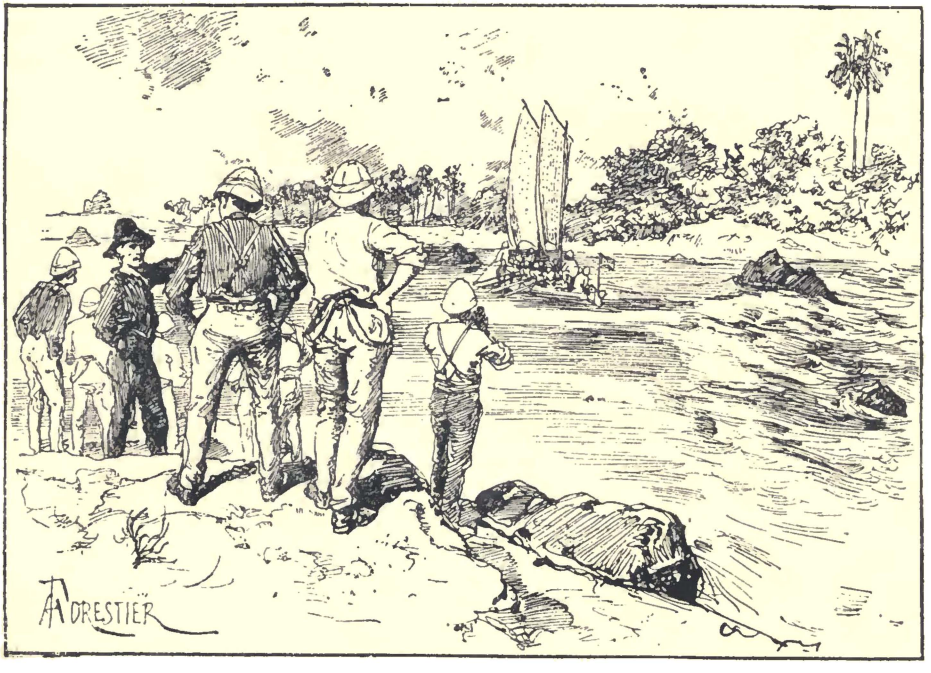
THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION—LORD WOLSELEY'S PLANS.

FOR a time all seemed to go well with the expedition; it safely if somewhat slowly proceeded up the Nile. Of course it had many difficulties to encounter. Of these our illustrations give us a vivid idea. One is of a dangerous bit of the river; another shows us voyageurs repairing one of their boats which had come to grief. Naturally it was in the latter part of the expedition that the greatest difficulties had to be encountered. Things went very smoothly just at first, as we see from the picture of Lord Wolseley's yacht at the head of the first cataract.

At length all dangers seemed in a fair way of being overcome. News came also from Gordon, and that news was good. The enemy had been defeated. Then came the news that Stewart and his companions had been murdered, and it was soon known that Gordon was the only Englishman alive in Khartoum; but this only seemed to make the soldiers still more desire his rescue. On 2nd November, the army advanced from Dongola. On 12th December the

head-quarters were fixed at Ambukol, and thence moved on to Korti, which by the Nile route is 1,250 miles from Cairo, and 285 from Khartoum. Here Lord Wolseley's plans underwent some modification, as detailed in the following newspaper account:—

"The news from our special correspondent at Korti shows that Lord Wolseley has abandoned the plan which he had laid down for the conduct of the expedition, and that he is going to advance by two routes. The Camel Corps, and perhaps a portion of the infantry, will cross the desert to Metemmeh; the rest of the infantry will go by water. The original scheme was that no movement whatever should be attempted until the whole of the expeditionary force was gathered at Ambukol. Korti, which is only a few miles from Ambukol, has been substituted for that place, and the forward movement is to begin at

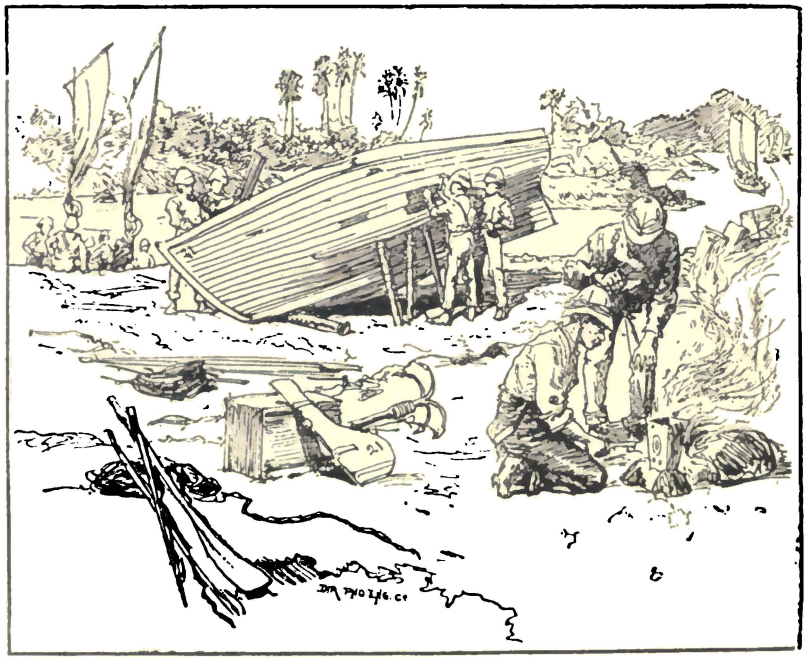


A DANGEROUS BIT OF THE RIVER.

once, although but a small portion of the force has reached Korti. There are at present there the three divisions of the Camel Corps, the Mounted Infantry, and 19th Hussars. Of infantry there are the South Staffordshire (38th) and the Royal Sussex (35th). The 2nd Battalion of the Essex Regiment (56th) are close at hand, if they have not already arrived, and the Black Watch (42nd) are not far off. Another month at least must elapse before the whole force has reached Korti. The change of plans has probably been brought about by the absence of any news from General Gordon, the certainty that he is closely blockaded in Khartoum, and the possibility that he is hard pressed. Under these circumstances, Lord Wolseley has determined to send on a portion of his infantry at once to chastise the tribe who murdered Colonel Stewart and his companions; they are then to advance to Abu Hamed, where they are to open communication with Korosko, and are afterwards to move up against the

rebels at Berber. Abu Hamed lies at the northerly bend of the great S which the Nile makes between Dongola and Metemmeh. It is probable that the infantry who go up with General Earle will, after chastising the tribesmen, halt at this point until the whole force is assembled there. The General is ordered to open communications with Korosko, which lies on a bend of the river below Wady Halfa. There is a caravan route between these two places, but the journey is at the quickest eight or ten days, and General Stewart would not be ordered to open this route unless his stay at Abu Hamed was likely to be a long one.

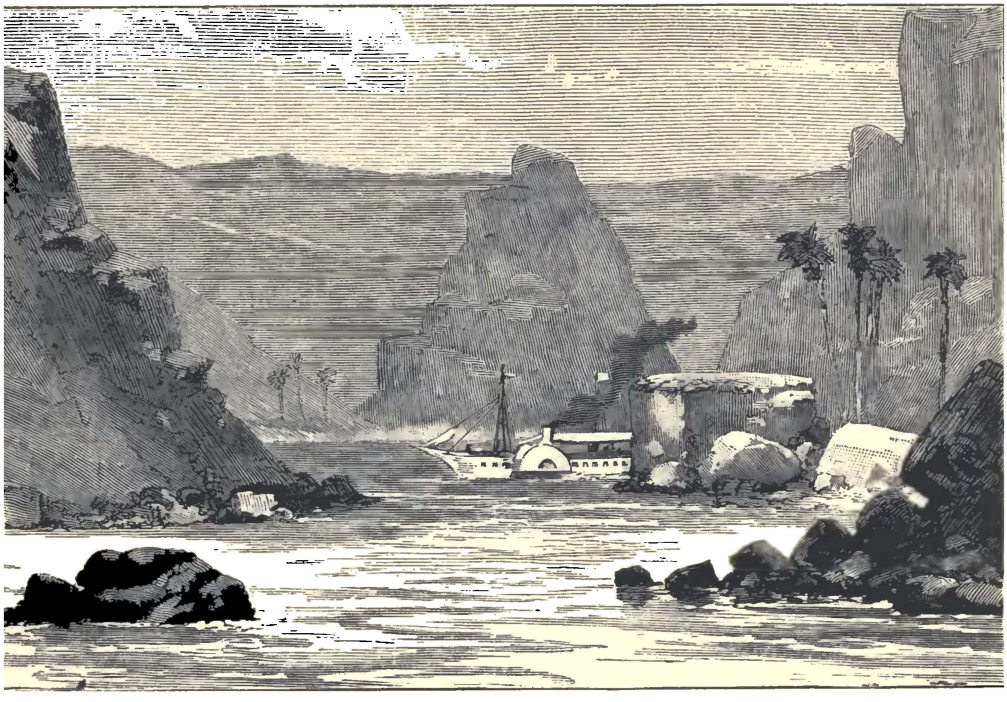
In the meantime, the Camel Corps are about to make a dash across the desert to Metemmeh, a place which lies on the opposite bank to Shendy. The word desert has an appalling sound to those unaware of the nature of the country to be traversed;



REPAIRING A BOAT ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

but the line of march between Korti and Metemmeh bears little resemblance to the flat, trackless waste which the desert of Lower Egypt presents. The country is broken and rocky, and crossed in the wet season by many streams flowing down from the Jebel Gilif range of hills to the east of the line of march. There are wells at various distances along the line, and if the force be provided with the handy little pumps used in the Abyssinian campaign, and since known by that name, it is probable that water could be obtained by sinking them in any of the hollows. In the wet season, indeed, the plain to the west of the line is covered with water, and the land is but very little above the level of the Nile, which ran at one time, ages ago, perhaps, to the west of this caravan road, instead of making the great curve round by Berber. As this is the great trading route between Khartoum and Dongola, there can be little doubt that the wells are capable of supplying a considerable amount of water, and

although the desert may have to be crossed in parties, these parties will be of a size capable of resisting any attack by the tribesmen. Some of the wells used by the native travellers are too far apart for the distance to be traversed in one day by infantry. Possibly the first pioneer party that cross may find spots where wells can be sunk and water reached without great difficulty; but, in the worst case, the Camel Corps could carry a water supply sufficient for a large number of men. At present, being meant for fighting and scouting, the camels are in light marching order, but they could undoubtedly, at a pinch, each carry skins with fifteen or twenty gallons of water, in addition to their present burden, especially as their extra weight would only have to be borne for a single day, since none of the wells are more than forty miles, or two days' march, apart. As three pints of water is an ample allowance for each

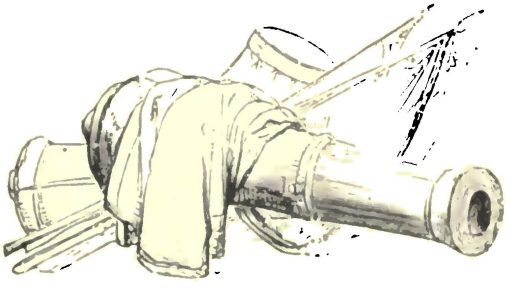


LORD WOLSELEY'S YACHT AT THE HEAD OF THE FIRST CATARACT.

soldier, it is clear that the camels of the Light, Heavy, and Guards division of the corps could carry an abundant supply of water for three or four infantry regiments should it be decided to send a portion of the infantry by that route. Our correspondent mentioned a few days since that preparations were being made for a desert march, but did not state their nature. Among them is doubtless the collection of skins for the carriage of water. The question of provisions has also to be dealt with. In such a climate troops could not carry much weight in addition to a light kit, their arms and ammunition, but we know that the Mudir of Dongola has collected a large number of camels, and these should be able to carry the spare ammunition and the food for the march. In such a climate tents will, of course, be dispensed with, and the baggage would be reduced to a minimum. Even the head-quarters staff would

have to do without luxuries. For the passage, then, of the mounted force and four regiments of infantry, marching in four divisions, following each other day by day, the difficulties of the desert march appear by no means insuperable. It is probable that the first division may have fighting to do, perhaps serious fighting, as the gorges up into the hills, many of them being well watered and suitable for camps, will afford an opportunity for the hostile tribesmen to sally out and attack us.

Once arrived at Metemmeh or Shendy, Lord Wolseley will be in a position to act as circumstances may dictate. Assuming that he will be joined there by two or three battalions of infantry, he will be strong enough to resist any attack that the followers of the Mahdi may make upon him. General Gordon's steamers have, until lately, been in the habit of descending the Nile to this point, and, unless the enemy have managed, by the erection of batteries, to put a stop to this practice, Lord Wolseley will be in direct communication with General Gordon, and can send up provisions, ammunition, or troops. Even should the river be closed, the presence of an English force at Shendy will greatly encourage the defenders of Khartoum, and will proportionately discourage the besiegers of the town. Should Lord Wolseley hear that General Gordon can maintain himself for some time, he will doubtless remain at Shendy until the main body of the infantry under General Earle have defeated the enemy at Berber, cleared away all obstacles, and arrive in their boats, when a general advance could take place. But if, on the other hand, news should arrive that Khartoum is in sore straits, he would be able to make a dash forward to its relief with the Camel Corps, Mounted Infantry, Hussars, Artillery, and what infantry force he might have with him—a force which, well handled, should be able to cope easily with the followers of the Mahdi. We know that General Gordon, with his improvised array, has several times defeated large numbers of the Mahdi's followers, and we may, therefore, assume that these are far less formidable than the Arabs who met us at El Teb and Tamanieb. A thousand mounted British troops, with an equal number of infantry, should then be able to give a good account of them. Lord Wolseley will not be likely to take such a step as to advance with the Camel Corps and a small body of infantry, unless the need of General Gordon be urgent, as success would in itself be a proof that the expedition was altogether unnecessarily large and costly. It will, however, be a satisfaction to the public to know that a British force is within a comparatively short distance of Khartoum, and that should General Gordon's position become desperate, an attempt to relieve him can be made within a few days of the receipt of the news." So, at the time, it was supposed, but unfortunately this was found not to be the case.



CHAPTER LXXXIV.

The Khartoum Relief Expedition—Abu Klea—Before the Battle.

OUR readers will remember that, in a recent chapter, we quoted a despatch of Power's relating to Khartoum at the end of 1883. There was on 31st December, 1884, a brief message dated from Khartoum on December 14, brought into the camp at Korti: "Khartoum all right. Signed, C. G. Gordon." Verbal answers given by the messenger seemed to prove that Khartoum was not quite so well to do as was here represented, and that the cheerful tone of the message was, perhaps, meant to deceive the Mahdi should it fall into his hands. At any rate the execution of the plans for relieving Khartoum was pushed forward as speedily as possible. An expeditionary force under two divisions was moved on to Gakdul wells, in preparation to the move on Metemmeh. The next move was to the wells at Abu Klea, but before they could reach them a great battle had to be fought, for the enemy had collected in great force. Mr. Burleigh, who was present at the battle, tells us that: "Just before dark on Friday, January 16th, 1885, as we turned in within our zareba, we fired two shells at a group of two hundred or so of the enemy gathered upon the top of the black hills on our left face. The missiles fell among the Arabs, who quickly dropped out of sight, leaving, however, two white banners standing out boldly on the sky line. Their sharpshooters meanwhile having crept to within 1,200 yards of our right flank, and their fire proving annoying, a half company of the Mounted Infantry went out to drive them back. The Arabs at the same time were also potting at us from their front at long range, which subjected the square to a transverse fire. The long range and the high trajectory of their Remingtons left scarcely any place safe from their bullets, many of which dropped down almost perpendicularly. We soon, consequently, had our first wounded to attend to, and many of the camels were also struck. After nightfall our pickets and sentries, who were posted outside the square or zareba, were all drawn in to seventy-five yards from our lines. As the moonless hours wore on the enemy increased their fire, and bands of them marched about from point to point, banging their battle-drums and making a most execrable din. The Hadendowas at Tamai were good enough not to treat us to so much 'tom-toming,' which is beyond all discordant noises successful in irritating and worrying a sensitive ear. If anything deserve future punishment, and can insure it, then it surely is the constant performance before battle of a full orchestra of 'one-ended drums,' such as the Mahdi's force possessed. The savage sounds rose and swelled all through the night, forming a fitting accompaniment to the wail of their bullets. Our crack shots were permitted to reply occasionally to the Arab fire whenever it became too inquisitively searching. Evidently we were in for an uncomfortable time, and the officers were enjoined to see that their men were at their posts with bayonets fixed, ready to spring to their feet on the first alarm. With their overcoats on and their blankets wrapped round them the men lay down close behind the low walls and line of bushes, with their heads to the front. All lights were put out after dark, and talking and smoking even were forbidden. A stillness broken only by the whizz, ping, or thud of the enemy's lead

hung over the square, even the tired camels grunting far less than customary. During the earlier part of the night I had a long chat with Colonel Fred. Burnaby, who expressed his delight at having arrived in time for the coming battle. He had been appointed, he said, by General Stewart to the command of the left faee and rear of the square, and on the morrow would be virtually diseharging the duties of a brigadier-general. He had got to that stage of life, he continued, when the two things that interested him most were war and polities; and, whether it was 'slating' an unworthy politieian or fighting against his eountry's foes, he expressed himself equally exhilarated and happy. Mueh more he eonfided to me, but neither time nor the oecasion now avail for the repetition of that ehat, destined to be the 'last words' of a noble and fearless gentleman. About ten p.m. on Friday, January 16, our sentries came running into the lines, and there instantly arose that indescribable murmur —half-shout, half-inarticulate roar—that heralds 'a night scare' and an attack upon a camp of armed men. The offieers called out, 'Stand to your arms, men.' There was little need for the order, for all except a very few sluggards were promptly ready at the first sound to repel the expeeted attaek and rush of the Arabs. It turned out, however, a false 'alarm,' or, at any rate, if any numbers of the enemy had been threatening a noeturnal assault nothing came of the movement. Ere day broke we had three more of these 'alerts,' each terminating as the first had done; that is to say, the men were kept on the *qui vive* for a quarter to half an hour, and then were allowed to go to sleep again, whieh not all the whizzing of the enemy's bullets could keep the tired soldiers from doing Before the first rosy tints of day tinged the eastern sky, or, as General Stewart's orders defined it, 'when the planet Venus rose, the troops were all to get up and stand to their arms till daylight.' Towards morning the air beeame sharp and cold, and it was with little reluetance the troops left their ehill bivouac. When it became light enough Captain Norton, of the Royal Artillery, fired three rounds of shrapnel at a party of the enemy's sharpshooters, who had been worrying the square all night by shooting from a hill 1,500 yards on our right flank. After this there was a brief lull, only a few dropping shots falling in the zareba. Our total loss during the night was comparatively light—not more than five or six wounded, of whom three were natives and one a Hussar—but many camels were wounded and several killed. An early breakfast was now prepared, and with hot tea and coffee, beef and biseuit, the soldiers regaled themselves. Before they had finished their meal the Arabs, to the number of two hundred, had again come down from the knife-edge of the range of hills on our right flank, and were delivering a well-aimed fire from a distance of 1,100 yards at our position. A troop of the Hussars and some of the Mounted Infantry were at onee sent out as skirmishers. They suceeeded in driving the enemy towards the east, in the direction of their main force. A little later five hundred spearmen, with a few Baggara (cavalry), came sweeping down as if to attaek our right; but a round of shrapnel, whieh was burst over their heads, knocked over three or four Arabs, and scattered the others. Still, their rifle-fire was being well maintained; the number of our wounded was steadily inereasing, and many camels and horses were being hit.

As the Arabs still showed a disposition to attaek us, bands of them continually appearing and disappearing on our front and right, it was determined to try a ruse to draw them on. At about 1,800 to 1,900 yards on our left front eould be seen masses and lines of rebels, their bright broad spear-heads and two-edged swords glittering in the sun's rays. With tom-toms fiereely thumming, and scores of heathenish banners fluttering in the fresh northerly breeze, they swarmed everywhere along the

crests of the rolling foothills, and threatened to rush us. Close to the wady on our left there were probably 3,000 or 4,000 of them, deployed in two not very irregular lines of men four to five deep. Their leaders, sheiks or dervishes clad in conspicuously embroidered Mahdi shirts, were stationed at intervals of about twenty-five yards apart, and mounted on fleet little horses. The lines were at least half a mile long, whereas our front barely extended, when in square, to 150 yards. A strong force of skirmishers, Guards and Mounted Infantry, were now sent out by General Stewart, and they engaged the enemy at 1,200 yards range, gradually reducing the distance to 1,000 yards. At a preconcerted signal our skirmishers rose together and ran back upon the zareba. It was all to no purpose, however, as the enemy did not pursue for more than 200 yards. The stratagem was repeated without better success; so, despairing of inducing them to assault our position, the screw guns were turned upon the Arabs on our front, and they were treated to a few rounds of shrapnel, which quickly sent them to cover." Such were the preliminaries to the battle.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION—BATTLE OF ABU KLEA.

"AT seven o'clock General Stewart began his preparations for sending forth an attacking column, which was to march in square and on foot as if ours had been an infantry force. The object was naturally to drive the enemy from Abu Klea wells, which were four or five miles on our front. The enemy, it will be observed, had taken up ground three miles to the west of the wells. Their position was strong, but they could have chosen a much better one had they defended the crest of the hills two miles or so behind our zareba, where begins the descent into the wady which leads to the wells. There they would have had complete shelter for their men until our troops got within thirty or forty yards of them, and at the same time could have witnessed all our operations and movements, which must have taken place on the open plain below. As the camels were to be left behind, their packs were unloaded, and saddles and stores were taken to strengthen the detached works surrounding the zareba. The animals themselves were herded closer together in the centre of the enclosure, and securely tied down. Shortly after seven a.m. the troops were marched to a position close behind the ridge on our front, surmounted by the low stone wall. Each detachment as it came up was ordered to lie down to await the moment for the advance. About one hundred beasts only were included in the 'fighting square,' fifty-two for carrying cacolets and litters for the wounded, the rest for medical stores, water, and ammunition. I was glad there were so few camels going, and sorry there were not fewer, for although by his size he is a good breastwork against bullets, the camel obstructs vision, impedes mobility, destroys symmetry, and is an unsettling element in a square of men. Precisely at 7.35 a.m. the troops marched forward in the following order: Front face (left to right), Mounted Infantry, Royal Artillery with three guns, Guards. Right face (front to rear), Guards, Royal Sussex. Left face (front to rear), Mounted Infantry, Heavy Cavalry Regiment. Rear (left to right),

Heavy Cavalry Regiment, Naval Brigade (with Gardner), Heavy Cavalry Regiment, part of Sussex Regiment. The 19th Hussars, under Colonel Barrow, numbering ninety sabres, were sent to our left flank to advance along the spur of land on the

BATTLE OF ABU KLEA—DEATH OF BURNABY.

north of the wady, and in front of the stone outwork held by the company of the Royal Sussex. Their duty was to move forward on a line parallel with the square and prevent the enemy attacking our left from the high ground across the little wady. A squadron of the 19th, counting thirty sabres, followed the square, marching by

the front right to assist the skirmishers, Mounted Infantry and Guards, who were sent out seventy-five yards from the square to keep the enemy's sharp-shooters from coming too near. The Heavies were commanded by Colonel Talbot, the Guards by Colonel Boscawen, the Mounted Infantry by Major Barrow, the Naval Brigade by Lord Charles Beresford, the Royal Sussex by Major Sunderland, the Royal Artillery by Captain Norton, and the Royal Engineers by Major Dorward. The command of the Mounted Infantry devolved upon Major Barrow—a brother of Colonel Barrow. At the last moment Major Gough, the commanding officer of the Mounted Infantry, had been lying down behind the ridge on the crest of which was the stone wall protecting our front, awaiting the order to march, when a spent ball struck him on the back of the head. The 'crack' was audible for yards around, and we who were near thought he was killed. In a few minutes, nevertheless, he recovered consciousness, and it was seen he had only received a severe contusion. Several others were struck at the same time, and one of the gunners lost his finger, and owed his life to carrying an iron key in his hand at the moment a bullet struck him. Altogether the situation was exciting and serious, and narrow escapes were becoming much too frequent. As the men rose from the ground, and the square advanced at slow march, our front showed above the slope, and the enemy promptly saluted us with a brisk rifle fire. In lines two deep—not of four men, as squares ordinarily are formed—our 1,400 or thereby of fighting men advanced. Major Gern, of the Sussex, with a company of men and details, was left in command of the zareba, in which were over fifty sick and nearly a score of wounded. With frequent halts to pick up our wounded—the dead were left where they fell—the square trudged on, the men as steady as if on parade. Our line of route was parallel to the little wady on which the left of our zareba rested. Onward we marched, keeping the wady eight hundred yards to our left. One moment we tramped along the stony upland crests or slopes, and then we would make an abrupt descent into some little gully or watercourse, climbing again up the opposite bank. Our progress was like that of some huge machine, slow, regular, compact, despite the hail of bullets pouring in from front, right, and left, and ultimately from the rear. A mile from the zareba the square halted to pour in a few volleys at a force of 1,500 Arabs demonstrating on our right. We anticipated their main attack would fall upon our front or left, and it was thought best to clear the flank threatened before going further on. Altogether there were perhaps 10,000 to 12,000 Arabs gathered to oppose us. They swarmed upon our front, and for two or three miles on either flank groups of their horsemen and spearmen could be seen watching us from the rocky peaks. There was no avenue of retreat; it was now 'do or die.'

Colonel Barrow, with his small force of Hussars, became engaged about the same time as the square. He took ground in advance of the outwork upon the circular hill held by the Sussex, dismounted the greater portion of his men, and opened fire at a body of 200 horsemen and 200 or 300 footmen trying to creep around our left. They gave him all he could do with his small force, for the ground offered ready shelter from the fire of the troopers' carbines, and his advance lagged behind the march of the square. When our flanks became comparatively clear, with our ranks well drawn together, the square once more advanced, but slower and more cautiously than before. We were rapidly passing to the flank of the enemy's outlying position. The Arabs appeared more numerous every moment, sometimes showing in lines of battle array as if they meant to charge the square, and anon disappearing behind a ridge, or sinking out of sight in the water-scored lumpy ground, covered with scrub

and bunch grass—just as Roderick Dhu's clansmen vanished at a wave of their chieftain's hand. There was no questioning now among old campaigners whether the Arabs would fight, and General Stewart and his personal staff, consisting of Major Wardrop, Lord Airlie, and Captain Rhodes, galloped to right and left to keep the force in readiness to repel any attack. With all deference to the gallant Heavies, it was felt to be a trial for them, a much mixed cavalry force, fighting on foot as infantry and with the long rifle, to which they were unused. Onward our fighting square moved, the enemy forming up as if to charge, and after a volley or two, given by companies, getting again out of sight. By half-past nine our left face was well abreast of their right, or the position it had held, and we could see before us that the stony upland along which we marched sloped down a mile ahead into the vast flat plain that reached away right clear to the Nile. The hilly, rocky ground was being left behind, and, with the exception of a low ridge or two a mile east of the wells, the sabas-covered land stretched forward, unbroken, by a single hillock, far to the east and south-east.

At 9.50 a.m., just as the front of the square had crossed a narrow depression and gained the top of the little crest on the opposite side, we saw a force of 4,000 to 5,000 of the enemy echeloned in two lines on our left, or opposite the side of the square maintained by part of the Mounted Infantry and the Heavy Cavalry regiments. They were four hundred, or perhaps five hundred, yards distant, and looked like coming on. Dervishes on horseback and on foot marshalled them, standing a few paces in front of the fanatic host. With fluttering of banners, clamour of 'tom-toms,' and shoutings of 'Allah,' they began to move towards our square. At first they came slowly, not quicker than a fast walk. Our skirmishers' fire appeared to have little or no effect upon them, and the whole left face of the square, which now halted upon the high ground, turned their rifles upon the Arabs, with, however, not much better results. Very few of the Mahdi's force fell, their lines were scarcely marred, and the miscarriage of our bullets must have inspired them with the hope that Mohammed Ahmed had at last conferred upon them charmed lives. They were soon within three hundred and fifty yards of the square, and now they commenced to run towards us, coming over the rolling ground like a vast wave of black surf. At first their direction was towards the left face front corner of the square, but as they came nearer the great mass of them swung round, so as to strike the rear corner of our left face. The skirmishers along our left came running home at full speed towards the square, closely pressed by a fringe of bloodthirsty Soudanese. At this moment the Gardner gun, under Lord Charles Beresford's superintendence, was moved to the left face rear corner, to be brought into action. During the advance it had been fired occasionally at groups of the enemy, and performed good service in clearing them off some strong positions upon dominating ridges. When it was now most wanted, before three rounds had been fired the cartridges stuck, and the weapon was rendered temporarily useless, an accident to which, as Lord Charles afterwards declared, all machine guns with a rotary feed motion are perpetually liable. Still down upon us the dark Arab wave rolled. It had arrived within three hundred yards almost undiminished in volume, unbroken in strength. It was a rush of spearmen and swordsmen, scarcely any carrying guns. Their rifle fire had practically ceased; and the other Arab forces surrounding us—Mahdi's troops, plundering Bedouins, and pillaging villagers from the river-side—all stood eager on the hillsides watching the charge upon the British square. In wild excitement, their white teeth glistening, and the sheen of their brandished weapons flashing like thousands of mirrors, onward they came against us.

By twos and threes our skirmishers had now reached our lines, and, the left face being nearly clear, a volley was sent into the enemy at one hundred and fifty yards as they rose over the last crest between our opposing lines. A hundred or more Arabs dropped, and for a moment I saw their force waver and halt, as a man stops to gasp for breath or at any sudden surprise. Had that volley been promptly repeated there would have been little more of the battle of Abu Klea to tell except the rout and slaughter of the Mahdi's troops, for Mahdi's troops they were, and not mere villagers or swarming tribesmen arrayed against us. But, somehow, the firing that followed from our ranks was dropping, irregular, scattering, wild, without visible effect; and the Arabs, who had barely checked their run, leaped over their falling brethren and came charging straight into our ranks.

I was at that instant inside the square, not far from the Gardner gun, when I saw our men beginning to shuffle a little backward. Some say Colonel Burnaby issued an order for the men to 'fall back;' but —I can speak confidently on this point— though near him, I never heard it. That, however, is a small matter, and it may have been issued all the same. At any rate, the left face moved somewhat backwards, and slightly towards the zareba. Colonel Burnaby himself, whose every action at the time I saw from a distance of about thirty yards, rode out in front of the rear of the left face, apparently to assist two or three of our skirmishers, who were running in hard pressed. I think all but one man of them succeeded in reaching our lines. Burnaby went forward to the men's assistance sword in hand. He told me he had given to his servant to carry that double-barrelled shot-gun which he had used so well against the Hadendowas at El Teb, in deference to the noise made in England by so-called humanitarians against its use. Had it been in his hands Burnaby would easily have saved other lives as well as his own, but they would have been English lives at the expense of Arabs'. As the dauntless Colonel rode forward on a borrowed nag—for his own had been shot that morning—he put himself in the way of a sheik charging down on horseback. Ere the Arab closed with him a bullet from some one in our ranks, and not Burnaby's sword-thrust, brought the sheik headlong to the ground. The enemy's spearmen were close behind, and one of them suddenly dashed at Colonel Burnaby, pointing the long blade of his spear at his throat. Checking his horse and slowly pulling it backward, Burnaby leant forward in his saddle and parried the Moslem's rapid and ferocious thrusts; but the length of the man's weapon, eight feet, put it out of his power to return with interest the Arab's murderous intent. Once or twice I think the Colonel just touched his man, only to make him more wary and eager. The affray was the work of three or four seconds only, for the savage horde of swarthy negroes from Kordofan, and the straight-haired, tawny-complexioned Arabs of the Bayuda steepe, were fast closing in upon our square. Burnaby fenced smartly, just as if he were playing in an assault at arms, and there was a smile on his features as he drove off the man's awkward points. The scene was taken in at a glance—with that lightning instinct which I have seen the desert warriors before now display in battle whilst coming to one another's aid—by an Arab who, pursuing a soldier, had passed five paces to Burnaby's right and rear. Turning with a sudden spring, this second Arab ran his spear-point into the Colonel's right shoulder. It was but a slight wound —enough, though, to cause Burnaby to twist around in his saddle to defend himself from this unexpected attack. Before the savage could repeat his unlooked-for blow —so near the ranks of the square was the scene now being enacted—a soldier ran out and drove his sword-bayonet through the second assailant. As the Englishman withdrew the steel, the ferocious Arab

wriggled round and sought to reach him. The effort was too much, however, even for his delirium of hatred against the Christian, and the rebel reeled and fell. Brief as was Burnaby's glance backward at this fatal episode, it was long enough to enable the first Arab to deliver his spear-point full in the brave officer's throat. The blow drove Burnaby out of the saddle, but it required a second one before he let go his grip of the reins and tumbled upon the ground. Half a dozen Arabs were now about him. With the blood gushing in streams from his gashed throat the dauntless Guardsman leapt to his feet, sword in hand, and slashed at the ferocious group. They were the wild strokes of a proud, brave man dying hard, and he was quickly overborne, and left helpless and dying. The heroic soldier who sprang to his rescue was, I fear, also slain in the *mêlée*, for—though I watched for him—I never saw him get back to his place in the ranks."

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION—ABU KLEA—CLOSE OF THE BATTLE.

"BUT what of the square? We had fallen back one hundred yards, and the foremost Arabs were driving their spears at our men's breasts. They were yet too few, however, to make any serious break in our ranks, and, desperately as they charged and fought, rifle and revolver bullet, and more rarely bayonet point, stopped their career. Then the great onrush came, and with spear poised and sword uplifted straight into our left face, rear corner, the Arab horde struck us like a tempest. The Heavies were thrown into confusion, for the enemy were right among them, killing and wounding with demoniacal fury. Backward from the left face the square fell, staggering and irregular. Officers exerted themselves to keep their men together, and General Stewart himself rode to the broken corner to assist. His horse was here killed, and he himself was with difficulty extricated and saved from Arab spears. Lord Airlie received two slight spear wounds, and so did Lord Charles Beresford. The enemy's rush swept clean over where the Gardner gun had been placed, and the small naval contingent lost two officers and six men killed, defending their gun as at Tamai. It was actually one of the same weapons that was used in that equally terrible fight. Confusion for the instant reigned supreme as the men fell back towards a low circular mound. The charge of the Arabs carried many of them into the centre of our square and among the camels. There death and havoc rioted for two or three minutes, whilst our men moved off from the inextricable mass of wounded, dying, and dead camels. It was an awful scene, for many, alas! of the wounded left behind on the cacolets and litters perished by the hands of the merciless Arabs, infuriated by their sheiks, whose wild hoarse cries rent the air, whilst the black spearmen, entangled among the animals, ran hither and thither thirsting for blood. Amid the general calamity there were many providential escapes. Lord St. Vincent, who, with another wounded man, was being borne upon a pair of camel-litters, was overturned with his camel, and fell underneath; the wounded man, who was on the opposite

side, was killed, and St. Vincent owed his life to the accident. Trifling as was the obstacle offered by the heap of helpless animals, it was enough to break and disorganize the rush of the Arabs. So great at this moment was the peril of the situation that officers in the Guards and Mounted Infantry placed their men back to back to make a desperate battle for life. The Martini-Henrys had never ceased, for hundreds of men kept firing steadily and with good aim at the enemy. There were others, I regret, who were neither discreet nor careful as to the direction of their fire. Possibly much of the wildness of aim was occasioned by the excitement of finding that hundreds of the cartridges jammed fast after the second or third shot. I have since been told by officers that this year our mongrel cartridge sticks worse than ever. Positively, at Abu Klea, and later at Metemmeh, I saw scores of weapons rendered temporarily useless. At this stage, seeing the Arabs were no respecters of persons, I myself took up a Martini-Henry, but the third cartridge stuck, and I had to resort to my revolver.

Our men were now nearly all clustered around the circular mound, with a swarm of Arabs fighting upon what was originally the left and rear faces of the square; the others were still hanging back undecided among the wreck of camels. The column kept backing with their faces outward towards the top of the low mound, until they were wedged in a compact mass. To me, who was outside on the right face, the y appeared to spin and turn slowly around the mound, a whirlpool of human beings. The position luckily enabled them to deliver a heavy and withering fire into the dense mass of Arabs. Soon the enemy showed signs of wavering, and with cheers and shouts our men redoubled their fire. A young officer, whose name I did not learn, rallied a number of men on the right rear, and these being soon joined by others were able to deliver an excellent and most telling transverse fire into the enemy's ranks. The strained tension of the situation had lasted nearly ten minutes, when at last the Arabs, two or three at first, then in twenties and fifties, began to trot off the field. In five minutes more there was not an enemy to be seen standing within three hundred yards of us. With cheer upon cheer, shouting ourselves hoarse, we hailed our victory, dearly won as all knew it to be. Parting volley after parting volley was sent into the now flying foemen, and we had the satisfaction of noting that all around they were taking ground to the rear.

Colonel Barrow, who had been holding the enemy about three-quarters of a mile on our left rear, was now able to push on, and soon three long streams of Arabs, afoot and on horse, camel, and donkey back, were making off, one in the direction of Berber, another towards Metemmeh, and a third for Khartoum. Our skirmishers were again pushed forward, and the screw guns brought into action to quicken their flight. Details of men were sent out to search for our wounded among the heap of slain lying to our left face. As at Teb and Tamai, the wounded Arabs refused to be made prisoners, and great caution had to be exercised in moving about the field, not only to avoid the covert stabs dealt by the bleeding Arabs, but the rushes and cuts of the fanatics who shammed death in order that they might the more surely get a chance of burying their weapons in one of us. Our men were drawn forward one hundred and fifty yards from the battle-field, and then, after great delay in getting the soldiers into their proper places, the square was re-formed. We found our losses during the day were, roughly, including native camel-drivers, over one hundred killed and about two hundred wounded. Of the enemy, five or six hundred lay heaped in front of and around our dead camels, and I think nearly as many more fell on the hill-sides and in the wady. I should have sent you by telegraph as accurate a list as possible, but that, I knew, was forbidden, and at any rate

my statement would not have gone on until the official returns were sent. The latter will, therefore, have told you enough, but still with many inaccuracies, no doubt, on account of the hurry and confusion. The greatest sufferers were the Heavy Cavalry regiment, which had six officers and over fifty men killed, whereas the Guards and the Mounted Infantry had each but five men killed. It took till ten minutes past noon to get the force again in order. Our Aden camel-drivers, many of whom were killed and wounded, and who displayed a loyalty, courage, and pluck conspicuous alongside the few cowardly Egyptians, scoured the battle-field, and brought in such of the camels as were able to travel. Cacolets and litters were put upon the animals, and the lost baggage was left to be recovered later on. The reserve ammunition, which could not then be transported, as over fifty camels were killed, was set fire to and destroyed. While this was taking place the Hussars came up and opened communications, and were sent ahead to take possession of the wells and hasten the enemy's evacuation of their camp.

Meanwhile small knots of dervishes hung about, longing to charge the square. I was unfortunate enough to precipitate one of these rushes on the part of six concealed fanatics. Riding one hundred yards to our left, in a little hollow I saw some men stretched on the ground in attitudes not assumed by the dead. A soldier fired at one of the half-dozen who moved his head to peep, missed him, and brought five Arabs to their feet, who rushed for the square. There was a rattle of many rifles. None of them ran more than eighty yards! About one p.m. the force received orders to again advance. As we descended into the wady on our left we saw hundreds of Arabs dead and dying. In the dry water-course they left behind them many water-skins, water-bottles, earthenware pots and bags of dhurra. There were even a score of tom-toms, the heads of which were instantly burst in. On the northern side of the shallow khor they had dug numerous rifle-pits and trenches. There were one or two castaway Mahdi uniforms and lots of flags, but no shields, for the False Prophet had bade his adherents neither wear their ancient chain armour nor seek the protection of thick rhinoceros hide bucklers. Exploring along this wady a party of our men came upon six dead and four wounded Arabs lying under a bushy dwarf mimosa tree. The soldiers had an interpreter with them, and the Arabs were called upon to surrender and come out. That they said they could not do; would the soldiers, therefore, come and take them? The four wounded men still held their spears in their hands. 'Very good,' said our soldiers, 'put down your spears, and we will see you are well treated, and do all we can to cure your wounds.' The answer of the four Arabs came fierce and concise, 'Put down our spears, infidel dogs! By God and the Prophet, never!' There was a crack of Martini-Henrys. You can guess the rest. It was again, at Teb and Tamai, almost impossible to take prisoners, and we secured but two of their wounded alive. The third prisoner I assisted to bring in, but he was hardly a capture, for the man gave himself up. He had a Remington and over one hundred rounds of ammunition. His story was that he had been one of the Berber-Egyptian garrison, and since the fall of that place had been forced into the Mahdi's army. He was glad to escape from them, he declared, and I must say the fellow looked cheerful at being taken. A trooper of the 19th conducted him to General Stewart! He was our one unwounded prisoner!

Choked and parched with thirst after the day's turmoil, we got to the wells at four p.m., delighted to find an inexhaustible supply of cold pure water. Men and horses gathered around some one or other of the fifty wells sunk in the level plain, quenching their thirst by deep draughts.

An hour later fires were being lit to prepare our evening meal. Hands were sent to cut bushes and construct a small zareba, and a detachment of troopers was ordered to occupy the hill on our left front. Rifle firing had ceased, and the doctors, who had shared, with a courage and zeal beyond all praise, in all the dangers of the day, had got a temporary hospital in order, and were each doing their utmost to alleviate the sufferings of our wounded. Surgeon-Major Ferguson, the principal medical officer, Surgeons Briggs, Parke, Dick, Maconochie, and others, with the regimental surgeons, worked untiringly through the night, helping the wounded. At eight p.m. a force of two hundred and fifty of the Mounted Infantry, under Major Phipps, with fifteen pairs of cacolets, was sent back to the zareba to order its evacuation, and to bring on to the wells the wounded and all the men and stores. I set out with the Major's detachment, and on our way back we heard the groans of wounded Arabs who had hidden themselves in the bushes to die. Riding ahead, I got into the zareba half an hour in front of the Mounted Infantry. When the square advanced, those left in the zareba had fired for over an hour at small bands of Arabs who came down from the hills on the right to join in the attack upon our men. In a high wind, and by a guttering candle-light, I wrote my telegram describing the battle of Abu Klea, and sent it you by special messenger, hours ahead of anybody else. I trust it reached you in good time, for I had contrived relays at Gakdul. By daylight next morning all the stores were packed on the camels, and the wounded men placed in the litters and cacolets. As soon as it was light the zareba was abandoned, the force marching to Abu Klea wells, which were reached about eight a.m. without accident or attack from the enemy, small bodies of whom were still, however, visible on the hills to the north and south."

We give some lines of poetry which were written shortly after the news of the battle reached England. These will fitly conclude our narrative of the battle.

"They were gathered on the desert,
Like pebbles on the shore,
And they rushed upon the Christians
With a shout like ocean's roar;
Like the dashing of the torrent,
Like the sweeping of the storm,
Like the raging of the tempest,
Came down the dusky swarm.
From the scant and straggling brushwood,
From the waste of burning sand,
Sped the warriors of the desert,
Like the locusts of the land;
They would crush the bold invader,
Who had dared to cross their path;
They were fighting for the Prophet,
In the might of Islam's wrath.
They were savage in their fury,
They were lordly in their pride;
There was glory for the victor,
And heaven for him who died.

They were mustered close together,
That small, devoted band;
They knew the strife that day would rage
In combat hand to hand.
And wild and weird the battle-cry
Was sounding through the air,
As the foe sprang from his ambush,
Like the tiger from his lair.
They knew the distant flashing
Of the bright Arabian spear,
As, spurring madly onward,
They saw the host appear
In numbers overwhelming,
In numbers ten to one;
They knew the conflict must be waged
Beneath a scorching sun;
They knew a British soldier's grave
Might lie beneath their feet;
But they never knew dishonour,
And they would not know defeat.

And swifter, ever swifter
Swept on the savage horde,
And from the serried British ranks
A murderous fire was poured;
And like the leaves in autumn
Fell Arab warriors slain,
And like the leaves in springtime
They seemed to live again.
'Midst the rattle of the bullets,
'Midst the flashing of the steel,
They pressed to the encounter
With fierce, fanatic zeal.
One moment swayed the phalanx,
One moment, and no more;

Then British valour stemmed the tide,
As oft in days of yore.
Again and yet again they came,
And hotter raged the strife,
And, hand to hand, each single soul
Was fighting for his life;
And on the silent desert air
Rose wild the battle's din.
O War! thou child of blood and death,
Foul progeny of sin!
This gracious earth thy cruel hand
Hath sown with crimson seeds;
But, watered by the dew of heaven,
They bloom in gallant deeds!
For the longest day hath ending,
The longest course must run,
And at length the foe was vanquished,
And at length the field was won.
Ye smiling plains of Albion!
Ye mountains of the North!
Now up and greet your heroes with
The honour they are worth.
Then pause, and let a nation's tears
Fall gently on the sod
Where thy valiant sons are sleeping,
Whose souls are with their God."

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION—ON TOWARDS THE NILE!

IT was at first thought that after the great victory of Abu Klea the Arabs would give no further trouble. This was not the case, however. A still more terrible battle had to be fought before the Nile could be reached. Mr. Burleigh was again present. He tells us that—"History records no military events of a more stirring character, or situations more thrilling and dramatic, than those through which Sir Herbert Stewart's flying column has passed during the past week. Had the British soldier not once more proved a splendid fighter, the story of Stewart's march would have had to be gathered from other sources than the pens or lips of those who accompanied it.

On the 16th inst., when the column crossed the ridge of foothills that sloped into a wady, wherein Abu Klea wells lay six miles to the eastward, few among the troops expected any fighting. The prevailing fear was that the Arabs would bolt, and that there would be neither rewards nor honours to be won.

On Friday I saw the first shot fired by an Arab scout, and was glad that I persuaded the outpost of the 19th Hussars to let the enemy open the battle. The skirmish that ensued was more disastrous to the rebels than to ourselves, and revealed to us the strength of their force in horse and foot, as well as the position they had taken up.

By nightfall our column was drawn up inside a rather weak, irregular, and incomplete zareba. The front face, instead of being formed of cut brushwood, was protected by low walls of rough stones. An undulation in the ground left an opening in the wall twenty-five yards wide. The wall itself was twenty inches high, and the zareba was nearly two hundred yards square.

Each man had his pint of water served out—half his day's supply—and on that quantity he had to work, march, and fight in a thirst-provoking country. Lights were all ordered out at dusk, and the troops lay down in square formation, with their arms beside them ready for instant use.

During their much-needed respite, I may recall the fact that after we had undergone a night of alarms, following the memorable events of Abu Klea, and had had several men injured by the enemy's fire, the column moved out of the zareba in square, lightly equipped for fighting. A small garrison

was left behind to guard the stores and animals. Nearly one hundred camels were taken with the column to carry water, ammunition, and cacolets. These were all inside the square. Just before the force set out, Major Gough received a contusion on the skull from a bullet, and the command of the Mounted Infantry devolved on Major Barrow. A fierce battle and hard-won victory had secured to us Klea wells, giving the troops an abundant supply of water, with something for the horses and camels. A bath or even a wash in the desert was too great a luxury, only to be indulged in alongside the well or at a reservoir like Gakdul. By dint of hard work and going without sleep the column was ready to resume its forward march on Sunday at four p.m. The old zareba was emptied, all the supplies having been transported to the wells by working overnight, and a new small zareba and fort were built at Abu Klea, which a detachment of the Sussex Regiment and a few men of the Royal Engineers were left to hold. It was given out by General Stewart that the force should only go five miles out and encamp till morning.

The column got off punctually, tired though the men and animals were. It was with pleasure that we set our faces for another forced march so that we might get to the river. Instead of making a protracted halt at sunset, the column rested for a few minutes only in order to allow the darkness to settle down. And then, altering our course so as to avoid Shebacat wells and the Arabs posted there to intercept or hinder us, we struck due south into the desert, attempting to reach the Nile before daylight, and before the Arabs could stop us. The General sought to avoid another battle until the force should have entrenched itself, or, at any rate, packed its baggage by the water's edge.

Night marches are always difficult, if not dangerous, and with our overworked animals the energies of men and officers were taxed to the utmost to keep the column together. In spite of everything the column often extended for two or three miles, that distance separating the van from the rear. This necessitated frequent halts. Completely done up, the men dropped asleep in their saddles, and came tumbling to the ground. Those who undertook to rest on the desert while the column closed up had to be roughly aroused to get them to remount.

Part of the way the force moved in columns of regiments, the Mounted Infantry leading, with the Hussars in advance and on the flanks. Although this increased the width of our front, it did not diminish the length of the column. Apparently Ali Gobah, the outlaw robber chief, directed our course, which was at times rather circuitous—now south, then south by west, and again south by east. Sir Charles Wilson and Captain Verner, of the Rifles, looked after Ali, in whose experience as a pathfinder they both trusted. I was inclined to regard Gobah as a failure; he lengthened our way and wasted hours.

Silence was enjoined upon all on the march. The camels, as usual, disregarded this order, and made night awful with their groans and cries. Smoking likewise was forbidden.

Daylight broke, finding the column six miles from the river, and about the same distance south of Metemmeh. The objective point was to occupy a position on the Nile four miles south of Metemmeh. An hour before sunrise we had altered our course, turning more to the east.

Before the sun was up we saw that the enemy were on the alert all along our front. Streams of men on horseback and on foot came from Metemmeh, interposing themselves between the column and the water we so longed to gain. For a short interval of time Sir Herbert Stewart deliberated whether to push on two miles nearer the Nile. As the Arabs mustered in force sufficient to seriously threaten our advance, he decided to halt upon a ridge of desert covered with sparkling pebbles, four

miles from the river. To our right and rear lay a few low black hills, one mile to two miles distant; on our front the desert rolled downward towards the green flats bordering the Nile; for here, as at Dongola, the belt of cultivation is rich and wide.

Turning with a light smile to his staff, General Stewart said, 'Tell the officers and men we will have breakfast first, and then go out and fight.'

The column was closed up with the baggage animals to the centre as usual; the boxes and pack-saddles being taken off to make an inclosure to protect the square from rifle fire. In less than ten minutes the Arabs were not only all over our front and flanks, but had drawn a line around our rear. Groups bearing the fantastic Koran-inscribed banners of the False Prophet, similar to those of which we had taken two or three score at Klea, could be seen occupying vantage-points all around.

The enemy's fire grew hotter and more deadly every minute. Evidently their Remingtons were in the hands of Kordofan hunters. Mimosa bushes were ordered to be cut at once, and breakfast preparations were peremptorily suspended for an hour, whilst most of the troops lay flat. Fatigue parties strengthened our position.

In going towards a low mound, a hundred yards on our right front, where we had a few skirmishers, General Stewart was shot in the stomach. The command thereupon devolved upon Lord Charles Beresford by seniority, but he, being a naval officer, declined it, and Sir Charles Wilson took it over.

The mound on our front was quickly turned into a detached work, forty volunteers, carrying boxes and pack-saddles, rushing out, and, in a short space of time, converting it into a strongly defensible post.

The situation appeared to me so threatening that I took part in this enterprise.

Gradually the enemy's riflemen crept nearer, and our skirmishers were sent out to engage them. They were too numerous to drive away, and the nature of the ground and the high trajectory of their Remingtons enabled the Arabs to drop their bullets into the square at all points. Soldiers lying behind camels and saddle-packs were shot in the head by dropping bullets. Mr. Cameron, the *Standard* correspondent, was hit in the back and killed whilst sitting behind a camel, just as he was going to have lunch. Later on I received a graze on the neck and a blow on the foot from bullets. The enemy were firing at ranges of from 700 to 2,000 yards, and their practice was excellent.

The zip, ping, and thud of the leaden hail was continuous, and, whilst the camels were being killed by fifties, our soldiers did not escape, over forty having to be carried to the hospital, sheltered as well as possible in the centre of the square behind a wall of saddles, bags, and boxes. As a precaution against stampede the poor camels were tied down, both their knees and necks being securely bound by ropes in order to prevent their getting upon their legs. At Klea, I remember, the camels' pack-saddles caught fire from the guns.

The 10,000 dervishes whom the Mahdi has sent from Omdurman to annihilate us were blocking our road to the Nile; and over a hundred Baggara, the horsemen of the Soudan, and crowds of villagers, who had joined Mohammed Ahmed's crusade, hung like famished wolves on our rear and flanks, awaiting an opportunity to slay. Apparently they were emboldened by our defensive preparations, for their numbers swelled and their fire increased in intensity; and, as stretcher after stretcher with its gory load was taken to the hospital, the space was found too little, and the wounded had to be laid outside. Surgeon-Major Ferguson, Dr. Briggs, and their colleagues had their skill and time taxed to the utmost. Want of water hampered their operations; doctors and patients were alike exposed to the enemy's fire. More harrowing battle scenes in the course of a long experience I never saw.

One of the most touching incidents in

the zareba on the 19th was the wounded General being tended by his friends, two or three of whom wept like men, silently. Poor St. Leger Herbert, the *Morning Post* correspondent, one of these latter, was himself shot dead shortly afterwards.

Our situation had become unbearable. We were being fired at without a chance of returning blows with or without interest.

There were three courses open to us—to sally forth and fight our way to the Nile; to fight for the river, advancing stage by stage, with the help of zarebas and temporary works; or to strengthen our position and try to withstand the Arabs and lack of water till Wolseley should send a force to our assistance, we meanwhile sending a messenger or two back to Korti with the news.

It was bravely decided to go out and engage the enemy at close quarters. At two p.m. the force was to march out in square, carrying nothing except ammunition and stretchers. Each man was to take a hundred rounds and to have his water-bottle full. Everything was put in most thorough readiness for the enterprise. Lord Charles Beresford, who had been 'seedy' since we left Abu Klea, with Colonel Barrow, remained in command of the enclosure, or zareba, containing the animals and stores. They had under them the naval contingent, the 19th Hussars, a party of Royal Engineers, and Captain Norton's detachment of Royal Artillery, with three screw guns, and details from regiments and men of the Commissariat and Transport Corps.

All day long Lord Charles and Captain Norton had been pounding the enemy whenever the Arabs gave them a chance, the former at the Gardner gun, and the latter with two of his light guns."

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION—BATTLE OF GUBAT—THE NILE REACHED.

"IT was nearly three before the square started, Sir Charles Wilson in command, and Colonel Boscawen acting as executive officer. Lord Airlie, who had been slightly wounded at Abu Klea, and again on the 19th, together with Major Wardrop, served upon Sir Charles's staff, as they had done upon General Stewart's. The square was joined to the east of our inclosed defence, the troops lying down as they were assigned their stations. The Guards formed the front, with the Marines on the right front corner, the Heavies on the right and right rear, the Sussex in the rear, and the Mounted Infantry on the left rear and left flank. Colonel Talbot led the Heavies, Major Barrow the Hussars, Colonel Rowley the Guards, Major Poe the Marines, and Major Sunderland the Sussex Regiment. Captain Verner, of the Rifle Brigade, was told off to direct the square in its march towards the river. When the order was given for the square to rise and advance, it moved off to the west to clear the outlying work.

The instant the Arabs detected the forward movement on our part they opened a terrific rifle fire upon the square from the scrub on all sides.

For the first few minutes many of our men were hit and fell. The wounded were with difficulty picked up and carried.

When the square slowly marched, as if upon parade, down into the grass and scrub-

covered hollow, intervening between the works we had constructed, and the line of bare rising desert that bounded our view towards the south and east—shutting out of sight the river and the fertile border slopes—all felt the critical moment had come.

Steadily the square descended into the

BATTLE OF GUBAT—"THE THICK OF THE FIGHT."

valley. Gaps were made in our force by the enemy's fire. As man after man staggered and fell, these gaps were doggedly closed; and without quickening the pace by one beat, onward our soldiers went. All were resolved to sell their lives dearly. Every now and again the square would halt, and the men would lie down, firing at their

foes hidden in the valley. Those sheltered behind the desert crest were too safely screened to waste ammunition upon at that stage. Wheeling to the right and swinging to the left our men fought like gladiators, without unnecessarily wasting strength or dealing a blow too many.

A more glorious spectacle was never seen than this little band in broad daylight, on an open plain, seeking hand-to-hand conflict with the courageous, savage, and fanatical foe, who outnumbered us by twelve to one.

As the square moved over the rolling ground, keeping its best fighting side—or rather, I should say, its firing side—towards the great onrushes of the Arabs, the soldiers swung around, as though the square pivoted on its centre. Once it entered ground too thickly covered by grass and scrub, halted, and coolly swung round and marched out upon the more open ground, with the Arabs to the right front, their 'tom-toms' beating, and their sacred battle-flags of red, white, and green, flying in the air.

Bearing banners lettered with verses from the Koran, a host of fanatic Arabs was the first to hurl its swordsmen and spearmen upon the square. The column wheeled to receive them, and the men, by their officers' direction, fired volleys by companies, scarcely any independent firing being permitted.

The wild dervishes and fanatics who led the charge went down in scores before our fire, which was opened on them at 700 yards, and none of the enemy got within two yards of the square. This checked their ardour, which had been excited by seeing the gaps in our ranks.

Three more charges were attempted by the enemy at other points along the line of the square's advance.

At half-past four, after nearly two hours' incessant fighting, as the column neared the south-easterly edge of the valley to pass out of it, the Arabs made their final grand onrush. Nearly 10,000 of them swept down from three sides towards the square, their main body—numbering not fewer than 5,000—coming upon our left face.

It was a critical time. Their fire had made fresh gaps in our ranks, and fierce human waves were rolling in upon every side to overwhelm our force.

Down the Arabs came from behind the ridge at a trot, and not at the top of their speed, as the Hadendowas charged. Gallant horsemen and wild dervishes led them, and shouted to their followers to rush on in Allah's name and destroy us.

Firm as a rock, the square stood steadily, aimed deliberately, and fired.

Again and again had volleys to be sent into the yelling hordes as down they poured. The feeling was—Could they be stopped before closing with us?

Their fleetest and luckiest dervishes, however, did not get within twenty-five yards before death overtook them; whilst the bulk of the enemy were still a hundred yards away.

At last—God be thanked!—they hesitate, stop, turn, and run back. Victory is ours, and the British column is safe!

The broken lines of Arabs sullenly retreated towards Metemmeh, but our square had to gain the ridge before escaping from their sharp-shooters' fire, and getting a chance of punishing the daring foe.

Without further opposition, the British advanced to the river, and encamped in a sheltered ravine for the night, the men lying down with their arms, and strong outposts being on the alert against any surprises.

Every man drank freely of the refreshing water, and, exhausted by the hardships endured, slept soundly, grateful that the enemy left them undisturbed for that night.

Whilst the square was marching to gain the Nile, the garrisons left in charge of the hastily-constructed works sought to render our men all the help possible.

Skirmishers were thrown out about two hundred yards all round, and the enemy on the right, left, and rear, were kept behind the sheltering ridges as much as possible by good shooting.

The Baggara horsemen and the Arabs on our left and rear were looked after by Lord Charles Beresford with his sailors and their Gardner, and were kept from joining their force with that on the left, when the grand onrush was made upon the square. The 19th Hussars watched our rear; and threatened attacks upon the works were provided against on our front and right.

Captain Norton and Lieut. Duboulay, R.A., with two screw guns, pitched shell and caseshot, at ranges varying from 1,500 to 2,300 yards, into the dense groups of Arabs gathered around the Mahdi's standards. The practice made was excellent, and not only did it prevent the Arabs from forming their attacking columns in dense lines, but the exploding shells indicated to the square the points where the enemy was mustering in force to attack.

Our approximate loss in the day's fighting was, in and about the works, sixteen killed and sixty wounded; with the square, twelve killed and forty wounded.

The enemy lost a thousand killed.

Official returns now going home will give you the names of the officers.

On Tuesday morning, Jan. 20, the square returned to the works, after having left a small garrison guarding the wounded in a deserted village near the river.

On their way back they drove the enemy out of the villages of Abu Kru and Gubat, and partly burned these places.

During the night the garrison at the works had two alarms; but, altogether, there was little firing, and the dark hours passed quietly.

The return of the square was signalled by great cheering from all the troops. The soldiers grasped one another warmly by the hand, and heartily congratulated each other. It was a scene of sincere enjoyment and earnest triumph.

In a few hours the camels left alive were repacked, our dead were buried, and, bearing our wounded on stretchers, the column, with its baggage as before, in the centre, marched towards the Nile at Abu Kru—the Arabs passively watching us from the distant ridges.

We, the correspondents, carried poor Cameron to his grave, and there we laid him with St. Leger Herbert, Lima, and Quartermaster Jewell. It was but a soldier's funeral. Lord Charles Beresford read the burial service; and then we turned away sorrowfully, each of us to help in the task of bearing wounded men to a safe shelter on the banks of the Nile, which we gained about four p.m.

On Wednesday, Jan. 21st, a column, composed much like that of the 19th, advanced to attack Metemmeh, and we found the enemy had loopholed most of the mud walls, and were holding the place in force.

After we had manœuvred on the plain to the south-east of the town, firing at the fugitives running towards the north, the enemy unmasked a battery of Krupp guns and played upon us.

We could see the flags of the dervishes as they waited for us behind the walls, and it was deemed prudent not to attempt an assault.

About eleven in the forenoon, four of Gordon's steamers, under Nousha Pasha, steamed down abreast of the place where we were.

I rode forward and got aboard one of these steamers, and afterwards carried back a message to Sir Charles Wilson that the Pasha would land 500 men and five guns to assist us.

This they did, and for several hours we poured shot and shell into Metemmeh. But mud walls take much of this sort of thing with but little hurt, and at three o'clock the entire force withdrew.

Our loss was one killed and nine wounded.

Our Egyptian friends appeared overjoyed to see us. They told us that Khartoum and Gordon were safe and well, and produced the following letter: 'Khartoum all right. Can hold out for years.—C. G. Gordon. 29—12—'84.'

We further learned that all was safe six days ago, and that the Mahdi had sent 2,000

men on the 17th instant to reinforce Metemmeh, within which were 1,000 riflemen and 10,000 spearmen.

Olivier Pain, the French renegade, we were informed, was in command there.

The Mahdi himself was said to be at Omdurman with 12,000 troops.

The steamers had not been in Khartoum for one month, but had been awaiting us at an island above Metemmeh. The vessels, or three of them, at any rate, are rather larger than Greenwich steamers. They are covered with heavy boards of hard wood, and, inside, with thin iron plates. The

WATER AT LAST! FIRST SIGHT OF THE NILE AFTER THE BATTLE OF GUBAT.

hulls are of iron, and the general appearance of the craft is very battered, resembling nothing so much as an old hoarding in a shabby London street. Bullet marks have pitted them from the funnel top to the water line, just as a virulent attack of small-pox disfigures a man's face.

On board there are several hundreds of plucky blacks, led by a few Turks. As usual they have their wives and families with them. The vessels are more like floating houses than war-ships.

Yesterday evening the steamers threw fifty shells into Shendy, and have promised

to return again unless the people submit. This they do not seem inclined to do.

We have been improving our defences, as we learn that an Arab force from Berber is on the way to attack us.

To-night a convoy, under Colonel Talbot, proceeds back to Gakdul with unloaded camels to bring up supplies and reinforcements. My messages go by it.

This is my first opportunity. As we all have been so busy, there has been but little leisure, even for writing.

To-day the troops were put on half-ration scale. To-morrow (Saturday, Jan. 24), Sir Charles Wilson, with Stewart Wortley, Captain Gascoigne, Captain Trafford, and twenty men of the Sussex Regiment, sail in two of Gordon's steamers for Khartoum. The other two stay here." Such were the plans of our leaders.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

The Khartoum Relief Expedition—Hopes and Plans.

MEANWHILE all eyes in England were bent upon the Soudan. After the battle of Abu Klea it was known that the force under Stewart had pressed forward, but what had become of it? There was for some time no news, and people now understood what mus have been the anxiety of their forefathers in those terrible Napoleonic wars, when there were no telegrams. Then came the good news of the victory, and the cheering message from Gordon. It already seemed as if Khartoum was relieved. Here is what people at home now said:—"The news from the desert stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet. Seldom has there been any operation more brilliantly conceived or more bravely executed than that by which our troops struck across two hundred miles of desert in the presence of an enemy ten times their number, and succeeded in opening communications with the beleaguered garrison at Khartoum. Everything was against them. Not a single 'friendly' of all the tribes of the Bayuda Desert could be induced by bribes or threats to bring them intelligence of the movements of the enemy. Above them blazed an African sun, behind them stretched nearly two hundred miles of hostile country, before them were arrayed some 10,000 of the picked forces of a brave and fanatical foe. Yet without apparently so much as a haunting doubt of success, although their General was down with a bad wound, their water supply was failing, and every man among them weary with forced marching and sleepless nights, the brave little band struck out from the zareba for the Nile on Monday afternoon, knowing well that if their thin line gave way beneath the Arab rush not a single man would have lived to tell the tale of a terrible catastrophe. Calm and resolute they stood on a shelving upland, awaiting the onslaught of the foe, who, led on by dauntless chieftains, swept down upon them in apparently overwhelming force. Three times the flood of Arab war surged down upon the tiny square, thrice to recoil like a rock-shattered wave. Then the enemy fled fast and far across the desert, the flame ceased to fringe the edges of the British square; the victory was won. It was a gallant deed, of which England may well be proud. It is a day of small things, no doubt, to those who are accustomed to measure battles solely by the number of men engaged; but heroism and valour are

not qualities to be appraised by arithmetic, and in presence of this latest demonstration of the sterling stuff of which even the humblest of our countrymen are made, of their unwavering allegiance to duty, and their simple faith in England and her cause, we shall do well indeed to thank God and take courage.

Nor is that the only consolation that enables even the bereaved, who in the gloom of the valley of the shadow of death mourn their unreturning brave, to feel that there is light in the darkness. Not only were the operations remarkable for the excellent qualities alike of soldierhood and manhood that they displayed, but they were signally successful. Communications are now re-established with General Gordon. Sir Charles Wilson started last Friday by steamer for Khartoum. The road has been opened from Korti to Metemmeh, and although the latter place is still held by two thousand determined men, the backbone of the Mahdi's resistance is broken. Although for the moment it is open for the pessimist to pretend that the net result of General Stewart's victory is that we have two garrisons on the Nile to relieve instead of one, that is only for the moment. It is no slight thing that there are two faithful garrisons on the Nile, and that these garrisons are in touch of each other. General Gordon has already relieved General Stewart, even before General Stewart has relieved General Gordon. For Khartoum itself we need be under no apprehension. Gordon's last message, dated December 29, the very day on which General Stewart was setting out from Korti, declared that 'he could hold on for years.' But the fortnight before, as Gordon's friends had painful reason to know, even the indomitable defender of Khartoum had almost lost heart. It was not that he feared the Mahdi. Gordon has never feared an open foe. An uneasy dread haunted him of treachery in his own camp, a suspicion which, if well founded, would have rendered abortive all his labours and all the effort of the present expedition. To avert that catastrophe General Stewart was thrust across the desert at what no doubt appeared to many armchair critics unnecessary haste in the face of enormous dangers. The news of his imminent advance probably averted the peril which General Gordon had foreseen, and the shifty, resourceful genius who has kept at bay the raging hordes of savage Islam behind the ramparts of Khartoum was able at the end of the year not merely to hold his own, but actually to despatch steamers, troops, and provisions to assist the relieving force. Seldom have we had a more splendid illustration of the incalculable force which lies latent in a single individual who combines supreme genius with unflinching faith. May this object lesson from the desert not be thrown away upon Englishmen at home.

There is now no need for any more headlong plunges through the Soudan, although not a moment will be lost in following up the present advantage. The capital is safe. A fortified line of posts extends from Korti to Khartoum. The waterway from Metemmeh to Khartoum is patrolled by the armed steamers of the Nile flotilla. General Stewart, we are delighted to hear, is progressing favourably, but from the nature of his wound we must not be too confident concerning his ultimate recovery. The advance of General Earle along the Nile is being pressed steadily and successfully. He also has had a brush with the enemy, but it does not seem to have been serious, although it was completely successful. Khartoum, however, will probably be relieved and the Mahdi disposed of long before General Earle and his men get round to Berber. They will clear out the rebels from the bend of the Nile and have Berber ready for Lord Wolseley when he returns from Khartoum. Meanwhile, before deciding anything about what is to be done with the Soudan, it will be well to wait for General Gordon's opinion. His diary is said to be now in the hands of

General Stewart; his advice as to the future may be expected as soon as Sir Charles Wilson gets back from Khartoum. Till then we shall act wisely to suspend our judgment, and then we shall probably be unable to do better than to act upon his." Alas! it was soon found that these bright anticipations were not to be realized.

CHAPTER XC.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION—NARRATIVE OF WILSON'S VOYAGE AND BERESFORD'S RESCUE.

EVENTS move quickly in our present era. People had come to the conclusion that Khartoum had been relieved. No more anxiety was felt on that account, and speculation was now busy as to the next step. Suddenly there was a change. At one moment Khartoum was visible with its bulwarks intact, dominated by the one grand imposing figure of Gordon. Then all at once it vanished in fire and smoke, and with it, and more regretted than it, the solitary Englishman whose name will make it for ever memorable.

On the 4th of February, the news first came to London. At first it was kept absolutely quiet. The Ministry could not believe it. The next day's morning papers said nothing, for the all-sufficient reason that they knew nothing; but that forenoon the news somehow or other got known, and the evening papers were full of it. It burst upon the City, upon England, upon the civilized world we may say, like a thunderclap. Eagerly details were looked for, and soon these began to pour in from the war correspondents. Let us follow their narrative.

"Lord Charles Beresford, who left Abu Kru on the afternoon of the 1st inst., flying the British ensign aboard General Gordon's steamer *Sofia*, and taking two Gardner guns and detachments of Bluejackets and Mounted Infantry under Lieutenant Bowe, and some natives, returned here at sunset yesterday (the 4th), bringing back Sir Charles Wilson and the remainder of the crews of the two steamers wrecked during his bold dash up the Nile.

The following is a brief narrative of these daring voyages:

Saturday, Jan. 24.—Sir Charles Wilson, Captains Wortley, Gascoigne, and Trafford left Abu Kru on Gordon's steamers *Bordein* and *Tellhoweiya* for Khartoum.

Colonel Wilson, Captain Gascoigne, and Royal Sussex men were on board the *Bordein*, together with 200 native officers and crews; Captains Wortley and Trafford, with more Sussex men, aboard the *Tellhoweiya*.

Having stopped for wood at five o'clock on Sunday afternoon, the *Bordein* ran upon a rock in the first part of the Sixth Cataract, which now extends for a distance of twenty miles.

It may be incidentally mentioned that the names on the map are nearly all wrong. The cataract begins below Mernant and ends above Aussi. The Arabs call the cataract 'the place of ninety-nine islands.'

In the morning, about nine o'clock, the *Bordein* got afloat, but at a distance of two miles higher up it got into the wrong channel. There being but little water on the cataract, the soldiers landed to lighten the steamers.

Tuesday, Jan. 27. Started at daylight; stopped opposite Jebel Rojan, taking in

wood for three hours. By two p.m. the enemy's riflemen began firing from the banks, many of their shots striking the steamers.

This fusillade continued till dark from both banks, particularly from the western.

Sir Charles Wilson stopped the steamers near the eastern bank at a deserted village about eighteen miles from Khartoum, and while there a man shouted that Khartoum had fallen on Wednesday, the 28th. The vessels started at daylight. At this point the river has sandy banks. Rifle firing was resumed from both sides. Opposite

COLONEL SIR CHARLES WILSON.

Jebel Surgham our men expected fire from a battery, but none occurred.

They next passed Fighiarah, where they sustained a hot rifle fire. Here, too, they got the first sight of Khartoum over Tuti Island, which lies low. (*See page* 105.)

Half an hour more brought the steamers abreast Halfaya, and the natives ashore received them with a heavy rifle fire from their entrenchments. The Arabs had also three Krupp guns, with which they opened upon the vessels.

The steamers replied vigorously with rifle and gun fire, the Soudanese crew displaying considerable bravery. We had three men wounded. Near Tuti more rifle

fire was directed against the steamers from all points along the banks.

We arrived nearly opposite Omdurman at noon, when a heavy rifle fire opened by about one thousand rebels on the banks of the river and outside Khartoum. Their Krupps also opened a fierce fire—four of them from Omdurman, two from Khartoum, two from Tuti and from the east bank.

The attacking force was wearing the Mahdi's uniform, and had hundreds of flags. The enemy was in great force, swarming all over the low ground between

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD.

the river and the city to the south-west, and coming openly out to engage Sir Charles Wilson's force.

The steamers were now within a mile of Khartoum, and those on board could see the fort at Omdurman, which was held by the enemy, and opposite to it Gordon's troop-boats, nuggars, and other craft.

Gordon's three steamers, however, they could not see.

On the Government House there was a flag-staff, but no flag flying. In the streets there were scores of the Mahdi's banners.

A man came down to the river during the firing waving a white flag, but the steamers declined receiving overtures, as

the rebels maintained a heavy rifle and gun fire.

There was a battery and there were trenches upon the low ground north of Khartoum, which fired at the steamers from the front, flanks, and left rear.

Without entering the Blue Nile, the steamers turned back, and a shell passed through the *Tellhoweiya's* cabin, bursting underneath. The *Bordein* had her dingy blown to pieces.

By 4.10 p.m. the steamers had run back out of a heavy fire.

Naturally our men were greatly disheartened by the uncertainty which shrouded the fate of the man they expected to relieve, but this did not prevent them making a vigorous reply to the enemy's fire. The natives on board, however, became broken-spirited, and, lying down, sought to get cover from the hail of bullets by covering their heads.

The steamers ran down to within twelve miles of the Sixth Cataract, anchoring in mid-stream for the night.

The men of the Sussex Regiment did much execution with their rifles.

The *Bordein* went within three hundred yards of the shore at Khartoum. During the night a native dressed in the Mahdi's uniform was sent ashore. He returned confirming the fall of the city and the death of General Gordon.

According to his account, the city was betrayed on the night of January 26th by Farag or Farash Pasha, a Soudanese, and Ahmed Gelab, a native of Assouan. One opened the gates and the other sent a steamer and boats to the Mahdi whilst the Egyptians troops were massed on one side of the town.

One report was that there was no fighting; another that Gordon and his Soudanese resisted and were all killed, Gordon himself being murdered as he came out of his room in the Government House; and yet another, that Gordon had succeeded in reaching the Roman Catholic Mission buildings, which are constructed to withstand a siege, with fifty men and a full supply of ammunition and stores.

The steamers were lightened by throwing dhurra and ammunition overboard to pass the cataract.

On Thursday morning the start was delayed, the *Bordein's* paddle having been damaged. Later she ran aground, and stuck fast for two hours, the four Arab pilots refusing to proceed unless they were all brought upon one steamer, determining one vessel should attempt the passage, and that the other should wait the result. This was permitted.

The steamers dropped down stream stern foremost. Below Jebel Royan the *Tellhoweiya* sank between two rocks, the water rising above her deck. Guns and baggage, crew and soldiers, were all put upon a large unmasted nuggar which she had hitherto towed, and were sent down the river.

The *Bordein* followed, and anchored near an island for the night. There was no firing.

The same evening a Soudanese dervish, who had come to the river's edge at Khartoum with a white flag, and had followed the steamer down stream, came aboard with a letter from the Mahdi, the contents of which have already been wired to you. There was a postscript saying that it was the Mahdi's first and last letter to the English, unless we submitted, and calling upon the Shaggieh to join his standard, and if the English refused to do so, to kill all the Kaffir dogs.

The dervish, an intelligent-looking fellow, pressed Khasm El Mous and the Arab officer Abdul Hasnid to go over to the Mahdi, in whom he unhesitatingly believed as a true prophet. The messenger told our officers that the Mahdi had been sent by God to convert the world, and intended to march straight upon Stamboul. Gordon was at Omdurman, and had adopted the Mahdi's uniform.

When the dervish left he took with him a letter from Khasm El Mous to the Mahdi, stating that the former would surrender on

his way down stream to Fakir Mustapha, an Emir who had 4,000 men at Wady el Habasha at the foot of the cataract. Mous's letter was a ruse.

This letter and a reported traitorous communication were handed in secretly by native skippers, and, it is believed, saved the steamers from attack in the cataract, where men and guns had been posted by Mustapha, as he expected that the steamer would be run aground there.

A native also boarded the steamer and related a story of Gordon having shut himself up in the Catholic Mission buildings. The Mahdi's Emirs, this man further said, had refused to proceed against the English unless the Mahdi would go to battle with them.

Friday.—Started early. Stuck for four hours near Shabbaca. Anchored for the night by an island in the middle of the rapid.

Four Shaggieh tribesmen boarded us, and said they must throw in their lot with the Mahdi. They urged Khassm to go with them, but he refused to leave the English.

All the families of Gordon's men came on board.

Saturday.—The cataract was very difficult. After passing into open water the *Bordein* was run upon a rock, knocking a large hole in her bottom. The steamer was run alongside an island or sandbank, three miles from the enemy's position lower down, and was abandoned. The men, guns, and stores were all landed during the night.

Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, who was ordered to take back the news, ran past the enemy's works in a small boat, with eight natives and four English, getting beyond them before he was observed, when they fired at, but missed him. The boat got here safely.

Meantime Sir Charles Wilson and the crews waited for assistance.

Sunday.—Mustaphi, the Mahdi's Emir, came upon the island and urged the necessity of surrender. The same evening Hamid Bey, two skippers, and seventeen men deserted.

Lord Charles Beresford started on Feb. 1 on board the *Sofia* to bring down the shipwrecked crews.

Tuesday.—About eight a.m. he saw the wreck of the *Bordein* three miles ahead. The Arabs upon the western bank opened fire upon the *Sofia* from 1,000 yards. Steamer advancing, the rebels from a small fort furnished with protecting trenches sent in a heavy discharge of musketry, and commenced fire with two or three brass howitzers, similar to two aboard the steamer.

The channel was 200 yards from the fort. Lord Charles Beresford told off every man to his post. The two howitzers, two Gardners, and all the Martini-Henrys were brought to bear upon the enemy, soon driving them to seek cover.

The *Sofia* steams very slowly, not more than four miles an hour up stream. Whilst she was passing the last embrasure of the fort a shell was hurled at her, entering her boiler. An explosion took place, followed by a rush and roar of steam and water, scalding seven men.

The anchor was let go within 500 yards of the enemy's works. Careful examination disclosed that the steamer was not sinking, and that the damage could be repaired in ten hours.

Every effort was made on board the *Sofia* to keep the enemy's fire under, whilst the chief Engineer officer, Bendow, and his men put a patch plate upon the boiler. So well directed was our men's fire that the Arabs were unable to lift their heads above the earthworks. Their uninjured gun was fired in the wildest way.

In the afternoon all Sir Charles Wilson's people came marching down the right bank to the steamer to lend their assistance, their baggage coming down in a nuggar.

Lord Charles Beresford got the Soudanese to open fire from two guns and with their rifles upon the rebel work till dark.

After sunset the nuggar was taken by Captain Gascoigne past the enemy's works, which he succeeded in doing safely, despite a heavy fire. Unluckily, however, the craft grounded 600 yards below the fort, and the night was spent in trying to get her afloat.

The Arabs, after firing a few shots at the steamer, on board of which perfect silence was kept, evidently thought that she had been abandoned, stopped firing, and began tom-toming.

By four a.m. the boiler was repaired, and steam was got up.

Just before daybreak the enemy saw sparks emerging from the funnel. Forthwith they began yelling and firing in the fiercest manner. The steamer replied.

A quarter of an hour later the vessel went ahead for 200 yards, then turned, and came down stream rapidly, effectively returning the Arab fire. One shell burst as she was passing an embrasure of the fort, and then the steamer ran quickly out of range.

Lieutenant Kepple, who had been serving the guns in the pluckiest style, was sent back in a boat to assist in floating the nuggar. This was speedily done, under a heavy fire, by throwing the baggage overboard, and the boat was taken alongside the steamer. Gordon's people were got on board with the guns and ammunition. The nuggar and another boat were taken in tow and brought on here by the *Sofia*. The seaman Curnow was killed, and Lieutenant Van Koughnet was wounded.

The steamers are now being put into an effective state. The army is exasperated at Gordon's fate, and the men trust that the people, not the Government, will decide upon the course that it is now necessary to pursue.

Here we believe that returning will not only be temporarily disastrous, but must mean the spending of many millions in order to check Moslem risings nearer Cairo, as well as elsewhere.

The men are content to take the grave risk of holding on here for Gordon's sake and their country's honour. Energy and dash could get an Indian force to Berber, with guns, within a month from the receipt of this despatch. Meantime, we look for General Buller, or a successor to General Stewart.

A Court of Inquiry was held to-day, and to-morrow a court-martial will be held on the reises, or native skippers.

The camp is healthy."

"NEAR METEMMEH, *Feb.* 5 (*viâ* KORTI, *Feb.* 9, 7.40 p.m.).

Lord Charles Beresford returned here last evening, bringing Sir Charles Wilson and the shipwrecked crews of the two steamers wrecked on the Nile.

Lord Charles Beresford's rescuing steamer had a terrible time of it. He gallantly engaged the enemy's riflemen, who were estimated to be 4,000 strong, and a battery of three Krupp guns, at a point about forty miles above here.

His small steamer was temporarily disabled by a shot passing into her boiler. This mishap compelled Lord Charles to anchor within 500 yards of the native fort.

He succeeded, however, in keeping the enemy at bay by means of the Gardners and rifles.

The afternoon and night were spent in the difficult work of effecting repairs, and the party at length got away on the morning of the 4th.

Our loss amounted to one seaman killed, seven men wounded, and Lieutenant Van Koughnet, R.N., wounded. Several men were scalded by the outburst of steam.

Sir Charles Wilson's loss was two men killed and twenty wounded—all Egyptians—and four men of the Sussex Regiment slightly injured.

Our Soudanese auxiliaries fought well until they heard about the fall of Khartoum, which demoralized them.

The latest news is that General Gordon was killed while leaving his room in Government House.

The Mahdi has massacred the families of all Gordon's men.

The rebels were admitted by the treachery of Farag Pasha into Khartoum on the night of Jan. 26.

Here all is well. There are daily outpost affairs with the enemy.

Sir Charles Wilson runs the gauntlet of the enemy to-night, 100 men assisting him through. He goes to see Lord Wolseley, and I take the opportunity of his departure to send this telegram.

The Nile is steadily falling about an inch daily."

"Telegram from General Wolseley to the Secretary of State for War.

KORTI, *Feb.* 9, 1885 (7.30 p.m.).

Sir Charles Wilson just reached my camp, having left Gubat early on morning of 6th inst.

General Stewart's wound doing well.

Sir Charles Wilson's party all safe.

Lord Charles Beresford, in a steamer, brought him back, having engaged enemy's battery within three miles of island on which Wilson's party were landed.

In action with battery, enemy's round shot went through steamer's boiler. Beresford had to anchor under fire until he repaired boiler.

Wilson, with his four guns, ammunition and party, landed from island on right bank, and marched down stream opposite battery, and came into action, helping with Beresford's fire on battery in keeping enemy's fire down.

Towards sunset Wilson marched down river about three miles, and halted for night. Beresford joined them in the morning, having again engaged enemy's battery in passing it, and brought them safely to Gubat.

Edwin Curnow, second-class petty officer, killed; Lieutenant E. Van Koughnet, Royal Navy, wounded (flesh wound in thigh); and two English and four natives wounded or scalded in engine-room when shot went through boiler.

I cannot speak too highly of the plucky manner in which Lord C. Beresford acted on this occasion. Indeed, all his party, and that under Sir C. Wilson, behaved admirably, and with the usual determination of Englishmen."

CHAPTER XCI.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION—RETREAT FROM ABU KRU TO ABU KLEA.

OF course the first impulse in England was to conquer the Soudan. The Mahdi was to be smashed at Khartoum. But this was not an easy process. The force sent out under Wolseley had been intended to relieve Gordon, and that only, so that a preliminary retreat was at least necessary. The force sent on towards Metemmeh had to be recalled to Korti. Availing ourselves again of the narrative of the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent, we proceed to give an account of the chief incidents of that retreat:—

"Immediately upon learning of the death of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum, the Government not only gave the Commander-in-chief *carte blanche*, but evinced an anxiety that the stain of a wasted campaign might be erased by some brilliant military achievement. Even in the remote wilds of Africa news does get about, and we all heard a good deal, notwithstanding the free use of official cipher, of the nervous energy which had seized

upon the Ministry and the War Office. Metemmeh was to be taken at once, and Berber was to be occupied. The former order was despatched by Lord Wolseley to General Buller, and had it, or could it, have been carried out, that would, I am sure, have secured ample leisure for the flying column to slowly retire from Abu Kru to Korti. Time, with which the Government had so long dallied, had however raised the fates against them. For economic reasons the purchase of camels was stopped before a reserve to replace broken-down animals had been secured. The marches of Stewart, and the going to and fro of convoys, during which many of the camels were occasionally four and six days without water and food, except the dry, reed-like sabas grass growing upon the desert, told fatally upon hundreds of the poor brutes. The stamina was gone out of the survivors, and protracted rest was necessary with good feeding for all of them. The situation admitted of neither, and with huge gaping wounds and terrible sores from packs and girths the wretched animals continued to be driven about. An awful effluvia, noxious as a pest-house, exhaled from the wounds of the miserable animals, and has latterly filled the air whenever a camel convoy marches. I say nothing of the stench from the countless dead victims which line the route from Abu Kru to Korti. Even as I write, the odour from hundreds of these lying outside the entrance to Gakdul makes the approach to this place a sort of running the gauntlet of smells insufferable. It was therefore with the generals not so much the minor question about the transport of stores, as whether camels enough could be mustered to carry the wounded and the barest sufficiency of water, food, and ammunition to enable the flying column to get back to Gakdul and Korti. Going forward was past hoping for, as we knew, without camels, Lord Wolseley could not move men and stores to the front in reasonable time. We at Abu Kru were quite prepared to await a siege from the Mahdi's forces, and although our commissariat was very scant, and we had all been living on half rations, were well content to placidly abide the arrival of a relief column coming from India to the Nile *viâ* Souakin and Berber. With diligent foraging and strictest thrift the force perhaps could have tided over an interval of two months.

It was not to be, and on Feb. 13th it was secretly whispered about our camp at Abu Kru that Sir Redvers Buller had decided to evacuate this place and retire upon Abu Klea wells. If we remained upon the Nile, it was said, we should surely be invested by the Mahdi's army, an advance corps of which, some 8,000 or 10,000 strong, was then within ten miles of us, while the main body, 30,000 to 60,000 men, were thirty miles away. Our spies told us this large army was steadily and surely marching down the Nile, upon the west bank, and that there was a smaller number of the enemy, probably 6,000, coming on down the east bank of the river. Each force had guns, and the fall of Khartoum had given the rebels possession of an arsenal, a practically unlimited quantity of ammunition. Stirring news for a little army of 1,200 to 1,300 effective men! Still more so when our strength was reduced by the despatch of convoys with escorts of 300 men to Gakdul. We were mostly ensconced within the mud fort we had built close to the banks of the Nile. The position from a military point of view was not a good one, as the work was more or less commanded on all sides. Against any amount of musketry fire we should have been safe enough, but shells dropping near would have made life a burden; and what with dirt and dust it was quite uncomfortable enough at Abu Kru. Alas, how had the mighty fallen! The officers had set out with light hearts, expecting a walk over to Khartoum, and deploring their luck that there would be no fighting and no honours nor rewards. It had even been absolutely telegraphed home that we

should be in Shendy on January 7th, and in Khartoum by the 21st day of January, 1885, and here were we all but shut up behind a heap of mud!

Very properly the fact that we intended evacuating Abu Kru—not El Gubat, for that was a mile up stream—was kept as profound a secret as possible, to prevent any of the natives about the camp carrying information to the enemy. With the departure of the wounded and of Gordon's Soudanese on the 13th February, there was less need for making a mystery of the contemplated movement, and orders were issued which indicated the nature of the step about to be taken. Packs were made up, water-skins filled, and camels got ready for the road. The Commissariat, too, suddenly began to issue stores to all comers in the most lavish manner. Tea, coffee, sugar, bacon; yea, even the Nile boat dainties and hospital comforts, jams, condensed milk, and liquors were given away, and the first and last rum ration at Abu Kru was measured out. A stream of men were going and coming from the Commissariat all day long on that eventful Friday, Feb. 13th. We had seen 300 of the enemy leave Metemmeh several hours after the sick convoy, which started at six a.m. This force was thought to be too insignificant to hamper it. At one p.m., one of the 19th Hussars rode in with the news that Colonel Talbot, who was in command of the convoy, had been attacked by the Arabs in the bush six or seven miles out. The attack was begun just as the convoy was resuming the line of march after having rested for breakfast, by several hundred riflemen. The enemy were reported to be part from Metemmeh and part an ammunition convoy from Khartoum. Colonel Talbot dismounted his men, and formed them in square behind their camels, whilst a double row of baggage camels was placed in the centre to surround the wounded. His force consisted of 135 men taken from the Guards, 135 men from Mounted Infantry, and 135 men from Heavy Camel Corps. Captain Pearson, of the Marines, who form part of the Guards Camel Regiment, went out with a company of his men to skirmish with the enemy. Firing opened at ten a.m., and was maintained till shortly after mid-day, the enemy's horsemen circling around the convoy, but neither they nor the riflemen appearing to have the least desire to rush the square. At noon the Light Camel Regiment, under Colonel Stanley Clarke, arrived quite unexpectedly upon the scene. They were marching to Abu Kru, to reinforce the troops there. Hearing firing they pushed ahead, only to be saluted, at 1,000 yards range, with two or three volleys from part of the Mounted Infantry. The latter had seen the enemy's horsemen in the bush in the same direction but a minute previously, and that was their excuse. The bullets hit a camel or two, but, happily, none of the soldiers were struck. The men dismounted, bugles were sounded, and two or three officers rode forward to explain matters. The arrival of the Lights put the enemy to flight, and they disappeared as suddenly as they had come on. Our loss was three killed and eight wounded, the Marines proportionately suffering most. Unimportant as the affair turned out to be, it was feared the consequences would be fatal to the more seriously wounded men who were being carried back. Happily such was not the case, as, with one exception, Major-General Stewart, whom the removal had greatly upset, none appeared a whit the worse. Perhaps there has never been a campaign where, in so brief a period, so many serious dangers have been run by those with the flying column, or so many 'close calls' made by the grim enemy, 'Death.' Heads luxuriant but three months ago with hyacinthine locks, I have noted now showing silver streaks. Never have I seen so many young heads grow gray hairs so fast.

On hearing the convoy had been attacked, General Buller ordered out part of the Royal Irish and the Guards to their

assistance, and undertook to make a demonstration against Metemmeh. At three p.m., Major Grenfell, of the Egyptian army, rode in with a small escort, and told the General that the Arabs had run off, and that the Lights were going to return as additional escort with the wounded as far as Abu Klea wells. The Royal Irish and the Guards were called in, and once more everybody devoted themselves to making preparations for departure. Only what was indispensable was carried, and candles and articles of preserved food, which before brought fabulous prices—jam 5*s.* to 10*s.* a pot—could be had for the asking.

I think I told you in my last how glad we all were to see General Buller ride in and assume the command. An army without a chief is a wasted force, and no committee of captains can fill the position usefully or effectively. His presence was soon felt in many valuable ways. Himself 'a decidedly self-reliant man,' he expects that quality from others. At nightfall men were detailed to break up the Commissariat stores, which, with the surplus ammunition and rifles, were pitched into the river. Tons of stores that had cost so much trouble to transport were thus destroyed. The Nile boat stores, from ten to thirty per cent. of which had been damaged by the knocking about, and the getting in of water in transit to Korti, were consigned to the river that had already consumed and ruined so much. It was painful to see the waste. Until midnight the work of destruction went on. Even then it was far from complete, for many of the tins of meat were merely thrown upon the shallow bank, and could easily be recovered by the Arabs. The hospital equipments, tents, stretchers, bedding, clothing, and medicines were left lying upon the ground, together with a pile of boxes and some ammunition near where the Royal Engineers were quartered. As little noise and stir as possible were made, and to outward appearance the camp must have looked much as usual. Hopes that had been held out of the force going down the river on steamers and in nuggars to Berber, in order to join Earle's column, now proved delusive. The last of poor Gordon's steamers, upon which he must have expended so much thought, were also to be destroyed, and by his countrymen, to prevent their falling into the enemy's hands. The military mind was for scuttling them and sinking the craft mid-stream. Lord Charles Beresford, with the true tar's traditional dislike to sinking a ship, begged leave to try another plan, supporting that proposition with the plea that if we returned to Metemmeh the two steamers might be recaptured and used by us, but to the enemy would be valueless. General Buller gave his consent, and in the darkness of a moonless night the steamers *Sofia* and *Tewfekia* were temporarily moored in deep water. While there all their guns, stores, and ammunition were thrown overboard.

In emptying the magazines the sailors came across packages of friction primers for guns. Without thought the wrappings were torn off, and most of the primers pitched into the Nile. Before all had gone somebody picked up one of the paper wrappings, and read from writing upon it, 'Safe; made by my own hands. Khartoum.—C. E. G.' This writing was Gordon's, sure enough, for many of us knew it. There was a scramble for the few packages left, and these were speedily pocketed, to be carried away as souvenirs of the bravest of soldiers. After the munitions of war had been destroyed, the naval engineers took away parts of the machinery—the crank pins and eccentric straps—and thus stripped, the steamers were left to the Mahdi. His allusion in his letters to the 'English officers' not to put trust in the steamers was at any rate well timed. Since then we have all learned there is a complete Government machine-shop in Khartoum, where they can not only replace the missing parts, but, if necessary, build a steamer. These were the steamers with

which we threatened to bombard Shendy every day unless the people submitted!

At three a.m. on Feb. 15th (Saturday) the men began loading the camels for the journey as silently as possible. At five a.m. everybody had quitted the large earthwork by the riverside, and moved forward to the slightly rising ground just behind the Guards' fort, where the column was to fall in. The two companies of the Royal Sussex placed upon the island had been ferried back the previous night. By 5.30 a.m. the forts were totally evacuated. No attempt of any sort was made to impair or destroy our handiwork. The 19th Hussars sent out a bigger patrol than customary towards Metemmeh, and scouts from the same regiment closely watched every hill around the position occupied by the column. By six a.m. our column began its march in the following order for Abu Klea wells: Advance guard: Half-troop 19th Hussars, forty dismounted men Guards Camel Regiment, main body Foot Guards walking, camels of dismounted men, R.A., R.E., few Soudanese, C and T Corps Reserve Ammunition, Blue-jackets with their Gardners, Medical Staff Corps. Rear: Dismounted men, Heavy Camel Regiment, four guns R.A. and four Companies Royal Irish. Rear Guard: Two guns R.A., two Companies Royal Irish, and remainder of the Hussars. On right flank of column, fifty yards distant, walked the Mounted Infantry; on opposite flank (left) walked the Royal Sussex. The cacolets and stretchers of the Hospital equipment, of which Surgeon-Major Manley was P.M.O., was divided among the different regiments. The advance guard was commanded by Major Davison and the main body by Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson. The rear-guard was commanded by Colonel Shaw, V.C. As we left the forts we could see a large fire breaking out. I suspected at the moment it was caused 'without orders' and by some 'evil disposed' person who disliked letting the enemy enjoy a few of the many medical and other stores left intact. I heard it was caused by th simple expedient of lighted candles hidden under a pile of boxes, so that when they burned low they ignited a quantity of muslin. The result was this fire burned most of what had been left in the camp behind the riverside fort. The marching out strength of the column was 1,675 officers and men and 1,179 camels. Without being followed by any force of the enemy, or having a shot fired, the column moved on till one p.m., when it halted for the day in rather open bush. Thus we bivouacked for the night without zareba of any kind, with strong pickets posted outside our lines, which were drawn well together, so that the force practically formed a square. The enemy made no attempt to disturb us, and we therefore enjoyed a quiet night's rest, free for the first time for weeks from the bang of the tom-toms.

Sunday, Feb. 15th, reveillé sounded at four a.m., and one hour later we had swallowed an early breakfast and were once more on the march. I rode ahead with a few of the Royal Engineers, who were hastening in front of the column to try and arrange for a better distribution of water at the wells. We got in about ten a.m., seeing three or four of the enemy's horsemen watching the column's movements from distant ridges. I found Abu Klea wells and fort little altered or improved, and when the column got in at noon I think there was official disappointment manifested at this state of things. No measures appeared to have been taken to collect and store water. General Buller instantly set his men to work to put the place in a better defensible state. Rumour had it we were going to wait to give the Arabs a chance for battle if they wished, and if they did not turn up within ten days to march straight to Berber. The latter was part of Lord Wolseley's and General Buller's programme, but events were marching faster than official despatches, for it yet takes eight to nine days for communications to be exchanged between Abu

Klea and the head-quarters at Korti. As our camels were exhausted, and there was a great want of water and forage, the supplies at the wells being totally inadequate, a convoy of Guards and Heavies were put under orders to return to Gakdul in the morning. They were to be accompanied by the Hussars, whose horses were in a sorry plight from the same causes from which the camels were suffering. During the morning of Monday, the 16th Feb., the convoy started, lessening our force by 400 men or so, but making it much easier to maintain those remaining. The whole day the labour of erecting little detached forts in the wady, or close to it, went on. The Royal Irish were put on the crest of the upland, 200 yards west of the original work, near the centre of the group of well holes. The Artillery and part of the Sussex were put into a zareba and fort on the right rear of Fort No. 1, the first built. Two companies of the Sussex were sent to build and occupy a fort twenty yards square, 150 yards down the wady, in direction leading to Metemmeh—I designate that side facing Metemmeh as our front. Two hundred yards on the left rear of Fort No. 1 the Mounted Infantry and Light Cavalry Camel Regiment were marshalled in square behind their camels, with orders to surround their position by an earthwork.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we could see fifty of the enemy's cavalry extended as scouts, in a line two miles long, from Metemmeh. Behind the horsemen, walked and ran twice their number of riflemen. Ascending the hill upon our left front, three-quarters of a mile from camp, I could perceive two or three lines of horsemen and several lines of footmen marching in column on the Arab left, from half to a mile in rear of their cavalry. Our camp was soon active, and the earthworks were strengthened as speedily as possible, to prepare for the contingency of an assault. Meanwhile, General Buller sent two companies of the Royal Irish forward upon our right, and afterwards a third company, to check the enemy's advance in that direction. The Royal Irish, who were keen to have their first brush with the enemy, pushed forward nearly 800 yards, and sent on a line of skirmishers 200 yards further. As the enemy's horse and foot came on, our fellows began to fire, engaging them at 800 yards. There was a little desultory firing, then our men poured in three volleys, the effect of which was to drive the enemy's left away from our right and cause them to huddle back upon their right alongside of their main body, which was still coming on. The fire of the Royal Irish stopped the attempt to turn our right, and take possession of the ridges and hills to the west from which they had peppered us a month previously, prior to the battle of Abu Klea. At five p.m., in spite of an occasional turn by Lord Charles Beresford with his two machine guns, for he and his sailors were put in charge of Fort No. 1, the Arabs continued to advance rapidly, making for the dominating crests and hills extending along our left. Every tent was struck, and all our men were at their posts. The rolling ground gave the Arabs good cover, of which they took every advantage. In half an hour more, 400 to 500 riflemen and spearmen could be seen running down for the ranges two miles away on our left to gain the foot-hills 1,000 to 1,400 yards north-east of the wady. As many more of them halted one mile away behind a low isolated ridge running at right angles to our front. They had six or seven banners or flags, and all of the footmen wore the white uniforms of the Mahdi's army. Carrying their arms at the trail, and jumping and running, the rebel riflemen came down nearer and nearer. Each man moved as if he were a trained skirmisher. Creeping behind ledges, and piling stones together to make low walls, they soon got plenty of shelter. We watched them, scarcely caring to waste ammunition at long ranges. At 5.30 p.m., with one accord, they opened a furious fire upon

our lines. They had the range so perfectly that bullets whizzed, dropped, and struck everywhere. Our men were bade lie down, and till the enemy's rifles got too hot to hold, those of us caught outside without cover had a very bad quarter of an hour. Afterwards all who could got into one or other of the works for the night. The camel lines were in the low ground between the Royal Irish and the Mounted Infantry. The wretched brutes were, as usual, left to take their chance.

After dark, when our fire had ceased, and the Arabs' had slackened, I went inside Fort No. 1, General Buller having taken up his quarters there. It was but fifteen yards square, and, as there was a large pile of ammunition inside and over 100 men, our sleeping accommodation was rather limited. The eight Hussar horses left at the wells and those belonging to the staff were placed for safety in the trench on the west side of No. 1 Fort. All lights were ordered out at dark, and no firing was to take place by our men unless the enemy actually attempted an assault. With scant covering, and supperless, we all lay down upon the ground to wait for daylight. The enemy kept up a well-sustained fire, although it was a cloudy, starless night—the blackest I have seen in the Soudan. A fresh north wind blew, and a slight spatter of rain was felt about midnight. How the Arabs contrived to fire half as well as they did in the intense darkness I cannot imagine. As the night wore on they crept to within 600 yards of our position, with the result of conferring greater safety upon our troops, as the bullets then did not drop so freely into the forts but buzzed overhead. Towards morning it became extremely cold, and the fire was irregular and weak. We could hear their leaders going about waking their followers and shouting to them to keep on firing. General Buller had double sentries posted, and he and Lord Charles Beresford and the other officers were more or less on the alert all night. The rest of us took what sleep we could. There was but one alarm, and that occurred at eight p.m., through some of the Royal Irish firing at a native sentinel walking about outside their fort. The crack of rifles, and the uproar which naturally followed, caused every man in Fort No. 1, as well as the other forts, to clutch his rifle and rush to his post. Some outsiders lining the ditch of No. 1 Fort rushed into the work pell-mell, but they were instantly ordered back to their stations, and a guard was placed at the opening with fixed bayonets to prevent any repetition of the rush."

CHAPTER XCII.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION—RETREAT FROM ABU KLEA TO GAKDUL.

N this chapter we continue our account of the backward movement, again availing ourselves of the vivid narratives of the eye-witness already mentioned.

"The experiences of the night (February 16th) were very similar to what the flying column had undergone a month previously, to the very day, on its first entrance among the Abu Klea hills. The great deficiency of our transport was well known. If the enemy fortified their position with guns, it was plain Buller would have to abandon the wells or attack the Arabs at considerable disadvantage. His instructions, as I

have already intimated, were clear—to take Metemmeh and march upon Berber. Events, however, moved fast, and possibilities and plans less than a week old were now beyond hope of execution. There was a general longing for a full cavalry regiment. Had there been one with the column, with the horses in condition—not a small force, a squadron broken down by overwork and hardship (chiefly want of forage and water) —the Mahdists at the battles of Abu Klea and Abu Kru, and in many skirmishes, would have fared badly in attempting to occupy the positions they did. That cavalry are of great use in the Soudan—nay, almost indispensable to enable our slow-moving infantry to fairly cope with the lithe and thoroughly mobile forces of the natives—the dismembered 19th Hussar Regiment, small as the numbers of that command with the column are, has amply proved. Had the 19th mustered even 500 strong, instead of 130 carbines or thereby, I am sanguine enough to suppose our casualties in at least two instances would not have been so great. This regiment (19th Hussars) has part of its men with the flying column, part with Earle, part at Souakin, and part elsewhere.

The dawn of February 17th was bitterly cold at Abu Klea. With the incoming daylight the Arabs increased and improved their fire. When it was quite light two of the screw-guns were brought into action, and half a dozen rounds of shell and shrapnel were burst over the enemy's heads, seen peeping above the little stone walls they had built on the hill-sides. Like ourselves, they had not altogether rested. The Royal Irish, too, had raised the left face of their earthwork several feet, and the Sussex had heaped earth upon their parapet. As the morning wore on the Gardners were turned upon the enemy, causing them to duck out of sight like rabbits into holes to escape the storm of lead. Neither shells nor bullets totally stopped the Arab fire. Suppressed at one point, it started, swelled, and grew from another. The moment we became silent its vigour and concentration were instantly renewed. We had lost, principally in the brief interval of daylight left on the 16th and up till daylight on the 17th, two or three killed and fourteen wounded. All cases reported at the hospital. As the day advanced the fresh northerly wind increased in strength, filling the air with whirling clouds of sand and dust, and darkening the atmosphere like a fog. Washing was too great a luxury to be attempted at Abu Klea. Our only scrap of comfort was to get a cup of warm tea and make a meal in which dust and grit figured plentifully. We had ventured to start fires after sunrise, for man must cook and eat despite flying bullets. For downright dirt and wretchedness, without one redeeming feature, nothing can match Abu Klea on a windy day.

Seeing there was no chance of a general engagement until supplies and camels came back from Gakdul, and that General Buller intended sitting still for these and sending a hundred and four of the Light Cavalry Camel Regiment out to return with the necessary convoy, I determined to accompany them. My unfortunate camels and my horse were in a sad way, for I had been unable to give them water or forage for two days. Colonel Brabazon was put in command of this party of 'Lights,' and he was told to bring back 600 camels laden with water and grain, for the liquid at Abu Klea was not only scarce, but at times of soapy consistency. The men were mounted upon camels, and in addition fifty led camels were taken to be used as remounts in case of probable break-downs. We expected to have to fight our way out, the enemy having worked far back on Buller's left rear. Despatches to Lord Wolseley, official and private, were given to Colonel Brabazon. The 'Lights' moved out of camp in a westerly direction, amid the salute of a shower of bullets. Keeping down in a small gully that passed to the rear of the position held by the Royal Irish, they proceeded a distance of 400 yards, when they drew up under shelter

of a crest to form up for the march. In getting out of camp three camels were struck and one man was slightly wounded. It was decided to attempt to run the blockade by going along the low ground to the south-west, and then west, crossing the dividing ridge two miles west of the pass ordinarily used. The clouds of dust and the dull leaden sky, which lasted till two p.m., helped to hide our movement from the watchful eyes of the Arabs posted on every hill to the north-east. General Buller also was at the moment helping us by keeping the Arabs employed replying to his fire. Captain Piggott's company of the Mounted Infantry was advanced several hundred yards in front of the Sussex fort down the wady to protect the watering parties and the remote wells. This position enabled him to take the Arabs partly in reverse. His men fired excellently, driving the Arabs helter-skelter from the low stone breastworks.

As the camels given to the Lights were a sorry lot, we were late in starting and our progress was slow. The animals were not to be driven out of a funeral pace, and every few minutes we had to halt to enable some soldier to remove his kit and saddle to one of the remounts, his own beast having fallen exhausted. Watching our ground like hawks we stole along the hollows, going by an old Arab track which we luckily struck, up and across the dividing ridge and down into the plain. By three p.m. we were safely out upon the open desert, without having had so much as a shot fired at us. We now considered ourselves safe. Still going onward the Lights got upon the main caravan route. Marching till nine p.m. they reached and passed Gebel Sergain, where they bivouacked for the night. Next morning they were off by sunrise, and at nine p.m. they got into Gakdul, a distance of fifty-two miles in a straight line. Just beyond Gebel Noos Major Goold and forty of the Lights were met, on their way to Abu Klea, with a small convoy of water and grain. These, by General Buller's orders, were as a precautionary measure turned back. Leaving the troops near the hill last named I rode ahead with Major Goold on camel-back, getting into Gakdul with the despatches at four p.m. These and my own were afterwards sent on by special messenger to Korti. I found Sir Evelyn Wood had arrived from Korti to look after his lines of communication. A portion of the West Kent Regiment also came in the same afternoon. As I had been so long shut out from news, I learned for the first time of the fight Earle's column had, and the death of that general. I also heard that naturally there had been great excitement in England on receipt of the news of Gordon's death. General Sir Herbert Stewart, I regretted to hear, had died just outside Gakdul, and his body had been borne into the place. The corpse was laid in the cemetery here. This lonely 'God's acre' is in a gorge to the left of the reservoirs as you enter. Already there is a score of graves filled, and every day adds to their number, for our men, I regret to tell, are dying fast. To-day, Feb. 28th, three died. Two of these men, who were slightly wounded, had walked in from Abu Kru with the convoy, arriving on the 18th inst. Once in they simply and silently lay down and died. The camel is the only creature I have known that goes on and on till he topples over and expires almost as soon as he touches the ground. Enteric fever, or typhoid, is the consuming disease among the troops, and it is becoming too common and too fatal. The medical men attribute it to exhaustion, bad quarters, and poor feeding. The dead men's comrades have in nearly every case raised a mound of stones over the graves. With the black ironstone rocks of the hills they have rudely fashioned on crosses placed over the graves the letters 'R. I. P.,' and the name and regiment of the deceased. The 19th Hussars have raised a substantial dry stone wall around Major-General Stewart's resting-place, and a headstone bears, carved upon it, his name and the date of his death.

Stewart was much beloved by all who enjoyed his acquaintance, and any hour in the day you may see one or more of his friends sorrowfully regarding his grave. Two returns will show the extent to which the men are suffering from sun, exhaustion, and low fever. The Guards Camel Regiment left Korti 305 strong, and now they cannot muster more than 150 serviceable men who would pass medical examination to go to the front. The Royal Marines, who had an opportunity of being partly acclimatised at Souakin, came out 104 strong. To-day they parade but 52 men. Yet the weather is neither unbearably hot nor cold. Indeed, as far as that goes, the season is still an excellent one for campaigning, and will probably remain so till the middle of March. After that we may look out for sunstroke cases.

On the afternoon of February 19 Major Wardrop, D.A.G., rode in with five of the Lights from Abu Klea, which he had left on the afternoon of Feb. 18 (Wednesday). His news was twenty-four hours later than ours, and it indicated a total change of the situation. The Arabs had disappeared, and General Buller was only anxious to get as many men and camels as could be instantly sent on to bring back the wounded, and afterwards to advance towards Berber. The transport difficulty again baulked these plans, and there was nothing for it but to carry out the originally-contemplated evacuation of Abu Klea wells, filling them up to stop a rapid pursuit, if any was attempted, by the natives. It is now decided that we are all to retire from the desert route to Korti or Merawi, and advance by the posts along the Nile to reinforce and strengthen the force sent up the river, I learned, after we left Abu Klea on February 17th. Major Wardrop, who had gone out with four Hussars and Lieutenant Tudway, of the Mounted Infantry, to reconnoitre what force the Arabs had behind the north-east hills, found there were no spearmen lying hid. This had been the chief cause of anxiety, for it was felt that to attempt to advance and dislodge the Arab riflemen with the chance of having our men 'rushed' by 1,000 fanatics hid in some secure hollow was running too great a risk. I was therefore right in my low estimate of the enemy's numbers which I wired you. There were certainly a few spearmen and swordsmen with the Arabs on the 16th, but they remained mostly behind the low range to the south, and in front of our position. The enemy's total strength was not above 1,000 men. During the course of the afternoon of the 17th the Arabs dragged a small four-pounder howitzer to the top of the range on our left front, and began firing therefrom at the forts. The Gardners and the Royal Artillery replied, the duel beginning at one p.m. at 1,500 yards' range. In a very few minutes the enemy's gun was put out of action. One shell from the screw gun burst over the Arab howitzer and the crowd of natives gathered about it. A second carried away the wheel of the carriage. Meanwhile our men nearest the Arabs were firing sharply at the enemy. Major Wardrop and his little party were at the moment doing gallant and signal service, turning their reconnaissance into a skirmish. Warily trotting their horses up the wady, well out of sight under the hills, keeping touch with our left rear, which was thrown out to assist them, they got to the enemy's right flank. Turning round it, and leaving their steeds under the brow of a hill, the Major and his men crept to the top. From there they could see well down into the enemy's position. Apparently there were no spearmen and no reserve near. Whatever there might have been had disappeared, and the attacking force numbered but three or four hundred riflemen. Believing that the Soudanese, like other savage races, would not stand if their rear were threatened, Major Wardrop pluckily decided to try the experiment, carefully seeing the while that his own road back was not stopped. Opening fire with all his rifles—four—at a range of 700 yards, he banged shot after shot as quickly as the men could fire into the

thoroughly astonished Arabs. They at once began trotting off towards the left, barely halting to return the fire. Leaving one man to continue firing, the Major galloped with the remainder to a hill-top half a mile further on. There he repeated his previous tactics, and with equal success. Fortunately for him there were none of the enemy's horsemen at that part of the Arab line, or the smallness of the force would have been laid bare. The Arabs became somewhat panic-stricken at receiving such a sharp fire from so unexpected a quarter, and evidently thought reinforcements had come up. Pressing still further round, Wardrop kept repeating his stratagem until he had driven the Arabs away from our left well towards the left front. Deciding it was now time to communicate their numbers and position to General Buller he rode down the hills straight into camp, receiving, as he half expected, a dropping fire from a few of our own men, who hastily assumed he was one of the enemy coming on full tilt. He was warmly congratulated on all sides for his gallantry and skill, and in a few minutes Buller had parties of his men out in skirmishing order upon the hills. The natives were now on the run, and by three p.m. they had nearly all left the hills and got out of range. So ended for the time what may have been a reconnaissance upon the Arabs' part, or what might have led to their concentrating a force upon the Abu Klea hills, and seeking to invest General Buller. Strong posts were put upon the detached hill to our left front, and upon the range opposite the sailors' fort. In one of the low ranges they found a small natural crater, the depression being twenty feet deep, inside which the enemy had sat snugly popping at our men. Threatening as the day had looked, the camp lay at peace on the night of the 17th, and up till the afternoon of the 18th the enemy showed no sign of renewing the attack. Parties of their horsemen hung about our front, three miles away, and among them were a few spearmen.

On Feb. 19, Gordon's Soudanese—of whom I should have herein written that they behaved very well when the convoy which left Abu Kru on Feb. 13 was attacked—together with details of various regiments, left Gakdul to escort the 184 sick and wounded in the hospital home to Korti. Upon Feb. 20 (to-day) the convoy of Heavies, West Kent, and Lights, some 300 strong, has started with the 600 loaded camels for General Buller at Abu Klea. The wells will probably be evacuated on Feb. 22, and on Feb. 23 or Feb. 24 General Buller, with all the troops now at Abu Klea, should arrive here.

The knowledge of a very curious letter, written not long ago by General Gordon to Major Kitchener, has just reached me from a trustworthy source—in fact, from one who says he has seen the letter. In it Gordon writes in the most unmistakably angry terms. He says Ministers have behaved towards him in the most unfair manner, abandoning him without an excuse. If ever he lived to escape from his predicament he would never set foot in England again, he protests, on account of their desertion of him. As to the money he had spent and the debts he had contracted on our account, he would never ask the present Government for one penny. He hoped to get the money wherewith to pay from his sure friend the King of the Belgians. There is more in the same strain, I believe. The single remark I care to venture in this connection is that no one here is surprised at the dead hero's indignation."

CHAPTER XCIII.

THE KHARTOUM RELIEF EXPEDITION.—LIFE AT KORTI.

THE "strong point" of the British soldier is that he works almost, if not quite, as well when things are not going well as when they are. It was this power of his which carried him back across the Bayuda Desert, and finally enabled him to reach Korti in safety.

How did life there present itself? Again availing ourselves of the inexhaustible fund of special correspondence, to which we have already so frequently had to express our obligation, we now in the following chapter give some account of camp life at Korti. A correspondent, writing in March, tells us that "you must spend a week or two upon the desert, living in a perpetual dust-storm; choked, baked, with nought to slake the naturally insatiable thirst which such a life engenders except soapy water, to realize the delightful rebound of feeling and comfort afforded by a return to the banks of the flowing Nile. The expeditionary force having begun its return journey, preparatory to going into quarters lower down the river, after our evacuation of Abu Kru and Abu Klea, I set out from Gakdul on Friday last, with General Buller, getting into Korti about the same time as he did. Tents had been erected at this camp for the reception of the troops coming in from Gakdul, Abu Halfa wells, Megaga, and elsewhere. Within the next ten days all our men will have been withdrawn from the desert route and quartered by the river. News from Brackenbury's column just received states they also are on their way back to Korti. As at present disclosed the military plan appears to be to concentrate as quickly as possible all the troops composing the expedition at Korti. If by dint of promises and most liberal pay the Kabbabish, Gordon's Soudanese soldiers, or any of the natives can be induced to occupy advanced posts, Megaga wells, Merawi, and a station on the desert near Debbeh will be held. The object is to use them as scouts or buffers to interpose between our troops and the enemy, so as to block the roads to the Nile. Our own men will be massed at some strategical point, so as to protect the province of Dongola from invasion. Korti being on the cultivated belt will be abandoned, and places are being searched for the new entrenched camp which is to be formed, where the dry, healthy desert sand has rolled down to and bordered the river. Abu Gus, and a spot opposite Old Dongola, are spoken of as likely sites for that reason, as well as because their occupation would bar the way to the Mahdi's followers marching down the Nile. The soldiers will be hutted for the summer in grass or reed-built cabins, which will be cooler than tents. It is hoped and given out that they will be able to get through the tropical heat without much sickness. If the enemy does not compel them to expose themselves too much, possibly the health of the camp may not give cause for over-much uneasiness among their friends at home. So far, however, all our experience here has been that even fairly well-selected camps, after a not very long occupation, become bad and fever-haunted. Good water and efficient sanitary arrangements, let us trust, will minimise the sick and death rate; still, summer in the blazing Soudan is not to be contemplated with free and easy indifference to the total change from ordinary camp life. What will be done when the cool days come round again in September and October next is too remote for specula

tion. The questions, however, continually asked are, will the troops attempt in the autumn to go to Khartoum *viâ* the Nile in whale-boats, or will the British public, long before then, see them shifted to Berber, and holding the terminus of the Souakin-Berber Railway?

After all, it is admitted that our men at Abu Klea wells ran a narrow risk from investment at the hands of the rebels, and that General Buller withdrew just in the very nick of time. The information comes to us not only from prisoners, but from actual observations on the part of our own officers. The arrival of the 900 camels sent from Gakdul on February 20th, enabled General Buller to carry off nearly all the stores at Abu Klea. During the 22nd and 23rd there had been nothing but a little outpost firing. The two forts built

LORD WOLSELEY'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

after the affair of February 17th, on the range of hills on the left and left-front, overawed the enemy, and kept him from pushing forward any large number of skirmishers to assail the camp again. Subsequent search and the admissions of prisoners disclosed the fact that our fire on February 16th and 17th must have killed nearly twenty of the enemy and wounded over forty. On the morning of the 23rd the Mahdi's forces received a large reinforcement of men and guns from Khartoum. An officer of the Royal Irish and others, who estimated their numbers as they marched into the rebel camp, two miles to our front in the wady, put them down at 8,000 men. It was also noticed that quite two-thirds of this force were armed with Remington rifles, the remainder being spearmen and swordsmen. With a further

aptness for imitation, the rebels, it was seen, had formed a mounted infantry force by putting about fifty men on camel-back. Abd El Sah had decided, so it was reported by our spies and by an escaped slave, to attack us either on the night of the 23rd or early next morning. The Arabs were to surround the force, stopping the way out and into the wells by occupying the passes and the adjacent hills, and keeping up a heavy and perpetual rifle-fire.

In view of the serious aspect of matters, General Buller wisely decided to hasten the evacuation, and slip away as quietly as he could. At two p.m. all the stores and supplies that could be taken were sent out of camp under escort towards the pass, which was still practically held by part of the West Kent under Colonel Leech. The saddles, old and new, for which there were no camels, were broken up, and with other rubbish the best of the wells were filled up, thus giving our men more time before the enemy could water and follow on. Two tents were left standing till sunset, and camp fires and camp life were openly conducted as if nothing was further from the English mind than the evacuation of Abu Klea. At seven p.m. all the men, who were to march on foot—every camel available having been taken to carry the stores and the sick and wounded—fell in, ready to take the road back to Gakdul. Three buglers were sent to the look-out hill, and there they blew the usual 'post,' making the sounds loudly resonant among the hills. It was the last English bugle-note heard at Abu Klea. Running down the hill-side, they rejoined the column, which at once silently marched out of the forts and zarebas. Without as much as receiving a parting shot from the enemy, who apparently never suspected the movement, General Buller led his men up and out of Abu Klea wady, over the pass, and six miles onward down into the plain, on the route to Gakdul. There the force bivouacked undisturbed for the rest of the night. Next day they resumed their march to the reservoirs. During the forenoon twenty of the Baggara horsemen were seen hovering about the rear watching the retiring column. They fired two or three shots at the rear guard, who returned the compliment, sending the rascals scampering off to a safe distance out of range. Advancing by easy stages, it was the forenoon of February 26th before the column got into Gakdul. Although a water station had been formed at Gebel Noos, nearly halfway, yet by some misunderstanding in the serving out of the supply two of the companies of the Royal Irish suffered greatly from thirst on the last part of the road. These men had got but three instead of six pints for the day's supply. It is stated several of the soldiers dropped out and had to be carried in, whilst two of the men are reported to have been lost on the plain. It is exceedingly difficult, I confess, to get accurate statements as to our losses, whether it affects whale-boats, supplies, or men. In England we have a strange habit, which nothing, I suppose, will cure, of accepting 'official statements' as gospel. My experience and personal knowledge in this campaign lead me to place only a chastened reliance upon official returns.

I have told you that Gakdul was rapidly becoming unhealthy, and the men were falling sick in large numbers. On the 27th, the day I left, a convoy with 107 sick and wounded was sent off to Korti. It was the third in a week. General Wood was hastening the work of evacuation as rapidly as could be, and he expected, by the help of camels from Megaga, to get all the force out by March 2nd. The men will be moved to Megaga, and thence gradually sent on to El Howeiyat and Korti. The line regiments—West Kent, Royal Irish, and Sussex—will be among the last to leave for the base. On my way in I stopped at Megaga, and was glad to see that Colonel Talbot and his officers of the Heavy Camel Regiment had got that rocky gorge transformed into an excellent camp. The change from Gakdul, with its stifling atmosphere and

countless smells from dead camels, was doing the Heavies much good, and they looked stronger and fitter for hard work. They had had a good deal of the latter, too, for three stone forts had been built by the men on the hill-tops, and the location for the camp cleared of rough stones and rocks which lay about in thousands. The Guards were then at Abu Halfa. Both regiments expect to be ordered back here the moment General Wood begins to retire the whole column. The change of plan necessitated by preparations for going into summer quarters upset the proposed march back by way of Merawi for a portion of the column. Every energy is now bent towards getting the force more together and healthily encamped before the sun gets nearer the equator and the days become unbearably hot.

At Gakdul, and at those places in the desert where black glistening rocks abound, the heat during the day is already scorching. Even at Korti in the shade, under the trees and by the bank of the river, for two or three days past the thermometer has been ranging from noon till four p.m. between 90° and 95° Fah. The doctors look forward with apprehension to a summer's residence of the troops on the Upper Nile. There is already a good deal of sickness, and a general loss of elasticity and tone is observable on all sides among the men. Soldiers, like everybody else, if over-worked, and if their strength be overtaxed, suddenly give way, and what is called the 'fighting vim' and bounce leave them. There is now scarcely any longer to be seen that elated keenness to have a brush with the Arabs. The men who toiled so vigorously and laboriously at the ropes and oars, dragging the whalers against the heavy stream, have become 'stale' and want rest, or, better still, change. Camp life is always unwholesome, how much so it will be in the Soudan I fear to conjecture. That the relief of Khartoum has failed, and failed solely and simply because of the Government's dallying, and ultimately forcing upon the expedition an almost impracticable route, passes denial. Even had all gone well it would have been near the end of March before the whalers could have reached Khartoum. The return at so late a season of the year of the garrisons, as well as our own men, must have led to a heavy mortality bill.

I see that my description of the reception of the news of the fall of Khartoum and Gordon's death among the troops at Abu Kru (miscalled Gubat) was suppressed by the easy mode of striking many lines out of my telegram. Substantially what I wrote —and it was the hard, plain truth—was that the soldiers were horrified and exasperated at the receipt of the news. On all sides, among officers and men, there was universal dismay and burning indignation at the catastrophe. The one opinion on all sides was, better we had lost half our number. The toils and dangers of those splendid soldiers had all been undergone for nought. There was no question of politics about the state of feeling, for I am glad to say that our army are all Englishmen first and chatterers afterwards, whatever people at home may think. It was no reflex of my own sentiments—quite the contrary—that I disclosed in writing thus. For that black day very few of those who formed part of the Nile Valley expeditionary force will ever forgive the officials who are responsible. I expect there will be little more serious fighting for over a month to come anywhere on the Nile. The return of Brackenbury's column shows that we do not even mean to take and hold Abu Hamed just yet. That force is to-day near the scene of the late Colonel Stewart's shipwreck and murder. There will be presumably some brisk business with Osman Digna's forces near Souakin, and with your permission I intend seeing that conflict, and having another look at my old acquaintances the brave Hadendowas."

A little later he remarks that "The sun is already impressing us with the fact that summer is rapidly approaching, and for

three days we have had what is called the 'Kamsin' wind, which commences in March and blows at intervals for fifty days. In India the advent of the hot winds is welcomed by those unfortunate ones whose duty or business obliges them to spend the summer in the plains, because, with screens made from the 'kuskus' root, and placed in the windows and doors in the direction from which the wind comes, and upon which water is thrown from the outside throughout the day, a deliciously cool temperature is caused in the interior of the building; but here we have no buildings. Grass and mud houses are being built as quickly as possible; but it would be impossible to procure sufficient labour to indulge in those Indian luxuries. The banks of the Nile are certainly not over-populated, and the few men that can be procured for odd jobs are now sufficiently aware of their value to name their own price for labour. As is always the case when we campaign, the price of everything is treble the ordinary rate; the fellah who would formerly have been only too grateful for a few piastres for his fowls or eggs, considers now that he is conferring quite a benefit upon mankind if he sells the same for a similar number of dollars. It is a question whether, with Orientals who are accustomed to stern rule, this 'if you please' system commands more respect and gratitude than the 'you must' system. It is said that there is no such word as gratitude in the Arabic language, and the more generous you are the more exacting the native becomes and the greater fool he thinks you. He never considers how much he has got already, but how much more he can get out of you.

The brigades that are now being formed and are gradually settling down into summer quarters between Abu Dom and Abu Fatmeh, will be movable columns; and should the Mahdi be advised to advance towards Egypt Proper, he will meet with a warm reception ere he enters the Dongola province. If the Mahdi could only be induced to advance, he would certainly earn the gratitude of the force that is opposed to him. The discomforts of great heat are intensified by inaction, and lessened by excitement. To have some other topic of conversation throughout the summer than the registering of various thermometers in different places in the camp, goes far to obliterate from one's mind the fact of living in lat. 18 deg. But it is to be feared that the Mahdi will not so far oblige us. He will have great difficulty in keeping his followers together for an indefinite period. Unfortunately, Allah has not vouchsafed that air and Nile water are sufficient for man and beast to exist upon; and even the prize of Khartoum, and the great command of supplies obtained thereby, will not serve for ever as a source of provisions for the Mahdi's followers. Land must be sown and irrigated in order that crops may grow, and there must be men to do this. The presence of the British army between the Mahdi and the fertile province of Dongola obliges him to be dependent solely on the country he occupies. Therefore, to advance with any considerable force across the desert or down the Nile, the Mahdi would not only devastate the country as he passed, but would also ruin the harvest prospects. It is most improbable that the Mahdi's lieutenants are capable, or have the means, of organizing the transport requisite for guns, ammunition, supplies, etc., over 180 miles of desert. If he came by the Nile he would be forced to fight before he reached the Dongola province. Again, it is most improbable that the Mahdi's followers are sufficiently devoted to him to leave their homes to embark on an expedition which has no great prize to offer, and which their recent experiences of Abu Klea, Gubat, and Kirbekan have taught them to be of doubtful reward. There is a diversity of opinion as to the amount of actual belief in the Mahdi that exists among those who form his army. Any who have read the Koran cannot hold that belief. The prospect of looting Khartoum no doubt increased the number of the Mahdi's followers, but now

that is over the country affords no such temptations. Were the British forces withdrawn to Assouan or Cairo, the Mahdi might then advance with ease, for he would feed on the country as he passed, and each village would furnish recruits for his cause, which, whether they believed in or not, they would nevertheless join from a natural fear of the strongest power. The bait held out to the unsuspecting fellaheen, of instant relief from taxation and Turkish or Christian yoke, and a life of ease, with a certainty of Paradise in the future, would undoubtedly tempt them to welcome the Mahdi as a 'reformer.' The native population of Cairo would very soon be roused. But all these are checked by the presence of the British army at Dongola. We hear now of a threatened Abyssinian advance on Gallabat, of dissensions between tribes in Kordofan; and Osman Digna, it is hoped, will have received his due before this letter reaches you. It is, therefore, most improbable that the Mahdi will advance to attack us in any force. He has appointed an emir of the desert—Ezzain—who will probably keep small bodies of dervishes at the various wells in the desert, and who will occasionally venture to make raids on unprotected villages in our neighbourhood; but that is the extent of excitement the enemy are likely to afford us.

The forced withdrawal of Brackenbury's column before reaching Abu Hamed leaves the desert on our left flank open. The Ababdehs, who have been for the most part loyal, and of whom 2,000 have been for some months under the command of Major Rundle, would cause us some trouble if they became openly hostile. But with our troops at Korosko and Assouan, the Ababdehs would gain little by going against us. The defeat of Osman Digna will settle the uncertain attitude of the Bishareen. There is, therefore, little anxiety to be feared on that flank.

The whole force has now returned to Korti, and, considering the hardships they have undergone, the general health of the troops is very good. The desert force marched the whole way from Gubat, all the available camels being required for the sick and wounded and stores. It is a matter of wonder that so many camels survived, considering the very limited amount of food that was available for them. Some of the sick and wounded had a very trying journey back to Korti, as not only were the camels very weak, but the stretcher-bearers were mostly Soudanese soldiers from Khartoum, who did not by any means study the comfort of those whom they were carrying. Thanks, however, to the exertions of the doctors, all arrived as well as could be, and are now receiving every care and comfort that can be given to them. A certain amount of sickness must be expected from the reaction of an inactive life; but the English soldier manages to make himself comfortable under most circumstances, and all kinds of diversion will commence as soon as the new camps are settled down. Korti is gradually being cleared out—headquarters will be the last to move to Dongola, about the end of this month.

The wreck of the *Nasif Kheir* at this time is a very considerable loss, as our steamers above Abu Fatmeh are thus reduced to the *Yarrow* boat only. The river is now so low that navigation has become difficult. The first rise may be expected here towards the end of May."

CHAPTER XCIV.

The Khartoum Relief Expedition—Earle's Advance Force Recalled to Korti.

WE turn now away from the exciting story of heroism in the Bayuda Desert, and from the story of camp life at Korti, and retrace our steps to follow the fortunes of the expedition which had been despatched almost at the same time as Stewart's, but in another direction. This was the force under General Earle, which had been sent up the Nile to punish the men who had murdered Colonel Stewart, the heroic companion of Gordon. We have already briefly mentioned that he and his party, having left Khartoum as directed by Gordon, in order to open communication with the British, were assassinated on the voyage. It was only after much inquiry that the facts were known.

"The sum of all the stories and reports as disclosed by the natives—some of whom had actually witnessed the scenes they described, and others had obtained the news from participators—was that Gordon's colleague Colonel Stewart, together with forty-four others—of whom two were Europeans, four women, and the rest Turks and Egyptians—after the bombardment of Berber, had set out on a steam-launch with two boats in tow, travelling northward. The two boats towed were full of men and women—refugees, no doubt, from the neighbourhood of Khartoum. As they neared Abu Hamed, the apex which the westerly curve of the Nile makes on its way from Berber to Debbeh, they noticed they were being followed by armed bands along the shore. Possibly these bands not only increased in numbers, but, emboldened by immunity from danger, opened fire on the steam launch. Whatever may be the actual fact is not yet clear, but those on the launch had to cast their tows adrift, and seek safety in solitary flight. There is an uncorroborated story that the Mahdi's men pursued Stewart's party in a boat of some kind. However that may be, the fate of those in the tow-boats is known. Below Abu Hamed they were all captured by the Robatat tribe, led by Sheik Abu Heigel. Their lives were spared, and they have since been distributed among the tribe between Abu Hamed and Berber. Colonel Stewart and his companions in the steam launch continued their journey, and succeeded in reaching the vicinity of Kamsah Island or Boni Island. There the launch ran upon a hidden rock, partly passed over it, when it got caught, and badly hulled towards the stern. The exact date of the mishap is unknown, but it is believed to have been between the 24th and 28th of September last, and the balance of proof points to near Boni as the actual spot. The wild Arabs are above accuracy in dates, hours, and figures. The Mussulman mode of computing time, very different from ours, may have something to do in creating the confusion as to the day on which the disaster occurred. That it has happened is beyond all question, and the hull of the launch now remains high and dry, marking the scene. An examination of the launch doubtless revealed to those on board the hopelessness of continuing their voyage by that means."

They came on shore, and at first seemed to be well received by a party of natives who were on the banks, which reception may or may not have been sincere. Possibly on the part of the richer ones it may have been real, as they know looting is dangerously infectious if not sternly checked among their fellow-countrymen, and partly from hatred of the Mahdi

because of his exactions and stoppage of the Nile trade. Designedly or otherwise, the chief sheiks of the Monasseer tribe got to know all about the wrecked party's movements. Mayhap even the fiery cross, or whatever stands for that alarming symbol, heralded their course from Berber. As the gun on board the launch could not be carried, it was spiked and left. Either just after, or within a few hours of abandoning the launch, the hapless travellers were assassinated. Whilst the majority were resting and off their guard, a horde of Monasseer, under Sheik Wad Gamr and other sheiks, whose names are known, burst upon them and massacred nearly every member of the party. An officer, whose description tallies with Colonel Stewart's appearance, made a desperate fight for life, and shot down and killed at least one of his assailants. A few made a rush for the dingy, but they were pursued and killed by the remorseless savages.

Out of the forty-four men aboard the launch, eight only were saved alive; of these one is known to be a fireman and the other an interpreter. The three Europeans were killed, and their bodies tossed into the Nile, the people at Merawi and elsewhere declaring they saw them floating by. The Monasseer confessed to a loss in their murderous affray of one man killed and one wounded in the leg, which was broken. Everything the Arabs could lay hands on was, of course, looted, and a number of spears and shields and other articles, apparently being carried from Khartoum as trophies by the late Colonel Stewart and his companions, were recaptured by them.

Such was the wicked and cruel deed which Earle's force was to punish. It was afterwards to proceed to Abou Hamed, and then, opening up the road to Berber, enter into communication with Stewart, who would then be, it was calculated, in possession of Shendy. The difficulties in the way of the advance were assuredly very great; but these were for some time merely of a physical nature. On February 9th the expedition had only reached Dulka Island, about seventy miles from Merawi. Near here the enemy were found posted in great strength, and on the next day the battle of Kerbekan, or Kirbekan,* took place, at which General Earle was killed, as already narrated in our biography of that distinguished man.

After the battle, the force under Brackenbury proceeded towards Abou Hamed. But they were recalled by Wolseley to Korti, in consequence of the events related in the previous chapters.

Meanwhile at home it had been determined to "smash the Mahdi at Khartoum" in the autumn, and to give Wolseley "a free hand." In a stirring general order to his soldiers, he announced the thanks of the Queen, and his plans for the future.

"The Queen, who has watched with the deepest interest the doings of her soldiers and sailors, has desired me to express to you her admiration for your courage and your self-devotion.

To have commanded such men is to me a source of the highest pride.

No greater honour can be in store for me than that to which I look forward of leading you, please God! into Khartoum before the year is out.

Your noble efforts to save General Gordon have been unsuccessful, but through no fault of yours.

Both on the river and in the desert you have borne hardships and privation without murmur; in action you have been uniformly victorious; all that men could do to save a comrade you have done, but Khartoum fell through treachery two days before the advanced troops reached it.

A period of comparative inaction may now be expected.

* It may be as well to point out to the reader that there is considerable diversity as to the spelling of names like the above. This is not to be wondered at, for no one ever heard of them till the romantic adventures of the Khartoum Relief Expedition made them matters of interest.

This army was not constituted with a view to undertaking the siege of Khartoum, and for the moment we must content ourselves with preparations for the autumn advance.

You will, I know, face the heat of summer, and the necessary, though less exciting, work which has now to be done, with the same courage and endurance you have shown hitherto.

I thank you heartily for the past.'

I can wish nothing better—I can ask nothing more of you in the future than the same uncomplaining devotion to duty which has characterized your conduct during the recent operations. "

CHAPTER XCV.

The Eastern Soudan Campaign—Souakin to Berber.

A SORT of supplementary campaign followed immediately upon the one which had its base at Korti and which we have just described. The Government, in pursuance of their plan of smashing the Mahdi, determined to construct a railway between the port of Souakin on the Red Sea and Berber on the Nile. Now a railway between these two parts would at once let in the light of civilization upon the Soudan. It was for some time thought that Lord Wolseley would take this way for his advance upon Khartoum, and of course *had* there been a railway he would assuredly have done so, but it was determined otherwise. The route even without a railway is a fairly passable one, for "the start from Souakin is made at the wells, which, at a distance inland of two miles and a half, or rather less, supply the town with water. Behind rises the white island-emporium against the sea; before and around stretches a smooth and level plain covered with gravel and small blocks of stone. Looking across this arid waste, the traveller sees in front a chain of hills, the highest point of which he will cross when about one-quarter of his journey is accomplished. Up to this 'divide' the road rises pretty sharply, but thence it descends to the Nile. For nearly fourteen miles the path lies over the gravel plain, with small acacia bushes scattered here and there; then it passes a high spur, the first of the 'foot-hills,' and reaches Bir Handouk, a watering-place amid rocks, strewn round the wells with the littered refuse of many caravans. Six or seven miles further, or eight kilomètres according to the report, the wayfarer is brought over a gravelly level, more and more closely hemmed-in by circling hills, to Wady O Taou. At this stage the mountains are fairly entered. Steep crags appear on either side, and in front are ridges rising to a height of more than 1,200 feet, with sharp stones and rugged lines. The wady is a mere boulder bed, with sandy loam in the wider parts, and it maintains a few small thorn trees. Ten kilomètres onward the valley of Sinkat opens, walled in by high and broken hills not quite destitute of vegetation, though there is sometimes no rain hereabouts for two years together. About eight kilomètres farther on this wady narrows to a defile, and the track is carried at a further distance of twelve kilomètres to a point which Dr. Schweinfurth took for the 'divide,' where

the valley has its greatest elevation—a thousand feet. Here is the highland fortress of Sinkat, of painful memory, where brave Tewfik Bey sacrificed his life, together with the lives of his men. The road now descends into Wady O Mareg—the Crooked Vale—where the hills widen out to a distance of about seven or eight miles, presently to close in again, amid a dry and strange desert vegetation, destitute of water. There the path winds among the hill-spurs, confused peaks and ridges, and bare mountain sides, to the mouth of Wady Ahmed. This is nearly fifty miles from Souakin, or more than a fifth of the journey to Berber, the entire distance being 241 miles. This Wady Ahmed is a broad gravelly 'strath,' with blocks of trap and porphyry lying about, and a few trees dotting the hollows, where sometimes a little dhurra is grown by the Bedouins. The road continues plain and easy for thirteen or fourteen miles till a sudden steep pass, which pierces a high ridge, leads from Wady Ahmed to Wady Haratree. There is at this point a long avenue of acacias, and passing through them we are brought in four miles or so to a broad and barren upland, with some scorched herbage and dragon trees. Beyond that plain lies Bir Salalaat, seventy-five miles from our starting-point. Two large wells, sheltered with wood, afford plenty of water. Again, the foot-hills shut in the path, which passes by Wady O Habal, a treeless glen, strewn with large blocks of trap, and leading into the Wady Kokreep. It is nine miles from entrance to exit of this valley, and thence the road emerging from the hills goes over level hard ground, past detached rocks and granite knolls through the Wady Yunga to the smiling oasis of Ariab. Here a number of little rills descending on the vale make it green and pleasant. There are large trees, abundant grazing ground, thickets and animal life, both bird and beast; and the Arabs keep flocks, and even oxen, along the basin. The route pursued now gently slopes away to the Nile over swelling hills and sterile hard plains to the Wady Lemed, and then to O-fik, the last outpost of the hills on the Nile side. The next place reached is O Baek, a place of sand dunes, where there are many small wells, and thence to Berber is a path over some of the most difficult drift sand to be found in the Soudan. The whole of this route is at this day quite practicable for wagons. By far the greatest part of it is indeed an excellent road for wheels, though at three points, namely, the passes of Haratree and Kokreep and the dunes of O Baek, some expensive work must be done to make the road easy for wagons.

Above all other considerations, however, unless possibly it be the amount of resistance that Osman Digna and his sturdy Hadendowas can offer, rises that of the water supply. To convey a force of even 2,000 or 3,000 men over 241 miles of desert such as this is no easy task, as our recent experience in the Bayuda country had shown; and although this route to Berber is by far the best watered, it yet presents very great difficulties to the transport of any large body of men and horses. The whole distance is divided by nature into two portions, the first a comparatively hilly country as far as the wells of Ariab, 118 miles from Souakin; the second a less broken declivity gradually descending to the banks of the Nile. In the former half wells are fairly numerous, the greatest distance separating any two on which reliance could be placed being about twenty-two miles. In the second moiety of the distance there are 106 miles to be traversed, with only one halting-place at which water could be obtained, the wells of O Baek. This, however, does not exhaust the difficulty, for Major Prout observes, in regard to the wells, that the best of them are generally sufficient only for 250 men and as many horses or camels, and it might be a necessity, in sending an expedition from Souakin to Berber, to push forward a force always strong enough to deal with 5,000 of the hostile Hadendowas or Bishareen. The

Hadendowas are the tribes led by Osman Digna, and they hold the half of the Eastern Soudan nearest the sea. To the Bishareen, on the other hand, the western part of the territory belongs. It is not likely that the two tribes would combine, but each might raise hostile levies to dispute the passage of a relieving column passing through their country.

After leaving Souakin the first wells of any consequence are those of El Handoub, one of which only is sweet, the rest being brackish. About two hours further on, at 27½ miles from the coast, the wells of O Taou; a journey of eight miles more brings us to the valley of Sinkat, where there are holes in the bed of a torrent, which fill slowly, and which Major Prout found were not more than enough for his caravan of 200 men, 200 horses, and 300 camels. At Disibil, five miles further on, there exist two wells, one choked with sand, while the other is reported as filling slowly. Reaching El Bir Tamai, about sixty-four miles from Souakin, wells are found containing a large supply of good water, sufficient for 600 men and as many animals; and the same is said of the wells of Salalaat, some nine miles to the westward, while other smaller but fairly constant sources are to be met with at Wady Kokrep, and Bir-el-Matre, after a further advance of about twenty miles. By far the most important resting-place, however, is Ariab, where there are large carefully constructed wells of excellent water, sufficient, says Major Prout, to meet the wants of any party as numerous as is ever likely to cross the desert. Ariab is to the Souakin-Berber route what Gakdul is to the crossing from Korti to Metemmeh. From Ariab to Berber there is only one spot worth mention at which water in any quantity could be obtained, the wells of O Baek, which consist of a number of shafts, constantly being filled up by the sand, and the fluid they provide has the great drawback of being drinkable only while the shaft is recent, for after a time it turns brackish. The supply also is limited, sufficing only for a convoy of 400 men with their horses and camels.

In the opinion of many travellers who have crossed this track, which in peaceful times is that of the great caravans from Khartoum to the Red Sea, the real capabilities of the country in respect of water supply have never been tested. The region is intersected by wadies or watercourses, in the beds of which boring tubes would probably reveal the existence of much more copious supplies than are generally supposed to be present. At Bir-el-Matre the official report states there is 'a hole in the sand whence water is obtained by scraping the surface with the hands.' At Wady-el-Eiahmib Major Prout is of opinion water might be found, as acacias grow there, and there are many evidences of moisture in the soil. If this surmise should be verified, it would lessen the difficulty of the last terrible stage across the waterless stretch of arid waste which has now to be traversed before Berber is reached. The want of water in this part of the route adds to the natural obstacles raised by the hills of fine sand driven by the wind, which make progress of any kind most toilsome and exhausting. Hicks Pasha led his army, composed of Egyptian troops, across this desert," and this of itself proves how practicable the way is. After all, it is only 271 miles, and considering the comparative ease of access to Souakin it seems very strange that the route has not been more used in the past.

CHAPTER XCVI.

The Eastern Soudan Campaign—The Battle of Hasheen

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GERALD GRAHAM was appointed to command the expedition whose purpose was to open up the Souakin-Berber route mentioned in our last chapter. Of that appointment it was said that: "The selection for the chief command of the new expedition has at last been made, and will give general satisfaction. Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Graham knows well the nature of the country in which he has to operate; he may be trusted to strike hard if it is necessary to do so, and he possesses in a high degree both the energy necessary to carry out the difficult task before him, and the caution which is, above all things, requisite. The opening out of the Souakin-Berber road is mainly an engineering operation on a large scale, and it is fitting that the duty should be entrusted to an officer of Engineers. Moreover, Sir G. Graham is not yet forgotten in the neighbourhood of Souakin, and the announcement of his return to the scene of his former victories will carry great weight with it. Major-General Sir G. Greaves is appointed chief of the Staff, and Major-General Fremantle to the command of the Guards Brigade. With Brigadier-General Hudson in command of the Indian contingent, there remains only one infantry brigade command, which may, perhaps, fall to Major-General Newdigate. The cavalry brigadier does not appear to be yet named. It is stated from Bombay that a Madras infantry regiment, possibly the 1st (Pioneers), and an additional cavalry regiment are to be added to the Indian contingent. Steps are to be taken to make good the deficiency of the garrisons at home and in the Mediterranean," which was of necessity caused by this deportation.

The chief obstacle in the way of the expedition, and the railway construction over which it presided, was Osman Digna, who had again collected a force, and threatened to be a serious difficulty to the progress of our operations.

On March 20th, 1885, a battle took place between the English and the rebels, at Hasheen, which is "a village situated in a plain which is surrounded by low hills, and which is distant about fourteen miles from Souakin. It is contiguous to Handoub, which stands on the Souakin-Berber road, and past which it is expected that the new railway will run. For some time before it was occupied by bands of Osman Digna's followers, the main body of whom had, however, been posted at Tamai, some twenty miles to the south of Hasheen, and sixteen from Souakin. In fact, the whole of the country round by the foot of the hills, from Hasheen to Tamai, is admirably adapted for the kind of tactics which a man like Osman should follow in fighting with British troops. It may with sufficient accuracy be described as a network of deep khors, or ravines, in which large hosts of men may easily conceal themselves from an enemy approaching them on the level of the plain. On March 17th it was known that large numbers of the Soudanese were gathered about the Hasheen ridges and in the plain, already spoken of, which is concealed from view, on the Souakin side, by the intervening hills. According to the testimony of a prisoner taken during a reconnaissance, three thousand of the enemy were encamped in and about the village, and the fighting showed that the prisoner's estimate was under rather than

over the mark. The enemy withdrew into the hills when they saw our men approach over the ridges. But they gave the new-comers some trouble, for they lurked about among the mimosa bush and rocks on the right and left of the Hasheen Valley, while our men entered and searched the village. Some of them even attacked, and a few casualties occurred on our side. General Graham learned what he wanted to know —the approximate strength of the enemy, their positions, and resolution to fight. The significant fact was that as our troops withdrew the Soudanese returned to their old positions. The obvious inference was that they meant to inveigle General Graham into the hills, and then fall upon his forces entangled in the bushy, rocky ground, and narrow precipitous passes. It was evident that the Soudani leader repeated the same tactics at the battle.

On the 20th, then, the English force marched out at daybreak, and reached the first series of ridges between eight and nine o'clock. The enemy, as doubtless General Graham expected, at once withdrew to a rigde more than a mile distant, from which they were driven by the Berkshire and the Marine Light Infantry, with the Guards and part of the Indian contingent as supports. Expelled from this position, Osman's men retreated southwards towards Tamai, along a route on which, for good reasons, their assailants did not follow them. Others of them made off in a westerly direction, while they were shelled by the artillery. It certainly would seem as if the enemy's object was to draw the British force onwards. Parties of Arabs were working round by the right of the English position, but were scattered by the 5th Lancers. Four thousand is the estimated number of the Arabs who were actually engaged—which would seem to show that their retreat on the previous day towards Tamai was simply a feint. The fight was a pretty stubborn one, though not comparable in this respect to the battles in the previous campaigns. One of the most notable incidents of the battle was the charge of the Indian cavalry—the distinguished regiment known as Hodson's Horse, after the brave officer who raised it, and who perished in the Indian Mutiny. The 9th Bengal Lancers are one of the crack regiments of the native Indian army. They are the very men for savage warfare of this sort. Unlike the gallant 19th Hussars at El Teb—who found their sabres far too short for their agile foes—the Bengal Lancers could charge in and out among the mimosa bushes, sure to give a good account of themselves and of their opponents. The lance, and not the sword, is the weapon for cavalry charges in the Soudan, and last year the 19th Hussars acted on this principle when, on the march onwards to Tokar, they armed themselves with the spears which they picked up on the field of El Teb. Both during a former day's reconnaissance and in this engagement the native Indian troops have had their share—and even more than their share—of the honours of the day. The Sepoys and Sowars, who formed the Indian contingent in Lord Wolseley's first Egyptian campaign, used to grumble much at the little share which was given them in actual fighting. In that campaign, the 13th Bengal Lancers under Colonel MacNaghten, and the mule battery under Major Free, were the only portions of the native contingent which had any serious work to perform. General Graham treated the present contingent more generously. Apart from the unpleasant necessity of fighting—a necessity which this country would most heartily avoid—this treatment of the Indian contingent is good policy. If there had been continued fighting the Indian troopers would have proved themselves a highly valuable arm. In another respect, too, and apart from the greater numerical strength of General Graham's army, the expeditionary force enjoyed another special advantage over the force engaged in the last campaign. It possessed a first-rate battery of Gardner guns, and on

this occasion the men were not obliged to drag their heavy 'machines' with their own hands under a hot sun and over heavy glaring sands.

The inference suggested by the fight is that the enemy have an unwonted reluctance to attack in the open. Some of them did make a faint attempt at a rush at the square formed by the Guards, but they were driven off by a volley or two. This reluctance can be accounted for. Osman's people had some lively memories of the very rough handling they received when the year before they attacked the squares at El Teb and Tamai. And it may be supposed they must have heard of how recently two small squares cut their way before them, the one across the Bayuda Desert, the other up the Nile to Kerbekan crags and beyond. Besides, the army which the Arabs had now to face was more than twice as large as that which General Graham led last year. Osman Digna evidently felt that his only safeguard against the English was to inveigle them into some position amongst the ravines and rocks of the Hasheen-Tamai stretch of country, in which it would be difficult for them to keep in battle order, and easy for their assailants to 'rush' before the rifle fire mowed too many of them down. During the reconnaissance General Graham found some letters from Osman Digna to the sheiks, in which the latter were told to avoid fighting in the open. One of the prisoners confirmed these instructions, and gave it to be understood that if the English had advanced into the hills an attempt would have been made by the Arabs to cut off their line of retreat to the plain."

A Press Association account gives some additional details. It says:—"The force which General Graham had under his command at Souakin when he arrived there on the 12th instant numbered about 12,000 men, which, after leaving about 600 men of the Shropshire Regiment and details as guards, would give him nearly 10,000 troops with which to operate against the enemy. The force consisted of battalions of the Coldstreams, under Colonel Lambton, and the Scots Guards, under Colonel the Hon. W. Trefusis, the 20th Hussars, under Colonel C. R. Nicholls, the 5th Lancers, three battalions of the line—the Shropshire, Berkshire, and East Surrey—a battalion of Marines, the Indian contingent of one regiment of cavalry, three battalions of Sepoys, and one company of Sappers, a battery of Royal Horse Artillery, one screw gun battery, one garrison battery, a corps of Mounted Infantry, besides Engineers and departmental corps. That General Graham considered this force sufficient is shown by the fact that on Tuesday last the 19th Hussars embarked for Cairo, whither they were to be followed by the Egyptian Camel Corps. The nature of the operations and necessities of the ground rendered the services of cavalry and guns of great importance, the enemy occupying a range of hills to the west and south-west of Souakin, the approach to which was in some places through thick scrub, the track occasionally becoming so narrow that our troops were obliged to proceed in single files. A Gardner battery under command of Captain Crooke was drawn by mules, and the G battery B Brigade R.A. was taken with the force with a view to shelling the positions and clearing the way for our advancing troops. Unlike the operations of last year, when it was desired only to inflict a crushing defeat on the Arabs, it was now necessary to occupy the enemy's country for the purpose of covering the line of the proposed railway; and although it was believed that water could with suitable appliances be discovered in the neighbourhood, in addition to whatever supply the Hasheen wells might afford, provision for present needs was made by taking over twenty thousand gallons, while the troops were supplied with two days' rations. For obvious reasons it was desirable to make the advance early. At daybreak preparations were being made, and shortly after six

o'clock the cavalry started across the plain. It was expected that by operating in the direction of Hasheen the main body of Osman Digna's troops, which it was thought had not shown themselves during the reconnaissance on the previous day, would emerge from between the hills in the direction of Tamai, which place is about a dozen miles to the south of Hasheen, probably hoping thereby to attack our troops in the rear, while it would, however, enable General Graham's force to operate in the open country between the hills and Souakin. In about two hours the first hill was reached, but the enemy did not offer much resistance, retiring to another hill at a short distance. This was carried by the Berkshire Regiment and Marines, who advanced cautiously, and sustained only a few minor casualties. As the enemy fled from this position towards their base at Tamai, the cavalry were able to charge them, and it was here that the most severe fighting took place, one officer and several men falling in hand-to-hand combats. The artillery also were enabled to drop a few shells among the rebels streaming across a valley west of Hasheen with great effect. The enemy were pursued for some distance. After the operations had lasted several hours the troops returned to Hasheen, and subsequently to camp, the position which had been taken at Hasheen being occupied by the East Surrey, with the stores and guns entrenched, as a point from which further operations can be conducted. The enemy engaged were probably the advanced posts of Osman Digna's army, which was in force at Tamai," but which this decided victory certainly did so much to discourage and dishearten for the future.

CHAPTER XCVII.

ENGINEERING IN THE DESERT—THE SOUAKIN-BERBER RAILWAY.

AFTER all, both campaign and railway, notwithstanding this brilliant opening, seemed likely to prove a disastrous failure. A correspondent writing on April 29th, tells us that "although no definite instructions have as yet been received, it is 'in the air' that operations here are over for the season, that the railway works are to be discontinued, and that all the troops, except those selected to garrison the town during the coming summer, are to be embarked for Cyprus or Malta. Two events give colour to the rumour: the Marines, who have so long borne the burden and heat of life at Souakin, are actually on their way down from Handoub — an operation which severely taxed the resources of our newly-constructed railway—and the Jumna, which brought 1,200 coolies from Bombay, has been sent back without disembarking a single man. Meantime there is no evidence at the front that any change of plans is impending. The advanced posts at Tambouk and Otao are held by the Scots Guards, Coldstreams, and Australians; between Otao and Handoub the Berkshire, Shropshire, and East Surrey Regiments are echeloned along the railway line, the terminus of which is now at Otao, twenty miles from the base at Quarantine Island. Whether or no there be any truth in the rumour that no progress is to be made beyond that point during the summer (and the sending away of the only men that could have continued the work seems to confirm it), it is a fitting moment, I think, to take stock of the operations and

to see what lessons can be learned for future guidance, especially as this is our first attempt to construct a military railway.

The original idea was that the line should be made by officers of the Royal Engineers and coolies from India. An officer of great experience in railway construction was actually selected, and arrangements were made by him for the collection of 4,000 well-trained coolies specially skilled in the art of rapid railway building, an art which is unknown in England. The plant was to be the Indian mètre gauge, quantities of which are always *en route* to India, and suficient for the Souakin line was to have been diverted on its way down the Red Sea and landed here. This project, as dearly-bought experience has proved, was an admirable one, but unfortunately it fell through. Lord Hartington entrusted the construction of the line to the English engineering firm of Messrs. Lucas and Aird, who offered to place the resources of their establishment at the disposal of the Government, disclaiming the idea of obtaining any pecuniary reward. The agreement with that firm, however, which has since been published as a parliamentary paper, has among its clauses one which gives them bonuses of £40,000 when the line is completed, and after all expenses have been paid. No doubt on such terms any number of firms would gladly have come forward to find employment for their men and material at a time of almost universal depression. However, in due time, and much to the joy of those who know the country and believe in its prospects, ships began to arrive at Souakin with the material. Before any progress could be made it was necessary, in General Graham's opinion, to dislodge Osman Digna and his force from their position at Tamai. The first portion of the route between Souakin and Handoub, along which it was proposed to lay the rails, has a north-westerly direction, whereas Tamai lies eighteen miles away from the town, almost due south. It would seem to be rather straining a point, therefore, to say that Osman was on our flank and to apply the methods of civilized warfare in dealing with him. But that was what was done, and for three weeks the energies of the General, the staff, the commissariat and transport, and the whole of the available troops were concentrated on the smashing of Digna at Tamai. Well, we did not smash him; we were very nearly smashed ourselves; we slew hundreds of our own transport camels and scores of our own camel-drivers. We advanced 6,000 strong on Tamai, burnt a few wretched huts, fired a few volleys at extremely long range, and then marched back again to the town. Three weeks nearly had been taken up by these manœuvres, and it was then decided that as we had gone out to give Osman a fair chance to fight us again, and had not been able to induce him to attack our six battalions of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, we must get on with the real object of the expedition, the building of the railway. The zareba in the bush (I cannot understand why it has been called 'Baker's zareba;' the proper title for it is M'Neill's zareba—that general's name is always associated with it here) was abandoned, and we finally turned our backs upon the festering, pestilential spot which thirteen days before was the scene of agonizing sacrifice and unparalleled heroism, the grave of hundreds of brave men, and more than one reputation. Even then the air around the place was laden with a sickening smell, bodies lay unburied around it, and the vultures still gathered in scores. If ever the path to 'M'Neill's zareba' is again taken by a British force, it should be to set up an enduring monument to the valour of the English private soldier.

Work on the railway had not long been in progress before it became evident that the want of system and organization would prevent anything like the rapid construction of the line. No park of materials was formed, and up to the present day none has been established. The materials as they were landed were at once passed

to the front, with the result that at one time the working parties were waiting for sleepers, at another for rails, then again for spikes; so that in every working day of eight hours four at least were spent by the men at the head of the line sitting on the sand waiting for materials. The cause of this want of system is not far to seek. The War Office sent out a distinguished officer, and specially charged him with the direction of the undertaking. He combined, with other functions, those of General of the Line of Communications, so that no interference should take place by any one at the base (Souakin) or along the line in the making of the railway. It was strongly impressed upon him that on no account was he to interfere with Messrs. Lucas and Aird's men, who were to have the entire construction of the railway. As a matter of fact, however, circumstances, which proved far more powerful than the General commanding the line of communications, interfered most decisively in the matter. Messrs. Lucas and Aird sent out, in addition to their permanent staff, two of their own partners, and had these gentlemen remained in the country instead of returning to England after a few days' residence at Souakin, many subsequent difficulties would have been avoided. On their departure the firm was represented by two gentlemen, one at the front to make the line and the other at Souakin to pay the men and act as administrative agent generally. It soon became evident that to leave the line in the hands of two civilians without any directing head, and to call upon them at the same time to work with the army in the field, which was not only to protect them while working, but to aid them largely in the actual construction of the line, was to throw upon them a task to which they were quite unequal. They themselves cordially welcomed the assistance of the military, but the hands of the military officer in charge were tied by the stringent instructions which he had received not to interfere with the contractors. The exigency of circumstances prevented an actual dead-lock, but the result of all this was certainly to retard the progress of the line.

The actual staff provided by Messrs. Lucas and Aird, beyond engine-drivers and skilled mechanics, consisted of several hundred English navvies, and I am bound to say that the imported English navvy has not proved a success in Souakin. As it was not found possible to get labour either in Europe or Egypt, and as none was to be procured on the spot (for your Arab would rather starve than work), a corps of 900 coolies was specially raised in India by Engineer officers. The coolies, who were chiefly artisans, platelayers, etc., all skilled in railway making, arrived at Souakin almost as soon as the line was begun. They have proved of the greatest value, and it is mainly due to them that anything was done. The Engineer officers who raised and accompanied them from India are all experienced men, well known for railway work. They were expected to work, with their coolies, under Messrs. Lucas and Aird's foreman; in fact it was asked that the coolies should be placed entirely at Messrs. Lucas and Aird's disposal. The arrangement was tried, but it was found that neither the contractor's foreman, nor his gangers, nor the navvies, could speak intelligibly to them. The persuasive arguments of punching their heads and kicking them did not help matters, and the experiment was given up.

The actual construction work done by Messrs. Lucas and Aird's men was the spacing out of the sleepers, placing the rails, spiking them down, screwing up a fish-plate here and there (but they often had to wait a long time for fish-plates), and straightening the line when it was being ballasted. The rest of the construction was done by the army. The formation of the roadway and the ballasting of the line was done by English soldiers and Indian coolies; the rails were dragged from the place where they had been shot out on to

the sand from the trucks by Horse Artillery teams or by horses supplied by the Commissariat; the sleepers were carted to the front in ordnance carts drawn by Army Transport mules. The result of this division of labour was that only 1,100 yards a day were laid over a country much easier than Hyde Park and quite as easy as that in India and the United States, where from three to seven miles would be quite possible. Had the expedition gone on and the railway been laid at the same rate as that which has hitherto obtained, Berber would not have been reached until July next year; that is to say, that the protecting army would have had to spend sixteen months on a road which has been constantly travelled by camels in ten days.

The lessons to be learnt by this fiasco, for it can be called nothing else, are :—

(1) That a proper Military Railway Corps should at once be established in the British Army.

(2) That, in the event of a real intention and a real decision to send an army from Souakin to Berber, a light line, specially adapted for military purposes, should be laid, instead of the 4ft. 8½in. gauge, which is much too heavy and clumsy for rapid railway construction for military purposes.

(3) That the introduction of a civil element to work with an army in the field is an absolute blunder.

All our wars take place in countries where there are no railways, and we are therefore free to choose the gauge that suits us best. It is needless to say that the gauge should be one which can be laid with the utmost possible rapidity—three or four miles a day at least. To do this, very light material must be used. Such a line could wind round mountain sides on the smallest curves and dispense with bridges and cuttings. It should be so simple that it could be laid and worked by soldiers. In all ages armies in the field have had to make their own roads, and a railway is, after all, only a road, five feet wide instead of twenty. Here I may say that one of the most satisfactory features in a not very satisfactory campaign has been the admirable manner in which our little army has learnt to cut for itself and convoys a broad straight road through the bush. The attack of March 24th on the convoy which was returning from M'Neill's zareba taught us the lesson. Since then it has not been possible for the enemy to come up within ten yards of the face of the square and attempt to 'rush' the transport animals. The 'drifts' which we have made, and by which the lines of march of the army will long be able to be traced, are formed by the apparently simple process of cutting away the mimosa bushes. But the mimosa is an awkward bush to tackle; its thorns have a capacity for catching and holding quite remarkable, owing to their arrangement in pairs at diverging angles, every branch being a perfect series of *chevaux de frise*. It takes three men to clear away a full grown mimosa—two with a rope to hold it back, and one to cut at the trunk; then the roots, which are as tenacious and deep striking as the thorns, have to be grubbed up so as to leave a perfectly free path for the sleepers and rails. Many thousands of such bushes have our hardworking Tommy Atkinses thus cleared from the path of the 'Souakin-Berber Railway,' besides doing all the other work which I have referred to, and all for the magnificent remuneration of as many pence per day as Messrs. Lucas and Aird's navvies receive shillings.

If we are to have war with Russia, a railway of the description above indicated should surely follow the army in its advance to Candahar and Herat from the head of the present permanent line. It would reduce the cost of transport to an enormous extent, and its expense compared with other means would be trivial. Take, for instance, our chief means of transport here —camels. I think I can best illustrate its costliness by drawing once more on the sad experience of M'Neill's battle. In twenty minutes we ourselves shot down, and the enemy killed or stampeded, 800 camels

and mules, representing a value of certainly £16,000. Had we had a light military railway through the five miles of bush between us and the town, the enemy would have found nothing to stampede, and the troops would not have been exposed to the dangers of having the camels that were outside the zarebas driven in upon them by the enemy. This, in fact, was what a party of the Arabs tried to do, and there was no alternative but to shoot down camels, camel-drivers, and rebels together. That episode of the battle was, indeed, the most terrible of all. The deafening roar of the Martinis; the crashing of their deadly hail into the frantic struggling mass of friends and foes; the swaying and sinking of the great beasts as they felt the death-stroke by bullet and knife; the rush of terrified mules; the disorderly retreat of the native regiment, whose officers were gallantly trying to rally it; the steady, determined stand of the Berkshire and the Marines, whose little rallying squares stood out, alone, like volcanic islands in a raging sea, dealing death and destruction around—it was a spectacle which can never be forgotten by those who saw it. The recollection of it has forced me into this digression from my more sober theme. I need only add, however, that if such a railway had been sent out with the expedition, it could have been laid to Berber in four months, and that sixteen trains running upon it would have delivered 100 tons of stores daily at Berber. Fifty thousand camels could not do that."

CHAPTER XCVIII.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S LIFE IN EGYPT—A SUMMER'S DAY IN SOUAKIN.

ENGLISHMEN, according to the ordinary continental version, are said to be a race apart, wedded to their peculiar customs, and unwilling, indeed unable, to change them. This may be so; still it must be confessed that no race in the world have to submit to greater alternations of climate, food, work, etc. How different, for instance, a day in London and a day in Souakin! Here is an account of this last "by one who has been there," and whose testimony, therefore, has a peculiar value:— "The day in Souakin, as far as the public is concerned, may be said to begin at sunrise. Roused by a chorus of crowing from the fowls kept in the court by the Indian contingent, and the howling of a muezzin from a neighbouring minaret, Jones wearily opens his eyes, and takes mechanically a survey of the wing of the building opposite, in which the prisoners are getting on the move, and going forth to their duties of fatigue and scavenging; sad to relate, a large proportion are English soldiers and sailors. The caravanserai, on the flat roof of which Jones has wisely fixed his sleeping quarters, to ensure the utmost possible air and the least possible stench, is a huge, oblong, three-storey building, with two gates. The causeway leading to the town passes in front of the main gate. Round, pale, rayless, the sun rises from the Red Sea; Jones, after a vain struggle for a few moments' more sleep in the cool morning air (it is only 85°) with the flies (those plagues of the tropics), drags himself slowly from the bed on which he has passed some hours of unconsciousness (in a flannel suit and without any covering), and having swallowed several cups of comforting tea proceeds to look forth on the outer world. And a curious scene it is. On the causeway all is bustle. Camels stalk

by in strings, or crouch groaning and whining to be loaded. Hadendowas, or Fuzzies (as they are aptly called), with frizzy hair and corkscrew curls; Arabs from Jeddah, in turban, toga, and sandals, like old Romans; Arab ladies, balls of white muslin in yellow or red Wellington boots; groups of chattering Indian or Arab women, in red, blue, or green sarees and faces covered; Indian carts, drawn by beautiful long-horned cattle; gangs of convicts, sturdy, bare-legged ruffians in sacking shirt and skull cap, guarded by puny Egyptian warders, in baggy tunic, and drawers, and filthy fez, Remington on shoulder, and cartridge belt at waist. Here a Sikh orderly, with chain mail epaulettes and slender, pennon-topped lance, pushes his scraggy pony through the throng, and there comes our old friend the British Tommy, looking thin and worn in his hideous baggy khaki and mushroom hat, but elbowing his way along with irrepressible energy, addressing every native as Johnny, and prepared for any emergency. Seven o'clock: Jones is by this time dressed. The sun is now well above the horizon, and pouring forth that flood of clear, bright, intense golden light that northern skies never know. Away towards the south-west, Tamai, and the desert, a brown haze begins to blot out the hills, and to betoken the coming of the kamsin wind and a terrible day. Jones now proceeds to take his daily header into the strong, buoyant brine off New House Quay, and while dressing watches with interest the endless tribes of fishes, of all shapes, colours, sizes, and shades, as they play and feed in the clear, warm water. As he returns the tide of life is at the full in the wretched cluster of filthy booths, or rather dens, which does duty for a bazaar in Souakin, in which nothing is offered for sale, save, perhaps, a few water-melons or oranges, morsels of fly-blown fried fish, or lumps of horrible dates, and other abominations of native manufacture, but no fruit, vegetables, fish, meat, eggs, or milk. By the time Jones has returned and breakfasted, the kamsin has developed into a smart, scorching breeze, the sun blazes like a ball of hot brass through the hazy air, the ground burns the feet through the stoutest boots, shutters are closed, man and beast fly to cover, the thermometer in the coolest room marks 104 and rising, everything feels hot to the touch, even the backs of the books curl. The British soldier lolls on his bed and uses fearful language; the burly Egyptian 'warrior' lounges on sentry over the prisoners in the prison, or snores on a heap of stones; the Parsee

EGYPTIAN PORTER.

clerk dozes over his desk in the archway (for coolness); the provost adjudicates on native followers, and occasionally the whistle of the cat and the howl of the offender testify that he 'beareth not the sword in vain.' Higher and higher rises the sun, stronger and stronger blows the wind, up and up goes the thermometer, more and more plaguing grow the flies. Were any one rash enough to propound Mallock's question to Jones, 'Is life worth living?' the answer would be prompt and to the point. The welcome call to lunch at length causes a diversion. Notes are compared and impressions exchanged as to sensation, height of thermometer, chances of getting away, number of sick, etc. After lunch come those two terrible sultry, dreary hours, which some deem the most trying in the day. Jones sleeps, or reads, or works, or what not, till time, like everything else in this world, comes round and the welcome 4.30 arrives. Shutters are now opened, the wind has abated and shifted, the sun is shorn of much of his terrors, the thermometer has gone down below 100; some order their ponies for polo or a gallop, some their boats for a sail, some lounge off for a gossip and a B. and S. at Adams's (the general meeting-place). The convicts return chatting and laughing from their work on board ship. Indian guards move to and fro mounting guard, natives come in on trotting camels from the desert, officers in brown boots and mushroom hats trot off to camp; life reigns once more. But what are those three sharp, rolling reports from the direction of the new cemetery (at intervals)? Little need to ask; poor Sergeant Brown went into hospital last night at eleven o'clock—sunstroke! At 7 p.m. the sun sinks in a blaze of crimson and gold in the line of the ill-omened Berber railway. Dinner at 7.30; tobacco, whist, B. and S., pass the hours till 9.30, when the exhausted Jones crawls off to his comfortless couch, but not to sleep. Vain hope! the wind has gone with the sun, and stagnation of the air ensues. 'The slow moon, too, climbs,' the Ramadan moon, bright as the sun, and greeted with tom-toms and other sleep-murdering devices by true believers. Hour after hour does Jones roll from side to side, the perspiration streaming down him, and listening to the howling of the packs of masterless dogs outside the walls, till at length exhausted nature finds relief in a heavy slumber, and he can thank God that another day in the 'horrible Soudan' is over."

LIQUORICE WATER SELLER.

Well, this is not a very cheerful picture of life at Souakin. We daresay the reader will very readily understand the important part which two functionaries, whose portraits we here give, play in such an existence. These are the Egyptian porter, who, quite undisturbed by the heat, carries his heavy load along, and the liquorice water seller, whose stock-in-trade is very soon exhausted on such a burning day.

CHAPTER XCIX.

EVACUATION OF THE SOUDAN—DEATH OF THE MAHDI.

SLOWLY, but all too quickly for our troops in the burning desert, the year crept on, and the heat grew ever fiercer. But the resolutions of the people at home grew ever colder. The Marquis of Lorne, writing as early as February 28th, in the eventful year of 1885, asked, "Is it necessary to assume with the Government that the Mahdi must 'be smashed' at Khartoum—that is, on his chosen ground? He has declared his intention to go to Cairo. Is it not possible that he may be politically and physically smashed on his way thither if he really moves northward? What if we spend much money and many men in going to Khartoum, and our enemy renders himself inaccessible, as he well may in the surrounding deserts, and re-enter the city when our retirement takes place? What shall we have accomplished should he pursue these tactics? Is Khartoum necessary to Egypt? Egypt has done well in past times without it. Beyond the fact that there is a water measurer at Khartoum, no one has ever heard that it possesses anything of utility to Egypt. The Nile will rise as before, whether a Soudanese or an Egyptian Government have rule, and any trade can be stimulated whichever flag flies. Our business with Egypt is only in its relation to our Indian highway, and to guard this our policy need not career about the interior of Africa like a mad dromedary. The slave-trade can be hindered as before by our cruisers. We want all the troops we possess for Egypt, for India, and for a Home reserve. Let us give Osman Digna another lesson, and if present military exigencies demand it, let us lay the railway to Berber. Let us take up the position on the Nile judged best by Lord Wolseley, so that we may effectually bar any advance of the Mahdi on Upper Egypt. But let us think once, twice, and thrice before we waste our strength and play our enemy's game by placing our troops where they may be reduced by sunstroke and fever, and become a useless garrison, striking only resultless blows at a brave enemy who desires to see us dance to his music. We have much reason to guard those possessions which it pays us to keep. In the Soudan we shall dig holes in the sand, to be filled by the first drift. We have enemies elsewhere who will be glad of any opportunity to stab us in the back while we are hitting out in the air in front. We have 'avenged' Gordon by the death of some 5,000 Arabs. Let us kill 20,000 more if they advance beyond the limits we assign them, but leave them alone if they do not. 'On to Khartoum' was a good cry when we had Gordon to rescue, but few like it now, as it would be the veriest quixotry to believe the Mahdi's influence can be 'smashed' only at Khartoum." And, finally, the Government of the country, both political parties, and the great mass of the people, were ready to agree that after all the Mahdi should be left to himself in the Soudan, and that we should not trouble him if he did not trouble us. In accordance with this resolution our troops were withdrawn from the Soudan. As to the Mahdi troubling us, that question was very soon relegated to the great category of the might-have-beens and the perhapses, since the news reached England in July, 1885, that he had died of small-pox.

By this time people were just recovering from the apprehension of war with Russia, and a new government under Lord Salis-

bury held office. The news did not excite the notice it once did. The English people thought indeed that "if the Mahdi be really dead, it must be confessed that he has shown excellent good taste in his dying. For once we can all speak well of him. He has done civilization a good service. Living he was no doubt very objectionable, but we can now be generous. Perhaps Eblis is not so black as he is painted. We can afford to pay a posthumous and mitigated compliment, by saying that the dead prophet, though he harassed us when he was in the flesh, was capable of better conduct. His bringing up, perhaps, was bad. He had been neglected as a lad; got into company that did him no good, and gave a sinister twist to his fancies. His parents, it may be, spoiled him, let him think too much of himself, and flattered his precocious ambitions. Well, he is dead now—so we hope—and gone, we may hope this too, where all sincere believers, of whatever creed, go to after death. He did his work well; lost his opportunities now and then, no doubt, but on the whole fought splendidly for his faith and for Allah. What a weird majesty there was about this man, who controlled, as if with Solomon's signet ring, the evil genii of ruin, carnage, and fierce fanaticism! How spectral was his appearance upon the scene, far away in the Southern Soudan! He stepped out from his cell on the river bank, and facing the mollahs and the dervishes, said, 'I am He.' They scoffed at him; but he went forth into the desert and told them, the dwellers in tents, that he was the Mahdi, the herald of the millennium—that first 'blast of consternation' which the Moslems say precedes the Resurrection, levelling the infidel peoples as a hurricane lays the corn, and thrilling the faithful as with the sound of an archangel's trumpet. And they presently believed him; embroidered him a banner, which he blessed; sharpened their spears, and brought them to him for consecration; put on his uniform, braided with those texts from the Koran which promise everlasting Paradise to such as die for the faith in fighting against the unbeliever. So he took the field, and so he held it. A mystical power was his. He wielded the sword of Allah, and shook the spear of a Vicegerent. Tribes rallied to him for his name alone. All Islam was up at the sound of it. The mollahs and the dervishes vainly said, 'This is not He,' and set to work with computations of time and commentaries on prophecy to prove that they were right. Victory in battle was Mohammed Ahmed's answer. Yet the people wavered in their credulity. Can it be He? It surely is—It is! Was not all the Soudan by-and-by in his hands? Lower Egypt itself was threatened; Arabia became ripe for outbreak; the Turk grew troubled. Alone, this one man, a poor penniless dervish, had opened the floodgates of Mohammedan bigotry, let loose the torrent which more than once in history has been the terror of the human race. Everything appeared to lie within his grasp. The hour of triumph was already striking—had, indeed, struck—when, on a sudden, Azrael whispered in his ear, and Mohammed Ahmed, 'The Mahdi,' the 'guided one,' and guider, laid down dominion and power, and turned and went forth with the Angel of Death.

How will they receive the news—those desert-hosts that believed him to be what he said he was, the legate of Heaven sent to accomplish a great work? He has died before it was finished. Instead of crowning his mission by triumphant completion, he has proved himself merely the author of temporary revolution, an instigator of useless mischief, the cause of much fruitless ruin and futile misery. He destroyed much, and has bestowed nothing in return. The country of his birth is prostrated by scarcity, amounting in parts to famine. Whole clans have been swept away in fight. The survivors have good reason for fearing reprisals and the revenge of the Government they have insulted by defeat. So there is little to thank Mohammed Ahmed for on the part

of his followers. Those who stood aside in neutrality will exult. 'We told you so,' they will say, and great will be the disputation in the bazaars over the fate of the man who has gone. Why did Allah step in and 'snub' him, so to speak, when his hands were just closing on the prize? A little longer life and he would have led that great pilgrimage to Mecca, which he had always promised to his people, and, having extorted independence from Egypt, would have lorded it in the Soudan as the Pope of Islam, the Prophet's deputy, a true prophet himself. Instead of this, however, he has died, falsifying his own predictions, and exposing his imposture. Instead of dictating terms to the Khedive from the Kasr-en-Nil at Cairo, and leading in prodigious pomp across to Arabia the hosts who had fought under his banners, he has lain down in his grave to await the coming of the dread examiners who visit all deceased Moslems in the tomb. Two black angels of livid countenance, and terrible to look upon, are Monkir and Nakir. They have been to Mohammed Ahmed lying in his grave, and have ordered him to sit upright, and catechised him in his faith. He, the heaven-sent man, who was himself the teacher, has had to undergo the common examination of all who die; and what did he say in answer to the questions of his dreadful inquisitors? Did he persist in such an awful presence in his pretensions? And what did they do to him? If his replies are what they should be, there breathes immediately upon the dead Moslem the fragrant breeze of Paradise, a foretaste of delights soon to be enjoyed in unlimited measure. If not, Monkir and Nakir set to work with clubs, and pommel the awakened corpse until he roars with pain; then they fill his grave up with dragons, snakes, and scorpions, and stamp the earth down tight over him, finally leaving him dead-alive, to be bitten and stung, until the day of resurrection. Which was the fate, Arabs will grimly wonder, of the Mahdi? And when Azrael came to separate his soul from his body, did he do it gently, as is his custom with those of good life, or painfully, as he treats the wicked? In the El Berzak, 'the interval,' how is he living Have good angels met the soul and conducted him, as prophets are conducted, straight into heaven; or will he, like a martyr's disembodied spirit, live in the crop of a green bird that feeds on the trees of Paradise? Or was he only received as one of the ordinary faithful, and directed to his proper place in the lowest heaven, where Adam presides, waiting for Israfil's trump to sound? It will not seem possible, however, to the Arab that such a being as Mohammed Ahmed can after death be one of the commonalty. If he was a prophet, he has already drunk of the celestial stream that quenches thirst for ever, and is reclining in gorgeous apparel within his pavilion made of one vast moonlighted pearl, pitched under the Tuba—the tree of all bliss—with a river of honey, milk, and wine at his door, and troops of radiant dark-eyed damsels, 'the girls of Paradise,' created out of pure musk, of an exquisite beauty, to wait upon his pleasure. If, on the other hand, the Angels of Record, the Moakkibat, who stand on each side of every man throughout his life, have given in their account, and the required minimum of virtue, truth, and justice, 'as heavy as half the weight of a red ant,' is not attributed to the son of Abdallah, then in that case it will, says the 'Perspicuous Book,' be lighter for the lowest of his slain spearmen, than for the audacious Dongolese carpenter who pretended to be 'the guided of heaven.'

Such are the questions which, we may be sure, are perplexing the Arab mind. Mahomet taught them that Paradise is material, corporeal, sensual, and they believe it, literally, to be just as he described it. The political aspect of the Mahdi's death at such a moment will of course come under discussion; but we may be certain that by far the most engrossing subject of argument in the Soudan will be the pretensions of the dead leader. His followers must be

utterly bewildered by the blow, the dervishes staggered by its force. It was the very last thing they expected, and the collapse must be almost comical in its completeness. Without a Mahdi where are they? There is another, it is true, somewhere in the field. Indeed, if report be correct, there are several. And unless the dervishes take up with another claimant they must relapse into their former obscurity. As lieutenants of the Messiah, they were personages of importance; but the last example has died of small-pox, like an ordinary man, and their position is most awkward, not to say absurd. As for the hero himself, if he really was Mahomet's commissioner, it is delightful to think of him, after the Moslem's material fashion, sitting at his pavilion door and sulking. His disappointment is indeed almost enough to make him grumble at Paradise. He will say in 'the Garden' that his wine is 'corked,' his victuals from the Tuba tree 'gone off;' he will order the birds of the Sixth Sphere to stop singing, as they bore him; he will object to the smell of musk, and it may even be, scold the houris. Poor Mahdi! It is easy to think lightly of him now that he is gone. Yet he did brave deeds for the faith, and made stern work for the stoutest soldiers of Her Majesty; so that, blended with a sense of the extreme convenience of his demise, and with congratulations to Lord Salisbury upon his splendid political luck, a tear is nevertheless due from the Muse of History for Gordon's arch-enemy, the Mahdi Mohammed Ahmed."

There was almost a touch of the "irony of fate" in this exit of the Mahdi from the scene. It was not only the end of the Mahdi, but the last chapter of our Soudan campaign, altogether a remarkable chapter in our annals.

CHAPTER C.

Egyptian Incidents—A Camel Journey.

IN the preceding chapters of this work we have pursued almost entirely what we may call the historical method, that is, we have narrated the chief expeditions in Egypt in which the English were sharers, and we have given biographies of the chief Englishmen engaged in the expeditions. We purpose, in the few chapters that remain open to us, to throw a kind of side-light on English life in Egypt by giving various narratives of personal adventure, and other papers of an interesting and instructive character.

The first is from our trustworthy friend the war correspondent, and tells of his adventures on the way from Dongola to Wady Halfa by camel. Writing from Sarras, and referring to the Khartoum Relief Expedition, he says: "The newspaper correspondent during this campaign has more serious difficulties than usual to contend against. His telegrams are doubly countersigned, first at the front, and again at head-quarters, where they are delayed *en route* for further inspection. A rigid order has been issued that on no account is he to be allowed aboard Government boats. He must make his way along the banks of the Nile by camel, and as the distances between the various points of interest are immense, and as only one representative of each journal is permitted to pass Wady Halfa, he is much puzzled from day to day, or rather, from week to week, where to place himself. I had hoped

myself to have gone on with the Nassif-el-Khier to Merawi, and although her Commandant kindly offered me a passage, Colonel Sir Herbert Stewart at Dongola was obliged to enforce the order which forbids English journalists, whether there is room for them or not, to put foot on any of the vessels belonging to their country now navigating the Nile. The Mudir of Dongola, an Egyptian clerk, or an officer's native servant might be allowed a passage, but the representative of an English newspaper on no account whatever. As matters stand, should an unfortunate correspondent be chased to the bank by a crowd of howling Arabs, the officer in command of any Government craft, if he did his duty, would be obliged to refuse him refuge, saying civilly, no doubt, but firmly, 'No correspondents allowed on Government boats.' We are thus, in a manner, branded officially as outcasts, although we come neither asking nor receiving medals or honours, but seeking simply, while willing to share the dangers and hardships of the troops, to do our duty.

Not being allowed to go on with the Nassif-el-Khier, I determined to return to Wady Halfa, to accompany the first batch of Nile boats on their voyage up the Batn-

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT.

el-Hajar. The distance by road from Wady Halfa to Dongola is two hundred and forty-five miles, which, on good trotting camels, if no baggage is carried, might be traversed in five or six days. For some time previously, in Dongola, we had all been busy supplying ourselves with camels. From eight pounds each, the market price of a good animal had risen to fifteen pounds and twenty-five pounds. As many Englishmen during the present expedition are beginning to learn, the camel is not a pleasant beast to ride. The novice for the first time on a camel's back experiences a general feeling of insecurity. In the event of a mishap, the distance to be traversed before the ground is reached, is felt to be great; and then, for some time at least, the conviction is firmly entertained that should the camel trot round to the left while the rider intended him to go to the right, it would not be possible for the latter to adapt his movements to those of the former in time to prevent a catastrophe. After a time this feeling wears away, more or less; but I have found no Englishman as yet who, when asked if he liked camel riding, replied in the affirmative. A question of frequent discussion is the kind of saddle to be adopted. The Camel Corps are accommodated with saddles, on which the men sit astride as on horseback, and on these

they soon feel as much at home as is possible on a camel's back. But, undoubtedly, the best form of saddle, both for man and camel for a long journey, is the Soudan native pattern, on which the rider seats himself like a lady equestrian, with rugs and blankets laid on the top, and a prop behind to lean against. A long journey on these may be accompanied with comparatively little fatigue—provided always that the camel is an easy one to ride. Camels vary very much in that respect. The jolt of a rough camel is perhaps the most unpleasant motion that a human being can be subjected to, while a smooth-going one will carry his rider at a gentle jog for hours, as easily for the rider almost as if he were seated in an arm-chair. As may be understood, the vast majority of camels supplied to the troops belong to the former category and very rarely to the latter. The other day I heard a gentleman, who had ridden his animal for the first time, inquire how many feet at each jog an ordinary camel threw his rider into the air. He wished to gauge whether his own was an extraordinary one or not. A Blue-jacket at Wady Halfa admired a camel he rode exceedingly, because being pitched up out of his saddle incessantly, and caught dexterously as he descended, 'the camel had only missed him twice during the afternoon.'

After the usual delays and obstacles to making a start which the traveller in the East has always to overcome on beginning a journey, I left Dongola behind in the early morning, having on the previous evening encamped outside the walls. My camels were induced to leave the town with difficulty. They seemed to understand thoroughly that it was no mere afternoon ride upon which they were bound, and made their protests accordingly. These they did by sitting down every few yards and remaining on the ground until flogged up again. A camel is always in a state of extreme mental depression. He whines and groans incessantly, and never, apparently, like other animals, makes friends with his master. My own beast trots along all day with an air of hopeless misery which nothing I can do seems to alleviate. Only the courbash has any effect upon him. The courbash is as necessary an accessory to comfortable camel riding as, according to Ismael Pasha, it was to successful government in Egypt. The hide of the Nile hippopotamus, tanned and oiled and cut into long strips, forms a whip that, as elastic as gutta-percha, is yet much harder than that material; and it twines round the body of its victim with electric effect. Probably there is no more excruciating pain than the cut of a courbash, and it switches through the air with a ping like a rifle bullet—a sound by itself generally sufficient to induce the most obstinate camel—or fellah—promptly to obey orders, and so my two guides, my servant, and myself jog northwards again at five miles an hour in that dead silence peculiar to camel travelling. By the margin of the desert we rode where it encroaches on the strip of cultivated land that follows the Nile from its source almost to the sea. Overhead, the sun glared fiercely, and on every side a misty mirage distorted the horizon. From the first moment of starting until the end of the day's march our four camels stretched out in front their long necks, peering anxiously for the halting-place, and groaning with disappointment as each clump of palm-trees was passed, and we still pushed on. For the night we stopped at a small hamlet of half a dozen huts, the inhabitants of which brought us, by way of hospitality, a chicken in the last stages of starvation, some dates, an egg or two, and a gourd of milk. Foolishly we rewarded them with liberal baksheesh, and, as a result, were pestered for more throughout our stay. It is not pleasant to discover that you have started some forty miles on a five days' journey and neglected to bring cooking utensils of any kind; but such was our fate on the evening in question. It would not do, however, to turn back, so we were fain

to content ourselves with some cold bully beef and the eggs aforesaid. Tea of fair quality we brewed in the empty beef tin, and so went to sleep side by side with our camels, with a new moon overhead, by the dim light of which the villagers sat round curiously watching us in our bivouac.

Not very far off, unfortunately, was the usual village water irrigating wheel, which, during high Nile period, relays of bullocks turn night and day. A sound not conducive to continued slumber is the creaking of these cumbersome wooden contrivances for lifting Nile water on to the land. Excepting the desolate reaches of the Batn-el-Hajar there is not a mile of the long road between Assouan and Dongola, and probably on to Khartoum and Sennaar as well, on which the sound of these machines may not at present be heard; and I would recommend all who can, during the coming advance, to give them, when they pitch their camp for the night, as wide a berth as possible. A large number of that most useful class of servants known in Lower Egypt as Berberines come from this portion of Nubia. Just before going to sleep I was astounded by one of the half-naked villagers greeting me with 'Good evening, sar.' He had served on board a P. and O. steamer as an officer's servant for nearly six years, and had visited Bombay, Singapore, and China, yet here we found him, with the savings accumulated during that period, once more among the sordid surroundings of his youth; so strong is the love of home planted even in the semi-civilized Nubian's breast. From this individual I obtained much interesting information. According to him the wealthier classes of the population—and he himself, in his native village, is considered a capitalist—view the threatened approach of the Mahdi with dread. The radical theories as to distribution of property and so on preached by the Mahdi, are no more fancied by men of substance in Nubia than they are elsewhere.

Early in the morning throughout my journey, away on the other side of the Nile, a red gleam in the sky betokens the approach of dawn. I am awakened by the early prayers of my two guides. Kneeling on mats on the ground, and with heads turned towards Mecca, they alternately cry out with loud voices, and alternately mutter their petitions for a successful day's journey. The most praying country in the world is this Soudan. Quite independent of the Mahdi's movement, the people everywhere are filled with religious fervour, which, it is easy to understand, with little effort may be turned into fanaticism. In his rigorous observance of the laws of the Koran lies in great part the secret of the Mudir's power; and Osman Digna, at Souakin, by dressing like a fakir, in a single dirty cotton cloth, and covering himself with dust, and praying continuously, induced the Hadendowas to follow him first to victory, and then to their death. In Souakin itself, the moolah in the little mosque began to call the people there to prayers at four o'clock every morning. At first the sonorous tones of his deep voice, rising and falling in musical cadence, was pronounced interesting in a high degree; later on we described it as bellowing and a nuisance of the first order.

Very cold towards early morning is the Soudan climate; and in that respect it resembles Afghanistan, where, owing to the extremes of heat during the day and cold at night, the soldiers sickened in large numbers of diarrhœa and dysentery, ailments which have already put in an appearance beween Wady Halfa and Dongola. Two blankets to each man are being issued, and already these are found barely sufficient to prevent chills, with all their evil consequences. Four hours every morning, and four hours every evening, we travelled, thus placing behind us each day, and with comparative ease, over forty miles. The second day the camel of one of my guides broke down, and we were obliged, albeit with heavy hearts, to sacrifice sundry little comforts which had been provided for the

journey. The trotting camel must carry nothing but his rider and a day's food. Our Mounted Infantry are far too heavily weighted. To the fact that three tins of bully beef and a spare suit of underclothing had been entrusted to him in addition, the guide attributed the collapse of his animal. But, once having started, let nothing ever stop you on a journey in Eastern climes. Consent to even a day's delay, and you may be unable to advance again for a week. So, sternly refusing to halt while he endeavoured to procure another camel, I proceeded with one guide, leaving behind the other, and trusting to replace the stores he carried, with eggs and chickens from the wayside villages. Every morning we breakfasted on our camels' backs as they jogged over the sand, half a dozen eggs each and some dates forming our repast; but let me hasten to explain that a Nubian egg is a very different article from that deposited by an English hen. An average wood pigeon, if fed well for a week and put on her mettle, would probably surpass in the size of her produce the best egg-laying bird in the Soudan.

There are three routes by road between Dongola and Wady Halfa. The one on the left band of the river is the best, and that on the right the worst—at least, according to native authorities, although the latter has hitherto been adopted by the military. I crossed the river when half way, at the village of Koke, and would recommend any who may be riding up to Dongola after me to do the same. With the exception of the Mahass Desert, thirty-five miles long, and another stretch of thirty miles between Ambigol and Sarras, villages will be encountered throughout on this road, at which supplies are readily obtainable.

The following is an itinerary of the route:

First march. From Dongola to Haffir, six hours, about thirty miles. The road is good all the way, with frequent villages. In Haffir travellers may put up.

Second march. To Fakr Bender, about thirty miles. Fairly good road. One or two bad places for camels close to Fakr Bender, which consists merely of a few huts with no supplies available.

Third march. Across the Mahass Desert to Koke, thirty-five miles. Good road, but with no water, as a bend of the Nile is avoided. At Koke there are several villages with food in plenty for man and camel. I found here also a hospitable moolah, who cooked me an excellent dinner. At Koke the river is crossed in native nuggars, an easy operation, which the camels seem to thoroughly understand.

Fourth march. To Koke, about thirty miles. Here is the tomb of Sheik Moghrani, the father of the holy sheik who assisted us in Souakin in our negotiations with the tribes. His brother lives close by, and is very hospitable to Englishmen supplying them with a room and beds.

Fifth march. Koke to Dal, about thirty-two miles. Road good. At Dal there is a large commissariat station, and rations are issued.

Sixth march. Commencement of the Batn-el-Hagar. From Dal to Ambigol, about forty-three miles. Road very bad.

Seventh march. From Ambigol to Sarras. Twenty-eight miles across the desert and over rocky ground.

Throughout, the inhabitants will be found most friendly, although I suspect that by the time the Camel Corps traverse the road, their stock of fowls and eggs will be exhausted. Still sheep may be purchased at moderate prices. During the journey I was much struck with the ignorance of the people as to the objects which we English have in view in entering their country. At Dongola itself, as I have already explained, the inhabitants consider that we have been sent to assist the Mudir in reconquering the Soudan; but elsewhere the people think we have come to annex their country, as they believe we have already done Lower Egypt. In Lower Egypt itself the wildest stories are circulated and believed in the

villages; and although Englishmen individually, of all the foreigners who mix among the people, are most popular with them, our interference with their Government is strongly disapproved of. They believe, for instance, that the main object we have in view is the recovery of vast sums lent to Ismail Pasha, and every tax and every act of oppression is put down to us, who are supposed to have taken since Tel-el-Kebir fabulous sums away from the country. Of our good intentions, of our efforts to abolish the courbash, and of our offer to advance money for their relief, they know nothing; the fact being that we take no trouble to tell the people what we are doing on their behalf. The misrepresentations to which I refer are chiefly of French origin, but we do little to counteract them, although a few Arabic proclamations, judiciously worded and posted in all the bazaars from time to time, would have a most

A COUNTRY REPAST.

excellent effect. In Tonquin the French made use of these perhaps too freely. Nearly every day there was a fresh proclamation, so that the population at last disregarded these documents; at first, however, they were not only eagerly read, but believed in implicitly. Something of the kind is much wanted now in the Soudan. Lord Wolseley, I believe, has gone to Dongola to send messages to the Mahdi and to the different sheiks. But those, I suppose, as at Souakin, will be kept a dead secret until the Blue-books are issued, and so the tribes will never really hear of them. Osman Digna simply buried the letters that were addressed to his followers, telling them it was not good for them to hear what we Christians had written. But print a number of proclamations, circulate them industriously, and their contents will soon become the subject of popular rumour."

CHAPTER CI.

Egyptian Incidents—Travelling near Khartoum.

"SAY ISLAND, not far from Wady Halfa, is the first spot where there is any extent of cultivated ground. Here palm-trees abound, and plenty of milk is offered for sale to the traveller, which will probably be brought to the boats in baskets of palm leaves, so closely woven as to be watertight. Empty wine-bottles are much appreciated here, and as a staple of barter, are preferred to piastres. The plan of placing by a cow, whose calf has been taken away or died, a 'tulchan,' or sham calf, is always followed here, and the affection with which the bereaved mother licks the ill-shapen model, and her continued supply of milk, proved the wisdom of the plan. Meat is, however, scarce, and the small boats of the crocodile punter formed of a few rough pieces of 'ambach,' or 'Dôm palm,' fixed together with strips of hide and caulked, are frequently seen on the river. The meat of this reptile, with its horrible musky smell and flavour, is eaten eagerly by the Nubians, and is credited with wonderful strengthening qualities; the skin, too, is valued for fishing beams or masts together, but the all-precious morsels are the musk glands from the throat and tail; these are carefully dried, and after being set in a small casket, are hung around the neck of the harem favourite. There is a good deal of fish in the pools between and above the rapids, some of large size. None are particularly palatable, and those only with scales are wholesome; the large, soft-skinned Nile turtle is not uncommon. At Agoulai, near the ruins of the Temple of Soleb, is a slight rapid. At Koyè, one hundred and sixty miles from Wady Halfa, the camel route of the left bank cuts across the Mahass Desert to Fakir Bender. The distance by land is thirty-two miles, as against seventy by river; the track is fairly good, but without water. The river here makes two bends, about thirty-five miles in all, on which towing must be provided for. On the loop in question, near Delligo, are the rapids of Kaibar, which are about half a mile long, with a total fall of five feet. Six miles above 'Fakir Bender' begin the rapids of Hanmik, commonly called the Third Cataract. Their character is very similar to those in the 'Batn-el-Hajar,' they are about eight miles in length, over part of which portage will be most difficult.

These rapids surmounted, the chief difficulties of the Nile route are over, and as the boat sails rapidly to the village of Hanmik, the natives on the banks shout their congratulations to those who have survived their perils. The puggaree, or turban of the traveller, is claimed by the Reis as his guerdon; and a couple of sheep, bought at Hanmik, make the boatmen happy, the feast being probably supplemented by large bowls of 'Boosa,' native beer, and a bottle of something stronger, provided by the traveller from his store, or purchased from one of the itinerant Greek merchants. Above Hanmik there is much alluvial soil, more especially on the left bank, which extends as far as Candala. Just opposite to Old Dongola, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, there is also plenty of cultivable land in one of the 'Bahr Bela Mas' described above. This depression, called Wady el Kab, runs nearly due south for over one hundred miles. Some cultivation is carried on in the wady with wells, and alongside the river by means of 'Sakyeahs' and 'Shadoufs;' but with the help of a few irrigation pumps, worked by windmills,

a large extent of fertile land could be utilised. The river from Hanmik to New Dongola, or Oordeh, is very favourable; as, indeed, it is for the ensuing hundred miles to Dabbeh, whence to Ambukol towing is at times necessary, owing to the westerly direction of the stream. Oordeh is the capital of the district of Dongola. The town is pleasantly situated amongst gardens, in which much fruit is grown. With a population of between two and three thousand, it boasts of a 'Mudiriah,' or Government house, a telegraph station, and a post-office. There are, moreover, two bazaars here, where the merchants do a good trade in hides, grain, senna, ivory, ebony, and other products of the Soudan, the goods being, as a rule, discharged from the boats in which they have been brought from Meroe, Ambukol, or Dabbeh, and sent on by camels to Wady Halfa. The route usually adopted is that on the left or west bank of the river, the length to Wady Halfa being about two hundred and fifty miles, the time occupied in actual travelling about ninety hours. With the exception of that portion that traverses the Mahass Desert, there would be no difficulty in establishing camps at ten miles or so apart, close to the river, so that there would be an ample supply of water. In the Mahass Desert, moreover, two stations might be made ten miles from Koyeh and Fakir Bender respectively, with cisterns and stores to be continually replenished by a service of camels. There is another camel route along the right side of the river, but this involves transshipment at Koyè, or a considerable detour. The third route is little known; it is also on the right or east side, and goes nearly straight from a point on the river opposite New Dongola to Wady Halfa, and is said to be fairly supplied with wells. It was by this route that in 1876 the late Ismail Pasha Eyoub over-reached Zebehr Pasha, who was travelling by Berber and Korosko, and got first into Cairo.

The route along the left or west bank is decidedly the best, and has at former times been largely used, as is evidenced by the remains of numerous 'Mahattas,' or stations, along it. The road is good, except between Dal and Okmeh, where for five hours it is very sandy, and between Okmeh and Melkanaza, where for five hours also it is bad, the length between Dal and Melkanaza being twenty-five miles. Comparing the relative merits and demerits of the river and land routes between Amka, or Sarras and Oordeh, it may safely be affirmed that no one who has tried the river would ever so travel again, were any other means available. As before mentioned, a Nubian camel will carry two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds, but for the traveller himself a donkey, when, as is the case here, water is procurable along the route, is the pleasantest mount. From Oordeh to Ambukol, as before stated, no difficulties present themselves by water. It may be mentioned, however, that the midges, here called 'Nemittas,' are intolerable in the warmer months on this piece of river At daybreak they rise in myriads from the water, dulling the sun and sky, and nearly madden the unprotected traveller until sundown brings him relief. The natives protect themselves by carrying smouldering firebrands, the smoke of which keeps these insect pests away. For the traveller by boat the only plan is to wrap face and hands in muslin, or, creeping into the decked portion of the 'nuggar,' to close the opening in front with a sail, and burn wet wood or straw, until a fairly choking atmosphere is attained. Handak, Old Dongola, and Dabbeh, at forty, seventy, and ninety miles from New Dongola, are the best places for obtaining supplies on this portion of the river.

Ambukol is the starting-place for the march across the Desert or Wilderness of the Bayuda—Sahrat Bayuda—the length being about one hundred and seventy-five miles. This route strikes the Nile at Metemmeh, opposite Shendy, a town about half-way between Berber and Khartoum. By this short cut a distance of two hundred

and twenty miles is saved, and, in addition, the difficulties of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Cataracts are avoided; whilst the Bayuda Desert affords an ample supply of water and firewood, with a considerable amount of cattle and forage. Ambukol is at present but a small place with about one thousand inhabitants, but judging from the ruins of a masonry pier and other buildings, it has been a place of some importance. Four miles above Ambukol a large 'wady' (valley or stream course) debouches on the Nile, taking its rise in the Gebel Gilif range, some seventy miles from the river. It is called by different names in different portions of its course, but in order to avoid confusion, it is here termed throughout the Wady 'Aboo Geer,' as it is known for many miles. Water is obtainable from shallow wells along its entire course, and its bed, as in most of the lower ground in the Bayuda Desert, is thickly covered with vegetation. This principally consists of Sammarah bushes (a spreading thorny acacia), occasional 'Sunt' trees (*Acacia Arabica*), twenty to twenty-five feet high; the milk plant (*Asclepia Gigantea*); the 'Merkh,' a green shrub; the 'Thundub,' a bush about fifteen feet high; 'Sereh' and 'Hegleek trees,' twenty to twenty-five feet high, often with a diameter of trunk at five feet from the ground of twelve to fifteen inches; the 'Mokert' (*Sattadora Persica*), and even occasionally the Dôm palm (*Hypæne Thebaica*), of which the latter, the 'Esker,' or milk plant, and the 'Merkh' are indicative of water near the surface. Best suited for firewood are the 'Sunt,' the 'Sammarah,' the 'Thundub,' and the 'Hegleek,' the wood of the last-named being used as the base on which the natives, by twirling a dry piece of 'Sammarah' root, procure fire. Sheep, of which large flocks are owned by the 'Hassaneeya,' 'Umeah,' and other wandering Bedawee tribes in the 'Bayuda,' find even during the dry season a sufficiency of food in the grassy plains near Gebel Gilif, whilst the fresher shoots of the Merkh and Thundub, and the juicy leaves of the Esher provide sustenance for the goats. It is stated by one of the engineers who surveyed the Soudan railway that during a couple of months passed by him in this desert he lived almost entirely on the food there procurable, finding it much more wholesome than the tinned meats he had brought with him.

The readiest route from Ambukol strikes for the desert close to the village, whence an easy slope two miles in length rises to the desert plateau, about fifty feet higher than the Nile bank; a level shingly plain is then traversed for about three miles, when the Wady Aboo Geer is struck, leading right to the Gebel Gilif, with an ascent of about ten feet per mile. The route now skirts the hill Gebel Aboo Shenkawe, near to the salt-diggings, and passing a clump of hills—Dubbayat-el-Khebir (the Great Hyena)—joins another route from the Nile near the point where the Wady Mofokkakart debouches into the Wady Aboo Geer, some thirty miles from Ambukol. This other camel track, after leaving Ambukol, follows the Nile Valley to near Korti, a distance of about four miles, whence, turning sharply to the right by the Wadies Ummarrah and Tel-Monfuch, and crossing the ridge of Nasaib-el-Ruchan at a point three hundred feet above Ambukol, it descends over rather broken ground to the Wady Aboo Geer, whence there is but one route. At about thirty-seven miles from Ambukol the first existing wells are met with; these are merely holes dug in the sand and deepened as the subterranean waters fall, until either the sides cave in or the whole excavation is obliterated by the rush of water down the wady during the rainy season. The water is drawn from these and all similar wells in the Bayuda by means of rude skin bags; it is then poured into small earth cisterns made on the surface, at which the camels, sheep, etc., are watered, and is so pure that when watering camels a small amount of salt, which is fairly plentiful, is frequently mixed with it; this class of well is rarely more

than twenty to twenty-five feet deep. Near this point, at thirty-eight miles from Ambukol, the wady, which has hitherto been flat and sandy, with very gently sloping sides, becomes much broken, small metamorphic ridges, hills, and lava-like mounds close in, showing that the belt of metamorphic rock intervening between the lower Nubian sandstone and the extensive granite rocks is being traversed. The hills assume curious forms; some, of black basalt, are almost perfectly conical, whilst the rock of which they are composed is so magnetic as seriously to interfere with the action of the compass in their vicinity; the tops of others are composed of small five or six-sided columns, so regular as to resemble artificial paving; others, again, consist of alternate layers of sandstone and lava, and resemble giant fortifications and buildings; whilst all around are strewn globular volcanic bombs of every possible form, hard as glass on the exterior, and when broken found to be filled with sand of different colours. Here, again, are long streams of rock resembling lava which, in cooling, has contracted and divided into regular joints, so that the fossil vertebræ of some enormous beast are closely simulated; whilst, as though carelessly thrown about, here and there are seen the trunks of fossil trees, some of which are as much as thirty to

A BEND IN THE RIVER.

forty feet long. About fifty-five miles from Ambukol are the wells of El-Howeiyat, of similar character to those described above; the plain of El-Rechewa is then left on the right, and, quitting the Wady Aboo Geer, which turns towards the hills abruptly to the left, the route crosses a curious plain three to four miles wide, called El-Mesaleema. This plain is surrounded by low hills, and is without vegetation. It is very level, and is intersected by veins of mountain limestone much resembling marble, and here are to be found fossil remains of the Saurian type.

Leaving El-Mesaleema through a gap in the hills, the route enters on the plain lying at the southern foot of the Gebel-el-Gilif, passing over frequent watercourses, which in the rains serve to carry off the water from the mountains. These streams issue from wild gorges, and are said to drain extensive plains twenty or thirty miles distant, a statement corroborated by the quantity of dry brushwood and small timber strewn about, and which has evidently been water-carried for a considerable distance. After issuing from these gorges, the streams run over a sharply sloping talus of boulders and *débris* that they have brought down, and over which they spread in numberless irregular channels reuniting at the foot; they then follow well-defined sandy chan-

nels from one to three miles long, whose permanent character is proved by their tree-fringed banks; after this they again break up into a number of small diverging channels, losing themselves in a grass-clad plain to the south, fairly covered with trees and brushwood and about eight miles across. This plain is said to have water on it during the rains to a depth of three to four feet, but to be dry at other seasons. Water may be procured in any of these sandy channels by digging holes as described above, and at Aboo Halfa, about ninety miles from Ambukol, are large wells of this class, at which numbers of camels and flocks are daily watered.

It is stated that at Christmas, 1871, a party of surveyors persuaded, with difficulty, a sheik of the Hasaneeya to guide them up one of these mountain gorges, which are extremely wild, often only wide enough at the bottom to admit of one camel passing at a time, and with steeply precipitous sides. After passing many small pools of water still standing in basins worn out of the granite bed, the gorge, at a distance of two or three miles from the entrance, widened out into a valley about half a mile across; here was a small lake, the edges fringed with bulrushes and Dôm palms, whilst the character of the native huts, the vegetation, birds, and conies clearly proved the permanent character of the lake. They heard that many similar lakes exist in the recesses of Gebel Gilif, but the Arabs were extremely reticent on the point. As an evidence of the permanence and class of the water they mentioned that the sheik was mounted on a good horse of the bay Arab type, a rare sight in the desert. At about ninety-five miles from Ambukol the Gebel Gilif range changes its character; the precipitous face breaks up into outlying spurs and intermediate plains. In one of the spurs, about two miles to the north of the route, and one hundred miles from Ambukol, are situate the wells of Gakdul. The water is sweet, but the lower pools are much contaminated by the flocks constantly using them, and the sight of myriads of flying beetles issuing from the water at dusk is not inviting. The upper pools are, however, much cleaner. With Gebel Gilif, the granitic rock is left, and the route traverses the Upper Nubian sandstone, metamorphic and simple, to the river at Metemmeh. Between the hundred and fifteenth and hundred and twenty-fifth mile the route crosses a belt of drift-sand hills travelling from east to west. At one hundred and fifty-two miles from Ambukol are the wells of Abu Klea, artificial pits of similar character to those at El Faur; the water is good, and rarely fails. They require, of course, frequent clearing out. At Sheboeat, near the hundred and sixty-eighth mile, is a large permanent well, about twelve feet in diameter, sunk to a depth of some fifty feet through sandstone rock to a bed of water-bearing gravel. The water is brackish, but the supply perennial. At a hundred and seventy-three miles from Ambukol, Metemmeh, or Mattammeh, is reached, the town being about one mile from the river, and the intervening plain subject to floods at high Nile. The population is about two thousand five hundred, and they derive their supply of water from wells sunk to the water-bearing strata, into which the river percolates. Immediately opposite to Metemmeh, on the right bank of the river, is Shendy, whence the route for Abyssinia leaves. From Metemmeh to Khartoum, about a hundred and fifteen miles, the navigation of the Nile is uninterrupted for the greater part of the year. For two or three months, however, at the period of dead low Nile, the Sixth Cataract is to a certain extent an obstruction. Across the Bayuda, as between Sarras and New Dongola, stations could be made every ten miles, with ample supply of water, fuel, and forage, whilst at the same time the railway might be laid across this comparatively level country at a very speedy rate."

CHAPTER CII.

EGYPTIAN INCIDENTS—UP THE NILE IN A NUGGAR.

WHILST such are the difficulties of travel near Khartoum, they are not less further towards the mouth of the river. We have already, in our illustrations, shown some of our boats laboriously toiling up the Nile. Here is now an account from an eye-witness, who, writing in December, 1884, says: "Two months ago I made my first trip from Sarras to Dongola, taking by preference passage up the Nile in a nuggar. Since then I have ceased to run the least risk of taking to the water route from choice. At that time the river had fallen many feet below the average annual flood mark, yet we covered the distance in a little over ten days, for the Nile then ran for the greater part of the way in unbroken volume, the thick, muddy water swelling from bank to bank. To-day apparently it is no longer the same river. The whole aspect of its borders is so changed that you cannot recognise the former landmarks, the rocks, sandbanks, and ghizerehs (fertile islands), as the same. If rocks and islets might then have been told by hundreds, now they must be numbered by tens of thousands, whilst cataracts and rapids have also multiplied daily. A faint conception of what the Nile is like and the difficulties it interposes to navigation at this season may be got by imagining a north-country trout-stream, with its cascades, runs, shallows, pools, rocks, sand and gravel banks, but all on a vaster scale, up which boat-loads of townspeople attempt to sail, row, haul, and carry deeply-ladened boats. Whatever ideas they might have had before starting of going picnicking in that fashion would soon be dispelled. Late as the season was when I set out on the nuggar, we had only to be towed through the Semneh Cataract, for, by taking advantage of eddies, the skipper sailed through the gates at Ambigol, Tangur, Dal, and others. No unloading of cargo was necessary even, for the wide-spreading lateen sail forced the nuggar along. Over 200 such boats as the one referred to, each capable of conveying fifty men and necessary stores, could, I am told, have been started and mustered at Wady Halfa in August last. Crediting the statements that the English-built whalers were to convey the Nile Valley expeditionary force all the way to Khartoum, I naturally arranged to have a small boat, in addition to my dahabeah, forwarded up the Nile to use as a despatch boat. The farthest point to which anybody would transport it for me was Wady Halfa, so it remained for me to return to that place by camel, and take personal charge of it for conveyance to the front. My wish and instructions were for a racing gig without outriggers to be sent, but the Fates—and 'the other fellows' whom you have to trust when you cannot do a thing yourself—forwarded, through John Cook's agents, a podgy heavily-built dingy. My hope had been to have carried the boat to the placid waters beyond Dal, or perchance to Dongola itself, on a camel's back. One look at the 600lb. of oak, elm, and pine planking dispelled that illusion. By rare luck the Halfa cataracts had not to be faced, as I succeeded in getting the dingy conveyed by train to Sarras. Having sent my horse and camel back by the road they came, I determined to proceed at leisure from Sarras to Dongola in the dingy on my second voyage up the Nile. My boat was provided with a lateen, small lateen sail, boat-hook, rudder, and four heavy ash oars. The crew comprised two

Greeks and myself. One of the Greeks knew something about a boat; the other, who said he was a sailor, of course knew nothing whatever, and was even unable to pull an oar. He was a source of dread to me from the moment we started, and I determined to shunt him the first moment another man could be engaged. That was no easy affair, for the Government had impressed all the river-side population at Halfa and Sarras, as well as at the other cataracts and places where porterage work had to be done. It was Hobson's choice, so I set sail with my No. 2 Greek aboard.

When Tom Sayers was told about the size and strength of Heenan, and an effort was made to dissuade him from the prize-fight which followed, he only smiled, so runs the legend, and said, 'The bigger the better.' With equal confidence and in the same way, but with far less experience of the task before them, 'our military authorities,' and one or two naval ones, being frequently reminded, two or three months ago, that the Nile was rapidly falling, laughed, and replied, 'The lower the better; all the easier to go up it.' Alas! Never did past or present experience of that river more flatly contradict such an assertion. From the date when the Royal Sussex Regiment went from Sarras to Dongola in nuggars in twelve days, down to the moment of writing, with the whalers taking over thirty days, the lower the Nile the more difficult and tedious becomes its navigation for all kinds of craft. The case was put forcibly by a voyager, who remarked: 'If this 'ere river keeps falling for a week or two more, and Lord Wolseley wants us to get the boats through to Khartoum, the quickest way will be to carry the things there.' The great series of cataracts between Wady Halfa and Gemai are like all the rest, fast getting no better. Seen from the river-bank, the Nile at that place rushes and tumbles through a labyrinth of rock-bound channels. How Lord Charles Beresford and the officers associated with him now manage, by towing and porterage combined, to get as many as forty boats daily through the fifteen miles of rock-work to Gemai is truly surprising. It actually takes between two and three days to pass a boat across from Halfa to Gemai, but the forty boats represent the best daily delivery. The labour of carrying and hauling is done by Dongalese. At Gemai the soldiers are for the first time assigned to boats, which are, however, then unloaded. From there to Sarras is a journey along open water of eighteen miles, which generally occupies nearly two days, the men in that time getting initiated in rowing and navigating the whalers. At Gemai, on Nov. 24th, there were close upon a hundred whale boats waiting in readiness for troops. The repairs they required through damages sustained in transit had been effected, for already patches of tin, lead, and pitch were conspicuous on many boats. The headquarters of the Black Watch, with several companies belonging to other regiments, were then at Wady Halfa (Nov. 25th). Officers and men were all anxious to get to the front and finish the campaign before March and the hot weather came. Unfortunately no voyageurs were available to pilot the whalers. The majority of these experts were at the moment employed conveying stores and troops to the front, whilst some of them were stationed to assist at the passage of the more dangerous cataracts. The troops had therefore to wait several days for the return of voyageurs, and between Ambigol and Dal, on my way up the river, about forty empty whalers, with Canadians and Indians aboard, returned to Gemai. The men rowed the boats down, 'shooting' the rapids and cataracts in fine style. It was exciting enough to watch the whalers with the returning voyageurs jump and bound over the gates at Ambigol and Akasheh at railroad speed. How much more sensational it must have been to have sat in the boats at the time, with nothing but thin planking between you and granite rocks, I can only

guess, assisted thereat by a few minor experiences of my own in going over cataracts at Tangur.

A portion of the Camel Corps, about the same date as the infantry, also had perforce to lag behind. On Nov. 24th two sections of the Heavy Camelry proceeded by train to Sarras, intending to start next day with the 19th Hussars. The same night the Heavies were stopped by telegram, and told to turn over their camels to the Transport Service. This they did, returning to Halfa next day. An order of that sort led to the circulation of scores of 'shaves,' among others that Gordon was a prisoner, that Wolseley had squared the Mahdi, that the Mahdi had written to say that he would let Gordon out, that the Mahdi was dead, and so on. The truth was, Lord Wolseley's trip had shown him the real nature of the whalers' difficulties, and that increased camel transport must be provided. Orders were therefore issued for the employment of 900 camels as baggage animals to convey stores beyond Sarkamatto and for porterage at Kaibur and Hanneck cataracts. By this means it was hoped the whalers would be lightened, at any rate as far as Sarkamatto, the top of Dal cataracts, carrying instead of 100 days' Nile boat stores but half that quantity, until they reached more open water. A whaler with its full complement of men and stores has a dead weight of about three tons to float. Loaded, as they are, to the paint streak, they draw quite eighteen inches of water, so that Tommy Atkins has no light labour imposed on him to haul and row such craft to Khartoum. The Nile at Wady Halfa is reputed to be 420 feet above the sea level. At Khartoum it is 1,240 feet higher than the Mediterranean, and at Dongola between 700 feet and 800 feet above the sea. If what one hears is true, that the cost of each whaler by the time it arrives at Wady Halfa is £200, then the British public will have a fine bill to pay. Taking it even at £150 each—and it is not less, all included—the amount will be considerable.

The 19th Hussars, under the command of Colonel Barrow, who was so dangerously wounded at El Teb, left Sarras on the morning of Nov. 25th to march by easy stages to Dongola. They were mounted on Egyptian cavalry horses, the fellaheen soldiery for the second time, when fighting was to done, having been compelled to turn over their 'mounts' to our men. The 19th 'mount' under 400 men, but all of them look fit and well. At Sarras there was a large accumulation of stores of all kinds, which had been brought by train from Wady Halfa. The railway, which in September was in such a tumble-down condition, has been rehabilitated by the Royal Engineers, and three or four trains a day are now running between the two terminal stations. As at Gemai, so at Sarras, I noticed there was one of Her Majesty's ship dockyards for repairing and equipping the whalers. Putting a few stores on board my dingy, with a fair wind, at 11 a.m. on Nov. 25th I started for Dongola. From Sarras to Semneh—twelve miles by the river—had aforetime taken us two days and a half in the nuggar. The rapids and whirlpools were, if anything, worse, and certainly more numerous; but, by hugging the banks where possible, I got the dingy along, reaching that cataract in the afternoon. On the river banks and on the islands were strewn the hulls of wrecked Government nuggars, with here and there whalers which, like beacons, told the whereabouts of dangerous rocks and channels. Near Semneh I passed Captain Scott Stevenson's company of the Black Watch, in their whalers. These men had hauled, sailed, and rowed whale boats from Philæ to Wady Halfa in something under ten days. Here they were, scarce ten miles from Sarras, which place they left on Nov. 24th, working and striving with Highland fervour to beat every whaler that preceded or should follow them. It was the heavily-loaded boats that made the progress so slow.

I also passed a company of the Essex Regiment, out from Sarras one day, and a

very little farther on whalers which had started five days previously from that place. The voyageurs sometimes sat in the stern, sometimes in the bows, directing the course of the whalers. When in the stern they steered; in the bows they used the pole. All the whalers had their lug-sails set, and although these were drawing well, the soldiers kept toiling at the oars to hurry the boats on. The numerous boxes of stores, pack them as best they could, filled the whalers above the seats, so that the men were cramped for room to bend their backs in rowing, and had to paddle, as it was impossible to get a free swing to pull. When the current was very strong and the broken water rushed or tumbled over ledges of rock, the men landed and hauled the boats by ropes past these obstacles. When the rapids were very bad, two or more boats' crews would unite in hauling the whalers one by one across. Two Canadians or Indians would on these occasions take command, one in the bow, the other in the stern. 'Rock-rangers' and 'galley-slaves' were the grim terms in which Tommy Atkins spoke of himself and his Nile boating experience. From sunrise to sunset, with scarcely a respite for a noonday meal, the soldiers laboured, now at the oars, and anon clambering over sharp rocks, tugging at the tow-rope. Printed copies of a 'Nile Boat Song,' which has a refrain about striking another link from Gordon's chain, were liberally distributed to the men of every boat. On all my journeyings I have never yet had the satisfaction of hearing it sung. It was, I understand, composed by a distinguished officer, and the rhythm of words and tune was assumed to be just the sort of thing to make the men pull together and swing the boats up stream. I am told it is even dangerous to quote two lines of the song, as the men get excited and desperate at the free-and-easy way it makes of the miles that lie between them and Khartoum. They have, in short, reached the stage of the travellers in the snow-bound Pacific train who, when blocked for a week, started concerts. An unfortunate wretch began the ballad, 'O, the snow! the beautiful snow.' He never lived to finish it. So it is hazardous to talk of the 'Nile Boat Song' on a whaler.

When done with work for the day, the men light fires ashore, pitch little tents, and, after a meal of soup, tinned beef or mutton, coarse biscuit, coffee or tea, turn in for the night, only to rise next morning, and for many to-morrows, to repeat the routine of duty. Perhaps there are high and weighty reasons why the 'active-service rum-tote' is denied the soldiers in this campaign." Lord Wolseley is known to be against it.

CHAPTER CIII.

EGYPTIAN INCIDENTS—FATHER BONONI'S NARRATIVE.

FATHER BONONI, the well-known missionary, was taken prisoner by the Mahdi's forces. He saw a good deal of the pretended prophet, and on his release furnished the following interesting account of his experiences :—

"The sun had not risen when I, Luigi Bononi, chief of the Latin Mission to Central Africa, with a heart full of gratitude to God who had so far preserved me through perils great and terrible, still to serve Him, fled from the foul city that had been so long my prison. Alas! I left behind—and my heart was sore at it—my three friends, Guiseppe Orwalder (an Austrian subject), Pado Rosignoli (an Italian), Regnatto and Guiseppe Regnalo. Regnatto was a layman who belonged to our mission. Perhaps I may as well state how it was that I came to be at Obeid.

I was once first parish priest-minister in the diocese of Verona, and in 1873 entered the mission of Central Africa, and went to Khartoum in 1874. I was first missionary in Kordofan, then at Gebel Nuba, and in 1876 superior at El Obeid, from 1877–79 superior at Gebel Nuba, and from 1879 to 1881 general vicar of Bishop Bamel Camboni at Khartoum, and then general superior of the mission in the countries of Nuba. In May, 1882, I was at Gebel Belim, central seat of mission, among the Nubani; when surrounded by the rebels 17th September, was made prisoner, as well as all the missionaries and 150 soldiers. I was present at the siege of El Obeid, which surrendered 17th January, 1883, when all the prisoners and nuns there were made prisoners. When the Mahdi marched upon Khartoum I was with twelve European surviving members of the mission. The priest, three nuns, and one catechist died of starvation and bad treatment. I, with a mission composed of Padre Yousef, Orwalder, the layman called Guiseppe Regnalo—a mechanic, Gabriel Madiani—also a mechanic, and three nuns, established a church at Gebel Deli, three days' journey from Obeid. We succeeded in making thirty liberated slaves embrace Christianity; these we trained to different trades or to farming. We carefully tilled a large quantity of land which we had purchased, and we were allowed soldiers as a guard. We now established a mission at Obeid; a priest was at the head, and there were laymen and five sisters. When the Baggara Arabs in the neighbourhood heard of Mohammed Ahmed, that he had come to cast off the yoke of the Turks, they at once made ready to join him; they got dangerous too, and made a fierce attack on our mission. We resisted this attack, and beat them back, and they could not prevail against us. The blacks who were with us fought well and assisted us greatly. These were the Nubi from the mountains, aborigines driven up there by the succeeding waves of Arabs that flooded the country after the crusades. They hied them to the mountains, and have never been completely subjugated. We made Christians of some of these. We were environed from the 2nd of April to the end of September, 1882.

About this time, it will be remembered, the army, under command of Yousef Pasha Shellali, marching to the relief of Obeid, was annihilated. The soldiers had found the wells on the previous day's march filled up. On arriving at the next wells their thirst was so great that they at once broke from the ranks and rushed to them. The

Arabs were in ambush and slaughtered them all. After this success the Mahdi proceeded to lay siege to Obeid. He first sent an Emir called Mek Omar to attack the mission. This man had orders to put us all to the sword; not one was to escape alive. He had, however, an insufficient force; so he simply sat down before the place, well knowing that thousands of Arabs were on their way to help him. Day after day their number increased. So we, seeing our case hopeless, resolved to collect our cattle and sheep and whatever we had, and leave the station, and make the best of our way to Fashoda: for it would be impossible to get into Obeid, as that town was in a close state of siege. We had fixed to make our move on the 14th of September, 1882; but man proposes, God disposes! A man called Khalel Eff, a military officer, informed the rebels of our intentions. We had foolishly entrusted him with our secret. Thereupon El Mek Omar completely surrounded us, tightening the cordon around, and sent us a summons to surrender, stating if we did not we should be put to the sword. At this juncture, to our misfortune, the officer commanding the Egyptian troops, and all his men, who were there to protect us, declared for Mohammed Ahmed. Then seizing their rifles and ammunition they passed the zarebas and deliberately went over to the Arabs. Our situation was now desperate—hopeless. So we determined to offer to surrender on condition that our lives should be spared, and that we should be allowed to proceed to Egypt unmolested. These terms were granted, and we became prisoners. All our cattle, sheep, farming instruments, books, and clothes were seized. We were bound, and marched off to Mohammed Ahmed, who was then before Obeid. Elias Pasha, with all the notables, all the merchants, and, in fact, all the inhabitants of this place, had sided with him. Elias Pasha is a near relation of Zebehr Pasha, the notorious slave-hunter, whom you have now a prisoner at Gibraltar. When these people deserted the town the commander, Mohamed Pasha Said, Governor of Eastern Soudan, drew in his lines of defence. Before this Obeid was, like all their towns, defended by an enormously long and straggling trench and zareba nearly two miles in circumference and unable to be held except by an immense force. But now trenches were dug afresh, simply enclosing the Government house and offices, the arsenal, barracks, and mudiriah. Up till now the troops had resisted all the attempts of the rebels to storm the place. Whenever they had done so they had been repulsed and scattered with enormous loss, several hundred being shot at each assault, the rebels themselves having spears. It is strange they did not take the rifles of the army they had destroyed (Yousef Pasha's), but these they left lying about on the ground.

There were seven of us, and we were led, as I before said, before Mohammed Ahmed. He informed us that it would be necessary for us immediately to embrace Islamism. We replied firmly, 'We cannot do this thing, nor forsake our holy religion. God forbids it; and even were we to do this and become Moslems in garb and outward form, our hearts would remain unchanged.' This bold reply greatly irritated Mohammed Ahmed. He cried, 'Hark ye, accursed infidels! To-morrow is Friday. I give you time to reflect. If you have not embraced Islamism by the rising of to-morrow's sun, behold you shall be led forth and executed as a punishment for your obstinacy and disobedience. So have a care and repent while yet there is time. I have spoken.' We were during the day visited by several dervishes, who adjured us to embrace Islamism, but we replied, 'We give you, O dervishes, the same answer as we did to your master, We cannot do this thing.' They were very wroth, and spat at us, and brandished their long swords at us. But we trusted in God. The next morning we were led forth from the hut built of dhurra stalks, and where we had been confined. We found the

Arabs drawn up in line. Behind them was a vast assemblage of horsemen. Thousands of spears and bright swords gleamed and glistened in the rays of the morning sun; and we looked upon it as it rose and gilded the edges of the few mimosa and rocks scattered about on that vast yellow sandy plain—we looked upon it, as we supposed, for the last time. Never again were we to see a sun rise; our race was run; and we, as thousands had done before us, were to die martyrs for the faith of our Lord. We had no fear. We rejoiced that we were thought worthy to die for His sake.

As we were led along, marching with firm step, the Arabs brandished their long two-edged swords over our heads, cursing us as we passed. And now we reached the spot where Mohammed Ahmed, the so-called Mahdi, was. He was mounted on a magnificent dromedary. He cried aloud to us, 'O

AN ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TOWN.

Christians! are you prepared to embrace Islamism, or to have your heads struck off from your shoulders?' Then we, having our trust in God, made answer, 'O Sheik Mohammed Ahmed! you have vast powers; you command this huge assemblage of warriors, stretching as far as the eye can see. You can order them to do whatsoever seems good in your eyes, and you are obeyed; and you also have power over us to slay us, for God for some wise purpose has delivered us into your hands, but you have not power, O Sheik, to make us embrace Islamism. We prefer death to doing this thing.' We one and all made this solemn asseveration. There was silence all along those dusky ranks, and near us stood dervishes with long swords waiting and longing to do the bidding of their master and strike off our heads. But Mohammed Ahmed gazed upwards and eastwards for some time and spoke not. He then fixed his eagle eyes

upon us with intensity, and perceiving we were steadfast in the faith, he cried aloud, 'O Nazarenes, may Allah, the most bountiful and merciful, put your hearts right and show you the right path;' and when he had thus spoken he again cried aloud, 'All ye who are here present, sheiks, and dervishes, and every man under you bearing arms, put up now your swords in their sheaths, for this is the order I give you. Let these Nazarenes be conducted to my hut in safety—I have said it!' So we were led off, praising God for having put it into the heart of this fierce man to spare us. We were conducted to a straw hut. He ordered us to sit down, and to partake of food with him; and he conversed freely and in an animated manner with us, asking us our ideas on many subjects. 'Be assured,' he said, 'of my protection. There shall not be a hair of your head injured. I shall now give you in charge of a Syrian of the name of Georgie Stambouli. This man, praise be to Allah, has seen the error of his ways, as no doubt you will shortly, and has embraced Islamism. He will instruct you in all needful doctrine.' It is probably this man who drew up that document, now known to be forged, that was sent in to Sir R. Buller, or at any rate some one forged the signatures, knowing what was in the body of the letter. We were now handed over to him, and he took us to his hut. It was built of dhurra stalk, and inclosed round about. We dwelt here two months, keeping inside always, for we knew that the dervishes sought occasion to slay us.

Our situation became extremely wretched, for we lay squalid, dirty, and naked. Our privations were great, for the Mahdi took no further care of us. We were in dirt, with hardly enough to eat. One layman sank under this treatment, and died of low fever; and shortly afterwards two sisters sickened and died. Poor creatures! they too sank gradually, the iron had entered into their soul. They succumbed under a horrible dread, they were famished and naked, and when it rained they were exposed to it. Poor weary souls! your troubles are over. You have died for the cause as much as any holy martyr of old. I performed the last rites of the Church over them, but even our religious exercises we had to perform in the greatest secrecy. It was hoped that by ill-treatment we should be forced to embrace Islamism, and we would probably have been slain had we been caught at Christian worship. I was horrified at the miserable deaths of these poor wretches, and I resolved to betake myself to the Mahdi, come what might. I entered his presence and demanded that the terms of our surrender should be honourably fulfilled, and that we should be allowed to set off on our journey to the land of Egypt. 'I cannot, I regret, accede to your request,' Mohammed Ahmed replied. 'God will not permit it; but take now these ten thaleries, buy with them whatsoever you may need. Here also is raiment wherewith you may clothe yourselves. It is not forbidden for you to go to and fro about the market. I have given orders that no man shall molest you; but you are always, when outside, to wear Moslem garments.' And now the time had arrived when the garrison of Obeid, which had resisted all assaults so gallantly, were compelled to surrender, being on the verge of starvation. Their sufferings had been terrific. The little corn there was was sold at an enormous price—2,200 dollars an arobb. Eggs, though they were seldom to be got, were sold for a thalerie each. The men had become gaunt-looking, walking skeletons, with their bones showing through their skin. If one was killed or died there was none to bury him. The arms of the survivors were too weak to dig a grave, there the corpses lay rotting. Each day lent new horrors to the scene. Men dug up buried carcases of dogs, donkeys, and camels; others stripped the leather from the angeribs [native bedsteads, on which the mattress is supported by thongs of leather transversely drawn across and attached to the woodwork]. These thongs

they would soften in water and then eat. The live donkeys were killed and cut up; even the tail would fetch 20 reals, and the head and entrails much more. Dogs were treated in the same way. Others, too, would shoot the foul carrion crows, vultures, and kites that hovered around.

The grim and ghastly sights to be seen in that beleaguered city were enough to freeze the blood, and the narrative of those days is too horrible to be continued. But the stern old Turk commanding refused to surrender; while the wretched soldiers were unable to hold their rifles, but prowled about like wolves to find something to eat, unable to make further defence. On the 18th January, 1883, the rebels walked over the trenches and entered the Mudiriah and other houses. When the dervishes entered the dewan of the Mudiriah, the large hall, they found the commandant Achmet Pasha Said sitting in a high carved armed-chair of stained wood, bolt upright, with his arms folded, gazing at them defiantly. They rushed at him and would have slain him, but others insisted that he should be brought before Mohammed Ahmed. 'Back, dogs; touch me not,' he cried. 'You defile me, base rebels. I will go myself before this arch rebel Mohammed Ahmed. Lead on.' They instinctively drew back, startled at his terrible voice and fierce aspect. One is reminded of the old Roman whom the gaoler was afraid to kill. 'Hold his hands and search him,' ordered Mohammed Ahmed the moment he saw him; and he was just in time with this precaution. The old man was drawing forth from his breast a revolver, and undoubtedly meant to deal death to his enemy. 'Take the cursed dog of a Turk away,' cried Mohammed Ahmed, 'and sell him for a slave by auction in the bazaar. Away with him.' Then was the commandant led forth and exposed for sale, but no man durst buy him at first. But it happened that an Emir passed by that way, and, out of derision, cried out, 'O auctioneer, I will surely give 680 piastres for this man.' So he was knocked down to the Emir. Now when this came to the ears of Mohammed Ahmed he sent forth an order that the commandant should be slain with all speed. So some dervishes went from the Mahdi's presence then and there and sought out the commandant. They heard he was in the house of the Emir; they went there and ordered that Achmet Pasha should be brought forth. He presented himself to them with unquailing look and bold bearing as the dervishes drew their swords. 'You have come to murder me, have you? Cursed, cowardly dogs, I fear you not. May your fathers' grave be defiled. I curse them, you, and the foul harlots that bore you. I curse your fathers and mothers back to three generations. All your female relations are abandoned women, and may the graves of all your forefathers be defiled. I curse you all, and your vile false prophet Mohammed Ahmed.' They fell upon him pouring forth these maledictions, and he died like a brave man, with the utmost fortitude. I forgot to mention that on the entering of the town by the dervishes this gallant soldier tried to blow up the magazine and destroy himself and army with the rebels, but the officers prevented him. The dervishes now in their rage—for they were cut to the heart by the words of the commandant—sought out Ali Bey Sherrif; him they also slew, with other officers. Now the dervishes returned to Mohammed Ahmed, and told all these things to him. He burst into a flood of tears, threw dust on his head, and upbraided them for thus spilling blood. 'Ye be sanguinary men, O ye dervishes. These deeds do not find favour in my sight.'

During the siege a priest named Giovanni Losi died in Obeid, but two others were captured, and compelled to embrace Islamism, and there were five sisters taken at the same time; these were now sent as companions to us, in the hopes that they should follow the example of the men. The sisters refused in the most determined manner to leave their religion. In what a fearful condition these poor women were—

bags of bones. They never left the house. This was the state of things to the 28th March, 1883.

One day a letter was slipped into my hand; it was from Hicks-Pasha, then at Khartoum, and was dated 21st of April. He stated in it that he was on the point of marching against Obeid with a large army, and told me to be of good cheer, for surely he would deliver us. While I was at Obeid I saw three men being hunted out of the town; but there seemed to be something unreal in this chase. I have since heard they were the three sham guides of Hicks. This was done for effect; they were ordered to mislead him. Khalifa Abdalla El Taishi now arrived at Obeid. The first thing he did was to have us brought up before him. He then enjoined us to embrace Islamism. We replied to him as we had to Mohammed Ahmed when the same demand was made. We were sent back to our house, but he sent us an order to deliver up to him the sisters. We replied, 'By your own Moslem law, women are forbidden to visit the houses of strangers.' However, on the 1st of April, he sent and took the nuns by force, and a terrible life, if possible, was now to be their lot. They were distributed as slaves among the Emirs! I and my two companions, men, were treated in the same way. I was sent to the Bert El Wal, Guiseppe Orwalder to the house of the Emir Abdalla, Wad en Noor, and Guiseppe Regnolo to the house of Sherrif Mahmoud. From that day I never saw the sisters, but I know that the treatment they received was horrible, most horrible. They were afflicted and tormented in order that they might be induced to embrace Islamism, but they were steadfast in the faith, neither would they deny their Saviour. Some time after this these wretched women were made to go along on foot almost nude to Rahat. The Mahdi was there, and they were brought before him. Alas! their frail nature could hold out no longer. Their strength of mind as well as body was gone. Driven to desperation, to avoid greater degradations and insults, they affected to embrace Islamism. They were then taken as wives by three Greeks who themselves had become Mohammedans. The names of their so-called husbands were Demetri Cocoronbo, Andrea, and Paragioli. These men declare that they only did this to save the women from a worse fate, and that the marriage is really one in name only. I therefore consider them to be deserving of the highest honour, for by so doing they incurred great risk of life.

On the 20th of April I was sent myself to Rahat with my two companions, and kept there till the 30th of August, when we were conducted back to El Obeid with heavy chains round our necks after the manner of conducting criminals in the country. We were again released, and dwelt in a house of Es Sherrif Mahmoud, full liberty being given to go to and fro about the town, and even in its neighbourhood.

And now the day of my deliverance was at hand. Little attention was paid to my ingoings and outgoings. Famine stalked through the town, and it was full of that direst of diseases, small-pox. Men were dying—masses of corruption right and left. As the Egyptian soldiers had done during the siege the Arabs were doing now—actually digging up skeletons of carcases buried years back. There was little corn; it was sold at 50 reals an ardeb. It was found that many merchants who had fled from Obeid had buried their gum in the ground. This, though it had become rotten, was now dug up and eaten by hundreds. Es-Sherrif Mahmoud, the Mahdi's Emir, had gone to Buka with an army of 2,000 men, half of them carrying rifles. His intention was to attack Nowai, the chief of the Howayma and Homran Baggaras—the Arabs who had deserted at Omdurman, and raised the standard of revolt against him among the Bedouins in Gebel Kowaleeb. It was the 15th of last Regib when he set forth to battle against these men. While he thus threatens the Arabs from the north,

Abo Anga menaces them from the east. I hear that Nowai, hearing of their approach, retreated to Gebel Dinka, in the south; but some submitted to Mahmoud, while others did the same to Abo Anga. Others, again, fled to their homes. As Abo Anga advanced from Omdurman he collected reinforcements on the way, and at last, when he had 10,000 he made an attack on Gebel Lamman, one of the Tagala mountains. He laid waste all the country round, and carried off the inhabitants as slaves, besides taking large quantities of grain, cattle, and sheep. He now advanced upon Gebel Dair, and drove El Mek Kumbo to the mountains. Thus, as he has possession of the land at the foot of the mountains, the inhabitants are unable to till the land. A guerilla war is carried on there; every now and then the brave mountaineers sweep down at night and retake their cattle. This they do with great success, and their raids actually extend to near Obeid. On the one hand the mountaineers dare not risk an open battle; on the other, the dervishes dare not ascend the mountains.

The story about Anga's defeat is utterly untrue. These stories were circulated by the opponents of the Mahdi to encourage the English. The Mahdi's power is not on the wane, a story so briskly, it appeared, circulated for your edification. Utterly broken, indeed! The so-called Mohammed Ahmed is supreme all through Kordofan, though the cruelties and oppression of his dervishes have made his rule detested; therefore the unfortunate inhabitants, who have to pay higher taxes than they did to the Egyptian Government, long for its return. By the 1st June Abo Anga had arrived from Gebel Tagata, and had taken up a position at Gebel Dair. Terror was struck into the hearts of all the Arabs when the news of your victory at Abu Klea and at Metemmeh arrived. You were looked upon as invincible, and the Arabs flatly refused to appear in arms against the British. The whole army had you advanced intended flying to the mountains and deserts, so you would have walked into Khartoum, or gone wherever you pleased without the least opposition. But every single movement of the British, their intentions even, were well known and spied out, and swiftly reported. You were surrounded by spies, they dwelt among you. So it came to pass that your intention of giving up the game was quickly known, and the Arabs took courage who before had been thrown into a perfect panic. 'The Inglezi are retreating, are retreating,' was shouted and passed along all over Kordofan, from sakeyeh wheel to sakeyeh wheel, by camel, by donkey and swift messenger.

Regarding Olivier Pain, I will tell you. When I was in Obeid August last there entered the town one day a little Frenchman, about thirty-five years old. His beard was scrubby and carroty; his complexion a muddy red-clay colour. I was ordered to examine this strange man's papers. I found a passport, with 'Olivier Pain. Profession, homme de lettres,' written on it. His Arabic was very imperfect; but he would invariably try to speak in that tongue. He was dressed *à la* dervish. He always passed us by without the slightest recognition, and even if saluted he neither returned the compliment nor spoke. When addressed by a European, if he replied at all, it was in bad Arabic. He remained at Obeid ten days, and then went to join Mohammed Ahmed at Rahat. He then went to Shat, and reached Onderoo by Duem, passing down by water. Here he sickened, and died of a grievous malady. The dervishes rule the country with a rod of iron—so much for these people fighting for their liberty. Patriots indeed! The dervishes and the men who fight are a perfect terror to the poor peaceful inhabitants, who only wish to be allowed to till the land, but they are forced to take arms everywhere. If they do not, they are made slaves, their villages pillaged, and their wives and maidens carried off for the use of the dervishes and their officers. Often these poor downtrodden villagers are massacred. And this

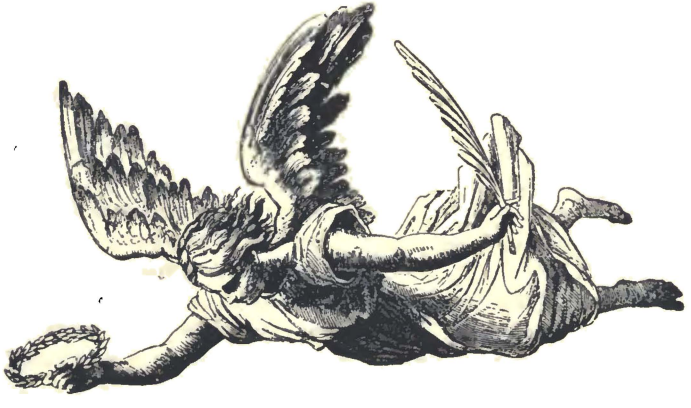
is what some people in England call 'fighting for their country.' There was regular news sent between Khartoum and Obeid. Much of this agrees with the statements of men escaped from Khartoum regarding the massacres at Khartoum. When I fled I escaped by way of Assaf, north of Barra-Rajmar and Safia. I was nineteen days on the road. We struck the Nile at Abou Goss, and after a rest proceeded to Dongola, arriving at the house of Major Turner, Intelligence Department, where he and Captain Luke White received me most hospitably. It is to the exertions of the first-named gentleman, who arranged with my guide my escape, that I owe my release from my cruel and savage persecutors. The sum of £100, besides an advance of 100 dollars, was paid by him, with General Lord Wolseley's sanction."

Writing at the time, a correspondent says :—

"Father Bononi is a thin spare man of ordinary height, sharp aquiline features, extremely dark from exposure, of about forty years of age. He is of an extremely excitable temperament and very voluble. He arrived in rags. Major Turner took the greatest care of him, and afterwards conducted him down to Wady Halfa. He is now on his way to Cairo.

Great credit is due to Major Turner, of the Intelligence Department, for the skilful manner in which he arranged Bononi's escape. Sir R. Buller considered the sum of £100 too much, and would not sanction this on his own responsibility. Lord Wolseley was telegraphed to, and he sanctioned it. The total expense was about £150. This, as far as is yet known, will not be repaid either by the Latin mission or by the Italian Government, as is erroneously supposed. The money comes out of the Secret Service Fund. It should be clearly understood that it is the British Government that pays this sum. It is to be observed that Sir C. Wilson, I.D., always declared that it would be impossible to get a messenger to El Obeid. Major Turner, his successor in the office of the Intelligence Department, has managed to show the fallacy of this statement."

With this narrative we conclude at once our "Egyptian Incidents" and our Volume.



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