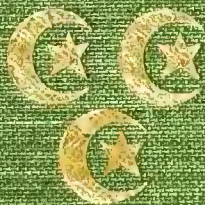
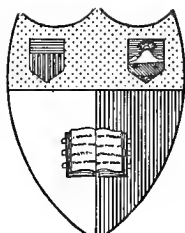


AN ENGLISHMAN'S
RECOLLECTIONS
OF EGYPT



BARON DE KUSEL
(Bey)

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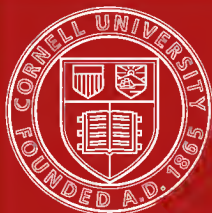
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BARON DE KUSEL (BEY)
From a painting by Cecil Starr Johns

AN ENGLISHMAN'S
RECOLLECTIONS
OF EGYPT 1863 TO 1887
WITH AN EPILOGUE DEALING
WITH THE PRESENT TIME 1914
BY BARON DE KUSEL (BEY)
SOMETIME ENGLISH CONTROLLER-
GENERAL OF EGYPTIAN CUSTOMS, ETC
WITH THIRTY-TWO ILLUSTRATIONS
AND A MAP *o o o o o o o*

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PREFACE

HAVING been advised by many of my friends that a record of my life during a period of twenty-five years (1863 to 1887), the whole of which time was spent in Egypt, might be of interest to a number of people, I have endeavoured in the following pages to give an account of a young Englishman's life in what was then practically an unexploited country.

Egypt, although of such vast antiquity, was, at the time I first went there, comparatively unknown commercially to the European countries. Since, however, the opening of the Suez Canal, and the Anglo-French control, it has advanced rapidly to its present prosperity.

For many years, as an English official of the Egyptian Government, I enjoyed the friendship of a great number of notable people, and, as I persistently refused to belong to any party or clique, I was in the position of one who sees both sides of the game.

As I do not wish to pose as an historian, many things must necessarily be omitted, yet I trust enough will remain to give an interesting insight into Egyptian life in those days.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

1863—1864

	PAGE
Departure for Egypt—Arrival at Gibraltar—Arrival at Alexandria— Night at Benha Station—Railway travelling in 1863—Convoy of white slaves—Arrival at Zagazig—Zagazig as described in 1863— Life at a cotton-ginning factory—Flogging Arab employes— Studying Arabic—Arabian weights and measures—Attack of ophthalmia and fever—Riding and shooting expedition—Ruins of Bubastes—Arab festivals—Moonlight expedition, boat upset in canal—Character and qualities of fellaheen—Driving railway locomotive—Vegetable and flower garden	3

CHAPTER II

1864—1865

Visit to Cairo—Hôtel du Nil—Khan Khalil Bazaars—Religious cere- mony—The Doseh—Dancing Dervishes—Visit to Pyramids— Return to Zagazig—Christmas dinner at Zagazig—Meet Ismail Bey Yousry and Amin Effendi Shampsi—Visit to Tantah—Factory closes for summer—Outbreak of cholera—I leave for Alexandria— Arrival at Alexandria—P. & O. Hotel—Visit Minet-el-Bassel— Sell cotton seed—Arrival of Dr. and Mrs. Mustapha—Outbreak of cholera at Zagazig—I leave for Zagazig—Arrival at Zagazig— Cholera in the house—Doctor Mustapha's mother attacked—Cholera mixture saves lives	37
---	----

CHAPTER III

1865—1871

Return to Alexandria—Join Barker & Co.—Club of young Englishmen —Cholera increasing—Moonlight drive—Nights in Alexandria in	
--	--

1865—Cholera decreasing—Resumption of ordinary life—Office life at Barker & Co.'s—Rubattino Italian Steam Navigation Company—Holiday to England—Brandon Thomas—Meet Sidi Ibrahim-el-Senusi—Meet famous Zobeir Pasha—Divorce in Egypt—Wild boar expedition—Pilgrim traffic—Opening of Suez Canal—Empress Eugénie—Scene at Port Said—Guests at Ismailia—Monsieur de Lesseps—Ball at Ismailia—Suez Canal shares—Ball to the Emperor of Austria—Alexander Cesare—Practical jokes—Douglas Gibbs of Eastern Telegraph Co.—H. M. Stanley—George Cirilli—Wild duck shooting—Mr. Greenfield—Captain George Hyde—Verdi's "Aida" at Cairo	59
--	----

CHAPTER IV

1872—1878

Race meeting at Ramleh—H.H. Prince Tewfik Pasha—Colonel du Chaillé Long—Colonel Butler, American Consul-General—Colonel Butler's dinner—Duke of Sutherland—Lord Suffield—Sir George Elliot, M.P.—Sir John Pender, M.P.—General Gordon—Sir James Anderson—My marriage—Postal service—Chini Brothers—Mr. H. Vivian, British Consul-General—Mr. Scrivenor, Director-General of Customs—Egyptian Government Service—Appointed to the Egyptian Customs—Morice Bey, Inspector-General Coastguard Service—Learning to read and write Arabic—Cleopatra's Needle—Ramleh Railway Administration—Sir Richard Burton—Appointed Chief of Administrative Department—Hashish smuggling—Greek tobacco—Fights between coast-guards and smugglers—Haicalis Pasha—Sir William Gregory—Treaty of Commerce with Greece—Smugglers' tricks	91
---	----

CHAPTER V

1878—1879

Gunpowder Concession—Alfred Schutz—Curtis and Harvey—Alfred Garwood—Scander Bey Fehmy—Martin Archer Shee—Control Goschen and Joubert—Ismail Pasha—Nubar Pasha—Egyptian officers revolt—Rivers Wilson—Cherif Pasha—Appointed Controller of Gunpowder Department—Khedive Ismail Pasha's deposition—Prince Tewfik Pasha as Khedive—Interview with Ismail

CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
Pasha—Departure of Ismail Pasha and suite—What Ismail Pasha did for Egypt—Prince Ibrahim Pasha Helmy—Captain Brodrick Hartwell	114

CHAPTER VI

1879—1881

Tewfik Pasha's reign—Conflict between Mr. Scrivenor and Archer Shee—Commission of inquiry—Ismail Pasha Yousry President—Suspension of Mr. Scrivenor and Archer Shee—Appointment of Ali Pasha Sadik—Mr. Scrivenor and Archer Shee leave the Egyptian service—Letter from Mr. Scrivenor—Appointment of Mr. Caillard—I am appointed Controller-General of Customs—Ball at Abdin Palace—Sir Henry and Lady Meux—Rosetta Brick Manufactory—Decorated by the King of Italy—Appointed Acting Director-General—Discontent in the Egyptian Army—Arabi Bey—Arabi surrounds Khedive's palace with troops—Sir Auckland Colvin—Mr. Cookson—Arabi's demands—Khedive's acceptance—Troops retire—Cherif Pasha appointed Prime Minister—Decorated with Turkish Order Nichan Iftihar	135
--	-----

CHAPTER VII

1882

Arabi appointed Under-Secretary for War—Arabi made a Pasha—Arrival of British Fleet at Alexandria—Admiral Sir Frederick Seymour—Captain Richard More Molyneux—Major A. B. Tulloch—Telephone between British Consulate and Admiral's Flagship—Massacre at Alexandria, 11th June—Engineer of H.M.S. <i>Superb</i> murdered—British Consulate—Captain Molyneux in charge—Mr. Calvert, Vice-Consul—Mr. Cookson, Consul—Omar Pasha Loutfi, Governor of Alexandria—Colonel Suliman Sami—Smuggling arms and ammunition into British Consulate—All night vigil—Admiral Seymour sends boats and marines to Eastern Harbour—Warning by telephone—Recall of boats—Morice Bey's night journey—Khedive's telegram—Arrival of Khedive's special delegates—Conference during night—Decision about women and children—Requisitioning carriages at daylight—Departure of fugitives for the ships—Mr. Caillard leaves for Europe—Am appointed Acting Director-General of Customs—Danger of submarine torpedoes—Arabi's action—Custom House refusal—Submarine explosive machine—Case handed to Admiral Seymour—Admiralty thanks . . .	162
--	-----

CONTENTS

CHAPTER VIII

1882

	PAGE
Intelligence Department—Major A. B. Tulloch—Admiral Seymour— s.s. <i>Tanjore</i> —Sir Auckland Colvin—Return to Custom House— Correspondent's telegrams—Customs monies—Arrest by Arabi's soldiers—Arabi's Council of War—My examination—Allowed to leave—Return to Custom House—Reach s.s. <i>Tanjore</i> —Bombard- ment of Alexandria—Silencing of forts—Fort Marabout and gun- boat <i>Condor</i> —Lord Charles Beresford—Major A. B. Tulloch— Captain More Molyneux—Burning of Alexandria—Gunboat <i>Cygnets</i> —Morice Pasha—Morice Bey—Admiral Seymour—H.M.S. <i>Orontes</i> — <i>Invincible's</i> steam pinnacle—John Ross—American marines— Colonel du Chaillé Long—Landing of British marines—Grand Square—General destruction	184

CHAPTER IX

1882

Alexandria sacked and burnt—Saving Custom's money—Arrival of General Archibald Alison—Arabi cuts fresh water canal—Blue- jackets bore for water—Fresh water found—Restoring order in the town—Lord Charles Beresford—Captain Briscoe—Customs safe opened by gun-cotton—Melton Prior, war correspondent—Bennet Burleigh—Appointed Egyptian delegate on International Sanitary Board—Meet Kitchener—Skirmishes at Ramleh—Duke of Con- naught arrives—Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Evelyn Wood arrive— Mr. Caillard's return—Review by Khedive of British troops— Created a Bey by H.H. The Khedive—Lord Alcester—Captain Molyneux—Arabi's trial—A. M. Broadley—Wilfred Blunt—Suli- man Sami Bey hanged	212
--	-----

CHAPTER X

1883

Customs inspection—Colonel Valentine Baker—Major Candy—Hicks Pasha's expedition—Annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army—Ap- pointed Acting Director-General—Cholera appears—British troops leave for Desert—Cholera disappears—Ras-el-teen Flour Mill— Proposed blackmail—Daira Balladhah's intervention—Mixed tribunals—Satisfactory ending—Ball at Ras-el-teen Palace	232
---	-----

CONTENTS

xi

CHAPTER XI

1883—1884

	PAGE
Ill, and leave for Europe—Return to Egypt—Sir Evelyn Baring—Resume official duties—Visit H.H. the Khedive—Osman Digna—Egyptian disaster at Trinkitat—Colonel Valentine Baker's punitive force—Defeat at El Teb—Death of Morice Bey—Appointed provisionally Inspector-General of Coast Guard—Awarded English war medal and bronze star—Meet Gordon Pasha again—Zobehr Pasha—Gordon's interview with Zobehr at British Agency—Gordon appoints Zobehr sub-Governor-General of the Soudan—Colonel Colborne—Dinner at Zobehr's house—Zobehr Pasha photographed—Arrest of Zobehr—Zobehr sails for Gibraltar—Sir Henry Drummond Wolff—Sidi Ibrahim-el-Senussi—Zobehr's release	252

CHAPTER XII

1884—1885

Bennet Burleigh—Colonel Burnaby—Leave Egyptian Government service—Decorated with Imperial Order of Osmanieh—Memories of distinguished Frenchmen serving under Anglo-French control—De Martino Pasha—H.H. the Khedive—Alfred Garwood—Leave for Europe—Return to Egypt—Trip up the Nile—Luxor—Thebes—Cairo	274
--	-----

CHAPTER XIII

1885—1887

Appointed American Consul at Alexandria—Arrival of U.S. man-of-war <i>Quinneborg</i> —Captain Ludlow—Introduce captain and officers to the governor—Afternoon dance on board—Scene at American Consulate—Ibrahim-el-Senussi's fête—American lady's infatuation—Letter from American Consul-General—Visit to the Fayoum—H.H. the Khedive decorates me with 3rd class Medjedieh— <i>London Gazette</i> —Decided to leave Egypt—Farewell audience with Khedive—Promoted Grand Officer of Medjedieh—Foreign Office—Consulship—Appointed British Vice-Consul at Zarzis—Decline appointment—Represent Tunisian Government in Norway—Tunisian decoration conferred on me—Retirement into private life	293
--	-----

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE DEALING WITH THE PRESENT TIME

1914

	PAGE
Outbreak of the Great War—Rupture with Turkey—British Protectorate in Egypt—High Commissioner appointed—Deposition of the Khedive Abbas Hilmi—Nomination of Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha as Sultan of Egypt—Sir Louis Mallet's Report—Sultan Hussein's biography—King George's telegram to Sultan Hussein—Sultan's reply—Official ceremony at Cairo—Sultan Hussein's views—Hussein Roushdy Pasha—Prime Minister's views—Agha Khan in Cairo—Sir Reginald Wingate's speeches—German and Austrian Imports—Hints to British Manufacturers	310
APPENDICES	341
INDEX	347

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Portrait of the Author	<i>Frontispiece</i>
<i>From a Portrait by Cecil Starr Johns</i>	
Opening of the Suez Canal, 1869. Religious ceremony .	74
Opening of the Suez Canal. Port Said at Night. Ships illuminated	76
Opening of the Suez Canal, 1869. Ships entering the Canal	77
Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, 1863 to 1879	78
G. H. Scrivenor, Director-General of Egyptian Customs .	100
Cleopatra's Needle. Rescue of the Crew of the <i>Cleopatra</i> at dawn in the Bay of Biscay, from a Sketch by Captain Carter (Oct. 15, 1877)	102
Abandonment of Cleopatra's Needle in the Bay of Biscay. From a Sketch by Captain Carter of the <i>Cleopatra</i> (Oct. 15, 1877)	104
Cherif Pasha, Prime Minister of Egypt	124
Tewfik Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, 1879 to 1892	136
Riaz Pasha, Prime Minister of Egypt, 1879 to 1881, 1889 to 1891, 1893 to 1894	138
Arabi Pasha	164
Major James Morice Bey, Inspector-General of Egyptian Coastguard	166
The War in Egypt, 1882. Embarcation of European Refugees	178

	FACING PAGE
General Sir A. B. Tulloch, K.C.B., C.M.G.	184
Admiral Sir Richard More-Molyneux	204
Admiral Lord Alcester, G.C.B.	206
The Burning of Alexandria, 1882. British Marines arresting Arab Looters at the Custom House Gate	210
Arabi Pasha and his Troops	212
Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.	216
Captain Briscoe of s.s. <i>Tanjore</i>	218
Ruins of Alexandria after the Burning of the City, 1882. Ruins of the Grand Square Mohammed Ali	220
. . . Ruins of Rue Cherif Pasha	222
. . . Ruins of the French Consulate	224
. . . Ruins of the British Consulate	226
Hicks Pasha and Staff	234
Zobehr Pasha	260
General Gordon Pasha	264
The Mahdi—Mahomet Achmet	266

EPILOGUE

Mohammed Ali—Founder of the Dynasty	310
Abbas Pasha Hilmi, Khedive of Egypt (deposed Dec. 17, 1914)	314
Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha (Sultan Hussein 1st of Egypt)	318
Map of Egypt	<i>face p.</i> i

VICEROYS OF EGYPT

MOHAMMED ALI	1805 to 1848
IBRAHIM PASHA (as Regent)	1848, for 4 months only
ABBAS PASHA, son of Tousson Pasha and grandson of Mohammed Ali	1848 to 1854
SAID PASHA, third son of Mohammed Ali	1854 to 1863
ISMAIL PASHA, second son of Ibrahim Pasha and grandson of Moham- med Ali	1863 to 1879 (Raised to the dignity of Khedive of Egypt)

KHEDIVES OF EGYPT

ISMAIL PASHA. Born 1830. Reigned from 1863 to 1879
TEWFIK PASHA. Born 1852. Reigned from 1879 to 1892
ABBAS PASHA. Born 1874. Reigned from 1892 to 1914 (deposed December 17) British Protectorate proclaimed December 17, 1914
PRINCE HUSSEIN KAMEL PASHA. Born December 20, 1853 Appointed Sultan of Egypt, December 18, 1914

BRITISH AGENTS AND CONSULS GENERAL TO EGYPT

GENERAL STANTON, from 1865 to 1876

LORD VIVIAN, from May 10, 1876, to October 10, 1879

SIR EDWARD MALET, from October 10, 1879, to September 11,
1883

LORD CROMER, from September 11, 1883, to May 6, 1907

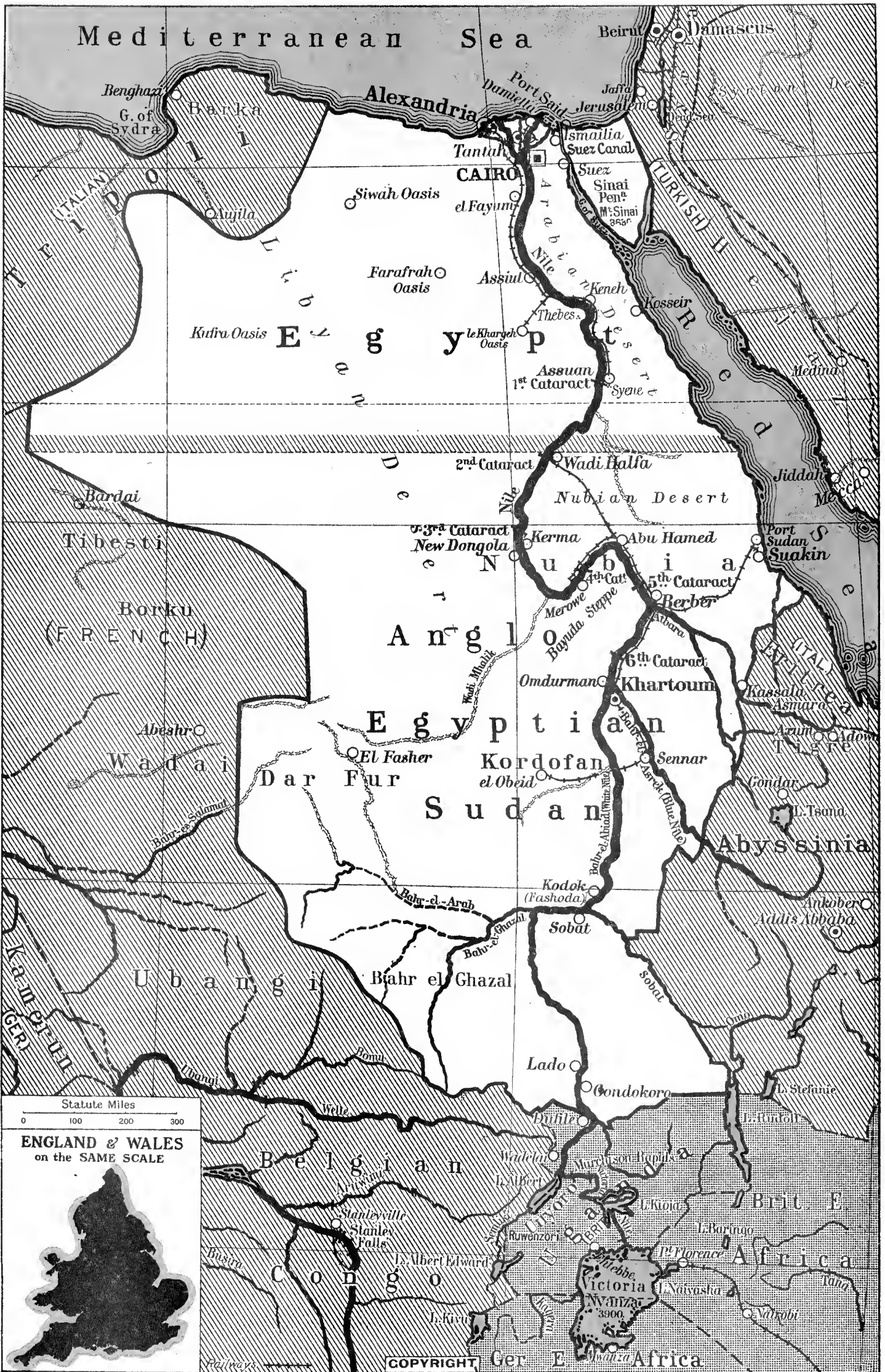
SIR ELDON GORST, from May 6, 1907, to July 12, 1911

LORD KITCHENER, from September, 1911, to July, 1914

HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR EGYPT

LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR ARTHUR HENRY McMAHON, G.C.V.O.,
K.C.I.E., C.S.I., December 17, 1914

THE NEW BRITISH PROTECTORATE OVER EGYPT.



AN ENGLISHMAN'S
RECOLLECTIONS OF EGYPT
1863 TO 1887

AN ENGLISHMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF EGYPT

CHAPTER I

1863-1864

I AM an Englishman, was born in Liverpool in 1848, and educated at Cheltenham, but I little thought on leaving school that all my life would be spent on land, for in those days I was quite convinced that the sea was the career suitable to me, and that I was at least cut out for an Admiral. This idea, which I believe is common amongst boys, was no doubt the result of many conversations I had had with a certain Captain Mortimer, a friend of my father's. Several visits paid to the splendid sailing ship of which Mortimer was the skipper had not damped my enthusiasm, especially as on board I had found a first mate who regaled me for hours with most fascinating stories of adventure and sea-life. For weeks after these visits I lived in a kind of dream, and then, one fine day when I was glorying in the prospect of a trip to America as Captain Mortimer's guest, my father

informed me that he had determined to send me to Egypt. It had happened this way. The evening before he had dined with some friends, and met there a Dr. Mustapha and his wife; during the evening the conversation turned on the future of Egypt. The Doctor, who was the part-owner of a large cotton-ginning factory at Zagazig, told him there was no doubt that Egypt was a coming country, and that it was a splendid opening for any young Englishman of an adaptable and hardworking frame of mind.

Presumably my father's host credited me with these attributes, for he immediately suggested that I should be sent there, and so be given an opportunity to carve out a career for myself, and forget my impossible infatuation for a nautical life.

Dr. Mustapha seconded this idea, and offered to take me out with him—a proposal which so pleased my father that he arranged there and then a time for me to visit the Doctor on the following day.

I was considerably surprised when informed of this arrangement, but as Egypt undoubtedly possessed great possibilities, even from a boyish point of view, my thoughts, like lightning, turned towards this new horizon, and I no doubt pictured myself as Sultan or something, for the study of Egypt was not of great importance in my school's curriculum, with the exception of certain places where Napoleon had fought, and where Nelson's great victory was achieved. It was rather a coincidence that the first

prize I had ever taken at Cheltenham was a book on Egypt, a country which, strange to say, had strongly fascinated me.

With a considerable amount of excitement I kept the appointment my father had made. Dr. Mustapha and his wife were very sympathetic and kind, and I remember feeling astonished that an Egyptian could speak such perfect English, until I learnt that Mrs. Mustapha was an English lady, and that the Doctor had been educated in England, taken his degree in Edinburgh, and practised in that city for some time.

These two people, to whom I shall always feel intensely grateful for their kindness to me, gave me much information of what my life and duties would be, and drew such vivid word-pictures of their wonderful country, that before I left them I was as keen to go to Egypt as I had been to go to sea a few hours before.

It was settled, then, that I should accompany them back to Egypt the following week, in the same ship that carried a great deal of new machinery the Doctor had purchased while in England for crushing seed and making oil processes, with which I became singularly intimate within a short time.

After a week that was all too short, so much had to be done in the way of buying an outfit and bidding farewell to friends, we sailed on September 15, 1863, on s.s. *Agia Sofia* from Liverpool.

The vessel was one belonging to Messrs. Pappiyani & Co., who were kind enough to give

me a letter of introduction to their agents at Alexandria, Messrs. Pringo & Co., in case they could be of service to me.

For the first three days of the voyage I firmly believed that letter would never be presented—in fact, so unhappy was I that, had the ship foundered in the Bay of Biscay, it would have been a relief. During my most miserable moments I abused my father for having sent me on this journey, but in more lucid intervals I blessed him for having prevented me becoming a sailor.

At Gibraltar all of the passengers went ashore for a few hours ; this break in the journey was of great interest to me, as many things were strange, and filled my young insular mind with amazement.

I remember feeling rather disgusted with the appearance of the rock, as seen from the sea—it looked so bare and uninviting ; but all that was forgotten when I thought of what I had read of its capture and siege. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, I learnt many details of the place—that it was three miles long and about three-quarters of a mile wide, and nearly fifteen hundred feet high. I also found out that on the north side of the mountain there were nice grassy dells, and that asparagus, cacti, aloes, etc., grew in the crevices of the rocks. And then, again, there was any amount of live things, such as pigeons, partridges, rabbits, and last, but not least, Barbary apes. The people were picturesque, too, and I delighted in the Moors and Spaniards.

Then on again, ploughing through the beautiful Mediterranean Sea, the weather perfection, and my time amply filled with meals, deck games, and lessons in Arabic. I studied this language diligently, though with many fears that I should never conquer the difficulties, but thanks to the trouble taken by Dr. and Mrs. Mustapha, by the time we reached Alexandria I could speak a few sentences fairly correctly.

I must not forget to mention one whole day spent at Malta, where, all the passengers being very friendly, we had a most enjoyable time. For there again there was much to see and learn. I saw the wonderful harbour which is in such a splendid position for commanding the Mediterranean, but in those days I did not understand its great importance; I did know, however, that orange trees and sugar canes were to be seen, and aloes and gorgeous roses. Then there were mules and asses, goats and birds with magnificent plumage to be admired, also Maltese honey to be eaten and Maltese wine to be drunk; I asked questions here too, and learnt that there were marble quarries and alabaster, and that the island was about seventeen miles long by nine wide, and a host of other things.

On September 29 we arrived off Alexandria just after sunset, and were compelled to lie outside the harbour all night. My excitement was terrific. It seemed to me that I must swim ashore. The thought of having to wait weary hours before

landing was appalling, but I fancy I slept quite soundly in spite of it.

In those days you could only enter the harbour in daylight, and then only when a skilful Arab pilot was on board; should the weather be very bad, vessels sometimes had to wait for a day or so until a pilot came out to the ship.

It is impossible for me to describe the feelings I had when, on the morning of September 30, we steamed into Alexandria; but I remember that I was in a terribly excited state, which was not lessened by the confusion of the landing stage with its shouting, scuffling mob of boatmen, donkey-boys and dragomen, and the dark faces and queer garments of the inhabitants. So interested was I that Dr. Mustapha had some trouble in making me understand that we had no time to waste, as our luggage had to go through the Customs, and afterwards we had a train to catch.

Alexandria is an extremely cosmopolitan town, in which, I believe, all nationalities are represented, where every kind of coin is in circulation and every language spoken, and at that time it was a city full of contradiction, rainy and cold in winter, scorchingly hot in summer. The description of Alexandria, written in the early sixties by Eliot Warburton, is interesting:—

“It has been truly said that the ancient city has bequeathed nothing but its ruins and its name to the modern Alexandria.

“Though earth and sea remain unchanged, imagination can scarcely find a place for the ancient walls, fifteen miles in circumference, the vast streets, through the vista of whose marble porticoes the galleys on Lake Mareotis exchanged signals with those upon the sea; the magnificent temple of Serapis on its platform of one hundred steps, the four thousand palaces, and the homes of six hundred thousand inhabitants.

“All that is now visible within the shrunken and mouldering walls is a piebald town, one half European with its regular houses, tall and white and stiff, the other half Oriental, with its mud-coloured buildings and terraced roofs, varied with fat mosques and lean minarets; the suburbs are encrusted with the wretched hovels of the Arab poor, and immense mounds and tracts of rubbish occupy the wide space between the city and its walls; all beyond is a dreary waste, yet this is the site Alexander selected from his wide dominion, and which Napoleon pronounced to be unrivalled in importance.”

It is quite likely that Eliot Warburton's description was quite true, that at one time Alexandria was really beautiful and unsurpassed in importance; anyone might say anything they pleased about the place—they could describe it as either heaven or Hades—yet to me it was the first place in the world, the first old place of my new world, and therefore to me wonderful and sublime.

My eyes, I'm sure, must have almost fallen from my head, for no matter which way I turned, there was something I had never seen before,

something that appealed to me, whether it was some splash of colour, vivid and compelling, or simply the newness of my surroundings.

Thanks to my friend's knowledge of the ways and means, very little time elapsed before we were all seated in a first-class compartment of a train bound for Cairo. There were five of us in the carriage: Doctor Mustapha and his wife, the English engineer, his son, and myself. We had a supply of fruit and bread and water ghoolahs, which we had procured before starting. That journey was comparatively inexpensive to us, for we travelled without paying, the ticket collector being far more pleased to feel a piece of gold in his hand than to see hundreds of tickets bought at the proper office. In those days most people in the know travelled in this way, although I personally never made a habit of it.

I spent most of my time at the window interested in even the most trivial objects; the great expanse of cultivated land split up by little trenches, where wheat, clover, and cotton grew, the canals by the side of the track, with sometimes a number of men digging, clad in their own brown skins, nothing more, the pathways, the passers-by, men, women, children, many animals being ridden or driven; a great eagle swooping suddenly, seemingly from nowhere, to pounce on some small article of food, or an ibis, pure white, perched on the back of a buffalo. And then the little stations where we stopped with two ordinary looking

buildings one on each side of the line, the lower floors of which were used as offices, while above the station officials had their quarters. Once we had stopped there was never any hurry to get on again, as the driver would take his coffee and smoke a cigarette whilst chatting and gossiping with his friends.

I did not mind; it was all new to me. I liked to see the passengers alighting and entering, and to hear the water-seller, of whom there was one at each station, clang his brass cups together and cry out, "Atschan" (those who are thirsty), "Moyer" (water). Then the driver would evidently think it was time to move again, and on we would go, through more cotton, clover, and wheat, past more Arabs, camels, buffaloes, until the next station came into sight, with perhaps palm and acacia trees. At Kafra Zayat, where a bridge crossed the Nile, I had my first view of that wonderful river. I say "wonderful" advisedly, for surely there are few such useful bodies of water in the world. Without it Egypt would be a dreary desert incapable of cultivation. Therefore the very life of a country depends upon its waters. It is a mysterious river, laden perhaps with a million memories of life, of mighty kings who lived their little lives and went again, some of them gods, some of them great, some little. Then again the vast temples built upon its banks, almost too grand to have been raised by the pigmy hands of men; or it may remember with glee and count

them over and over again the number of beings who have disappeared under its brown muddy waters.

Perhaps it chuckles in unholy mirth at memories of seasons where it withheld its waters from a parched and starving land, or, suddenly remembering, curses the hands of those men who harnessed it to their will.

But that day when I saw it first it was kind, and big lateen-sailed boats passed up and down, or lay snugly against the banks.

It was here that Dr. Mustapha told me the story of a tragedy in which the reigning house of Egypt was involved. It appeared that there had been in that place a floating bridge or ferry, and that one night a special carriage, in which were seated several members of the Khedival family, plunged over the end of the ferry and was never seen again. It was this accident which made the late Ismail Pasha heir apparent to the Khedival throne; he himself was to have been one of the party, but by good fortune had been obliged to remain at home. In 1861 this floating ferry had been replaced by a fine iron bridge of twelve spans, resting on hollow piles.

At Benha station, we changed in order to take a branch line to Zagazig, which was at that time a terminus, but as the only train had already left we were compelled to spend the night at the station. The station master, who was a friend of Dr. Mustapha and his wife, gave them a small

room adjoining his office, while we three others shared a divan in the assistant station master's room.

We made a meal off fruit, eggs, bread, and coffee, which we obtained from the station master, and afterwards sat, talked and smoked, until it was time to retire.

At Benha, then, the village was a little way from the station, or we might have walked through it, but as it was none of us felt inclined to exert ourselves more than necessary. It was terribly hot, and didn't seem to get any cooler as the night progressed.

I lay down just as I was, with my clothes on, but the heat was so oppressive, and the mosquitoes so virulent, that I got very little sleep, especially as added to the heat and mosquitoes were bullfrogs and prairie dogs outside, making the night hideous; from time to time, therefore, I got up and strolled up and down the platform, admiring the beauties of the first Egyptian moon I had seen.

It was during one of these breaks in my slumber, and just before dawn, that a goods train from Alexandria to Cairo puffed into view, and with a great deal of noise came to a standstill; on one of the open trucks I saw a number of figures, and walked towards it, and to my delight, boy that I was, saw a sight that filled me with amazement. Some half a dozen women clad in white, and wearing the yashmak or veil, were sitting or lolling

upon bales of what I believed to be merchandise, while evidently guarding them were three most villainous-looking ruffians, each with a long scimitar by his side, and a brace of great pistols tucked into his sash. As I stood watching, two of them jumped down from the truck and passed along the platform, giving me a splendid opportunity of taking in the detail of their arms and gaudy raiment; after a few minutes of strolling up and down they returned, and the third man got out in his turn, evidently to stretch his limbs.

I asked the station master, who came out just as the train moved on, who these people were, and he told me that the men were slave-dealers, taking their goods to be sold in Cairo; further questioning led to his giving his opinion that the women were Turkish or Circassian, and the men Kurds, Persians, or Turks; he also informed me that such parties continually passed through Benha.

None of us showed any particular grief at leaving this place next morning; and we passed through country which was to my mind not so interesting, only cotton being cultivated, and these plantations stretched away on both sides as far as one could see, therefore I think I may say that we were all unfeignedly glad to arrive at Zagazig, for travelling in those days was not as comfortable as it is now.

At that time Zagazig was a very small place indeed, with one principal thoroughfare running right through the town.

The scene that met my eyes as we alighted

from the train is one that I shall always remember, for I think it was then that I first realized I was in the East ; the whole roadway was blocked with men, women, children, and animals—gaunt, ugly camels, with their thin, awkward-looking legs, donkeys, goats, sheep, and the eternal street dogs ; men and women, heavily laden (the load of the female being very nearly as big as that carried by the male), water-carriers, with their precious load borne on their backs in goat skins, and a host of others.

On both sides of the road were shops or bazaars, with a goodly number of Arab cafés and Greek bacchals, etc., places of interest to one who had been used all his life to the neat precision of English shops. These Greek bacchals flourished all over Egypt. They generally sold a little of everything—groceries, bread, wine, spirits of all sorts, guns, pistols and cheese, etc. The proprietors usually started in quite a small way, and were as likely as not to end as Greek millionaires.

It seemed extremely hot to me, as we made our way slowly through the throng, followed by the Arab porters carrying our luggage, right down the dusty white road, at a snail's pace, until we had crossed the bridge over the canal, when we reached a much less thickly populated part of the town.

An Englishman, who was travelling through Egypt on his way to Ismailia, describes, so Murray relates, a night spent at Zagazig in the year 1863. He says—

“Heaven save you from having to spend a night at Zagazig! A wretched hotel, uneatable food, a bed which the humblest pot-house would be ashamed to offer its customers, and, to complete the misery, swarms of mosquitoes buzzing in your ears and riddling you with bites—such is the fare reserved for the unlucky traveller whom circumstance may have compelled to stop in this place. A sleepless night and a day passed in waiting for the departure of the Company's boat for Ismailia had already made me feel out of sorts, and a voyage of seventeen hours in the barge set apart by the transport service for the use of travellers was not calculated to put me right again. The boat is towed by two camels, whose drivers never think of paying the least attention to anything but their beast, and as the steerer is often asleep, the tow-rope is continually catching in bushes, stakes, sakeeyahs, and all sorts of obstacles, so that there are continually sudden shocks and bumps against the bank; indeed, dahabeehs have been known to suffer shipwreck while engaged at this little game, to the great astonishment of the occupants thus suddenly condemned to an involuntary cold bath.”

This was the earthly paradise in which I was to spend two years of my existence.

At the cotton-ginning factory there was a fresh ordeal for me as well as the others, for all the employés—men, boys, and girls—came out to greet us with many salaams and hand-kissing, while all the time they kept up a perfect stream of Arabic which I did not understand and which almost drove me to despair, it was so noisy.

The room which had been allotted to me was practically an attic over the store house, unfortunately situated in too close proximity to the boiler, which gave me a very bad time, until I became used to the vibration. The only way of reaching this apartment was by means of wooden steps outside of the building; it had, however, a small balcony overlooking the banks of the canal, and with a fine view of the town. Here later on I would sit very often on fine evenings and amuse myself with my concertina; I also appeared to amuse a number of Arabs, who generally sat on the banks smoking. Whether they really liked my efforts to render English music on such a plebeian instrument I do not know, but when, after a little, I learnt some of their own tunes, their applause was unstinted, and I had quite large audiences who would show their pleasure by long-drawn sounds of appreciation—(awyer) Yes! Allah—Ah-h-h.

I cannot say that I ever received such applause from the European portion of my society.

The cotton-ginning factory was a long one-story building without any particular beauty, and inside it was divided into the various compartments necessary to the trade, with one long room filled with cotton-gins, etc. If anyone were to ask me to describe a cotton plant, I should say: "Oh, it's a kind of shrub, growing about—er—so high—and the seed pods burst when ripe, you know," or something to that effect. But a scientific description would run: "Cotton Plant (*Gossypium*

tricuspidatum),” and would then proceed to talk about axles, bracts and lobes, etc.

Well, when the cotton was brought into the ginning room it was full of seeds, and it was the work of the gins to clean and separate it, then the cotton was taken into another room and made into bales by hydraulic presses, each bale was then wrapped in canvas and clamped with iron bands. It was then weighed and ready for shipment either by boat or rail.

At first my duties were not very complex. I had to sign every man's paper daily, keep the books, supervise the accounts, and assist at the weekly payments. I had time, therefore, to continue studying Arabic, in which tongue I made considerable progress, and then I took over other things, sometimes for long, sometimes for short periods. When not at work I amused myself by learning as much as I could of the machinery, etc. ; for instance, one of the most important parts of cotton ginning is regulation of the double knives, which, rotating on the leather rollers, separate the cotton from the seed in such a way that the cotton cleaned falls in front of, whilst the seed falls below, the gin. We had at the factory a European who was an expert in this, and who did nothing else, being paid £20 per month for his services.

I took great pleasure in watching his dexterity, sometimes setting the blades myself, until I too became proficient, so much so, that when this employé was absent I used to perform his duties.

Once for three whole weeks when he was down with fever I attended to any blades that needed re-setting, and I believe that I was very proud of the fact that nothing went wrong, but I also recall one incident that might have been a serious calamity. It was during the night, for we always ran two shifts, though only men were employed in the night one, and I strolled into the ginning room and observed that one of the lamps gave a very poor light. Upon examination I found it had not been properly cleaned, and that the wick had a charred crust on it; I flicked this off with my pencil—to my horror it fell, not into the bottom of the lamp, but on a heap of cotton below, which in a moment was aflame. I yelled out for the machinery to be stopped, and all hands helping, we soon had stamped out the fire. It was a most fortunate thing that the cotton was in the raw state, for had it been cleaned the whole factory would have been burnt; as it was, little harm was done. The most comic side of the occurrence was the appearance of the three partners in most bewildering night garments, having been roused from their slumbers by the Arabs crying, "Fire! fire!" I expected a severe wiggling, but upon hearing my explanation I was merely requested to refrain from touching the lamps in the future, an order which I scrupulously obeyed.

Another duty which I did not enjoy was this: there was an old Arab called Mansoor who acted as overseer in the factory, watching the natives whilst

at work and keeping them in order, for most of them were naturally of indolent dispositions.

Mansoor's duties were not exactly a sinecure, and as moral persuasion was of very little use, he carried with him a sort of kourbash or long whip, with which he encouraged industry among the men and boys ; when, however, any man had been found stealing or committing a more serious crime, he was sent round to the police quarters for punishment, and it fell to me to accompany him, explain the crime to the chief officer, and see that he was properly flogged. I have often taken one or more at a time, and been astonished to see the quiet, willing, almost cheerful way in which they would walk alongside of me to the police station, to receive what they knew would be a good whipping ; and after they had received the punishment, they would walk, hop, or jump back again to work.

When the Chief of Police had listened to my report, he would order thirty or forty strokes of the kourbash, generally on the soles of the feet.

Speaking of bastinado, Mr. Barker in his book on Syria and Egypt relates a story of a man who was undergoing this punishment and who kept constantly crying out, "Oh, my back !¹ Oh, my back ! Oh, my back !"

"You fool," said the bystanders to him, "it is not your back, but on your feet, that you are suffering."

¹ The word "back" in the Arabic and Turkish languages is always used in the sense above, of strength and support.

“Ah!” said he, “if I had some powerful patron at my *back* to protect me, I should not be now under the stick; it is the want of this assistance which makes me bewail my ‘back’ and my ill luck.”

I am afraid that, more often than not, the cries of the poor fellows calling “Aman” (Mercy) induced me to intercede for them before half their punishment was over, and nearly always my pleadings were successful in getting the number of strokes reduced.

Among our employés was one Mohammed Efendi, who was the chief weigher. He it was who first taught me the Arabic weights and measures, and showed me how to weigh out the cotton; he also was of great assistance to me in my studies of Arabic, in which he took great interest, repeating again and again a word or sentence until I had the correct pronunciation. He was addicted to taking opium, and when not smoking would take it in the form of pills, of which he always kept a quantity very carefully wrapped up; he had quite a sense of humour, and often when, having acquired a considerable amount of proficiency in his tongue, I would translate him extracts from some comic paper, he would roll on his back, kicking his legs about, and fairly screaming with laughter until great tears poured down his cheeks. I have always maintained that this was due to an appreciation of the comical, but it may have been the effects of the drug he loved so much. He often offered me one of his wicked little pills, which I as often declined—

a course of conduct I have always pursued, much to the disappointment of native friends, who many times in after years offered me the opium-pipe. I must confess that my chief reason for refusing was a dread of the after effects.

Just before the factory closed down for the summer I had an attack of ophthalmia, and afterwards fever, from both of which I recovered, owing to the great care taken of me by Dr. Mustapha; most probably my eye-trouble was caused by the heat and glare of the sun, to which, used as they were to the English verdure, my eyes had hardly become accustomed.

Just before summer commenced I came to the conclusion that I was not getting enough exercise, and that I was in danger of becoming run down through want of it, so I cast about for an antidote, and finally purchased a fine young donkey, equipped with an Arab saddle and bridle. This beast was a great joy to me, and every afternoon I used to ride out and trot along the banks of the canal.

I generally went for this ride before sunset, for I never grew tired of that gorgeous spectacle when everything appeared to be submerged in a mist of gold and rose. I would meet, too, any number of Arabs, the men usually riding donkeys or buffaloes, the women following on foot with large bundles on their heads; these females always covered their faces with their veils as I passed. Then perhaps a string of grunting, roaring camels would go by—weird-looking beasts with their shuffling amble—or

again a lot of donkeys driven by an Arab boy who yelled and howled at them.

On the canal itself the Nile boats, with their large lateen sails, would glide swiftly along, going to or from Zagazig.

No matter what their occupation was, as soon as the sun set the Arabs would prostrate themselves on the ground in fervent devotion, for the followers of the Prophet take their religion seriously, and it is very much part of their everyday lives.

One of my friends was a young Corsican, an extremely good Arabic scholar, but who could not speak English, and as I could not speak French or Italian then, we always conversed in Arabic, which was of great advantage and help to me in acquiring that language.

We often went for long walks and rides together, sometimes to Bubastes, and rode over the place, never thinking of the exploration that was to be done here later on, and having no knowledge that underneath us were the ruins of one of the most ancient cities of Egypt. It was at its greatest height of prosperity under the 22nd Dynasty, when Shesheng fixed upon this place as his chief seat—that was nearly a thousand years B.C.

Herodotus, who visited this place in after years, gives a glowing account of its beauties as he saw them, but when we used to ride over the spot there was nothing save heaps and mounds of what looked like rubbish. And when you think of it, some one some day may fly over a barren waste, and, folding

his wings, settle down on a heap of rubble to eat his luncheon tablet, and never dream that beneath him was once a great city named London, where millions of human souls worked and played, made love or abused their Government; and then perhaps, a few years later, an airship with a large suction-pump, will drag the soil and rubbish from a glittering structure, and some wag aboard will say, "By Jove, the Albert Memorial! I remember that ten incarnations back."

But to return to my Corsican friend. He never carried a stiletto, nor was his temper wild, but he was a very pleasant, cheerful companion. We used to attend the Arab festivals together when they were held at adjacent Arab villages, and in this way, being taken for Egyptians—at least, we thought we were, as we both wore the tarboosh or fez—we managed to get a very good idea of the inner lives of our Eastern neighbours.

I remember one of these jaunts particularly.

One beautiful moonlight night in summer we went to a village some ten miles distant from Zagazig, where a festival was being held. We left in a gyassa (Arab boat), and were pretty well crowded, all being Arabs, save the Corsican and myself. Several Arab Effendis, young men, sons of some of the cotton merchants, were on board, about half a dozen dancing girls with a native orchestra of tom-toms, etc.

The outward journey went splendidly, we had a fair wind and the large lateen sails sent us along

at a good rate, so we soon arrived at our destination. We found the village well decorated with lanterns swung across the road and several large marquees which had been erected for the guests. There was coffee *ad lib.*, whilst a Greek bacchal did a roaring trade in "Araki," vile whisky, etc., etc. All the time fruit and sweetmeat sellers passed backwards and forwards amongst the guests disposing of their wares with pretty compliments in Arabic to the purchasers.

Dancing and singing, accompanied by drinking and smoking, went on until long past midnight, every now and again new candles being put in the lanterns.

At length, in the early hours of the morning, our party was got together for the homeward journey, although not without considerable trouble. Then we once more crowded into the boat. The young Effendis were distinctly the worse for their outing, and made a frightful noise, shouting and singing a kind of chorus which much resembled the English one of "We won't go home till morning." Above the din which they created could be heard the yells of the *Reis* (captain), who, with wild gesticulations, implored his passengers to settle themselves, which at last they did, the boat was pushed off, the sail hoisted, and away we went, and then shortly after the wind dropped altogether. The *Reis* and one of the crew helped us along with poles. This progress would have been slow but sure, and some time we should have arrived at

Zagazig, but the Effendis had brought a jar of Araki on board with them, and this they commenced drinking, a glass at a time, until it was all gone. Apparently the spirit, added to what they had already consumed on shore, was too much for them, and from wild hilarity they grew quarrelsome. The dancing girls intervened, and called them appalling names, the men retaliated, and finally one of the girls hit out at an Effendi who was sitting on the side of the boat, he overbalanced and disappeared in the waters of the canal. The uproar that followed was prodigious as well as infernal. I covered my ears for fear of injury to the drums—everybody shouted, everybody swore, and one of the boatmen threw off his galabiah, which was his only garment, and plunged overboard. It was some time before he could reach the Effendi, but when he did seize him he struck out for the bank.

The *Reis* had steered into the bank, and my friend and I jumped ashore and took hold of the half-drowned man, we took off his clothes, turned him over on to his face, and did what we could to bring him to. He was frightfully sick, having swallowed a lot of dirty water, which did not suit the Araki he had consumed. The whole scene was absolutely ludicrous ; a very strong moonlight lit it up, the dancing girls crying and screaming, the men yelling for all they were worth, and swearing to kill everybody, the half-drowned Effendi lying naked on his face, and his rescuer equally

naked, standing complacently by, perfectly cool and collected.

When the Effendi had recovered a little he began to cry weakly, so we hoisted him on board again, and once more the *Reis* had to exert his lungs to get every one settled; but he only got them as he wanted them by swearing that he would leave them all to get back to Zagazig as they could if they did not do as he wished.

We were thankful enough when a breeze sprang up and sent us through the water at a rattling pace, for we imagined that shortly we should be in our own quarters, taking well-earned repose, but, alas, it was not to be! We were doomed to disappointment, for very soon afterwards, in turning a bend in the canal, we were run down by a much larger and heavier craft. It was a heavy blow, and nearly turned us completely over. As it was, our boat heeled right over, on to her side, filled with water, having thrown her passengers into the canal. Luckily we were near the bank. I jumped and landed in water up to my waist, and then employed myself in helping others more completely soused in regaining their feet. It was lucky that no one was drowned, but how very wet we all were. My friend and I had had enough of this trip, and so we set off by ourselves to walk the remaining three miles to Zagazig; it was daybreak before I reached the factory.

The working season being now ended, all the machinery was overhauled, consequently for us

there was a slack time, and having the English boy's desire to kill something, I would often ride out in the early morning to see what birds I could shoot, no doubt feeling myself a perfect Nimrod. I enjoyed these little jaunts immensely, and acquired a considerable knowledge of and liking for the fellaheen (peasants), by whom I was always treated with the utmost courtesy.

I remember an instance of this: one morning, having ridden a considerable distance from Zagazig, I found to my dismay that I had lost my bearings, and had also left behind me my sandwiches. I think it was the latter which affected me most, but I rode on, and presently came across three Arabs squatting on the ground and partaking of their meal; they salaamed as I rode up, and the eldest of them said, "Bismallah et faddelh," asking me to eat with them. Gratefully I accepted, and made an astonishingly good meal of dates, Arab bread and melon. Having thanked them, I asked to be directed to the city, and one of them insisted on accompanying me a considerable way to point out the road. On parting I handed to him all the cigarettes I had in my case; but the man gracefully handed me back half of them, declaring that I should need them on my return journey. It was most courteously done, and caused me considerable astonishment, for the men were only peasants.

Now, with regard to the fellaheen, for whom I felt a great liking, I must say they are a hard-working race, good-tempered, and only want proper

training, good example, and a little education to make them a wonderful asset to their country.

The houses or huts of the fellaheen are built of mud bricks, and are roofed with straw and palm-matting ; a square or round hole serves as a window, and the door is generally very small, necessitating one stooping to enter it.

The men's dress consists of wide cotton drawers and a long blue cotton garment open at the neck, called a galabiah, and they wear a close-fitting brown skull cap.

The women wear a garment open at the neck, generally made of blue cotton, and over their faces a black veil.

The fellaheen use the same implements for tilling the land as their ancestors in the early days. Oxen and buffaloes are mostly used for ploughing purposes, and sometimes a camel and donkey are yoked together. The food of the fellaheen is generally of a very simple kind, viz. dates, maize, fish, vegetables, cheese, cucumber, salad, radishes, etc.

It is well worth considering the actual conditions of freedom and liberty which the Egyptian fellaheen are now enjoying under the British occupation, and comparing them to the tyranny under which they suffered during Mohammed Ali's reign, as described by Edward Lane in his book "The Modern Egyptian."

"The following case will convey some idea of the condition of Egyptian peasants in some provinces. A Turk, Sulyman Agha, infamous for many

barbarous acts, presiding at the town of Tantah in the Delta, went one night to the Government Granary of that town, and finding two peasants sleeping there, asked them who they were, and what was their business in that place. One of them said that he had brought 130 ardebs of corn from a village of the district, and the other that he had brought 60 ardebs from the land belonging to the town. 'You rascal!' said the Governor to the latter, 'this man brings 130 ardebs from the lands of a small village, and you but 60 from the lands of the town.' 'This man,' answered the peasant of Tantah, 'brings corn but once a week, and I am now bringing it every day.' 'Be silent!' said the Governor, and pointing to a neighbouring tree he ordered one of the servants of the granary to hang the peasant to one of its branches. The order was obeyed, and the Governor returned to his house. The next morning he went again to the granary and saw a man bringing in a large quantity of corn. He asked who he was, and what quantity he had brought, and was answered by the hangman of the preceding night: 'This is the man, sir, whom I hanged by your orders last night, and he has brought 160 ardebs.' 'What!' exclaimed the Governor, 'has he risen from the dead?' He was answered, 'No, sir, I hanged him so that his toes touched the ground, and when you were gone I untied the rope. You did not order me to "kill" him.' The Turk muttered, 'Aha! hanging and killing are different things. Arabic is copious; next time I will say "kill." Take care of Abu Dooud—this is his nickname.'

"Another occurrence may here be aptly related as a further illustration of the nature of the Government which the people of Egypt were subjected

to at that time. A fellah who was appointed Nazir (or Governor) of the district of El Manoofeyah (the southernmost district of the Delta), in collecting the taxes at a village, demanded of a poor peasant the sum of 60 reals (about 135 piastres, equal to about 30 shillings). The poor man urged that he possessed nothing but a cow, which barely afforded sustenance to himself and family. Instead of pursuing the method usually followed when a fellah declares himself unable to pay the tax demanded of him, which is to give him a severe bastinadoing, the Nazir in this case sent the Sheikh el Beled to bring the poor peasant's cow, and desired some of the fellaheen to buy it. They saying that they had not sufficient money, he sent for a butcher, and desired him to kill the cow, which was done; he then told him to divide it into sixty pieces. The butcher asked for his pay, and was given the head of the cow. Sixty fellaheen were then called together, and each of them was compelled to purchase, for a real, a piece of the cow.

“The owner of the cow went, weeping and complaining, to the Nazir's superior, the late Mohammed Bey, Defterdar. ‘Oh, my master,’ said he, ‘I am oppressed and in misery. I had no property but one cow, a milch cow; I and my family lived upon her milk, and she ploughed for me and threshed my corn, and my whole subsistence was derived from her. The Nazir has taken her and killed her, and cut her up into sixty pieces, and sold the pieces to my neighbours, to each a piece, for one real; so that he obtained but 60 reals for the whole, while the value of the cow was 120 reals or more. I am oppressed and in misery, and a stranger in the place, for I came from another village; but the Nazir had no pity on me; I and my family are

become beggars, and have nothing left. Have mercy upon me and give me justice, I implore it by thy Hareem.'

"The Defterdar having caused the Nazir to be brought before him, asked him, 'Where is the cow of this fellah?' 'I have sold it,' said the Nazir. 'For how much?' 'For 60 reals.' 'Why did you kill it and sell it?' 'He owed 60 reals for land, so I took his cow and killed it, and sold it for the amount.' 'Where is the butcher that killed it?' 'In Manoof.' The butcher was sent for and brought. The Defterdar said to him, 'Why did you kill this man's cow?' 'The Nazir desired me,' he answered, 'and I could not oppose him; if I had attempted to do so, he would have beaten me and destroyed my house. I killed it, and the Nazir gave me the head as my reward.' 'Man,' said the Defterdar, 'do you know the persons who bought the meat?' The butcher replied that he did. The Defterdar then desired his secretary to write the names of the sixty men, and an order to the Sheikh of their village to bring them to Manoof, where this complaint was made. The Nazir and butcher were placed in confinement till next morning, when the Sheikh of the village came with the sixty fellaheen. The two prisoners were then brought again before the Defterdar, who said to the Sheikh and the sixty peasants, 'Was the value of this man's cow 60 reals?' 'Oh, our Master,' they answered, 'her value was greater.' The Defterdar sent for the Kadee of Manoof and said to him, 'Oh, Kadee, here is a man oppressed by this Nazir, who has taken his cow and killed it and sold its flesh for 60 reals. What is thy judgment?' The Kadee replied, 'He is a cruel tyrant, who oppresses every one under his authority. Is

not a cow worth 120 reals or more, and he has sold this one for 60 reals; this is tyranny towards the owner.' The Defterdar then said to some of his soldiers, 'Take the Nazir and strip him and bind him.' This done, he said to the butcher, 'Dost thou not fear God! Thou hast killed the cow unjustly.' The butcher again urged that he was obliged to obey the Nazir. 'Then,' said the Defterdar, 'if I order thee to do a thing, wilt thou do it?' 'I will do it,' answered the butcher. 'Slaughter the Nazir,' said the Defterdar.

"Immediately several of the soldiers present seized the Nazir and threw him down, and the butcher cut his throat in the regular orthodox manner of killing animals for food. 'Now cut him up,' said the Defterdar, 'into sixty pieces.' This was done, the people concerned in the affair and many others looking on, but none daring to speak.

"The sixty peasants who had bought the meat of the cow were then called forward, one after another, and each was made to take a piece of the flesh of the Nazir, and to pay for it two reals, so that a hundred and twenty reals were obtained from them. They were then dismissed, but the butcher remained. The Kadee asked what should be the reward of the butcher, and answered that he should be paid as he had been paid by the Nazir. The Defterdar therefore ordered that the head of the Nazir should be given him, and the butcher went away with his worse than useless burden, thanking God that he had not been more unfortunate, and scarcely believing himself to have so easily escaped until he arrived at his village. The money paid for the flesh of the Nazir was given to the owner of the cow."

Two incidents of that summer force themselves upon my recollection, the first having to do with my private quarters. As I had several times remarked upon the discomfort caused me by the boiler, when in my attic, I was offered a room on the ground floor, next to the oil store. It was rather a fine room, and I joyfully accepted it, installing myself with some care as to the arrangements of knick-knacks in my new quarters; but on the third night after my installation I was awakened from sleep by a queer noise in the room. I rolled over in bed and saw in the middle of the floor, sitting so that the moonlight played on them through the window, an assembly of great rats. It was evidently a solemn conference, for they sat up on their haunches, making queer little noises and squeaks, every now and then putting their noses together, as though they were conspiring in whispers. It was very interesting, no doubt, but to my mind my sleep was of far more importance, and soon the flight of a pair of boots frightened them, squeaking, away.

The next morning I found that they had made a hole through from the oil stores. This I had filled up by an Arab, and for a week there was peace; but after that they again invaded my room, and once again I had the hole stopped up with cement and broken glass, and I thought that was certain to keep them out; however, a week or two, and they were in again, so I returned to my old quarters in the room over the boiler, where at least I was free from such vermin.

The other incident was one in which thoughtlessness might have led to a serious accident. I had made friends with the inspector of the permanent way between Benha and Zagazig, and I would often accompany him to and from these places.

As we always travelled on the engine, I got to know the driver quite well, and sometimes was allowed to drive myself; on the occasion of which I speak, the inspector had alighted at a small place called Mit-el-gamr, and the driver had been instructed to proceed to Benha and pick him up on our return. Now as soon as we had got well upon our way I induced the driver to let me take the lever, and while he attended to some little piece of machinery which had gone wrong, I drove the train. For a little while I did it quite nicely, and then it seemed to me I had to go faster and I pushed the lever over a little, but that was not fast enough, and the lever got another little push, and so on until we were travelling at a huge pace. The engine driver, busy with his task, did not notice the increase of speed, and it was only when the engine, in going over some points, nearly jolted us all out of the engine, that he realized what I had done, and having quieted down the monster, turned to me and for a considerable time gave me his opinion of my character, in language that was more forcible than polite. I need hardly say that I was never allowed to drive again.

Just behind the factory there was a large plot

of ground which had been cultivated as a flower garden and kitchen garden, the soil was very black, but most fertile, the rose, jasmine, violet, and oleander flourished, and we had vegetables galore such as beans, onions, lettuces, cucumbers, water melons, carrots and turnips, and any amount of radishes. Mr. Mitchell, one of the partners, used to look after this garden, it was his special hobby.

The Nile or El Neel (meaning inundation) generally rises in July, and when the inundation takes place, brings down with its rush of waters a thick black mud which is most fertile, and which at times covers the greater part of the Delta, this accounts in part for the wonderful fertility of the Egyptian soil.

The crops are generally sown thus : in summer, cotton, tobacco, sugar cane and rice ; in winter, when the Nile recedes, clover, lentils, barley, wheat and maize.

CHAPTER II

1864-1865

BEFORE the factory reopened, two friends of mine, English engineers at a neighbouring factory, suggested that we might all go to Cairo for a week and visit the Pyramids. I was delighted to fall in with this proposal, and a few days later we took train for Cairo, where we put up at the Hôtel du Nil, charmingly situated near the Mooskie, with a large garden containing palm and date trees ; the Mooskie is the principal street, leading up to the Arab quarter and to the well-known Khan Khalil Bazaars. Most of the shops are kept by Arabs and Persians, and were most interesting. The hotel was conducted by a German, who was most courteous and obliging to all his guests, men and women of every nationality.

I think that this was the first occasion upon which I saw a really cosmopolitan gathering.

The next few days we spent doing the sights of Cairo—not the city of to-day, but one without trams or modern conveniences, and not even a bridge across the Nile. We visited the Citadel, the Khan Khalil Bazaars whose repute is world-wide, and we rode on donkeys through old Cairo,

and then on to the Mokattam Hills and the tombs of the prophets.

In the famous Bazaars of Khan Khalil are to be found gold, silver, and ivory articles, amulets to keep away the Evil Eye, beads and necklets of all sorts and colours, swords from Damascus, old armour, weapons of all kinds, precious stones, rubies, emeralds, turquoises, etc., spears and lances from the Soudan, scents, fancy-work, carpets from Persia and Daghestan, copper and brass utensils, etc., etc.

Under the rule of the Mamluks these great Bazaars would often be shut for a week or so, while contending Emirs fought and slew and pillaged in the streets around. I don't think the merchant class could have had a particularly nice time in those days, especially in Cairo.

Few people realize what an important place Egypt was then with the military oligarchy. The Mamluks were fighting slaves, who were either captured in war or bought for the purpose and trained to arms. The great majority were Turks. They were in power in the thirteenth century, and still fought well in Napoleon's time. To give some idea of the Sultan of Egypt's importance in about 1284 A.D., I will quote from Lane Poole's "History of Egypt in the Middle Ages." In writing of the Sultan Kalaun he says—

"He preserved amicable relations with the Emperor of Constantinople, the Kings of France and Castile and Sicily, the republic of Genoa, and the

Emperor Rudolf of Habsburg. With Genoa he concluded a commercial treaty, whilst Alfonso of Castile and James of Sicily actually made a defensive alliance with the Muslim Sultan against all comers."

The King of the Yemen sent him costly presents, and even the ruler of Ceylon despatched an embassy with a letter, which no one in Cairo could read, and with a more intelligible oral communication inviting trade with his rich country and offering twenty ships. Kalaun was a far-sighted statesman, and did his utmost to attract merchants to Egypt. His passports ensuring protection throughout his dominions to foreign traders were current as far as India and China.

The strangest thing to me about this period is the intense love many of the Sultans and great Emirs had for the arts, and which they encouraged habitually. I believe the finest mosques were built then, and the metal-work and furniture were magnificent.

What a gorgeous place Cairo then was, and how full of charm! I was never tired of looking at the kaleidoscopic crowds of Arabs in their different-coloured robes—the cherry, pale blue, or lilac garments generally worn by the house-servants, the dark blue galabiah of the fellaheen, and the crimson of the tarboosh.

We had the good fortune to see the great religious ceremony called the "Doseh," which means "The Treading." There was an immense

concourse of Arabs, who jostled and pushed, buying sweets, cakes, and nuts from the itinerant vendors. Water-carriers, too, were doing a good trade, but we managed to find a position near an Arab scent-shop, where we got a good view of this wonderful sight.

The procession was heralded by Arabs beating drums and chanting prayers, and carrying green flags. Then appeared the Sheikh el Islam on a splendid grey horse, followed by a number of savage-looking Dervishes with long flowing hair. In front of the horse many Arabs threw themselves on the ground, lying close up to one another, and the horse, led by a sais on either side, passed right over their bodies. All the while the crowd kept up a continual cry of "Allah! Allah!" As soon as the horse had passed over them, up jumped the Arabs, and, apparently unhurt, followed the procession.

The rush which ensued was so great that we were simply swept off our feet for some distance, and it was with great difficulty that we managed to disengage our poor, hot, pressed bodies from the crowd. This ceremony has been abolished for a number of years.

We also went to see the dancing Dervishes, and found these gentlemen seated in a circle round their Sheikh chanting verses from the Koran. They wore long flowing white garments with peaked felt tarbooshes, and presently, one by one, they rose to their feet and holding their arms straight out

began to turn round. All the while low mournful, monotonous music was played on stringed instruments, and a drum was being beaten. Then the pace of their gyrations increased until they were fairly whizzing round. The end came when they all, one after the other, fell on the floor foaming at the mouth, and looking as if they were in a fit.

It was not a particularly edifying spectacle, and we were glad to get away. As these are religious happenings I may here give an extract from S. H. Leeder's "Veiled Mysteries of Egypt"—

"The first law of the East is prayer to God, and whether the shrine be Jerusalem, Mecca, or Lhassi, the sanctity of worship surrounds the votary and protects the pilgrim. All prayer is holy in the sight of the Oriental, whatever the creed or form; it is inconceivable to him that any man can show scorn at the sight of any other man whatever engaged in prayer.

"Into this life comes the Englishman, frequently destitute of one touch of sympathy with the prayers of any people, or the faith of any creed; hence our rule in the East has ever rested, and will ever rest, upon the bayonet.

"We have never got beyond the stage of conquest, never assimilated a people to our ways. It almost seems that the qualities which render the Anglo-Saxon successful in conquest—sternness, and a proudness of self-trust which can be repellent—disqualify him for the subtle and delicate task of assimilating subject races and winning their confidence and affection. It is curious, for instance, how frequently a well-meaning Briton

will speak of a foreign church or temple as though it had presented itself to his mind in the same light in which the City of London appeared to Blücher—as something to loot.

“Not only are we wanting in sympathy, but we so cultivate our insularity of mind as to make it almost impossible for us to gain any real knowledge of the people we govern. Contempt, allied to a narrow preconception, must breed ignorance; for scorn of the sensitive and proud people of the East closes all avenues to anything approaching understanding of their ways of thought and manner of their lives.

“Lord Cromer has said, ‘Nothing is commonplace in these strange lands.’ It is true, the mere fact that everything the Oriental does or thinks is almost an exact opposite from the acts and thoughts of the people of the West would alone account for this. I give a few instances.

“In the West we wear our best clothes when we go to church. It is not seemly to attend the Mosque in anything but plain apparel; at the great prayers of the Feast the desert Arabs lay aside all their gorgeous robes, and don plain undecorated white.

“With us punctuality is taught as a virtue; and to this end our earliest ambition is to possess a watch. My Arab friends always good-naturedly laugh at the idea that I should give myself so much trouble in keeping appointments, even uncongenial ones. In his picturesque way one of them said to me: ‘Sir, you carry about with you in your pocket a little Sultan who rules over you.’”

Then came that great day when I first set eyes on those marvels of human labour, the Pyramids

of Ghizeh ; what a day, and what an undertaking ! It was not a jaunt in a car, along a well-made road, as it is now with creature comforts at the end, in a palatial hotel ; it was rather a long day's trip, involving a considerable amount of physical discomfort. It must be remembered that I am speaking of the year 1864.

To begin with, we had beforehand to engage a boat to take us across to the opposite bank of the Nile, and also a guide to see that there were sufficient donkeys to carry our party.

We started at four in the morning and rode down to the river bank, where after some delay caused by the difficulty of getting the donkeys on board the boat, the huge lateen sail was loosened, and the boat carried us swiftly down the river, until we came to a suitable spot for landing on the opposite side of the Nile, where after another little delay, this time caused by getting the donkeys off the boat, we resumed our journey on land.

There was no road to the Pyramids, only a narrow track, and along this our donkeys trotted at a very slow rate, except when prodded with a long stick carried by the Arab boy who ran behind each one of us, then their pace would increase slightly ; but when the boys gave a certain yell they fairly galloped, and I am afraid all of us had two or three spills.

We reached the Pyramids at last, and I for one was awestricken ; they were so stupendous and full of mystery, and I realized then, that no account

could ever make people understand the wonder of them. The great Pyramid is 453 feet high ; it cubes 2,600,000 yards, and it covers an area of more than eleven English acres. My friends and I stood and gazed and gazed without saying a word, for quite a considerable time, and then having arranged with the Sheikh, we proceeded to climb, or rather to be hauled up the enormous masses of stone ; each one of us had two Arabs to assist him, the two with me, magnificent men, with enormous muscular development, were named, I remember, Osman and Mohammed.

They each gripped one of my arms, and practically swung me up tier after tier, until I was quite breathless, and had to cry a halt ; a short rest, and then on again, until we reached the summit where we all stood, drinking in the beautiful exhilarating air, and gazing with rapt admiration at the scenery around us.

Down at our feet our donkeys and boys looked like ants, and the path over which we had ridden like a thread of cotton, and further on the sweeping line of the Nile, and still further the city we had left that morning ; on the other side lay the desert, vast and terrible—at least to me. Then, having gazed our fill, we started to descend, and that was almost worse than the ascent, for I grew giddy, and had it not been for my two Arabs I feel quite sure I should have fallen.

We also explored the interior, which entailed much creeping and crawling, with one Arab in

front to pull, and the other behind to push, and at length we arrived in a chamber in which was a stone coffer, supposed to be the Sarcophagus of King Cheops; this chamber was about eighteen feet by twenty feet high. It was terribly hot, and the air was stifling, and when once more we reached the open air I was drenched with perspiration from head to foot, and the strain on my muscles had been so great that they found it necessary to lift me on to my donkey, and that intelligent animal, knowing no doubt that it was returning home, did not need any prodding.

The return ride was delightful, as the heat of the day had to a large extent gone, it being very nearly sunset. That trip took us just over fourteen hours. At the present time there are two bridges across the Nile, and an electric tramway now runs to the foot of the pyramids; there is also a splendid hotel called the Mena House immediately opposite.

I had nearly forgotten to mention the Sphinx, which we naturally examined with attention; but I do not think that any of us felt the extreme awe that many people are supposed to feel at sight of this marvellous work, with its lion's body and man's head.

Perhaps, in my case, it was the immensity of the pyramids which swallowed up any mysterious quivers I might have had had I seen the Sphinx alone, or a better explanation still would be, maybe, that I did not possess the necessary imagination.

Mr. Flinders Petrie, the great authority on ancient Egypt, writes that there is no evidence of its age, but that it preceded Thothmes IV. about 1423 B.C., and succeeded Khafra who lived about 3900 B.C., which gives a good many years to choose from.

The next day we returned to Zagazig, and I resumed my duties at the factory; but the winter of 1864 was very quiet, and nothing of particular interest happened.

As the year drew to an end the idea entered my head that the Englishmen living in the district should meet together, and celebrate Christmas by having a good old-fashioned dinner. Everybody jumped at the suggestion, and the hour of seven in the evening was appointed, and our meeting place was the Greek restaurant known to all of us. I don't know why they insisted upon my doing the catering, unless it was that I was the youngest, and they trusted me therefore to do it well; but leave it to me they did, and I spent quite a lot of time in arranging the menu. It was a gargantuan spread that we sat down to, all ten of us being waited upon by our own Arab boy, whom each brought with him.

I haven't a copy of the menu, but I remember we had half a sheep roasted whole, turkey, ducks, tongues, plum puddings and mince pies which came from England, and a host of different sweets and fruit. This was washed down with wine, beer, and whisky. When we all felt that we had eaten

enough, we sent off our ten boys into an adjoining room to see what they could do with the remains of the feast ; they finished everything.

Loyally we toasted her Majesty the Queen, sang "God save the Queen" to the accompaniment of my concertina, and settled down to an hilarious evening of songs, recitations, and rum punch, breaking up the party in the early hours of the morning. I believe that some members of our party were glad that they had their boys to escort them home.

I must mention two men that I had the pleasure of meeting about this time, one Ismail Bey Yousry, a great friend of Dr. Mustapha's, who some time after became Pasha, and a member of the Board of the Egyptian railway administration, and Amin Effendi Shampsy, a wealthy Arab cotton merchant ; he was a great friend of the well-known Arabi, who was then an officer in the commissariat in the Zagazig quarter. He it was who was continually with Arabi, just before the crisis in 1882, so much so that he was arrested on suspicion of having conspired against the Government, was kept in prison for some time, but finally released, when he returned to Zagazig, and is, I believe, still living there, and is now a Pasha.

I shall never forget my first visit to Tantah. It was on the occasion of the great Festival held in honour of Seyd-el-Bedawer, who was a Saint of much celebrity. On his return from Mecca he was supposed to have settled there, and after his

death many wonderful powers were attributed to him.

There were four of us, all Englishmen, who went this trip, and I can honestly confess to being greatly astonished at the things we saw; I had not been long enough in the East to understand them thoroughly.

All the open spaces round the town were literally packed with tents of all sizes, colours, and conditions, and close to these tents were picketed horses, donkeys, camels, and an immense concourse of men, women, and children. There were the gaudy tents of the dancing-girls who were always sure of an appreciative audience, then there were those who made a living by reciting romances or telling wonderful stories. There was no doubt that this was a pleasure fair, although a religious one, and also that those who wished traded largely in horses and cattle, and that year in slaves as well, quite openly; but this traffic was shortly afterwards put an end to—at least, publicly. I believe a good deal went on in private. It was an amazing sight, and at first I was almost dizzy with the noise and confusion, the ever-changing crowd, and the immense variety of things to be seen.

I fancy that which struck us all beyond everything else was the licence allowed the sexes. It was really appalling. I don't think that greater excesses could be thought of, and all so openly. One of my friends had been to Tintah before, and

told us the reason for this, or rather a reason which we might accept or not, as we pleased. It did not, he said, strike him as so astonishing, for the Saint Seyd-el-Bedawer was accredited with the power of curing women of sterility, but it was necessary for them to make a pilgrimage to Tantah, and to the Mosque of Seyd-el-Bedawer. I can quite well believe from what we saw that many cures were effected at these fairs.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the women of Egypt bear the character of being the most licentious of all civilized nations.

I remember at this Moulded or Fair listening to a reciter ; his was a wonderful romance, full of marvellous happenings, great stories of Antar, the Arab poet, many miracles and prophecies ; these latter seemed awful nonsense to me then, and I compared it mentally with what I remembered of English fairy tales ; but when one thinks that these romances have been recited many many years, and always with success when well done, it seems that they must possess powers of fascination for the Egyptian which ordinary Englishmen cannot generally perceive. Then there were jugglers and performers of sleight-of-hand tricks, whose stock of tricks was either ridiculously simple or simply ridiculous, and, more often than not, indecent.

As I have said, there was much at this fair which was very unpleasant, and yet it was a new experience, and as such interested me. I do not think that anyone can have a real knowledge of the

Egyptians until he has seen such a gathering ; it is so intensely Eastern. Soon after I went, a great deal was done to modify the excesses, and efforts were made to keep a more decent appearance generally. I fancy this was largely due to the ever-increasing number of Europeans visiting Tantah on these occasions. Perhaps some day it will be as mild as Earl's Court or the White City.

At the end of the season the factory closed down, and the financial success of the business having been of considerable magnitude, the two English partners went home for a holiday ; Dr. Mustapha remained in Egypt, and I with him.

We had despatched our last consignment of cotton seed to Alexandria by boat, and confidently expected to hear of its safe arrival and sale by our agent there ; but some time passed and we heard nothing, and then came a report that cholera had broken out in Cairo, after which, news of a number of deaths in Alexandria, and among them that of our agent. Now this was extremely unfortunate, as it necessitated one of us going to receive and effect the sale of our seed, and, as Mrs. Mustapha strongly objected to her husband going, I volunteered, never thinking of the danger I incurred ; but the thought of visiting Alexandria was pleasing to me, and I felt quite elated at the prospect of the change. The news that the number of victims was increasing daily did not in any way detract from my excitement ; presumably I was too young even to think that death might come to me.

I received all instructions as to what to do on arriving at Alexandria, also what I was to do with the money I should receive from the sale of the seed.

I remember Mrs. Mustapha giving me a small bag of camphor to tie round my neck, and told me that I was only to drink mineral or boiled water, with a few drops of brandy in it, and at last I was off. The train was nearly empty, and the station master told me that, in his opinion, I was a "Magnoon" (fool) to leave Zagazig and go to Alexandria where everybody was dying of cholera.

On my arrival I took a carriage, and told the man to drive to the P. and O. Hotel in the Grand Square, and I certainly did not feel as brave at the end of that drive as when I started, for it seemed to me that at every corner I met Arabs carrying coffins, with women following them, screaming in a terrible manner. I asked the coachman if this was the hour for the burials. He said, "There is no special hour; this is going on from sunrise to sunset, and every day." Just as he answered another coffin appeared, and I began to think that it was quite a mistake, this visit of mine to Alexandria, but when I had had a wash and a good meal I felt better, and went out for a stroll through some of the principal streets until I got tired of looking at the mournful people I met, and returned to the hotel, where, after reading some old English newspapers, I went to bed.

I did not sleep much that night, my thoughts

continually running on coffins and screaming women, and was glad when morning came so that I could get up.

Soon after breakfast the next day, I drove to the Minet-el-Bassel, the place where the boats discharge their cargo, and close to where the cotton market is held. Minet-el-Bassel really means the port of the onions, which are landed there. I found on inquiring that our boats were still at Atfeh, which is at the other end of the Mahmoudieh Canal, and were not expected for several days.

There was nothing for it but to wait patiently, so I drove back to the hotel and wrote a letter to Dr. Mustapha explaining the facts to him, and expressing a desire to be back in Zagazig.

For several days I paid a visit to the Minet-el-Bassel without finding our boats, and each day there seemed to be an increase in the number of cholera victims, and as I had no friends in the city the time hung heavily until a young Englishman whom I met, a cotton selector engaged by a German firm, introduced me to some of his friends, who were most kind.

I think, then, that I should have begun rather to enjoy the trip, had it not been for the terribly morbid tone of the conversation generally, but it seemed to be one continual case of "I say, poor So-and-So has just died," or, "Do you know X. is down with it?" so it may be imagined that no one was particularly cheerful.

A few days after, the boats arrived; but even then I could not get away from Alexandria, for the buyers were under the impression that the sale was being forced, on account of my desire to leave the city. However, I told the broker that if the price I had been told to ask was not obtainable, I should stay on until it was so. This evidently settled matters, and the sale was concluded, and the delivery began, taking some days. At length the whole transaction was finished and the money paid up.

Having despatched the money in a group in the name of the firm at Zagazig, I wrote, sending the receipt and stating that I was returning the next morning. I had then been away about a fortnight.

On arriving at the hotel that afternoon, I was amazed to find Dr. and Mrs. Mustapha installed there, anxiously awaiting my return. From them I learnt that shortly after my departure cholera had broken out in Zagazig; a few cases at first, and then becoming most virulent, attacking not only the Arabs, but Europeans and Greeks as well. Mrs. Mustapha had become very frightened and nervous, so the Doctor had decided to come to Alexandria. This they had done, leaving nobody at the factory save a few Arabs and the female house slaves, which was unfortunate, as I had only that morning despatched the money by post, where it would remain lying at the Zagazig post office until called for. At this time there was no

government postal service, the carrying of letters, parcels, etc., being in the hands of a private Italian enterprise.

Mrs. Mustapha would not under any consideration hear of the Doctor returning to Zagazig for the money, and so, after much deliberation, I decided to go, for the postmaster's assistant was the only European left in Zagazig, and had the cholera seized him, I doubt if our money would ever have been recovered. I left the following morning, my camphor bag having been refilled. I had a flask of brandy and a large bottle of cholera mixture. When I changed trains at Benha I found that I was the only European travelling to Zagazig. Upon arriving I was told that my friend the station master had died the day before, a piece of news that gave me quite a shock, which, however, could not compare with the one I received on reaching the principal street, a thoroughfare that I had only seen full of life and movement; now, not a soul was visible anywhere; shops, bacchals, cafés, Greek restaurants, all closed; down the road, smouldering bonfires consuming heaps of rubbish.

I had not gone far before I was stopped by a patrol of Turkish Kawasses, the officer in command asking me who I was and what I wanted in the city of the dead. I said that I had come to get some letters, and that I was returning the next day to Alexandria; upon which he, wishing no doubt to cheer me up, remarked that he hoped I would return, if I were not dead before the morning.

This remark nearly finished me, as I was feeling fairly scared before. However, I reached the factory without any more unpleasant encounters; Zarah and Amra, the two black house slaves, were nearly dumbfounded at the sight of me, and they flew to my side with a thousand questions of their master and mistress.

As soon as I had set their honest minds at rest by telling them that I had left them both well, they gave me some very grave news. It appeared that Dr. Mustapha's mother, an old Arab lady who lived in Cairo, had arrived the day before, to stay with her son, but he, unfortunately, had left for Alexandria before she arrived.

To make matters as bad as they possibly could be, the old lady had been seized with cholera that morning, and was at that moment lying in one of the upper rooms in agony. As I knew the old lady very well, I took the two black slaves, and together we went up to see what could be done. We found, in spite of the terrible pain she was in, that she was quite conscious. She recognized me at once, and asked for news of her son, and when I gave her good news of him she said, "Ham-doulélah" (Thanks to God), and seemed very much relieved.

Having heard that the chief thing in the treatment of cholera patients was to get up a good circulation by massaging the stomach and then applying hot bottles or flannels, I took off my coat and commenced rubbing the old lady until streams

of perspiration poured off me. When I was just about tired out, I suddenly thought of the large bottle of cholera mixture I had in my bag, so relinquishing my place to one of the slaves, I ran to fetch it ; then there was another difficulty, I did not know what the correct dose was as there were no directions on the bottle, so gave her half the bottle. I then told Amra to get some flat jacks (Arab bread), to put them in the oven, and as soon as they were hot to bring them upstairs and put them on the patient's stomach, whether she liked it or not. The old lady cried out when I gave this order, saying that they would burn her ; but I told her that if she did not do as she was told she would certainly die, and she finally consented.

Zarah was despatched to kill a couple of fowls, to make soup with, and telling them to give the patient a cupful occasionally, I went off to my own room pretty well exhausted.

After having had some tea, the next thing to be done was to open the letters and get the postal receipt. This I did, and taking the " Boab " (door watchman) with me, went off to the post office, where, having obtained the money, I returned to the factory.

Dr. Mustapha's mother was quieter now, and had considerably less pain, although the hot flat jacks, which were repeatedly changed, must have been almost as painful as the cholera.

About half an hour after this the gardener made his appearance, crying piteously, and told me that

his wife was down with it ; so once more I started to play the medicine man.

Leaving Amra to look after Dr. Mustapha's mother, I took Zarah and what remained of my cholera mixture, and went round to the mud huts, which had been built specially for the Arab staff ; I found the gardener's hut full of smoke (as they had been burning wood inside), which made it difficult at first to distinguish anything ; but after a little while I made out poor Mahboobah, the wife, moaning and groaning in the corner. I told Zarah to undo her galabiah (cotton gown), but it needed a good deal of explanation to the gardener before I could proceed with the treatment ; it was only by impressing upon him the fact that we had done the same thing to Dr. Mustapha's mother that he allowed us to act ; even then he looked so miserable that I took him by the arm and led him out of the hut.

We treated her as we had our first patient ; Zarah and I taking it in turns to do the massaging. She was then given the other half of the cholera mixture, and I left her husband applying flat jacks.

In spite of the drastic measures taken, both the patients lived for many years after.

On the following day I packed another trunk full of clothes, for I did not know when I should be returning to Zagazig ; as it so happened many years passed before I did so.

The Dr. and Mrs. Mustapha were apparently delighted to see me return safely, and the Doctor

was profuse in his thanks for what I had done to help his mother. He at once wrote to her, asking her to join them in Alexandria, but she preferred to remain where she was.

There was no abatement in the virulence of the cholera, *Il Hower el usfar* (the Wind or Yellow Wind), and as the days passed by the number of deaths was enormous, it being both infectious and epidemic; it is a curious fact that it generally attacks adults, and more frequently men than women.

CHAPTER III

1865-1871

SOON after my return from Zagazig Dr. Mustapha left the hotel, and took a small house in the Arab quarter near Ras-el-teen Palace, and I took a room in the house of a dentist called Cirioni, where a few other Englishmen were living. Life in the hotel had been particularly dull and gloomy, so that now having young cheerful companionship I felt much happier, and began to think that I should like to stay in Alexandria. With this idea in my head, I called upon Messrs. Pringo & Co., presenting the letter of introduction that I had from Messrs. Pappiyani & Co. After a very cordial reception I proceeded to explain the position of my affairs, and hinted that I should be very willing to stay permanently in Alexandria, if I could find a position to suit me.

A few days afterwards I received a letter from them, asking me to call at their office, which I did, and was told that the firm of Barker & Co., General Merchants and Steamship Agents, wanted a young Englishman who could speak Arabic, in their office. Mr. Pringo advised me to see Mr. Barker at once, if I thought the position would suit me, but before

doing anything further in the matter, I made up my mind to consult Dr. Mustapha, and follow his advice.

The Doctor, after speaking very kindly of the way I had carried out my duties, and especially of the manner in which I had always treated the natives, told me that he was thinking seriously of retiring from the firm, within another year, and if I could find a position which might mean a good future for me, he would not in any way stand in my light, and further advised me to go and see Mr. Barker, find out exactly what the duties were, and then return to him, and together we could decide the question.

I did this, and afterwards the Doctor advised me to accept the proposals made, and agreed to accept my resignation there and then.

Upon the following day I joined the firm of Barker & Co. This was in July, 1865.

As the Englishmen I met every day at meals were all of them very nice fellows, I made arrangements to remain definitely at Cirioni's, where, in spite of the critical times we were undergoing, we managed to keep our spirits up. One item of conversation was, however, barred, and that was anything in connection with cholera, anyone mentioning the word being fined a bottle of brandy, and as the price at that time was pretty high, we were all most careful not to talk on the subject.

We lived very comfortably indeed, and at first by request I undertook to attend to the

Commissariat department, which entailed dealing with the servants, etc. I fancy I spoke Arabic better than the others, and they were pleased to have me to do it. At the end of the first month the results when we examined accounts were so satisfactory that they begged me to continue at the head of affairs, and I did so for six months or so, and by then I had had enough of it, and switched it on to some one else.

It cannot be said that the streets of Alexandria were particularly pleasant after nightfall, as there were no paved roads or gas, and many bad characters were about. Nearly every night robberies and murders were being committed; and it was necessary to carry a small paper Chinese lantern in order to find one's way.

On most evenings after dinner we would all stroll down together to the Café de France, situated in the Grand Square; this place was a rendezvous for most of the young Englishmen and others to congregate and play billiards.

In spite of the terrible scourge which was devastating the city, we managed to have a fairly good time from a youthful point of view. I remember one night, after an evening rather more jovial than usual, some of the more enterprising among us suggested that we should hire as many street carriages as could be found, and drive round the town. This idea was approved of, and four carriages being found, some twenty of us scrambled in, the Arab coachman being relegated to a side

seat, whilst an Englishman in each carriage took the reins. The streets at the time were quite deserted, with the exception of the Turkish Kawassies who patrolled the town crying out from time to time, "Wahed—Wahed" meaning (one) "All's well," with which no one could well agree. Bonfires were kept burning at the street corners, to purify the air, giving a rather mysterious appearance to the streets.

We made a tour of the grand square, and then entered the Mahmoudieh Street which led us towards the Arab quarter; then some one started singing "Glory, Glory Hallelujah," and not realizing that we were in the city of the dead, and that people were dying all around us, we all joined in. At that moment the carriages were stopped by a patrol, and we were forced, whether we liked it or not, to proceed, carriages and all, to the Zaptieh (Central Police Station). On arriving there we were ushered inside, and again that crazy fellow started to sing, and once more we all joined in at the top of our voices.

The chief official, an old Turk, had been sleeping on his divan; our entrance wakened him with a start, and he was still more amazed when some of us sat down on the divan alongside of him, and went to sleep or pretended to.

Eventually the chief of the patrol explained that we had been disturbing the night, and generally misbehaving ourselves. The old Turk asked who we were, and on being told Englishmen, he said—

“ Marshallä ! Inglese, Magnoon ! ” meaning “ Extraordinary ! English ! Mad ! ”

A piece of paper was produced and we were told to sign our names, so that they might be sent to our Consul in the morning. We all wrote names, they certainly were not our real ones, but they satisfied the old official, and we were allowed to depart, the patrol accompanying us as far as the Grand Square.

The next day the list of names was sent to the British Consulate with the request that some punishment should be visited upon us. I need hardly say that the Consul did not recognize any of the names on the paper, and although inquiries were made, no one seemed to know anything about it, and the matter was dropped. I fancy, however, the Consul had a very shrewd suspicion as to some of the delinquents.

Just opposite the house where I lived there was a Greek café, which had a very cosmopolitan crowd of patrons, and fighting occurred most nights. Once, I remember, the shouting and noise in the street were so great that I jumped out of bed to find out what was the matter, opened my window and saw a man with his back to the wall being attacked by three Greeks with knives. He had a chair in his hand, with which he kept them at bay for a time, until it broke, and then he commenced to pound them with his fists. Fighting stubbornly, he fell back, and so came within range of the light over the café doorway, and I

recognized one of my friends called Sanders, son of the Consul.

He was a very powerful boxer, and sent one of the Greeks literally spinning, at which I shouted out, "Bravo, Sanders—bravo!" adding in Arabic, "The patrol is coming, the patrol is coming," which evidently frightened his assailants, for they turned and bolted down a side street, much to Sanders' relief, for he confided to me next day that he was almost done.

He was a very good friend of mine, always ready to do me a kindness. I remember upon one occasion, with the best intention in the world, he lent me one of his horses, sending it round to my house one Sunday afternoon, so that I could go for a ride to the Maison d'Or, on the Ramleh road, which at that time was the great rendezvous of society on Fridays and Sundays.

The sais, who brought the horse round, was rather inattentive, letting go before I was properly mounted; the horse gave a buck that nearly upset me, and then bolted straight through the Bazaar, into the meat-market, once or twice nearly empaling me on the meat-hooks of the shops lining the street on both sides. Somehow I managed to cling on and get my feet into the stirrups, and finally, upon reaching an open space near the sea, succeeded in pulling him in.

The rest of that ride, for I went to the promenade, was not really a pleasure, for the horse was very frisky, and I was extremely sore. However,

I met Sanders at the Maison d'Or, and we effected an exchange, he riding the horse home, while I returned in his trap.

During August of this year—1865—the cholera, having run its course, now died away, and life resumed its usual tranquillity. General Staunton was the British Consul-General and diplomatic agent in Egypt at this time.

From 1865 until 1868 my duties at Messrs. Barker were various. At first I was delegated to the cotton department owing to my knowledge of Arabic, which enabled me to take over and carry on daily intercourse with the Arab merchants, and to prepare and settle their accounts.

I soon found out that my ignorance of Italian and French was a great drawback to me, so I proceeded to learn those languages, especially Italian, which at that time was the principal European tongue used in Alexandria; most of my evenings were given up to the study of it, and as we had Italian employés in the office, with whom I was enabled to converse daily, it was not long before I could speak fluently. This knowledge made it possible for me to be given charge of the shipping department in connection with the Rubattino Italian Steamship Company, for which Barker & Co. were the agents in Egypt, and who had just inaugurated a direct service of steamers between Genoa and Alexandria, calling at Leghorn, Naples, Catania, and Messina with mails, passengers, and merchandise.

My duties in connection with this work filled every minute of the day, for from the time of the steamer's arrival until her departure I had to be at hand, attending to the cargo, bills of lading, ship's papers, clearing them through the Italian Consulate and Health Office, and, at the last moment, taking over from the post office the outward mails and delivering them safely on board. This was very pleasant work during fine weather, but at other times it was not so nice, and I had some narrow escapes in the harbour during bad weather, for it was imperative for me to go aboard, no matter how rough the sea was.

Generally, the steamers would remain about a week in the harbour, discharging and loading their cargoes, and naturally I became quite friendly with all the captains, very often lunching or dining on board.

When none of the Rubattino steamers happened to be in port, I was kept busy attending to other ships belonging to Messrs. Burns and MacIver of Liverpool, the Wilson Line of Hull, and Palmer, Hall & Co. of Newcastle; and when, as sometimes happened, three or four steamers would be in port at the same time, I had my work cut out, but it kept me well employed, and months flew by almost before I knew it.

Added to the knowledge I gained in this department, I also learnt a great deal about insurance, for we were the agents of several large English companies.

During the year 1868 I came home to England for a three months' holiday. When I left Liverpool on my return to Egypt in September in the Cunard Steamer *Kedar*, Captain Muir, my old friend Brandon Thomas, who since has become famous as the author of "Charley's Aunt," came down to see me off and wish me a cheery voyage. I think that I was pleased to get back to Egypt, for I had made many friends there, and I began to look upon Alexandria as my second home.

About this time I made the acquaintance of Sidi Ibrahim-el-Senusi, a relative of the famous Senussi; he was a very wealthy Arab, who represented in Egypt the Sultan of Morocco, and was more or less an important political member of the Islamic religion. He resided at that time in the Arab quarter, near the Ras-el-teen Palace, and I would often pay him visits, and it seemed to please him to have long conversations in Arabic, generally in connection with politics. He was an exceedingly clever man, and was a friend of the Sheikh el Islam (head of the Mussulman Church) and the different Ulemas (priests), and would talk to me in quite a friendly manner, and without any reserve, for he seemed to have perfect confidence in me, and was quite convinced that anything he said would never be repeated.

At his house I met Mussulman delegates or agents from India, Afghanistan, in fact, from all parts of Africa and Asia, as most of them stayed at Senussi's house when passing through Alexandria.

He it was who introduced me to the famous Zobeir Pasha, and I remember that in the introduction he called me "Ach Wanie" (our brother), and told him that he could have entire confidence in me, as he would have with Senussi himself. This presentation was never forgotten, and some years later I was able to render Zobeir certain services, which I will relate later on.

From these people I acquired a considerable knowledge of things Egyptian, their opinions on the laws, religious and civil, and in return I would often speak of English laws, which seemed to interest them. I remember my amazement when I first understood their views on matrimony and divorce. Now I come to think of it, women in Mohammedan countries might with some justice be suffragettes, for they have by far the worst of the business of life; for instance, if a man should grow to dislike his wife, he can divorce her by simply saying, "I divorce you"; he may take her back if he so desires, without any further ceremony. He may do this twice, but the third time if he divorces her and wants her back, she must first of all marry some other man and get divorced before she can be his again.

The husband is not obliged to give any reason; he just sends her away, paying her about one-third of the dowry she has brought with her, and she also takes any furniture she may possess.

In regard to the children no distinction is made between the child of a wife and the child of a slave,

as long as the father acknowledges it as his ; the term "bastard" therefore would carry no stigma.

Mr. Barker, in his "Syria and Egypt," relates the following story :—

"A Turkish shopkeeper quarrelled with his wife, pronounced the irrevocable divorce against her, and sent her away. By Mohammedan law she could not return to her husband before being married to another person, and then divorced by him. Her two sons of fifteen and seventeen years of age, very sorry to lose their mother, bethought them of a plan to get her back again. They went to a slave-dealer and got him to dye their mother black all over and sell her to their father as an Abyssinian slave. When the dye commenced to wear off, he began to suspect he had been duped by the slave-dealer, but did not recognize his wife till she became white again, much to the amusement of the two youngsters, who kept their own counsel. Report says the husband regretted the dye wore off, and would have preferred it had not."

During the season I generally managed to get a little snipe or quail shooting ; but there was one expedition upon which I look back with feelings of amusement, an expedition when a number of us went out to slay wild boar. It happened this way : news was brought to Alexandria by the peasants who lived in the neighbourhood of Kafr-el-Douar—a village some miles away on the main line to Cairo—that wild boar had appeared in the swamps not far from the village, and were doing a

considerable amount of damage to the crops ; they asked for help to assist in destroying them.

A few friends of mine, who had all the instincts of sportsmen without perhaps the experience, thought that this would be an admirable opportunity to arrange a shooting expedition ; so they set about it, and at a given time and place we met. There were eleven of us, each in his own mind a veritable Nimrod, and every man with a double-barrelled gun, a Colt's revolver, and a hunting-knife or dagger.

We started at daybreak, and I should imagine that our warlike appearance would have been enough to frighten any animal.

We all wore india-rubber overalls, which were supposed to be capable of keeping out the wet, for we had to be prepared to stalk through swampy ground up to our waists in water.

One of us, a young Maltese named Grant, we looked upon as a veteran sportsman, for he had killed several wild boar himself, so he was given charge of the expedition.

A number of Arabs were commandeered to act as beaters, and Grant explained to them, with great wealth of detail, what they were to do, and having succeeded in making them understand, sent them off by a footpath to the other end of the swamp, which was covered with reeds and brushwood, in some cases as high and higher than the men themselves. Their duty was to advance in a line, shouting as loud as they could, and beating the reeds,

etc., with their naboots, frightening the boars and driving them towards us. Then we placed ourselves in position—five in a line, and three on either side.

It is very strange what men will do and think when they are on a real pleasure jaunt. The discomforts they put up with, the risks they run, would absolutely disgust them in a city. But put a gun into their hands, and turn them loose after some animal, they will endure anything cheerfully. So it was with us. The heat was tremendous, and the glare of the sun terrible, while the awful stench from the stagnant water was almost more than we could bear. It was perfectly appalling, and for days after I seemed to smell it, and I remember at the time feeling very sick.

Occasionally we would halt and stand silent, and then move on again as we heard the voices of the beaters in the distance.

I fancy we were all rather dispirited at not having seen the prey, but every now and then we would find fresh tracks of them, and that would give us renewed spirits, and on we would go.

Phew! how hot it was, and ever getting more so; hours of weary tracking and no result; it was hardly to be wondered at that our hopes sank lower and lower; and then great shouting and the sound of guns, for several of the Arabs had firearms of their own.

With a huge sense of relief we halted and prepared for action, staring round about us, with every

nerve on the alert. We did not have long to wait, for there was almost immediately a crashing sound, and a huge black boar sprang out right in front of us. We all fired save one, and his gun missed fire. It so happened that he was close to the boar, and that animal, although wounded, made one bound and plunged straight at him ; he gave one frantic shout and collapsed in the swamp. Luckily for him another volley from our guns finished the brute. Having got our friend upon his feet again and given him a tot of brandy, for he was pretty well scared, we called up the beaters, who soon got a rope round the boar and dragged him to the edge of the swamp, where it was placed on a cart, secured from the neighbouring village, and taken to the railway station ; there was a kind of procession behind the cart, and much excitement at the station. We had to wait an hour for the train.

At Alexandria the spoil was placed on another cart, but we were so loath to lose sight of it that we all walked behind, much to the amusement of passers-by. However, when we arrived at Grant's house, we allowed the boar to be taken to the butcher's, while we mighty hunters turned in to refresh ourselves.

I am sorry to say that the sequel to the expedition was a very unpleasant one, for nine out of the eleven members were laid up for months with malaria, Grant and myself being the two fortunate ones to escape.

During the year 1869 we were exceedingly

busy ; not only in connection with our regular line of steamers, but also owing to the fact that we had undertaken the pilgrim traffic, which was generally confined to tramp steamers ; the great majority of pilgrims were bound for Morocco, Tripoli, and Tunis, returning home through Alexandria from Mecca, and we generally managed to put from four to five hundred aboard each vessel. The steamer would anchor just opposite the railway station at Gabbari, and as the trains arrived the pilgrims were promptly put into large barges and towed alongside ; a barrier was fixed up half-way across the steamer, and as the Arabs came aboard they had to pay their passage money before passing it. If I remember rightly the fare was about five or six dollars, and each pilgrim, when he paid his money, received a tally which he had to keep and deliver up at his destination as he left the ship. When most of them had paid and gone through to the other side of the barrier, at which sailors were always posted to prevent a rush, there invariably remained a certain number, both male and female, who pretended that they only possessed one or two dollars in the world, others would swear that they had not even a piastre left, and the scene became indescribable, as they refused to leave the ship, and commenced to scream and howl.

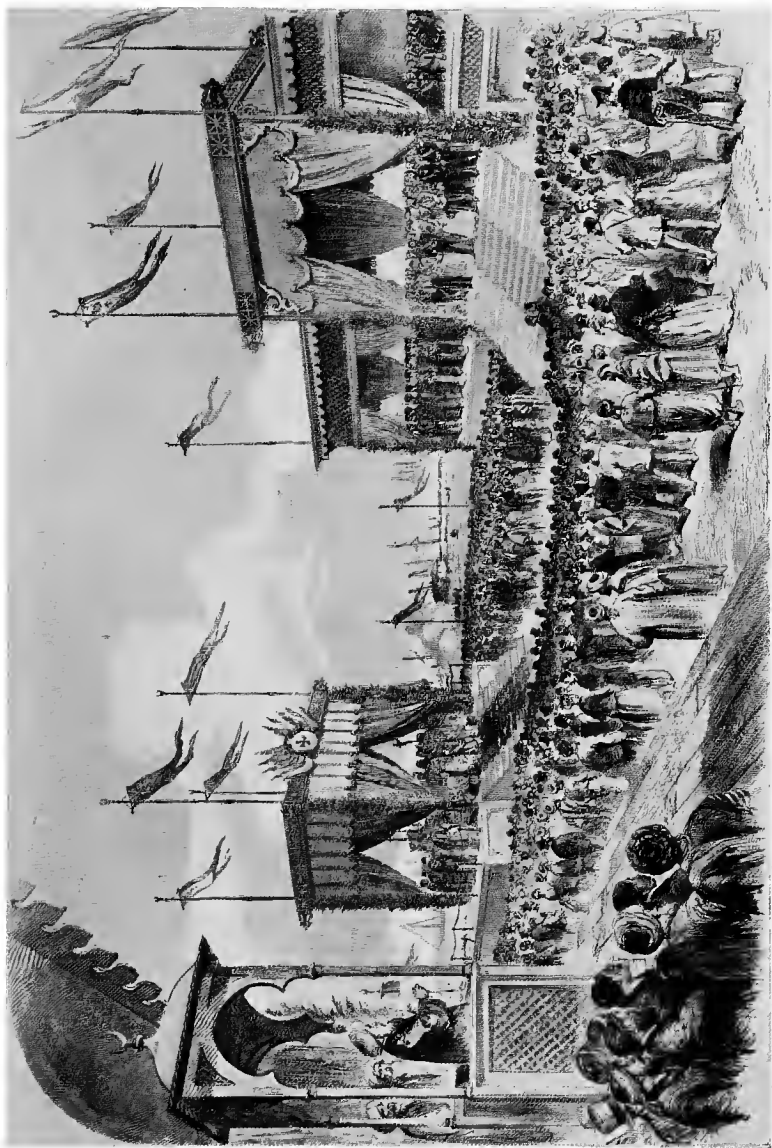
The first time I saw this I felt quite sorry for them ; but in that I was alone, for our people thoroughly understood the pleasant little ways of pilgrims.

The stevedore, Hassan, who attended to all our steamers, had two stalwart negroes under him, who looked after and kept the pilgrims in order; their special duty, however, was to search those who refused to pay their fare, and these were generally seized, one at a time, and taken below, where they were stripped and searched thoroughly, the result being that money was found hidden in the most inexplicable places, generally more than enough to pay their passages. It was not only the men one had to treat in this way, for it was more often than not females who were the worst offenders, submitting to be stripped and searched, rather than pay up.

In the end there were usually a few who really had nothing, and these were allowed a free passage; however, the steamers were always detained several hours by these manœuvres.

By this time, having pretty well mastered Italian, I set to work to learn French, and having had a certain amount driven into me at school, before long I was able to converse fairly easily.

On November 16, 1869, the Suez Canal was formally opened; this great work had taken ten years to complete at a cost of about seventeen million sterling. It was my good fortune to be present, having had the honour to be invited as one of the guests of His Highness the Khedive. I left Alexandria on the 15th in one of the Rubatino steamers, which had come specially from Italy with a number of distinguished guests on board.



OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL, 1869—RELIGIOUS CEREMONY
By kind permission of the "Illustrated London News"

As we steamed out of the harbour the French Imperial yacht *Aigle* was preparing to leave. I remember as we passed alongside seeing Her Majesty, the Empress Eugénie, standing on the bridge, surrounded by her suite, and I may safely say that all eyes were centred upon her.

The next day, Tuesday, November 16, we arrived at Port Said, where we found the harbour crowded with vessels, chiefly French, Italian, and Austrian, whilst outside were anchored five British men-of-war, *Lord Warden* (with Sir A. Milne's flag flying), *Royal Oak*, *Prince Consort*, *Caledonia*, *Belle-rophon*, and Rapid despatch boats, two Austrian ironclads, and some Italian ships.

When the *Aigle* arrived at about eight o'clock in the morning, the fleet manned yards and fired a grand salute. She anchored alongside the Khedival yacht, *Mahrourssah*, on the other side of which lay the Austrian Imperial yacht.

At three in the afternoon a benediction was pronounced by the Ulemas of the Mussulman religion, by the Coptic, Roman Catholic, and Greek clergy. A pavilion had been erected on the seashore for the purpose, the front of which was lined by Egyptian troops.

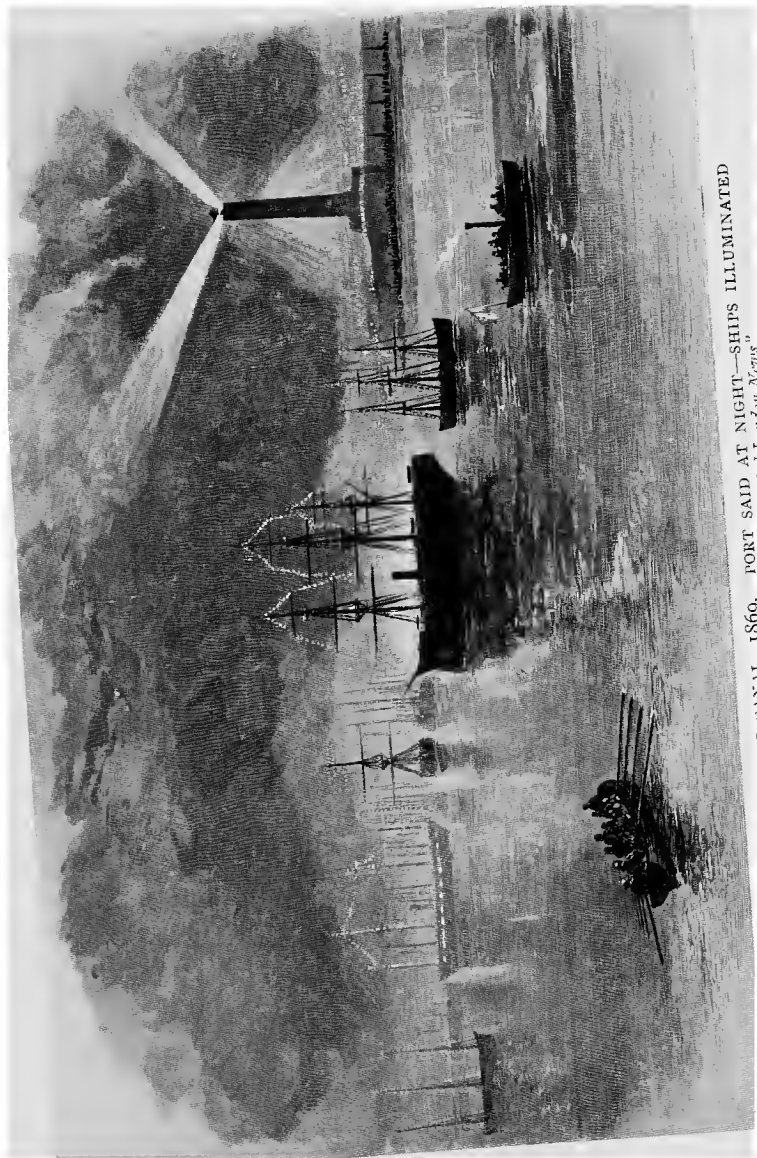
Other pavilions were erected for the Khedive and his royal guests, and as they were about a quarter of a mile away from the landing stage, quite a procession was formed. The Heir Apparent of Egypt led the way with the Princess of Holland, the Empress Eugénie on the arm of the

Emperor of Austria, the Khedive Ismail and the Crown Prince of Prussia walking on each side, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, the Prince of Holland, the Archduke Victor, brother of the Emperor of Austria, the Princes Augustus of Sweden, Amadeus of Savoy, and Louis of Hesse, following with a brilliant staff of French, Austrian, Italian, and Egyptian officers, amongst whom walked Monsieur de Lesseps and Colonel Staunton, the British Consul-General, and many other notable people.

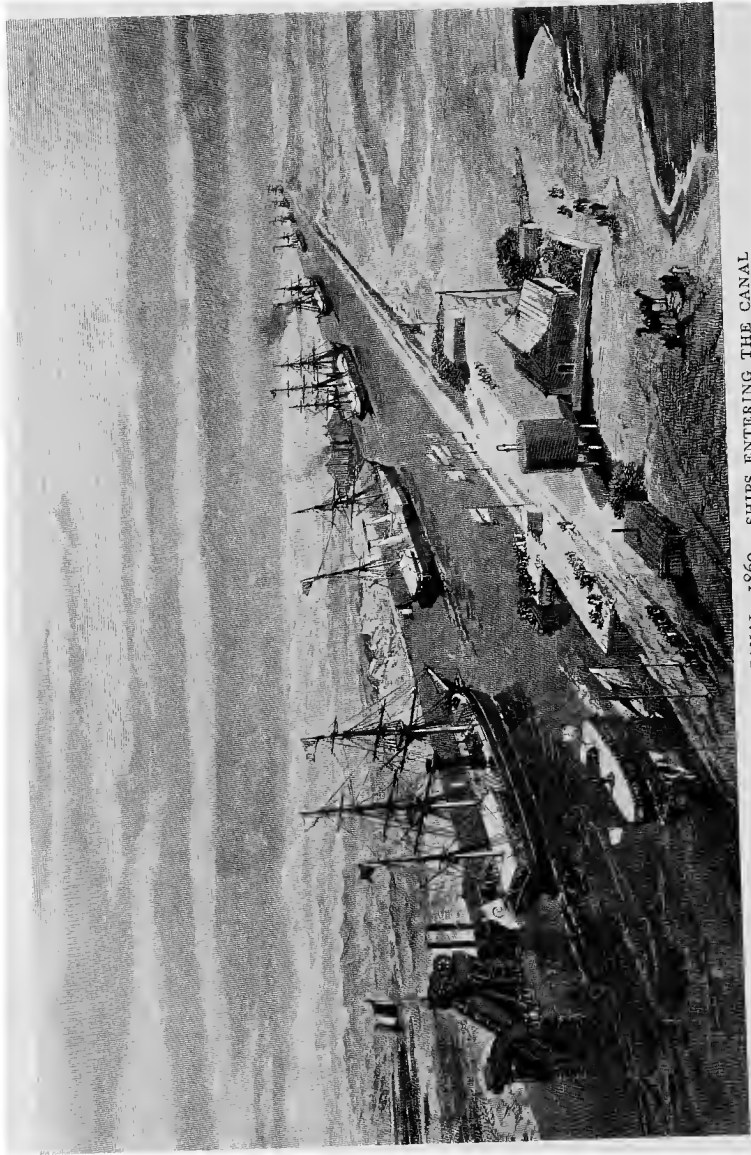
After the religious ceremony, Monsignor Bauer, the Empress Eugénie's confessor, made a most eloquent speech.

Port Said that night, town as well as harbour, was brilliantly illuminated, a glorious moon adding to the splendour of this scene. The next day, Wednesday, November 17, at 8 a.m., the Suez Canal was opened formally, and a procession of about seventy steamers of various nationalities passed, headed by the Imperial yacht *Aigle* with the Empress of the French. The following were the names of the ships, none of which drew more than thirteen feet of water:—

Austrian Imperial yacht, with Emperor of Austria; Prussian frigate with Crown Prince; Swedish yacht with Prince Oscar of Sweden; Russian warship with Grand Duke Michael; Russian Admiral's ship; Dutch gunboat with Prince and Princess of Holland; *Psyche*, English despatch boat with English Ambassador from



OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL, 1869, PORT SAID AT NIGHT—SHIPS ILLUMINATED
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OPENING OF THE SUEZ CANAL, 1869. SHIPS ENTERING THE CANAL
By kind permission of the "Illustrated London News"

Constantinople ; Swedish vessel ; *Peluse*, French Messageries Maritime steamer ; *Rapid*, English gunboat ; a French Messageries Maritime steamer ; *Vulcan*, Austrian warship ; *Forbin*, French gunboat ; a French steamer ; *Cambria*, English yacht with owner, Mr. Ashbury ; *Dido*, English telegraph steamer : English steam yacht ; Swedish vessel ; British sloop-of-war ; Messageries steamer ; Austrian Lloyd steamer ; *Hawk*, English steamer carrying to Suez the shore-end of the British Indian Telegraph ; Russian merchant steamer ; Messageries steamer ; *Lynx*, English steamer ; *Principe Tomaso* and *Principe Oddone*, Italian steamers ; *Principe Aurades*, Italian steamer ; Austrian steamers ; *Scilla*, Italian war frigate ; Austrian Lloyd steamer ; *Chabin*, Egyptian Government steamer ; *Fayoun*, Egyptian Government steamer ; and these followed by about as many more.

The Imperial yacht *Aigle* and the Khedive's yacht after a passage of twelve hours arrived at Ismailia, the others followed later on.

As the Royal guests landed, they were conducted by the Khedive to the new palace, which he had had built specially for this occasion.

Shortly after this, the Empress Eugénie and the Emperor of Austria, on camels, accompanied by Monsieur de Lesseps on a white pony, rode past the Arab camp towards the desert, and on returning entered a small pony chaise, and drove for some time about the streets.

The guests of less importance had not been

forgotten, and in different parts of the town large marquees had been erected, in which tables beautifully decorated awaited those who wished to eat or drink; every delicacy from all parts of the world had been imported, while wines of all kinds, and of the most *recherché* quality, were supplied to any guest who happened to pass by.

Waiters and attendants, dressed in the most gorgeous Khedival liveries, attended to the slightest wishes of all present.

I shall never forget the magnificence of the ball at the new Khedival palace that evening, for it was one of the most brilliant sights I have ever witnessed, especially the Royal procession, as it passed through the principal ball-room, on its way to a supper, which was in itself a thing to be long remembered.

On the following day, most of the Royal guests left Ismailia for Suez, but many of the others proceeded direct to Cairo by train, where some remained two or three weeks, sight-seeing, and enjoying themselves at the expense of the Khedive, even the carriages hired by them being paid for by Ismail, and so ended the *fêtes* given on the occasion of the opening of the Suez Canal. The expense to the Khedive must have been enormous.

The title of Khedive was granted to Ismail Pasha by the Sultan in 1867, since when it has been used by the latter as his official title; the word (pronounced as a dissyllable) is derived from Persian *Khdiv* and means sovereign, it is therefore



ISMAIL PASHA, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT 1863 TO 1879
*By kind permission of Leo Weinthal, Esq., of the
"African World"*

a more dignified title than the former one of Vali—Viceroy.

Those people who have never travelled through this canal might be interested in the following details of this great work. On leaving Port Said, one crosses the Menzaleh lake, a shallow body of salt water, something like the Venetian lagoons, and then proceeds for about twenty-seven miles to El Kantarah, which was formerly the chief caravan station on the road from Egypt to Syria.

At Ismailia, one encounters another lake five miles in length, and this is the central point, or half-way home of the canal; at the time of the opening there were only a few houses there, but very soon afterwards a pleasant little town had sprung up with villas, shops, cafés, hotels, etc., and fine streets and squares.

Now there is a central railway station there from whence passengers can travel to Suez, Cairo, or Alexandria.

Besides this great navigable canal which shortens so splendidly the distance between Europe and the Far East, there is a fresh water canal, constructed on purpose to supply the population at various points on the line, this runs from the Nile to Ismailia on Temsah Lake, from Ismailia to Suez on the west side of the canal, and from Ismailia to Port Said. This last is not really a canal, like the first two sections, but consists of a large iron pipe through which the water is conveyed to the sundry stations.

When the canal was first started in 1859, it was very difficult to procure fresh water, as it had to be brought across Lake Menzaleh, from Damietta, in Arab boats, and it was only in 1863 that the iron pipe was laid down between Port Said and Ismailia. The great advantage of the canal is the shortening of the distance between Europe and the Far East. From London to Bombay by the Suez Canal it is about 6300 miles, whilst by the Cape it is about 11,000 miles. From Marseilles to Bombay by the Cape it is 10,000 miles, and by the Suez Canal 4600 miles. The steamers generally pass through the canal at the rate of 5 to 6 knots.

I might mention that, in 1875, the British Government purchased from the Khedive his shares in the canal, paying four million sterling for 176,602 shares, out of a total of 400,000, and they made a very good investment.

On November 25, 1869, the Austrian and German colony in Alexandria gave a ball to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria. It took place in the rooms of the Mohammed Ali Club, which were at that time on the first floor of a fine building, the ground floor of which was occupied by the Alexandria Bourse. I was present at this function and enjoyed it immensely.

I shall never forget a practical joke which was played upon me by a friend whose acquaintance I made about this time. He was an Austrian named Alexander Cesare, the son of a well-known Alexandrian, who had amassed a large fortune whilst

in the employ of Said Pasha, a former Viceroy of Egypt.

Cesare had been educated in England, and was a capital sportsman and musician. It so happened, when his family decided to leave Egypt and retire to their native town of Trieste, that he and I lived together in one of the many houses owned by his father.

He kept some very good horses, and we generally managed to get a ride or drive each day; in the evenings a few friends would drop in for coffee and a little music.

One evening I was late in returning, and found some fellows, who were to dine with us, waiting about and smoking. I hurried up to my room to change, and just as I was lighting my candle the door was closed to suddenly, and at the same moment something clutched my legs. I looked down with a start, and I remember to this day the awful shock I had. A horrible distorted face was peering up at me. In the dim flickering light I saw this frightful, fat, hairy face, surmounting a tiny misshapen body, and I hardly realized whether it was human or not; it was mouthing horribly, and its two long arms gripped my knees.

The candle dropped from my fingers. With a yell I sprang to the door, and could not open it. I yelled again, and once more those arms crept round my knees, clinging like a limpet, and all the while unintelligible sounds came from the vile lips. Suddenly the door was opened, and Cesare stood

there with a lamp, while the other men stood round shaking with laughter.

The shock had upset me extremely, and they began to think that the joke had gone a bit too far. It appeared that this awful monstrosity had been brought from Greece to be shown as a freak. Cesare had seen it privately that afternoon, and had induced the Greek who had charge of it to bring it to the house. I have always disliked practical jokes since then, and I don't think that Cesare played many more, for I never heard of them, and I have spent many very delightful holidays with him and his family later on, at their lovely place on the Istrian coast.

I had made the acquaintance of Mr. Gibbs, General Manager of the Eastern Telegraph Company in Alexandria, and he and his wife became my very good friends. A great deal of my spare time was spent at their house, where I was almost sure to meet some one interesting; Mrs. Gibbs, who was a charming, kind-hearted, and generous woman, used to hold a number of social functions, and these were always well attended, being recognized as a feature of the Alexandrian cosmopolitan society. Mrs. Gibbs was a splendid rider, and quite a picture on horseback; she was also one of the best waltzers in Egypt.

In 1869—at least, I believe it was that year—I dined one night with H. M. Stanley, the explorer. We were both guests of the Gibbises, and I remember enjoying myself very much. I was

struck at the time by Stanley's conversation, which was most interesting, as he related many anecdotes of his travels. At the time he held a roving commission as correspondent for the *New York Herald*, and had just returned from Aden, where he had been trying to obtain information about Dr. Livingstone, who was supposed to be on his way home from Africa.

I met Stanley again later on, and also knew intimately Surgeon Parke of the Army Medical Department, who was his friend and medical adviser on the expedition to find Emin Pasha in Central Africa.

I shall always remember a certain Monsieur Cirilli, an attaché at the French Consulate, who never missed any of the evening parties. He was a splendid pianist, and would sit for hours at the piano, playing dance music or classical and operatic pieces. He was a very good-natured man, always in great request by the different hostesses who were giving entertainments.

I accepted an invitation from my friend Cesare to go out with him and our mutual friend Gibbs to shoot wild duck on some property belonging to him about thirty miles in the interior from Alexandria. We could only go a small part of the way by rail, and the rest on donkeys and mules; this part of the journey was extremely tiring, and I was completely done up when we arrived. The house, if it could be called by so respectable a name, was built of mud bricks in the most primitive manner, but it was fairly comfortable inside.

An old servant of Cesare's, an Austrian, looked after this place for him, and we had brought with us an Arab servant. These two took charge of the hamper containing provisions, whisky and soda, etc., and as the Austrian was a capital cook, it was not a great while before we found ourselves enjoying a very decent dinner, after which we settled down to pass the evening as sociably as possible. With the aid of sundry pegs and a good deal of smoking, we managed all right until it was decided that, as we had to start about three o'clock in the morning, bed was the right place for us. There were three comfortable camp beds, but unfortunately no mosquito curtains. We had not realized this before, and now, tired as we were, we looked at each other in dismay, and dreaded the thought of turning in. There was a grim determination about us as we eventually did so, and then the lights were extinguished. Alas, for half an hour there was a stream of muffled conversation. Perhaps it was well that it was so muffled, for it consisted in little arguments between us three human beings and certain winged devils. First one heard the sound of an open hand being brought down violently—slap, "Got you, you ——." Then—slap, slap and a groan. To add to this, and to the maddening buzz of the mosquitoes, there was the croaking of those vile frogs outside. At the end of half an hour's torment I heard Cesare jump off his bed, and, going to the door, call his servant and give him some instructions; then he jumped

back into bed with a sigh of relief, as much as to say, "Now, my friends, just wait a moment."

In spite of fatigue I was wide awake, slapping gently or viciously as the case might be. My nerves were twitching with a hideous desire for sleep, when presently something tickled my throat and nose, and I coughed. Immediately from Gibbs's bed came an answering cough, and then Cesare began.

"What the d——" began Gibbs, and coughed.

"Who the d——" said I, and coughed, rubbing my eyes, which smarted horribly.

Cesare did not say anything, but I can imagine what he would have said if he hadn't been coughing too.

At the same moment we all three jumped out of bed and rushed to the door, flinging it wide open in the hope of getting away from that choking smoke; but instead we rushed right into it, for Cesare had told his man to make a fire of dried cotton-plant sticks and reeds, thinking that the smoke would drive off the winged guests. It was, perhaps, a really excellent idea, but in this case we suffered instead of the mosquitoes. However, when our room was once more inhabitable, we went to bed again, but not a wink of sleep did I get until just before daybreak.

Our shooting ground was a small lake not far from the house, and Cesare's man had seen that punts were in readiness for us; but when we were called I, who had only just fallen off to sleep,

vowed that nothing on God's earth would make me get up then, so Cesare and Gibbs dressed and went off by themselves; they told me that the two of them would take the big punt and leave the small one at the top of the lake for me.

Some three hours later I was again awakened, and after a large cup of coffee felt distinctly better.

I was soon dressed, and on my way; without any difficulty I found the small punt, moored at the edge of the lake. I pushed off, and proceeded as cautiously as possible round the lake, keeping both the punt and my body concealed as well as I could with the reeds and rushes. I had no idea of the whereabouts of the big punt with Cesare and Gibbs, and supposed that they must be on the farther side of the lake among the reeds there. Plenty of duck appeared, and some alighted. Presently, as I gradually worked my way round the edge of the lake, I saw to my delight a splendid wild duck gently paddling about.

In a moment I had seized my gun and, taking extra special aim, fired. Then I punted as hard as I could to the bird, and got hold of it. It was dead all right; but I couldn't drag it out of the water; it seemed to be fastened somehow. This was, alas, quite natural, as it happened to be a *decoy duck* that Cesare had put there himself.

The sound of the shot had brought them up, and he and Gibbs appeared on the scene. For the next few minutes I heard myself called many things, and shame kept me from retaliation, although,

after all, I was not so much to blame as I had had no notification of the decoy. When they imagined that enough had been said, and I could raise my blushing head, I told them that to make up for my mistake I would wager that I would secure more duck than they did individually. They took my bet and cleared off. When I was alone again it suddenly entered my head that I had done rather a rash thing in wagering upon my own prowess; but as it was done I had to make the best of it, and puzzled as to the right way of beginning. Then a brilliant idea seized me; most probably I had read something in my boyhood, which I unconsciously remembered; so I cut a number of reeds, then I fastened them round the punt which was luckily a small one. I did this with a piece of string tied very tight. When this was done I poled very gently towards an open piece of water where I had noticed that a number of ducks alighted. I did not go too far away from the growing reeds, but just far enough to be within gunshot; my ruse succeeded beyond my expectations, and I secured in all some seven or eight ducks while my friends had only five between them. I chaffed them both quite unmercifully in order to get my own back, and told them in future to understand that mind was of far greater value than mere matter.

In 1871 I met Mr. Greenfield of the English firm of Greenfield & Co., who were constructing the great breakwater, quays, and jetties of

Alexandria, the total cost of which was about two million sterling.

The breakwater was composed of nearly 30,000 blocks of concrete or artificial stone weighing 20 tons each. The inner section is covered with 55,000 tons of rubble stone, and 85,000 tons of quarry blocks weighing two to six tons each. It is over twenty feet wide at the top, and ten feet above sea level.

The southern end has a lighthouse thirty feet above sea level, and is about one thousand yards from the shore—the whole work was practically finished in 1873.

I remember meeting about this time a Captain George Hyde commanding the P. and O. steamer, *Pera*. He was a great favourite with most of the Anglo-Indians, and was a well-known celebrity throughout the service, his soubriquet in the P. and O. was "Magnificent George," and really he was a very fine, handsome man. He often gave little luncheons and dinners on board his vessel, and being rather a gourmet, he took care that they were really good. He had a smattering of Italian, of which he was very proud, airing it whenever an opportunity occurred, adding at the end of some very high-sounding sentence, "This is from Dante."

Sometimes he would write his menus in Italian, and one of the items generally found was "Nightingales' tongues, stewed in the dew of roses." His guests, of course, expected to see some marvellous culinary concoction; but when the dish appeared,

it was only a dish of cream, with pieces of sponge cake floating about. However, his sparkling Moselle cup was a dream, and a boon on a hot summer's day. He, poor fellow, died some years ago at Lord's whilst watching a cricket match.

I was always very enthusiastic in regard to everything connected with music, and when it was announced that the Khedive Ismail Pasha had commissioned Verdi to write an opera, taking his subject from Egypt, all of us looked forward with considerable excitement to the first production, which took place at the Opera House in Cairo on December 24, 1871. Verdi was expected to come to Cairo to direct this first performance of "Aïda" himself; but, unfortunately, his horror and dread of the sea prevented him accepting Ismail Pasha's invitation. I went specially to Cairo in order to be present at what for me was a great event.

A most brilliant audience literally crowded the house; the Khedive with all the princes were there, and the Khedivah was present, and the Egyptian princesses were in the Royal Harem boxes, the fronts of which were covered in with thin lattice work, through which one could see, hazily, the forms of the ladies, with their diamonds and precious stones sparkling as they moved to and fro in the large royal box. All the Consul-Generals and their wives were present, the ministers and the Khedival staff officers in their brilliant uniforms, while in every box were many lovely women, resplendent with jewels. This premier performance

of "Aïda" was simply perfect, and it was in the early hours of the morning that I left the theatre after an evening which, to me, had been divine.

The caste was as follows :—

IL RE	Tommaso Costa . .	<i>Basso.</i>
AMNERIS	Eleonora Grossi . .	<i>Mezzo-Soprano.</i>
AÏDA	Antonietta Pozzoni .	<i>Soprano.</i>
RADAMES	Pietro Mongini . . .	<i>Tenore.</i>
RAMFIS	Paolo Medini	<i>Basso.</i>
AMONATIO	Francesca Steller . .	<i>Baritone.</i>
UN MESSAGGIERO	Stecchi Bottordi . .	<i>Tenore.</i>

The Conductor was Mæstro Bottesini, the famous violinist.

CHAPTER IV

1872-1878

IN June, 1872, a number of us young Englishmen decided that a race meeting would be an excellent form of enjoyment, and after many conferences, when everything had been properly arranged, it was decided to ask His Highness the Prince Tewfik Pasha, afterwards Khedive, to allow the race to be run under his patronage; he not only graciously accorded this, but promised to honour us by his presence, and so the meeting was held at Ramleh, about five miles from Alexandria, on the seashore, on June 19, 1872. From a copy I have of the original programme I see that the general conditions were as follows:—

(1) Horses to be Arabs, the property of subscribers of £1 and upwards to the race fund.

(2) All horses to be *bonâ fide* hacks, *i.e.* horses that have never run in any Egyptian race.

(3) All horses to be ridden by gentlemen in colours, who were subscribers of £1 upward.

(4) Winners of any previous amateur race to carry a penalty of seven pounds, and any horse having run second in any such race, to carry three pounds penalty.

(5) Mares and geldings to be allowed three pounds.

(6) No horse to carry more than thirteen stone.

(7) The decision of the stewards to be in all cases final.

Judge : H. L. Gisborne.

Starter : C. E. Dawson.

Clerk of the course : McKellop Bey.

Clerk of the scales : J. Tucker.

His Highness, Prince Tewfik Pasha, attended by his private secretary, De Martino Bey, remained until the last race was run, and expressed his pleasure at the delightful afternoon he had spent.

I am afraid that, personally, I made a very poor show, my horse coming in fourth in the first race and fifth in the third, but it was grand fun all the same, and I made up for it by winning the sweepstakes in both races.

Most of us finished up an enjoyable day by attending a dance and dinner given by Mrs. Gibbs.

During the winter I often rode out with the American officers belonging to the Egyptian Army, amongst whom were Colonel du Chaillé Long, Colonel Purdy, and others; Mrs. Gibbs generally accompanied the party. I also met Colonel Butler, the American Consul-General, with whom I became very friendly, often lunching and dining at his house in Ramleh; his wife, who had been a celebrated American actress named Rose Ettrick, was a particularly charming hostess. Colonel Butler himself

was a nephew of General Butler of New Orleans fame.

I remember once that he gave a dinner, at which some of the officers of the Egyptian Army Staff were present, at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which was situated near the sea, not far from the grand square Mohammed Ali. The dinner, which was an exceedingly good one, commenced at 8 o'clock in the evening, and towards midnight we were still at table; as we were feeling rather tired, Gibbs and I thought it was time for us to leave, so we quietly left the table, and made for the ante-room, where we expected to find our hats and coats. To our surprise, we discovered that the room was locked, and also the entrance door to the hotel, the boab (door keeper) telling us that this had been done by Colonel Butler's orders, and that he had taken the key along with him. We returned to the dining-room, and Gibbs went round the table to where Butler was sitting, and explained that he and I wished to leave, but our host would not hear of it, saying that the night was young yet, and in spite of our expostulation we could do nothing but sit still and wait.

It was not until some hours later that, going to the outer room and getting hold of one of the waiters, who was lying asleep on a couch, we offered him twenty francs if he could get hold of the key and let us out. By that time Colonel Butler and most of the guests were asleep, which was hardly to be wondered at, considering the

amount of champagne that had been drunk ; so the waiter, leaving us for a few moments, entered the dining-room, and shortly after returned with the key. As he let us out I asked him where he had found it. He replied, "In Colonel Butler's pocket!"

Among the celebrities that I met at Gibbs's house were the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Suffield, who were travelling together. The Duke of Sutherland had purchased land and house property in Cairo, and had built some very fine blocks of houses in the centre of the town, and my old friend Thompson, the architect, was entrusted with the drawings and designs of the buildings, and he also acted as the Duke's agent in Cairo.

I also met Sir George Elliot, M.P. for Durham, who was interested in the construction of the Alexandria Breakwater, and who visited Egypt year by year.

I also met another friend of his, Sir John Pender, M.P., Chairman of the Eastern Telegraph Company, and consequently Mr. Gibbs's chief.

Sir John was most kind to me, and for many years I had the pleasure of his friendship ; moreover, he was a staunch supporter of mine at the Foreign Office at Downing Street in after years when I left Egypt.

In February, 1874, I met for the first time General Gordon, who had just then arrived to take up the position of Governor-General of the Equator ; the English Government had authorized

him to accept the appointment, hoping that Gordon would be able to stop the slave trade in the Soudan. He did indeed establish a certain amount of order and placed a number of military stations along the Nile, but the Egyptian Government only supported him in a very half-hearted manner, whilst he had great difficulty in dealing with the treachery of the hostile governors, who, instead of giving him assistance, were only too ready to plot against and thwart him whenever they got the opportunity.

It was at dinner at my friend Thompson's, the Cairo architect, that I made the acquaintance of General Gordon. Thompson was a great personal friend of his, and he also acted as his agent in Cairo.

We had a very merry party, and the conversation was so interesting that it was in the early hours of the morning before we separated.

It struck me that Gordon had a supreme knowledge of the Bible, his quotations being numerous, but always apt. I shall always remember one remark I heard him make which to my mind showed a great knowledge of mankind, I forget how it came in, but he said, "In a nation of liars, the *truth* will often deceive far better than a falsehood."

When General Gordon first took up his duties most of the population in the Soudan were slaves, the country was overrun with slave hunters and slave dealers, and those in power were said to aid and abet them, those who were not in bondage

looked upon any new arrivals as enemies, but still this did not prevent them from offering to barter their own children in exchange for grain, etc.

The population was decreasing rapidly not only by death and sickness, but also by the slave dealers' raids which hastened to decimate the country.

At that time the communications were almost impossible, and the different chiefs in the Interior were more or less at war with one another.

Towards the end of 1876, thoroughly disgusted, being practically alone, as most of his companions had died or been invalided home, Gordon threw up his command and returned to England, but only for a few weeks, for at the request of the British Government he returned to Cairo, on the understanding that his powers were to be extended, and that he was to have the entire control of the Soudan, which he entered about the middle of February, the Khedive Ismail Pasha having consented to his appointment as Governor-General of the Soudan. In spite of his energy and whole-hearted struggling to stop the slave traffic, the chiefs and governors of the different provinces, being opposed to him, made success impossible, and in 1879 he left the Soudan once more.

I did not see him again till January, 1884, when he passed through Cairo on his last journey to the Soudan, again at the request of the British Government.

In the summer of 1874 I returned to England

for three months, travelling overland through Italy and France. I remember this holiday well, for I saw the Derby run for the first time, and I may say the last. Three of us, Sir James Anderson's brother and son and myself, drove down in a hansom cab and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

I was able to accept the invitation to attend the coming of age of Sir James Anderson's son Kenneth, who was an old and intimate friend of mine. Lady Anderson very kindly invited me to stay at their house during the week, and a glorious time we had, what with dinner-parties, luncheons, balls, etc., in fact I could hardly tear myself away, but duty called, and my leave was drawing to an end, so I had to bid them all good-bye and hurry away. I was just in time to catch my return steamer from Liverpool.

Sir James Anderson at one time commanded *The Great Eastern*, the largest steamship in the world, and it was he who laid the first Atlantic cable between this country and America.

On May 17, 1876, I married an Italian lady, the Signorina Elvira Chini, eldest daughter of Cleto Chini of Leghorn and Cairo.

The Chini Brothers introduced the first postal system in Egypt; about the year 1820 they organized a splendid service to deliver letters, specie, etc., as in the early days it was necessary to send groups of gold and silver dollars to the villages for the purchasing of cotton, for there were no banks existing in the Interior at that time.

As no stamps were issued, all letters, etc., were paid for on being posted, there being no question of payment on delivery.

Native runners were employed between the villages in the Interior; the Nile and the Canals were utilized, and when the railway line was established between Alexandria and Cairo this also was utilized. As the years went by and the country developed, the monopoly held by the Chini Brothers was of much importance, and finally the Egyptian Government decided to take it over themselves, buying back the concession for a considerable amount of money.

At the present time, the Egyptian postal service is second to none in the world.

Even in the Middle Ages Egypt had a postal service quite well organized, and Lane Poole describes how Beybars, one of the Sultans, established a thorough system of posts. He writes—

“Relays of horses were in readiness in each posting house, and twice a week the Sultan received and answered reports from all parts of the realm. Besides the ordinary mail, there is also a pigeon post, which was no less carefully managed.

“The pigeons were kept in cots in the Citadel and at the various stages, which were further apart than those of horses; the bird was trained to stop at the first postcot, where its letter would be attached to the wing of another pigeon for the next stage. The Royal pigeons had a distinguishing mark, and when one of these arrived at the Citadel with a despatch, no one was permitted to

detach the parchment save the Sultan himself; and so stringent were the rules that were he dining or sleeping or in the bath, he would nevertheless at once be informed of the arrival, and would immediately proceed to disencumber the bird of its message."

Pigeons were also used occasionally in war to carry messages to generals at a distance.

For some little time I had been wondering whether it would be advisable to start business on my own account, for although I had a very good position with Messrs. Barker & Co., I did not see any great possibilities in the near future. I happened to mention this to a friend of mine in the Consular service, and he suggested my entering the Egyptian Government Service, for he said my knowledge of Arabic, French, and Italian would certainly be most useful, and for anyone who was active and intelligent there should be a good career ahead. So upon my next visit to Cairo I called upon Mr. H. Vivian, British Consul-General, afterwards Lord Vivian, who knew me personally very well. He was very kind and encouraging, and told me that possibly I might be able to obtain a position in the Government service, under the Anglo-French control, which was just then being established.

He suggested that I should call upon Mr. Scrivenor, an Englishman who had just arrived in Egypt, and who had been appointed, at the recommendation of the British Government, Director-

General of Customs, and promised to write to him recommending me.

As soon as possible I had an interview with Mr. Scrivenor and explained matters thoroughly to him, and after a long talk, we arranged that I should join him as soon as I could.

He told Mr. Vivian what he had arranged, and a few days later I was presented by him to His Highness Prince Hussein Pasha, Minister of Finances.

I entered the Egyptian Service in January, 1877, as chief of the European department of the Customs.

It was at a time when this department was in a terribly chaotic state, and at first it appeared almost impossible to cleanse such an Augean stable ; there were many who ventured the opinion that it was an impossibility and condoled with Mr. Scrivenor in the almost superhuman task that lay before him, it being necessary to break down the old system, in spite of the opposition of the native officials, who from all accounts found the said system exceedingly beneficial to them both financially and otherwise.

As statistics are of the utmost importance and quite essential to the proper conduct of the Customs, I was instructed to bring into being a statistical department. This was a matter which required a great deal of study and careful thought, for we had to create a system, suitable for adoption, not only at the Alexandria Customs, but also the branch houses of the service and, added to these, the ones



G. H. SCRIVENOR
DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF EGYPTIAN CUSTOMS

at Massouah, Suakim, and Zeilah in the Red Sea, which were then under our jurisdiction.

Owing to the fact that new books and forms had to be created and printed in Arabic and French, it was some little time before we started and were in regular working condition, but year by year the statistical department developed and improved, and at the present moment it is equal to that of any European Government.

The Coastguard Service was also under the Customs administration, and I became very friendly with Major Morice Bey, who was in charge, and his two assistants, Bobby Grey, who afterwards became commander of the telegraph ship *Amber*, and Alfred Brewster; he later was made a Bey, becoming Director of Customs and Assistant-Governor of Suakim.

From there he took the post of English private secretary to the Khedive Tewfik Pasha, and on the latter's death he occupied the same position with his successor, Abbas Pasha, where he is at the present moment, and I have expected for some time to hear of his promotion to the rank of Pasha.

After the creation of the statistical department, I next endeavoured gradually to change the existing system of accounts, a step not favourably reviewed by the Coptic clerks, who were rather averse to any change to what they had been used all their lives. I do not fancy this was pure conservatism on their part, for the system of native accounts had been in existence for ages, and was extremely

complicated, hundreds of clerks being employed to keep books, which could very well be done without, and which gave opportunity for a considerable amount of abuse ; however, Wassif Effendi, the native chief Coptic clerk, worked with me loyally, and between us we eventually got things straightened out.

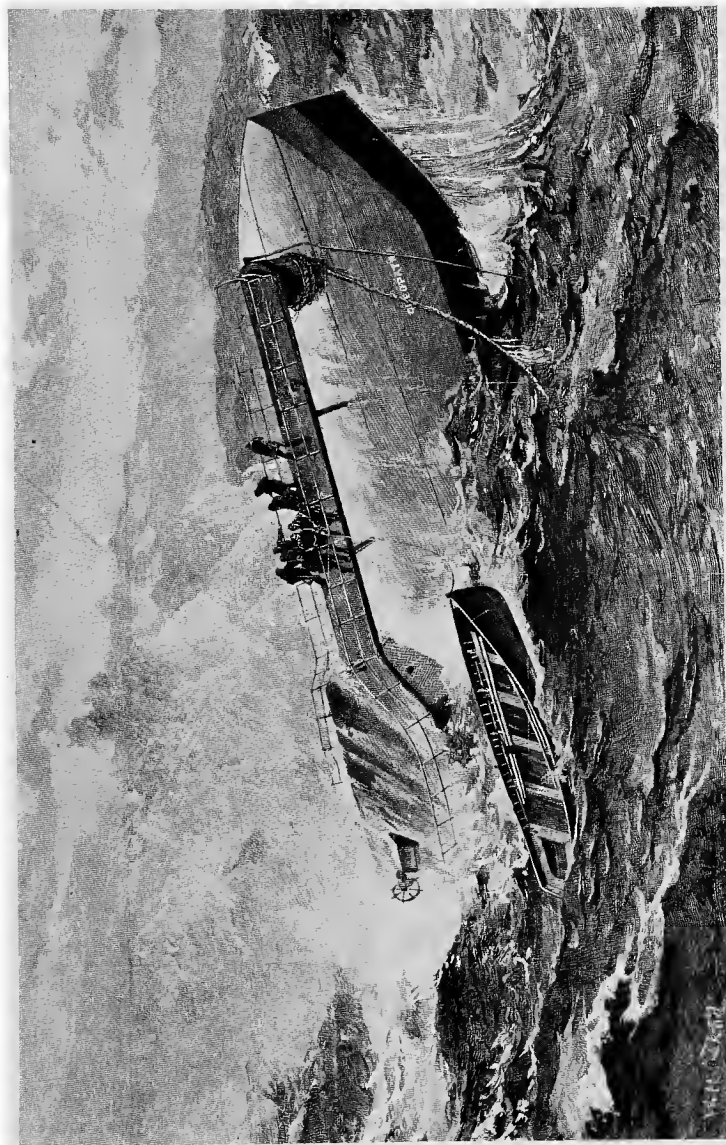
The next important step was the putting into force of new forms of customs declarations, printed in both Arabic and French ; these formerly had been in Arabic only.

This was a period of very hard work, and very often we were at it from morning until long past midnight.

In November, 1877, I replaced provisionally the Controller-General of Customs, who had resigned.

In this position I found that it was absolutely necessary to be able to read and write Arabic, so three nights a week I took lessons, until I could do both fairly well.

It was this year that Cleopatra's Needle was removed from Egypt. For centuries it had been lying on the sands of the seashore at Alexandria, just opposite where I resided, near the Ramleh railway station. This obelisk was erected at Heliopolis by Thothmes III., about 1500 years B.C., inscriptions were added nearly two centuries later by Rameses the Great, and it was removed during the Greek dynasty to Alexandria, the Royal City of Cleopatra, where it was re-erected in the year 12 B.C., in the reign of Augustus Cæsar.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE. RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE CLEOPATRA AT DAWN IN THE BAY OF BISCAY, OCTOBER 15, 1877.
FROM A SKETCH DRAWN BY CAPTAIN CARTER
By kind permission of the "Illustrated London News"

In 1819 A.D. it was presented to the British nation by Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt.

As I passed it every day I was immensely interested when it was rumoured that the huge column was going to be shipped to London, and when the work commenced of building the iron casing around it as it lay on the sands, I rarely failed to spend some little time daily in watching the work proceeding under the able direction of Mr. John Dixon, a civil engineer. He was an acquaintance of mine, and very kindly explained how he intended carrying out the work and construction of the iron casing cylinder to contain the obelisk for its sea journey.

For months they worked under the blazing Egyptian sun, constructing this vessel, and when at last it was complete, a roadway was dug to the sea, and a short sloping platform was made leading into deep water, into which the cylinder was then quietly rolled; the deck house, masts and other fittings being then added. The ingenious iron-plated vessel was named the *Cleopatra*, and was commanded by Captain Carter and a crew of eight men. On the 21st September, 1877, it left Alexandria in tow of the steamer *Olga*, bound for London. For an account of that voyage, I must refer to Captain Carter's own narrative:—

“All went well until near the middle of the Bay of Biscay, even in the rough weather experienced from the time she entered the bay, not a drop of water wetted the main deck over the house.

“As the vessel lay so low in the water, the prow

was covered by every wave with which it came in contact, but the front pillars which supported the hurricane deck or galley, split each wave, and throwing the halves on each side, left the deck-house clear ; though the pitching was considerable, owing to the evenly distributed weight, unavoidable from the form of the needle, the rolling was practically nil, the cylindrical form of the hull allowing the sea to slip over it, without causing the slightest disturbance.

“ During the great storm of the 14th and 15th of October, the *Cleopatra* was thrown on her sides, the towing rope broke, and it was with great difficulty and danger that Captain Carter and crew were rescued by the boats of the *Olga* ; unfortunately six of the rescuers were drowned in saving the others.

“ The *Cleopatra* was abandoned in the Bay of Biscay and was afterwards picked up by a steamer called the *Fitz Maurice*, bound for Valencia, the obelisk in its iron case was left for safety at Ferrol.”

It was afterwards towed to London and placed on the Thames Embankment in 1878, the cost of this difficult operation amounted to £10,000, and was defrayed by the generous gift of Mr. Erasmus Wilson, the eminent surgeon.

Professor Mahaffey says—

“ The Egyptian portrait is likely to confirm on the spectator's mind the impression derived from Shakespeare's play, that Cleopatra was a swarthy Egyptian, in strong contrast to the fair Roman ladies and suggesting a wide difference of race.



ABANDONMENT OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ON OCTOBER 15, 1877, IN THE BAY OF BISCAY. FROM A SKETCH DRAWN BY CAPTAIN CARTER
By kind permission of the "Illustrated London News"

“ She was no more an Egyptian than she was an Indian, but a pure Macedonian, of a race akin to, and perhaps fairer than the Greeks.”

Further, he reminds us that Plutarch expressly says—

“ That it was not in peerless beauty, that her fascination lay, but in the combination of more than average beauty, with many other personal attractions.”

Douglas Sladen, in “Queer things about Egypt,” writes—

“ Who was Cleopatra ? She was Cleopatra VI., for she had five predecessors of the same name, who shared the throne of Egypt, was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes, and born about 68 B.C.

“ She married both her brothers, Ptolemy XIV., who was older, and Ptolemy XV. who was younger than herself, the former being drowned in an attack upon Julius Cæsar, the younger brother and her sister Arsinoe being put to death by Antony at her request, the latter having been sent fettered to Rome, to grace Cæsar’s triumph.

“ Most people know that she was the mistress of Mark Antony, but before that, Julius Cæsar himself had succumbed to her fascinations, and she was reported also to have been the mistress of the son of Pompey.

“ Cleopatra was the last Queen of Egypt, and her predecessors had ruled or shared the ruler’s throne for 4000 years, and with her death came to an end a kingdom, which had records of civilization older than any other in the world.

“The Royal Palace of the Ptolemies stood almost in the centre of the shore of the eastern bay of Alexandria.”

About the beginning of this year I became a shareholder in the Ramleh Railway, but after a short time I found out that things were being mismanaged in a very extraordinary manner, and that the internal administration required thoroughly overhauling. I therefore began to agitate quietly amongst some of the larger shareholders who were not in any way connected directly or indirectly with the inside group who were running the railway at the time, more for their own convenience than for that of the shareholders. I was fortunate in obtaining the assistance of the Manager of the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Alexandria, who represented for themselves and their clients a large number of shares. The outcome was that at the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders held on December 7, 1877, the proposition that I put before the meeting and the names for the new Board were unanimously accepted. The following were elected :—

Mr. Wilson, Chairman.

Mr. G. Zervudachi.

Mr. Sursock.

Dr. Vorenhurst.

Mr. A. Caprara.

One of the modifications in the Articles of Association was to the effect that for the future the

remuneration of the Directors was to be at the rate of £1 per member for attendance at each Board meeting in lieu of 5 *per cent. of the gross receipts* which had been paid in the past, and that the appointment of each Director was to be for a period of two years instead of five years as hitherto.

The reforms and modifications agreed to were appreciated not only by all the shareholders indistinctly, but also by the local papers, who were good enough to couple my name as being the one shareholder who had worked for a considerable time and had the courage to attack and break up the powerful group who had been running the concern until then.

I met Sir Richard Burton for the second time in April, my first meeting with him having been the previous year when he came to Egypt to try and induce the Khedive Ismail Pasha to interest himself in a scheme in connection with the Gold Mines of Midian, which unfortunately, after a certain amount of money had been expended, ended in smoke.

Sir Richard was now returning from the expedition, and Lady Burton had arrived from Trieste to meet him. I had the pleasure of making her acquaintance at Cairo.

Sir Richard struck me as a wonderful man, with an enormous personality, he reminded me of Gordon Pasha in his frank outspokenness; his knowledge was amazing, and strangely enough he was very superstitious, which is a common failing

among people who have lived and been intimately connected with the nations of the East.

We conversed for some time in Arabic, and I regret extremely that I did not see more of him. He had, I remember, a favourite saying, viz. "Shawir Hunna—wa Khalif Hunna," which means—

"Ask their advice, ye men of wit,
And always do the opposite."

In the month of May, I was named Chief of the Administrative Department, at the same time I replaced the Secretary-General absent on leave, and in June and July I occupied three positions, Secretary-General, Chief Accountant, who was also on leave, and my own, so it can be surmised that my time was fairly well filled.

One of the greatest difficulties we had to contend with at the Customs was the smuggling of hashish (opium for smoking), this was a trade so cunningly worked by the smugglers that it required great smartness on the part of the Customs inspectors to detect it, and there was a continual fight going on between the two parties, but after some time, as all opium discovered was confiscated and heavy penalties inflicted, the illegal importation was greatly reduced.

Gunpowder and Greek tobacco were other contraband articles at the time, but they were often smuggled into the country, generally being brought direct from Greece in small coasting vessels; these would arrive just after nightfall, creeping in as close

to the shore as possible, and discharging their cargo into small rowing-boats, manned by Greeks, who would land the tobacco and barrels of gunpowder somewhere on the coast between Alexandria and Aboukir and then bring them into the town on the backs of camels. Very often sanguinary fights would occur between the Greeks and the coast-guard men, but in spite of these little contretemps the contraband trade continued, for the profit was very great. At other times the coastguard men were fortunate enough to seize, not only the cargo, but the ships as well, and then there would be great trouble and bother with the mixed tribunals because all foreign ships, fishing and shore boats owned by Greeks and Maltese were free from the search of the Custom House officers, who could only overhaul the cargo when it was landed. This naturally enough gave the opportunity for extensive smuggling ; besides, no house of a foreigner could be forcibly entered without the knowledge and concurrence of the Consul representing his nationality. Foreigners were exempt from taxes ; in fact, they were specially privileged in all things.

A man whose influence in the Customs Administration was very great was Haicalis Pasha, a Greek, he was one of the Egyptian Government lawyers, and specially delegated to the Customs as legal adviser. He was exceedingly intelligent, very clever and wily, and his suavity of manner was such that it enabled him to acquire many friends and at the same time the sympathy of

many of the judges of different nationalities who presided at the mixed tribunals.

I had a good deal to do with him, especially in cases connected with smuggling, etc., as I often presided over the Customs Permanent Committee, a sort of court held by a number of high Customs officials to try and adjudicate such cases. Here Haicalis Pasha's legal advice and sound common-sense judgment enabled us on more than one occasion, in rendering sentences, to steer clear of any pitfalls which might have brought us in conflict with the different Consular Authorities, whilst at the same time rendering decisions which were considered generally just and equitable, but very seldom if ever in favour of the delinquents.

Haicalis Pasha occupied a prominent social position in Alexandria and Cairo society, he was also the proprietor and editor of the *Phare d'Alexandrie*, a daily newspaper printed in French at Alexandria. He was devoted to the interests of Ismail Pasha and the Khedival dynasty.

Sir William Gregory, in a book upon Egypt, says—

“ I will venture to say that ninety out of a hundred of my countrymen are not aware of the injustice under which the Egyptians are labouring, the stately palaces, built by Europeans and by those who have obtained European nationality in many instances by very questionable means are untaxed, the humble dwelling of the Egyptians by the side of these mansions, is taxed at the rate of

12 per cent. on the valuation, but all this is done through the capitulations with Turkey. It will be said that is true enough, but it is perfectly easy for England to take the lead, and to let the Egyptians know that we are taking the lead in endeavouring to relax under proper safeguard this portion of the capitulations. Again, let a Maltese or a Greek or an Italian practice a trade or mount the box of a hackney coach as a driver, he is exempt from the tax on professions as being under European protection, but an Egyptian striving to earn his bread in a similar manner is taxed in doing so."

In 1884 the Egyptian Government concluded a treaty of commerce with Greece, which provided for the regulation of the tobacco trade, the prohibition against the importation being withdrawn and a duty of five piastres tariff per oke ($2\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.) was imposed.

The duty on tobacco is now one of the most important items in the Egyptian Government's revenues; in 1883 the Customs receipts on tobacco were 86,695 Egyptian pounds, in 1890 they amounted to £Eg.727,788, while in 1896 they totalled £Eg.1,006,526.

In 1883 the total imports into Egypt were £Eg.7,866,042, and the exports £Eg.12,177,065.

In 1904 the imports had increased to £Eg.20,559,588 and the exports to £Eg.20,811,000.

The growth of native tobacco in Egypt was prohibited altogether in 1891.

The smugglers were very ingenious in their

methods of passing contraband goods into the town, evading the octroi officials stationed at the gates.

On several occasions a harem carriage drawn by a pair of splendid horses would come galloping along, with an outrider in front, towards the town gates, as though they were coming from the Khedival palace in Ramleh, the doors and windows hermetically closed, as is usual when ladies are inside, the shouts of the outrider, and the splendid appearance of the equipage would lead the guard to suppose that it belonged to either the Khedive or some pasha, probably a minister, and they would present arms and salute.

Once or twice a week this happened for some months, and then one day, as the carriage came tearing through the gates, the horses slipped and both came heavily to the ground. The officer in charge at the gate rushed to the carriage in order to assist the ladies to alight, but, upon opening the door, he discovered, not the beauties he had hoped for, but many packages of opium and tobacco. This was a good haul for the octroi, for they seized the horses, carriage, and contents, while the Arab coachman and outrider were both imprisoned.

Another time it happened that an Arab funeral was passing through the town gates, when a carriage with a pair of bolting horses was seen approaching at a terrific pace. The driver managed to keep them in the middle of the very narrow road through the gates, but the funeral party, seeing that there

was not room for them to get past, dropped the coffin and bolted back.

There was a smash—and when they went to look for the corpse, they found instead a fine load of the same contraband articles, opium and tobacco.

Funerals of this kind had been passing through the gates for months.

CHAPTER V

1878-1879

WHEN Mr. Scrivenor joined the Egyptian Customs Administration in 1877, gunpowder in any form was not allowed to enter Egypt, that is, officially, but as Europeans and Arabs alike went in largely for sport, it can only be supposed that the powder they used was contraband. Realizing that a fair opportunity of raising revenue was before him, Mr. Scrivenor proposed a scheme by which the entry of gunpowder for sporting purposes could be effected under the immediate control of the Government authorities, and by this means prevent a good deal of the contraband trade.

The Minister of Finance quite approved of this scheme, on the understanding that the Customs Administration should do the organization and see that the details were properly carried out. I was given the task of drawing up a detailed scheme, which had to simplify the sale of gunpowder for sport to Europeans and natives in Alexandria and Cairo, and yet keep the sale well under the control of the authorities.

When this was done, the Minister of War placed at our disposal a Government fort, in which we were supposed to store all the gunpowder received from abroad.

Arrangements had been made with most of the European and native gunsmiths, whereby they were allowed to sell sporting gunpowder under special permission from the authorities.

In the meantime we had written to several of the principal gunpowder manufacturers in Europe for their prices, and in reply to one letter to Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, the old-established and well-known firm, we received a visit from their representative, Mr. Edward Constable Curtis, with whom we were able to make all arrangements for a first shipment of gunpowder.

When the bill of lading arrived in due course, we found ourselves in rather a funny predicament, for no one had thought of the payment, everything else was satisfactory, but that one item, which, after all, was of some importance, had been overlooked.

There was no provision made for such expenditure in the Budget, and the Minister of Finance would not, on his own authority, authorize the payment, so we were at a deadlock.

Finally, in order to avoid looking very foolish at having to refuse the bill of lading, I paid the amount personally by a cheque on the *Crédit Lyonnais*. Of course I received the amount back a little later on.

Cherif Pasha, the Prime Minister, was a great sportsman, and it was through his intercession that the scheme was approved. He appointed Mr. Alfred Schutz as manager of the Gunpowder Department.

Mr. Schutz was a member of one of the old-established Dutch families, who had been settled in Egypt for many years ; his brother was then the Dutch Consul at Alexandria. Matters went on satisfactorily for some time, and then the Gunpowder Department was taken out of the Customs Authorities' hands, and a concession was granted personally to Mr. Alfred Schutz.

He developed the business for some years, but unfortunately, owing to his temperament, which was that of a jovial, good-natured, easy-going man, he did not sufficiently control the retail dealers and others, who reaped the harvest which should have been his. Eventually, in order to recoup himself, he offered to sell his concession, and this was bought by Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, who retained Mr. Schutz as their agent in Egypt.

The Gunpowder Department was then attached to the War Office, the retail business being continued as before. In 1892 Lord Kitchener, then Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, approached Messrs. Curtis and Harvey with a view to obtaining consent to the cancelling of the concession, for he desired, for special reasons of his own, to keep the whole of the gunpowder business in the hands of the Egyptian War Office.

Messrs. Curtis and Harvey, with that obliging spirit which characterizes their dealings in the commercial world, fell in with the views expressed by Lord Kitchener, and surrendered the concession purchased from Mr. Schutz, without asking for any compensation whatever.

They continued sending their shipments regularly to the War Office in Cairo until 1900, when they received a notification to the effect that all further shipments were to be addressed to the Egyptian Salt and Soda Company, who were acting as agents for the Egyptian Government for the retail sale which has been done until the present time.

Egypt, generally speaking, is a good country for sport, and almost all the inhabitants, European and native, are more or less sportsmen; quails are to be found in numbers, and snipe are numerous in the Delta, other birds, such as sand grouse, partridge, wild duck and plover, are to be found, besides great numbers of birds of numerous categories which pass through the valley of the Nile, both on going to colder climates and when returning.

There is a pigeon shooting club at Ramleh, near Alexandria, where some excellent matches take place.

There are very few wild animals in Egypt proper, but wild boar, hyænas, wild goat, jackals, wolf and wild cat are numerous.

Up to this time, the railway administration had been in a state of chaos, but an Englishman named

Alfred Garwood was appointed as Chief Engineer, and he, with a great deal of hard work, eventually succeeded in re-organizing his department and improving the service. He had a splendid career in Russia before coming to Egypt. Unfortunately, some time after, becoming very ill from sunstroke and fever, he left the service, regretted by all the employés, and went to live at Newport, Monmouth. We were very good friends—and later on, in after years, I spent many happy days with him there. I always remember his parrot who usually greeted me with the words: "Come and have a drink, old man!"

Another old friend of mine was Fred George, he was the Chief Engineer of the Egyptian Telegraph Service which was attached to the Railway Administration. He had been many years in Egypt, spoke Arabic very well, and was a great favourite amongst the natives. He was quite a character and well known in Cairo. His advice to any young Englishman just arrived in the country was to take things quietly, whilst at the same time doing one's work thoroughly, and always be just with the natives. He eventually obtained his pension, went home to England to live, and eventually died.

Then Scander Bey Fehmy (afterwards Pasha), a Copt, but who spoke English and French remarkably well, was appointed head of the traffic department. He was a most remarkable man and wonderful organizer. For years he remained at the head of this service, but he has now retired on a

well-earned pension and lives in Cairo. He is one of my oldest friends, and I have a great esteem and admiration for him.

In August, 1878, a certain Mr. Martin Archer Shee was appointed Inspector-General of Customs, under Mr. Scrivenor; he had formerly been attached to the Chinese Customs under Sir Robert Hart, and it was rumoured that he had a brother-in-law in the Foreign Office at home. This report soon spread amongst the native employés, who were under the impression that having a relative in a high position in the English Foreign Office, the new Inspector-General would certainly be endowed with much greater power and authority than his chief, Mr. Scrivenor, which, of course, was not the case; but these rumours had a bad effect upon some of the natives, who are never so happy as when intriguing, especially when they can set one Englishman against another. I believe that the events of the following year were really the outcome of the silly rumour just mentioned.

About this time it was found that the financial scheme, which had been submitted in 1876 by Messrs. Goschen and Joubert, was not working satisfactorily, so a committee of inquiry was appointed, of which Mr. Rivers-Wilson was one. He had formerly held an important position in the English Treasury.

This committee drew up a report for a settlement of the finances of Egypt on a sound basis, and being presented to the Khedive, Ismail Pasha,

he decided to make certain personal sacrifices, and consequently gave up to the financial commission all his private estates. This example was followed by the hereditary Prince Tewfik, Prince Hassan, the Khedive's second son, and also his mother. After this the Khedive formed a new Ministry with Nubar Pasha, an Armenian, as President, Mr. Rivers-Wilson, with the consent of the British Government, as Minister of Finances, and Monsieur de Blignières, a Frenchman, as Minister of Public Works.

Nubar Pasha was one of the great men of Egypt, I mean in position, but he never struck me as possessing the qualities conducive to high admiration. It was a case, to my mind, of cleverness versus character; the one a supple gift by which a man may sway multitudes and gain great credit and reward without really being beneficial to his country; the other far less flamboyant, far more deep in its hold, and ever a valuable asset in national life.

Nubar came to Egypt in 1845, and was employed as interpreter at the Palace. He had been brought up in France, and was a perfect French scholar; he could also speak English. His uncle had, I believe, been of service to Mohammed Ali, whose gratitude extended to the family.

Nubar soon attracted attention by his energy, and Mohammed Ali appointed him secretary to his eldest son, Ibrahim Pasha, and he accompanied the latter to Constantinople and Europe.

After Ibrahim's death Abbas Pasha and Said Pasha employed Nubar ; and for some time he was manager of the State railways. Eventually he became a confidential agent of Ismail's and was sent to conduct several important negotiations, amongst others being that dealing with the Viceregal succession. It was largely through his diplomatic skill and understanding of the Eastern potentates that he obtained the necessary Firman granting the title of Khedive and also allowing the law of primogeniture.

When he returned from Constantinople he was made a Minister for the first time. His progress was rapid. He was instrumental in establishing the International Tribunals, the effect of which Ismail could not have foreseen, or Nubar would have received a check, as it was his great idea, which grew with his wealth and position, to restrict the power of the Khedive.

I personally cannot imagine how he, with his undoubted knowledge of Egyptians, could have desired to lessen the prestige of his master, seeing that in all Eastern countries, autocracy, with as much justice as is compatible with data, is the only really comfortable form of government. Perhaps I might include other countries not Eastern, for undoubtedly until mankind evolves considerably higher, autocracy is bound to be the least harmful form of tyranny. It would seem, too, that with all governments where force is advisable, bribery in some form or other must be resorted to. "A gentle

bribe turneth away wrath," as some wise man should have stated. But to return to Nubar, he was quite of the opinion that in the state Egypt was, European officials were a necessary evil, but he was not always in accord with them as to the manner in which their authority should be exercised, and this led to a certain amount of friction.

One of the first acts of Tewfik Pasha when he became Khedive was to send a telegram to Nubar in Paris, forbidding him to return to Egypt until further instructions. There is no doubt that Tewfik suspected him of having intrigued to have Ismail deposed, and possibly thought that the presence of such a man in Egypt was not conducive to the safety of his own position. I fancy, too, that there were personal motives of prejudice and distrust which led to his exiling Nubar; however, later on he permitted him to return.

When Hicks Pasha's army was cut to pieces the British Government suggested that the Soudan should be evacuated. Cherif Pasha and Riaz Pasha, two of the chief ministers, refused to sign the decree, and Nubar was called in to form a ministry and carry out the policy of Her Majesty's Government. Nubar remained in power for some years, but the relations between him and the Khedive becoming strained, he was asked to resign in 1888.

Nubar Pasha died in Paris ten years later. He saw the power of the Khedive little by little undermined, he also saw the effect of it, and perhaps regretted his own share in bringing it about.

His Highness the Khedive had by now made up his mind to accept the European system of a Constitutional Government. As an autocrat this must have caused him a tremendous effort, and I feel sure that had he been treated with the proper respect due to his position, and if a more conciliatory spirit had been shown him from time to time, the whole arrangement might have been carried on successfully, but Nubar Pasha was antagonistic, and had made up his mind to lessen the prestige of the Khedive, and to try and reduce his authority, giving him a merely nominal position in connection with the Government. Naturally enough this attitude was deeply resented, and the consequence was an unfriendly disposition towards the Ministry.

Very soon afterwards some three hundred discharged officers made a demonstration at the Ministry of Finance and insulted Nubar Pasha and Mr. Rivers-Wilson.

The next day Nubar Pasha, who was a most unpopular minister, tendered his resignation, as did also Mr. Rivers-Wilson and M. de Blignières.

The Khedive then formed a new Ministry with Prince Tewfik, his son, as President, whilst Mr. Rivers-Wilson and M. de Blignières resumed their posts in the Cabinet; but it did not last very long, being dismissed in April of that year, and in its place was formed a native Ministry with Cherif Pasha as President.

Cherif Pasha was one of those men who possess qualities which make them admired, even by their

enemies. He was educated in France, and on his return to Egypt married a French lady, the daughter of Colonel Selve, who afterwards became Soliman Pasha.

Cherif Pasha occupied the positions of Minister of the Interior, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was several times Prime Minister. He was twice appointed Regent during the absence of the Khedive Ismail Pasha in Europe.

His character was one of the utmost integrity, honourable, straightforward and absolutely sincere. He was the Bayard of his time in Egypt. He was devoted to sport and games of all kinds, and was considered to be one of the best shots in Egypt. He possessed to a very great extent the Eastern frame of mind with regard to the future, that is to say, he was a fatalist.

I made the acquaintance of, and was very friendly with, his son, Mohammed Bey Cherif, who for some time occupied the position of Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and from him I heard much of his father, the which only confirmed the high regard I held him in.

When writing of Nubar Pasha I mentioned that Cherif Pasha resigned rather than sign the decree for the evacuation and abandonment of the Soudan, at the instigation of the British Government. He defended his action with his usual honourable frankness. He stated that although having to desert the Khedive, to whose family he owed so much, at such a crisis was most painful to him, yet as an Egyptian



CHERIF PASHA, PRIME MINISTER OF EGYPT

and old soldier and a high official he had no choice, since in his opinion the decree involved the ruin of his country! He declared that every man is the guardian of his own honour.

Cherif died in 1887, at Gratz, in Austria; his body was brought to Egypt in one of the Austrian Lloyd's steamers, and he was buried in Alexandria. The funeral was a most imposing ceremony; all the shops in the principal streets through which the procession passed were closed, and people of all nationalities, including the Ministers, Government officials, officers of the army, the Skeikh el Islam and the Ulemas, and members of all religious bodies, followed in the funeral cortège.

Mohammed Bey Cherif was the principal mourner, following immediately behind the body; he was accompanied by M. Alexander Adib, an old friend of his father's on one side, and by myself on the other.

In March I had been appointed Chief Accountant, replacing at the same time the Controller General of Customs, and in May I was made Controller of the Gunpowder Department in addition.

With regard to the political situation there was no change until June 19, when the English and French Consul-Generals went together to Abdin Palace in Cairo, and advised the Khedive Ismail Pasha to abdicate in favour of his son, Tewfik Pasha.

They pointed out that if he refused, their respective governments would be forced to appeal to

the Sultan, in which case he would certainly be deposed, and would not be able to ensure his son's succession to the throne, neither could he count upon receiving a pension. On June 26 the Sultan deposed Ismail Pasha by Imperial Iradé, and conferred the Khedivate upon Tewfik Pasha.

A few days before His Highness Ismail Pasha left Egypt, Mr. Scrivenor, the Director-General of Customs, and myself, had the honour of being received by His Highness in private audience at Abdin Palace; he had always been most affable and friendly to Mr. Scrivenor, who thought it only part of his duty to ask for a farewell interview, in order to thank him for his past kindnesses and good will towards us all.

His Highness was, as usual, charming, and conversed lightly about things in general, and seemed quite cheerful. He possessed great fascination of manner, and made you feel during conversation that you had his undivided attention. Upon our taking leave, he once again thanked Mr. Scrivenor for what he had done at the Customs, and wished us both happiness and prosperity.

I remember at that interview we each had one of his magnificent cigars; he always carried two kinds with him in two of his pockets, one kind of an ordinary good brand, but the other was supreme. I assure you that we appreciated the distinction he made, and I don't think I ever smoked a better.

Ismail Pasha left Alexandria for Naples with his harem and suite, and his two sons, Prince

Hussein Pasha and Prince Hassan Pasha, in the Khedival yacht, the *Mahroussah*, on June 30, 1879.

During his reign Ismail Pasha had done many wonderful things for Egypt, especially in the public works department; railways had been extended, harbours created, lighthouses erected, also breakwaters and new quays, and navigable canals. He introduced the cultivation of cotton and sugar, and all over the country improvements were made, many in Alexandria, and as for Cairo, it had been transformed into a magnificent and gay city; but the one thing that stands out pre-eminently in his reign, was making the Suez Canal possible. He also endeavoured to suppress the Slave Trade in the Soudan, through Sir Samuel Baker and General Gordon Pasha.

Prior to the year 1876 there were no regular Courts of Justice in Egypt; previous to this date offenders of European nationality could only be tried before their own Consular Court, but under Ismail's *régime* mixed tribunals were established for judging cases between natives and foreigners, each Consulate, however, continuing to exercise jurisdiction on cases between individuals of the same nationality.

At that time an Englishman could have travelled alone all over the country in perfect safety, and his word was as good as his bond. Unfortunately, that is hardly the case at the present time.

I saw a good deal of Ismail Pasha later on at

Naples, and was honoured by invitations to lunch upon several occasions at La Favorita, the palace belonging to the King of Italy, who had kindly placed it at the disposal of the ex-Khedive. While there, I became very friendly with His Highness Prince Ibrahim Pasha Helmy, the Khedive's youngest son, a friendship which lasted for several years.

It was this prince who wrote a book called "The Literature of Egypt and the Soudan," from the earliest times to the year 1885 inclusive, a bibliography comprising ancient papyri, manuscripts, maps, etc. He dedicated it to his father, and very kindly presented me with one of the first copies, which I prize most highly. He was born in 1859, and educated in England, entering Woolwich, where he passed his examination for the Artillery ; but, not being a subject of Her Majesty, he could not take up his commission.

When the crisis in Egypt broke out in 1882, the Prince volunteered his services to the Khedive his brother, but his offer was refused. He was created a Field-Marshal by the late Sultan Abdul Aziz, and, had the latter lived, he would have married Ibrahim Helmy to his daughter.

Shortly before His Highness Ismail Pasha left Naples for Constantinople, the British Consul, Captain Brodrick Hartwell, with whom I was very friendly, intimated that he would like to be presented to His Highness, as he had a great admiration for him. I therefore took the first opportunity

of informing Count Sormani, the A.D.C., who mentioned the fact to Ismail Pasha, and the latter replied that he would be very pleased to see the English Consul, if I could arrange to present him, the next day at the Royal Hotel ; so at 4 p.m. we arrived punctually, and were at once ushered into the presence of Ismail Pasha.

The very fine reception rooms on the first floor of the hotel were generally engaged by His Highness, and there he held short receptions, receiving any of his friends whom he did not wish to give the trouble of going out to the Palace of La Favorita, which was situated a few miles outside the town.

After I had presented Captain Hartwell, His Highness shook hands with him, and they withdrew to the further end of the grand saloon, where they sat for more than half an hour conversing with great animation.

After refreshments had been handed round, Ismail Pasha and his suite withdrew.

Captain Hartwell was enchanted with this interview, and thanked me profusely for having been the means of his presentation to His Highness.

A few days later I was invited to lunch at La Favorita, when His Highness questioned me regarding Captain Hartwell, whom he seemed to have taken a fancy to. He wished to know all about him ; whether he had any influence in London, and if it was true that his brother-in-law was the agent to Lord Salisbury.

I remember the first time I was honoured by an invitation to lunch at La Favorita I was told to be very careful when conversing with His Highness never to mention the name of Egypt, as it was the one word tabooed at the Palace.

Two days before the ex-Khedive departed for Constantinople, I went to the Palace to take leave of him and say good-bye to all my friends, when I was asked to remain to luncheon. His Highness seemed to be particularly gay and cheerful, and the repast, as usual, was exceedingly good. At dessert we drank to His Highness's good health, pleasant journey, and next meeting. The champagne glasses were emptied at this toast, and as we looked at each other in silence we all knew that we hoped the next meeting would be in Egypt. It was a sort of understood thing amongst the ex-Khedive's entourage that his great idea and hope in going to Constantinople was that it would be merely a stepping-stone to returning once more to Egypt as Khedive.

The day of his departure from Naples on the Italian steamer *Regina Margherita*, which he had chartered specially to convey himself, the princesses, the harem and suite, was a day that I shall never forget. The scene on board was very picturesque, for each of the members of the suite arrived accompanied by veiled ladies, eunuchs, and slaves, etc.

Captain Hartwell accompanied me on board, and after lunch we were amongst the last to leave

the ship, the ex-Khedive giving us a hearty hand-shake when we said good-bye.

It proved to be a last farewell, for Ismail Pasha died in Constantinople on March 2, 1895, and the body, being conveyed to Egypt, was buried in the Mosque Mohammed Ali in Cairo.

From what I can gather from the writings of modern historians writing of Egypt, Ismail Pasha is not thought of favourably; nearly all seem to regard him as a man who, for his own glorification, plunged his country into a state of indebtedness which all but caused its absolute ruin. The truth is that he inherited debts and a particularly bad contract in regard to the Suez Canal owing to the concession which Said Pasha had given; Ismail tried to fight it, but his opponents proved too powerful for him.

I do not attempt to deny that financially he went rather blindly; but I do deny that it was for his own glorification pure and simple.

His ambition was to make Egypt a great African nation; not entirely Egypt for Egyptians, but an Egypt capable of playing a part in the history of modern times.

I have heard it stated that Ismail objected to the Suez Canal being cut; that he did so at first is probably true, and his reason for so doing could hardly be found fault with by any fair-minded person. He objected to having to find free labour, to force his subjects the fellaheen to labour incessantly at a scheme from which Egypt gained little. Afterwards,

however, he forwarded the work with as much help as he could give. I think I am right in saying that altogether he practically contributed one-half of the capital needed for the venture.

Ismail was in the early thirties when he succeeded Said Pasha, so it must be understood that he was a man with a man's ideas, not a boy to be moulded by preceptors to their way of thinking. He inherited a great place, and was a true descendant of Mohammed Ali; he, however, was not cruel. There again he has been misjudged by European writers, and they point to the enforced labour of the fellaheen toiling under the kourbash, and judge Eastern manners, customs, and ideas of life by their own European standards, standards which are natural to them and which they have known all their lives, but which are absolutely unnatural to the East. Ismail was Eastern with all the Eastern mind, capable of dealing with the nation over whom he was called to rule.

He had from political motives acquired a certain amount of European veneer, if such a term may be used. The chief thing that ruined him was the ease with which at first he could borrow large sums of money from Europeans. Egypt's credit was too high, if such a thing be possible, and Ismail needed money, much money, to carry out his schemes. The result was that Egypt became the creditor of Europe, and being indebted to that group of powerful Western nations, resembled nothing so much as a man released from prison on a ticket of

leave—every one wanted a finger in the pie, and obtained it.

Once the Canal was *un fait accompli*, England was more or less obliged to put, not a finger, but a fist in, moreover a mailed fist, and keep it there ; for the new waterway was of the first importance to her Indian possessions. France, too, was greatly interested, and had it not been for the fall of the Napoleonic Dynasty, Ismail would most probably have ended his days in Egypt.

With Sedan, however, his hopes ended ; he could no longer look to the French for active financial support. It is futile and absurd to speculate as to what would have happened had that campaign ended differently ; but it is quite certain that England would never have held the position in Egypt that she does now, and also that the Arabi insurrection would never have taken place, nor would the Soudan have been evacuated and reconquered. Speaking of the latter, it is instructive to note that Ismail's ideas were carried out exactly by the British after many years. I have often wondered whether, unknown to Ismail, Egypt played a part in European politics, and whether it was not to England's advantage in that country that France should stand alone against her Teuton foe. So much is so often outweighed by so little, and certainly eighty miles of Canal has been responsible for much : the loss of many lives indirectly, but lives are always cheap ; the loss of much money which weighs far more ; an expansion of the British Empire ; the destruction of

a reigning family's power ; and a precedent for the splitting up of Northern Africa. Even the Nile is changed ; only the fellaheen remain much the same with the desires, habits, customs they have had for centuries under successive conquerors, and as they will have for centuries to come, no matter which nation has power in their land.

CHAPTER VI

1879-1881

HIS Highness Tewfik Pasha commenced his reign by forming a Ministry with Riaz Pasha as President. It is extremely difficult to make any comparison between Ismail the deposed, and Tewfik the new Khedive, for the state of Egypt when the latter succeeded was one which almost defied the power of any one man to affect it. Ismail was powerless. Tewfik was more so, for he had not the same knowledge of mankind, nor the personal magnetism of his father; his had been a retired life, as he preferred the quiet cultivation of his estates to the intrigues and pomps of his father's court.

Unlike his half-brothers, he had never visited Europe, nor had much of foreign learning, his education being acquired almost entirely from Mohammedan instructors; he thus knew nothing or very little of the creeds, ideas, or civilizations of countries other than his own. The law of primogeniture in the case of Tewfik was not a happy one for him; he did not possess the necessary qualifications, ruling was not his vocation.

He was always amiable and kindly natured, at

least I always found him so. His ideas were Turkish, his domestic life quite moral. He was a good husband. As Khedive he was a good administrator, his intentions were of the best. In thinking of him I should feel inclined to liken him to Louis XVI. of France, differing, of course, as to their nationality, but possessing many similar qualities, and both called to rule at a time when, in the proper course of events, a really strong virile man was needed. Perhaps their very virtues were against them, as it seems a law that the domestic virtues are not generally to be found in great Kings.

Tewfik was exceptionally unlucky in succeeding just when he did, as the Treasury was empty, creditors were clamouring for payment of their debts, and England and France were pressing for the appointment of two controllers with great powers to be appointed. Besides this, there was the immense crowd of dependents of the Khedival family to be attended to, the numerous palaces to be kept in order, and a thousand and one extravagances to be abolished or curtailed. The hangers-on, who suffered by these retrenchments, did not, as may be imagined, think the more kindly of Tewfik for his economy; it was not accounted to him as a virtue, indeed, rather the opposite.

He was also practically forced to accede to the demands of the two great Powers, and it must have been very bitter for him to do so, for apart from the blow to his prestige, there was the religious side of the question, and to Tewfik, who was a



TEWFIK PASHA, KHEDEIVE OF EGYPT
1879 TO 1892

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of the "African World"*

devout Mohammedan, with all of the Mohammedan's contempt for Christianity and its followers, the thought of being practically governed by Christians must have felt almost like sacrilege.

Then again, the idea of governing an Oriental country by a Board was an innovation which must have struck him as impracticable, for he knew that to rule properly over Easterns there must be a head with a firm hand and head, not a mixed government by foreigners. The pyramid exemplifies the type of government to which Egyptians were used, and had been used for many centuries. It is, therefore, hardly to be wondered at that Tewfik, who understood, should rage inwardly at his powerlessness. It was these various things in the first years of his rule which gave the necessary grounds for agitators to work on, and the seeds sown continually by them during that period blossomed out a little later into a full flowered rebellion.

Tewfik's was not an enviable position, nor would his life have been a happy one, for the bonds with which he was bound by circumstances must have eaten into his soul, and made him long to be simply an Egyptian noble attending to his own estates, and also made him deeply regret the deposition of his father. I feel sure, personally, that had Ismail ever returned to Egypt, his son Tewfik would have offered little resistance to his regaining the Khedival throne.

In order to assist him in carrying out his own

ideas, Tewfik chose Riaz Pasha as President of his first ministry; in this he showed that, in spite of inexperience, he yet had a keen eye to see character, for Riaz Pasha was, perhaps, more of his mind than any other available minister.

The new president had risen by his own ability and energy. By frugal living, hard work, and independence he made his way to the front; he possessed a fund of shrewd common sense which enabled him to see things as they really were, and not simply as he would have liked them to have been, which is a strong point in a statesman's favour, for so many are blinded by their own ideas and ideals to the indirect effects of their actions; but Riaz, although a strong conservative and a great believer in personal rule, yet understood that with things as they were something drastic was necessary, and it seemed to him that the British occupation for the time being was the least harmful of necessary evils. He was prepared, therefore, to do his best to act in accordance with the suggestions of the British authorities.

He was intense in his love of his religion, almost fanatical, and was generally to be seen with his rosary in his hands. But he did not allow his belief in Islam to interfere with his political views.

He had a strong distaste for anything approaching disorder or wastefulness, and was a good organizer. After the rebellion, when acting as Minister of the Interior, he resigned office on the plea of ill-health,



RIAZ PASHA. PRIME MINISTER OF EGYPT.
1879 TO 1881, 1889 TO 1891, 1893 TO 1894
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"African World"*

but really, I believe, because he disagreed entirely with the treatment of Arabi and his chief companions. I can well understand that Riaz, brought up as he had been under the old *regime*, could not tolerate the idea that what he regarded as the blackest treason should be so lightly punished, and that the traitors should be pensioned practically by the Egyptians. His views may seem extreme nowadays, for a crime against one's country is looked upon with tolerance and, more often than not, the criminal petted as an original thinker and genius, or made a Member of Parliament or something. I should qualify this and say in Britain; I don't fancy in continental countries they meet with such treatment.

During the year 1879 the work of the Customs Administration was gradually developed, the different branches of the service being Europeanized as far as practicable; more or less all the chiefs were working loyally together to make the Administration a success, but, unfortunately, a current of intrigue had been running through the establishment since the beginning of the year, chiefly owing, perhaps, to the rivalry which exists more or less between the Copts and the Syrians.

Mr. Scrivenor, the Director-General, who had been appointed on the recommendation of the British Government, formerly held a high position in the English Customs, and previously to joining the Egyptian Government Service had been lent to Portugal to reorganize the Portuguese Customs

Service; this he had carried out in a most efficient manner, and before leaving Lisbon to return to England he had been made a Knight Commander of the Portuguese Order of Christ.

That the reorganization of the Egyptian Customs had been carried out in the most efficient manner, in the short space of two years, is excellent proof that he knew his business thoroughly; his manner was most gentlemanly and conciliatory in all his dealings with both Europeans and natives, he was kind and courteous and personally beloved by us all.

Mr. Martin Archer Shee, the Inspector-General, who had been appointed the year before, was, unfortunately, the antithesis; he had rather a haughty manner, which made him appear very autocratic, was not over good-tempered, and gave his instructions or orders in an abrupt, dictatorial manner, especially to the natives; in fact, his whole attitude was most unsympathetic.

It was not long before the two natures clashed, but not immediately did Mr. Scrivenor allow himself to be ruffled.

Orders which he gave were not carried out, whether intentionally or not, I cannot say, but the whole service was in danger of being disorganized. During this time it began to be rumoured that Mr. Archer Shee was to replace Mr. Scrivenor, and at last Mr. Scrivenor was compelled to report the matter to the Ministry. It was a most perplexing case for the Minister of Finances, as it was an

Englishman against another Englishman, and both occupying high positions ; had it been an Englishman against a native, or another European, the matter would soon have been settled.

After much thought and perturbation on the part of the Ministry, it was decided at last that a Commission of Inquiry should be instituted to examine the whole question of the working of the Customs' Administration.

The President was His Excellency Ismail Pasha Yousry, an old friend of mine, who afterwards became President of the Native Court of Appeal at Cairo, and with him two other native Pashas, the two English members being Morice Pasha, Controller-General of Lighthouses, and A. Caillard, the Postmaster-General.

As soon as the Commission was appointed, both Mr. Scrivenor and Mr. Archer Shee were suspended from their duties, pending the inquiry ; Ali Pasha Sadik, who had formerly been Minister of Finance, was appointed temporary Director-General of Customs.

During the few months that he remained in charge, I got on very well with him, but my life became a burden to me. I had not a minute to call my own ; every time any vexed question cropped up, I was called to his room to report, or assist in settling, the matter, besides which, I had to attend at the Commission of Inquiry, either to testify or bring documentary evidence of all sorts.

At length the Commission finished their inquiry,

and sent in their report to the Minister of Finance ; the result was extremely unsatisfactory.

In order not to give offence to either one or the other the Minister decided that both must leave the Egyptian Government Service.

Mr. Scrivenor had a contract for five years, and as only three years had elapsed, the Government were obliged to pay him two years' salary.

There is no doubt in my mind that the Government made a great mistake when they deprived themselves of Mr. Scrivenor's services ; he had done wonders for the Egyptian Customs in a very short time, and would have done a great deal more had he been allowed, and not interfered with, and if there had been no further appointments made without his approval ; but it was done, and we had now to reconcile ourselves to the fact that we had lost our kind and considerate chief owing to intrigue, which I regret to say was more Oriental than European in its methods.

Sir Edward Malet was now the British Consul-General in Egypt.

Mr. Scrivenor remained in Egypt some months after the Minister's decision, and then he returned to England, and was at once promoted by the English Board of Customs, being made Principal Collector of the Customs at Liverpool.

Before leaving Mr. Scrivenor sent me the following letter :—

“ Ramleh,
“ June 19, 1880.

“ MY DEAR KUSEL,

“ I cannot leave Egypt without expressing to you my sincere thanks, for the valuable services you rendered me during my direction of the Customs. I have nothing but praise to offer for the intelligence and untiring energy with which you so loyally aided me in my efforts to establish order and good system in the services committed to my charge, few can guess what those efforts of ours were, and how much we overcame, or what the reforms we established; much, very much of this success is due to you, and in bidding you adieu, I beg you to accept my warmest thanks and the assurance of my future friendship and regard.

“ Believe me,

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ GEORGE H. SCRIVENOR.”

Towards the end of the year, Mr. Caillard, who was then the Postmaster-General, was appointed Director-General of Customs; on taking up this appointment he informed me that he relied entirely upon my knowledge of the services to carry on the work, adding that he trusted I should render him the same valuable assistance that I had given to his predecessor, Mr. Scrivenor.

In January, 1880, I was appointed Controller-General of Customs, and a short time after, I proceeded to inspect the branch Custom Houses in order to supervise the new system of accounts, which I had recently inaugurated, and which are in use at the present moment.

Early this year, His Highness Tewfik Pasha gave his first grand ball and reception at Abdin Palace. I had the honour of being invited and received a very friendly greeting from His Highness, whom I had known personally when he was heir apparent.

Some time during this year, I met Sir Henry and Lady Meux at my friend Gibbs's house; they had arrived in Alexandria in their yacht *Vanadis*, and as they had not visited Egypt before, Gibbs and I accompanied them to see some of the sights of Alexandria. I remember that Lady Meux was intensely interested in Pompey's Pillar, which is a splendid column of red granite about 100 feet high, and about 30 feet in circumference at the base. It was erected by Publius, Prefect of Egypt, in honour of the Emperor Diocletian, who is styled upon it "The Invincible," and is supposed to record his conquest of Alexandria in 296 A.D. and the suppression of the rebellion of Achilleus.

I was also able to assist these visitors with the Egyptian Authorities, to procure a permit for the exportation of the different mummies and antiquities they had purchased in Cairo; these things, as most people know, were bequeathed by Lady Meux to the British Museum.

While she lived, however, they were kept in her own museum at Theobald's Park, where I had the pleasure of inspecting them again, on my several visits there.

Lady Meux was kind enough to send me one of the special copies of the "Life of Alexander the Great," by E. Wallis Budge, L.D., F.S.A., which publication is entirely due to Lady Meux's munificence.

There is situated on the west bank of the Bolbitic branch of the Nile a very ancient city called Rosetta, in the time of Mohammed Ali it was a port, the Nile flowing into the sea from there. It was unsuccessfully attacked by the British in 1807, an attack which failed largely from the fact that big ships of war could not enter the river, owing to the sandbank at the mouth. Rosetta was founded by one of the Khalifs about 870 A.D.

For some time Rosetta was an extremely important town commercially, but its glory has departed, and now it has only about 14,000 inhabitants, whilst a large number of its houses are uninhabited and uninhabitable. These houses show, however, something of the importance Rosetta once had, for they are, or rather were, buildings immensely superior to those seen in other Egyptian towns.

At one time it was a kind of summer resort for both Cairo and Alexandria, but it certainly cannot be called that nowadays.

All the houses there are built of a dark red brick and in many parts with long colonnades. It is almost entirely a native town, only very few Europeans living there. One of the chief industries of the place is building and repairing native boats,

and one can generally see numbers of the gyassa being beached and overhauled.

It was always a favourite place of mine, as there were a great many interesting things to be seen there, amongst which the mosques took a prominent place, some of them mediæval and dilapidated. Of these Sakhalin was perhaps the finest, the interior being remarkably like that of El-Azhar in Cairo, with its numberless antique columns, but all looking very decayed.

The old native bazaar there is very attractive, with its glowing colour and kaleidoscopic movement; the broad river Nile with its native craft sailing up and down, the great number of "khans" (caravansaries) which are one-storey high buildings, built of brick, at one time used as warehouses, and in the courtyards of which a great number of camels could be housed, and there are even "sakiyehs" (water-wheels) working in the streets.

It is said that the famous stone which enabled the Egyptologists finally to decipher the hieroglyphic writings was discovered here.

As Rosetta was only about two and a half hours by rail from Alexandria, I often used to run down for the week-end and get some sailing and shooting, and after a while became so enamoured of the place, that I purchased a small plot of land on the banks of the Nile.

A Maltese had owned the land and had erected a nice wooden building, which I thought would just suit me and my friends; he had also started a brick

manufactory, as the clay on the spot was of the finest quality, but he had been compelled by the lack of sufficient capital to dispose of his property.

A few weeks after I became owner of this place one of my friends, who had accompanied me on a small shooting expedition, suggested that I should re-start the brick factory, advising me to employ, as manager, a Maltese who had been strongly recommended to him, as a man who spoke Arabic well, and was used to dealing with the natives. I foolishly allowed myself to be persuaded, and engaged the man, who at once started work, with a staff of Arabs who had formerly been employed there.

My next week-end visit, I found the staff, which consisted of the manager, two Maltese assistants, and about fifty Arab men and boys, hard at work, turning out bricks by the thousand. I contracted with builders in Alexandria for hundreds of thousands of bricks to be delivered there by boat, and these bricks were considered so good, that my manager received more orders than could be attended to, but in spite of this, the weekly expenses were increasing at an alarming rate. Unfortunately, for some weeks, I was unable to visit the factory, until I ran down for the day without announcing my arrival by telegram, as I usually did. To my astonishment I found that no work was proceeding, though several native vessels half-filled with bricks were lying alongside the factory waiting for their full complement, in

order to sail. The manager explained that all the workmen had gone to an Arab festival held yearly at a village some miles distant down the river while the two Maltese assistants had gone to Alexandria for the day. It did not strike me at the time to ask any further questions, I merely called for the accounts and pay-sheets; everything seemed in order, but for the last few weeks the pay-sheets for the Arab workmen had run up to a very stiff figure. I pointed out to the manager that the expenses exceeded by a great deal the budget we had compiled together before starting the factory, and that if he could not reduce them to something like what we had been paying at first I should be forced to close down, as it was useless running the concern at a loss.

He promised that everything should be done as I required, and I returned the same evening to Alexandria.

For the next two or three weeks, I sent the usual remittances for wages, etc., calling his attention again to the exaggerated pay-sheets, then one day, to my dismay, I received a telegram from one of the Maltese foremen, saying that the manager had not been there for three days, and that some of the Arab workmen were creating a disturbance in respect of the non-payment of their wages.

I immediately left for Rosetta, and a pretty muddle I found on my arrival; it seemed that the manager had disappeared, and that for weeks only

a dozen Arabs had been working, whilst his wagesheet had been made out for over one hundred. He had simply pocketed the remittances I had been sending him, nor had he paid for any of the supplies purchased in the town, such as coal, oil, and paraffin.

The end of it was that I had to buy bricks to complete the contracts, and also to pay all outstanding bills, and feeling particularly disgusted at the whole business, I sold the land and factory, and vowed never to look upon Rosetta again, a vow which up to the present I have not broken.

In November I was agreeably surprised to receive information, from the Italian Consul-General at Cairo, that His Majesty the King of Italy had graciously conferred upon me the decoration of the Order of the Crown of Italy. This honorary distinction came quite unexpectedly, and was all the more gratifying as it was supplemented by a testimonial from the Italian colony in Alexandria, in recognition of the services I had rendered them.

The cotton crop in 1880 yielded about two and a half million kantars; in 1907 it was over seven million kantars, and this in a year when the Nile was one of the worst on record.

The quality of Egyptian cotton is, generally speaking, of a high grade, its fibre is long, fine, and at the same time strong. The different qualities grown in Lower Egypt are Mit-affifi Abassi, Yannovitch, and, in Upper Egypt, Ashmouni.

The price of good agricultural land has risen

enormously within the last few years, and one hundred pounds per feddan (acre) is quite a common figure, but unreclaimed land can be purchased from fifteen to thirty pounds. This land will necessarily require some moderate outlay to improve it, and then it will give a good return of profit.

The preparation of the land for cotton growing begins in January; the seed is sown from the middle of February to the middle of March; and the cotton is picked about the end of November.

From all accounts Upper Egypt and the Soudan will eventually become the finest cotton growing countries in the world.

The bulk of the population of Egypt is engaged in agricultural pursuits. Lately large sugar manufactories have been established with a view to induce a new industry, viz. the extended cultivation of the sugar cane, but so far it has not proved a great success; most of the factories are in Upper Egypt.

There are some native industries, such as the manufacture of cotton and silk stuffs, pottery also is made to some extent, distillation of scents and essences, gold and silver, embroidery work, etc.

In May, I was appointed Acting Director-General of Customs during the absence of Mr. Caillard.

This year opened badly, there being a great deal of discontent in the Egyptian Army, owing to the reduction made for economical reasons.

The misunderstanding between the officers of

different nationalities was no new thing, it had been going on for years, having started in the campaigns against the Abyssinians in 1875, and the following year. These campaigns, which were certainly ill-advised, did not redound to the credit of the Egyptian forces.

In the first of them, the command was given to Arckel Bey, a nephew of Nubar Pasha. He led the army into Abyssinia, but never led them out again, for though the Egyptians were well armed and fighting a force badly armed, they were literally wiped out. One battle decided the campaign. The advance guard was ambushed, the rear force retreated to a fortified camp. The Abyssinians, with their old muzzle-loading guns and swords and shields, advanced to the attack on both flanks and centre simultaneously with the result that the Egyptian line of retreat was cut and a terrible massacre took place.

It was one of those catastrophes which come so suddenly as to be almost staggering, and of which there have been so many in the history of Africa and in which other nations have suffered as well as the Egyptians.

When the news of this defeat reached Cairo, there was a general feeling of dismay which turned to a keen desire to be revenged on the people whom Ismail Pasha, the Khedive, looked upon as savages. In hot haste great preparations were made for this second campaign, and, strangely enough, Tel-el-Kebir was made the home depot for the avenging

force, from whence they were to proceed to Massowah. I do not know how many men made up this expeditionary force, but I believe it was over twenty thousand. This force was commanded by Rhatib Pasha, who was one time Minister of War under Ismail. I knew him well both in Egypt and after in Naples, where he had eventually joined the ex-Khedive. I also knew the American officers, especially General Loring Pasha, who was a veteran of the American Civil War, in which he had lost an arm. He had come to Egypt at the request of Ismail Pasha, and was attached to the staff of the Egyptian Army.

In February, 1876, the campaign re-opened by the Egyptians leaving Massowah. They were well armed with Remington rifles, several batteries of Krupp field guns, with everything required in the way of commissariat. Indeed, I believe they had made arrangements for a permanent occupation, but the best laid plans so often go wrong, and once again the Egyptians were outflanked and beaten back; this time, however, their camp was too well defended for the Abyssinians to storm, and they had to abandon the attack.

Rhatib Pasha, who was a man of intelligence, came to the conclusion that to advance further was both unwise and practically impossible, so he tried to bring about an armistice. He did not succeed, but managed somehow to get the remnants of his forces back to Massowah, leaving behind in the enemies' hands all the cannon, commissariat, in fact everything.

Disastrous campaigns in more ways than one, for they not only weakened Egypt's prestige in the Soudan, but gave birth to those seeds of dissension and hatred which eventually destroyed the *esprit de corps* in the army.

Ismail Pasha's advisers, coupled with his own desire for vengeance, had led him, in this case, astray. As is so often the case, the Egyptians under-rated their adversaries, even when they had been defeated so signally at Guidi-Guidi, in 1875, and in their thirst to be revenged they did not hasten slowly enough, besides which they were fighting against a people who in defence of their country would fight to the bitter end. For from what I can learn the Abyssinians are quite contented and peaceful folk when left alone, but when roused are as ill to tackle as wasps round a disturbed nest.

As was perhaps only to be expected in an army officered by men of a number of different nationalities, favouritism existed to a more or less great extent. The reductions before mentioned were the reason for a large number of officers being placed on half pay, and as most of these were Egyptians, without, and unable to obtain, other employment, dissatisfaction became rampant.

Osman Pasha Rifky, the Minister of War, was a Circassian, and took the part of his countrymen in their numerous quarrels with their brother officers who were Arabs.

Matters become so serious that after an altercation with a Circassian officer, the Arab Colonel of

the First Regiment of Guards, Ali Bey Fehmy, an Egyptian whose regiment was stationed at Abdin Palace, and two other Colonels of regiments stationed in Cairo, sent a strongly worded protest to Riaz Pasha, President of the Council of Ministers, complaining of the favouritism to Turkish and Circassian officers at the expense of the Egyptians.

Osman Pasha Rifky, who could not have realized how strong the feeling against him really was, ordered the immediate arrest of the three protestants, an act that had evidently been foreseen by Ali Bey Fehmy, for no sooner were they confined than two battalions of his regiment marched with fixed bayonets to the barracks, forced the doors, and released the three prisoners, whom they carried back in triumph to their headquarters opposite Abdin Palace.

It so happened that the Khedive and his Ministers witnessed the excitement of this return from their windows, and an aide-de-camp was despatched to try and pacify the soldiery. His efforts were in vain, they would hear of nothing less than the dismissal of the War Minister, and the reinstatement of the Colonels.

It was found that the temper of the troops in Cairo was very uncertain, and the Khedive had no alternative but to do as they required, and Osman Pasha Rifky was replaced by Mahmond Pasha Samy, who had formerly been Minister of Religious Institutes. His Highness afterwards

called together all the officers of the garrison, and after admonishing, pardoned them for their insubordinate behaviour.

On April 20 a Khedival decree was issued, raising the pay of all ranks twenty to thirty per cent., and a commission was appointed to inquire into various military matters, such as the rules for promotion, etc., etc. Four foreign generals were members of this commission, among them being Major-General Sir Frederick Goldsmid, the English Administrator of the Daira Samiah.

As is so often the case, the Government did not profit by acceding to the demands of the malcontents, for the agitators among the officers, and those who were dissatisfied with the Government, continued teaching and preaching discontent, until their party became numerous and powerful.

At the head of this party was Arabi Bey, who had been born at Zagazig, and belonged to the fellaheen. His father was a very small peasant owner, who farmed his own land by the help of Arabi and his brothers; and Arabi was educated at a village madrassa (school), where he could not have learnt very much, excepting a knowledge of the Koran. On being drawn by conscription he entered the army and very soon afterwards he was appointed to the Commissariat Department.

It is said that he was connected with a disturbance which occurred outside Abdin Palace shortly after Said Pasha's death; and it is also

rumoured that he got into trouble at Massowah during the Abyssinian war, when he was in the transport service.

On his return to Cairo he attended a school at one of the mosques, where he acquired a certain amount of superficial knowledge. He then resumed his service with the army, and it is said that he became a member of a secret society which had considerable ramifications in the army. He had always possessed the character of an agitator, and recognizing him as a force, Ismail Pasha gave him a commission, and eventually raised him to the rank of Colonel.

In thinking about Arabi I have often wondered wherein lay his power. He did not strike me as possessing great personal magnetism. He had only the scantiest education, his record was nothing wonderful, and yet he undoubtedly made people believe in him. I mean the Egyptians, for they knew him. Those people in England who looked upon him as a hero and patriot were most probably of the "little people," and who will in all likelihood remain little as long as the British Empire exists. Perhaps an all-wise Providence thinks they are good for us, in much the same way as an American farmer, in some book I read, described the use of fleas on a dog "to prevent him brooding on the fact that he was a dog," but, as far as I remember, he qualified this statement by saying, "a reasonable amount of fleas."

But, as I said, the Egyptians knew him, and it

puzzles me extremely to know why they followed and believed in him.

Of course he was a fluent hatcher of "terminological inexactitudes," but then, most politicians have that gift. He also could use religion as a weapon of offence and defence, that too is not unknown in Britain.

Yet he was not a great soldier, nor a great fighter—so I can only suppose he was a great talker, which is nearly always more potent.

I never heard him harangue his followers, but from reports and study of the speeches of modern agitators, I surmise that he mouthed out fine-sounding, sonorous sentences, unintelligible to himself as well as to his hearers, and, naturally enough, as the latter did not understand him, they applauded.

Another thing in his favour was the diminution in the power of the Khedive, whose hands were tied, or I fancy that the kourbash and the Soudan might have been his reward.

The crisis came when an artillery soldier was run over and killed in a carriage accident at Alexandria. The coachman was arrested and taken to the nearest caracol (police station). Whether it was proved that he was innocent of carelessness or not I don't know, but he was allowed to go free at once without any punishment. Some soldiers, however, comrades of the poor fellow who had been killed, carried his dead body through the streets of Alexandria and deposited it in front of the Ras-el-teen Palace, where the Khedive was in residence.

His Highness, who had witnessed the approach of these men from a window, was, to say the least, astonished at their temerity or impertinence, and hearing that they were demanding justice, he sent word that the case should be gone into. It was, and as the result a court martial was held, and the ring-leader was sentenced to hard labour for life, and the other soldiers to three years in the galleys at Khartoum.

These sentences were very severe, and roused the army to a state of great indignation, and two colonels wrote to the Khedive and Minister of War in disrespectful terms; the latter not wishing to take any steps to increase the dissatisfaction in the service, allowed the writers to withdraw the letter, when they assured him that they had intended nothing mutinous.

Poor Minister! he tried to serve two masters at the same time, with the usual result. In giving way to his desire for a peaceful ending to the affair he displeased the Khedive, who not unnaturally dismissed him, replacing him by his cousin, a certain Daoud Pasha Zegen.

On September 3 the Khedive left Alexandria for Cairo, and the Minister of War, who had a firmer hand than his predecessor, ordered the 4th Regiment, of which Arabi Bey was Colonel, to leave Cairo for Alexandria. Whether this was ill-advised or not is a question open to argument, but its effect was very soon apparent; for, suspecting that this order covered some plans for a *coup d'état*, the

military became very excited, and held meetings at which it was decided that the Khedive's hand must be forced, and the Ministry made to resign. This being settled, Arabi wrote to Daoud Pasha, informing him that at a certain hour a representative army would arrive at the Abdin Palace to have their demands satisfied. These demands were : the dismissal of Riaz Pasha and Ministry, the carrying out of the Military Commission's recommendations, and the summoning of the Chamber of Notables.

To show how far things had gone, I will here mention that Arabi sent a circular to the representatives of foreign countries with the assurance that the lives and properties of foreigners were quite safe, and that the troops had no thought of molesting them.

The Khedive, upon receiving Arabi's letter, after consultation, decided to proceed to the Abassieh barracks, and try to come to some amicable arrangement. However, upon his arrival there, he found them empty, for Arabi had marched his troops into the square before the palace, and had so placed his artillery that he dominated the whole of it.

The Khedive, therefore, when he returned, accompanied by Mr. Colvin (afterwards Sir Auckland Colvin) and Mr. Cookson, the acting British Consul General, found the situation distinctly threatening, and was obliged to enter his own palace by a back door ; but he was splendidly cool and collected, descending after a short time

the central steps of the palace to ask what they wanted.

Arabi, as is usual with agitators, replied that they came in the name of the people to ask for liberty, and for the dismissal of the Ministry, adding that they were there to defend the liberties of Egypt, which England, the great opponent of slavery, ought never to destroy.

The Khedive, who practically had no choice in the matter, re-entered the palace to consider their demands, but was obliged to accept them, and promised to dismiss the Riaz Pasha Ministry. Thereupon the officers insisted that Cherif Pasha should be appointed, and that too was consented to.

I remember the scene well, as, with another Englishman, I had been visiting one of the officials inside the palace, so, as we stood in Abdin Square, we heard and saw everything.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the troops vacated the square, and marched back to the barracks. There is no doubt that the want of understanding and inability to conciliate the natives, among the more highly paid and European and Anglo-Indian element, secured for Arabi a great deal more support than he had ever expected, so he practically became a Military Dictator from that time onwards.

Three days later the Khedive signed the decree, as he had promised, regulating the pay, promotion, leave, and retirement in the army, in accordance with the Military Commissioner's report.

On October 6, Arabi Bey and Abdallah Bey left Cairo with their regiments, the former going to Wady, the latter to Damietta.

For the remaining months of 1881 peace reigned, but early in 1882 changes again took place in the Ministry, and many of us began to feel uneasy.

As a little personal note to finish this chapter, I may say that in November of 1881 I was decorated with the Turkish Order of the "Nichan Iftihar" (grade of Commander).

CHAPTER VII

1882

DURING the first week in January, Arabi Bey was appointed Under Secretary of War. Who was responsible for this knuckling under I do not know, many people said that Cherif Pasha was anxious to conciliate him and appeared to think that he really did represent a national movement against the European element, but personally I fancy he was forced to do it by the Chamber of Notables, who, having assembled, wished their own way in everything—so much so that shortly afterwards Cherif Pasha resigned.

There was some little difficulty in forming a new ministry, but eventually Mahmoud Pasha Samy became President ; Ali Sadek Pasha, Minister of Finance, and Arabi the Agitator, Minister of War ; Arabi thus became one of the great ones of Egypt, for undoubtedly he held the situation in the hollow of his hand.

The fighting force as usual in Egypt had sway. I cannot quite grasp what Arabi's ideas were, whether he wished to usurp Tewfik's place, or whether he wished to be a military despot ruling

over Egypt with the assistance of the Sultan of Turkey, for it was openly stated that that country supported him.

In March, the Khedive apparently came to some amicable understanding with him and made him a Pasha, while several of his officers were made Beys.

In saying that Constantinople supported Arabi, I merely state what was at the time a rumour with certain circumstantial evidence. Yet there may have been another reading of the affair which appealed to a certain number; I will give it for what it is worth in order to show to a certain extent how almost impossible it is to get the real truth in the East.

Ismail's brother, Prince Halim, resided in Constantinople, where he was a great favourite of the Sultan's. Had it not been for the decree of primogeniture, he, in the course of time, would in all probability have succeeded to the Khedivate. He was very much in with the French. Now this rumour that I speak of implied that at first Arabi was working with all his skill in Prince Halim's favour, but finding that his power grew so rapidly, he decided that it was useless working for some one else, so decided to do what he could for himself. Arabi was wise enough to know that in the East there are more ways than one of disposing of the men used by a Prince to achieve this end. Whether there was any truth in this I cannot say, nor have I ever seen it written of, but it would

explain the general belief that Arabi was abetted by Turkey in a way more credible than that Turkey supported him for her own ends, simply and solely; for whatever advantage could there be for her? Turks are not fools, and they must have understood that now that the Suez Canal was made neither England nor France would allow Turkish occupation of Egypt.

I am fully aware that the Sultan claimed Egypt as part of his possessions, but it would seem improbable that he proposed making any effort to assert his rights, he may indeed have wished to destroy the little power remaining to Tewfik; but then, to profit Turkey, Arabi must have gone as well, and if so, what arguments could have been used to gain over the army when their one cry was Egypt for Egyptians.

In April, there were rumours of a possible Arab rising; upon hearing which I made inquiries, and learning from a native source that there was really something behind it all, I thought it advisable to send my wife and daughter to Beyruth, in Syria, and afterwards to Naples; where they remained until the end of the year. Their departure took a great load off my mind, as it gave me a free hand, and enabled me to attend more closely and fully to the duties which were mine, and also relieved me of the anxiety which I should have felt during the next few months, when events of a startling nature followed one another in quick succession. There was a feeling of tension all the time, as though



ARABI PASHA

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the steel ropes of peace were being strained to their utmost, and each new movement caused a hum, as though some giant hand was strumming on them, yet when the climax came, it came almost as a surprise; no one seemed ready for it. Human nature seems built that way. Men and women live on the sides of an active volcano, hearing the rumblings, seeing the smoke and flames, yet blissfully hopeful that if there should be an eruption it will go downwards. Hope is so often a case of self-fooling, and yet without it I suppose we should be in a very bad way.

Upon May 20, Morice Bey, the Inspector-General of the Coastguard Service, and I stood on the roof of the Coastguard Office and watched the arrival of the British and French fleets. We saw them anchor, and we both felt the glow of pride that most Englishmen feel at sight of the naval arm of their country's forces. I can recall the scene now, but I can also recall poor Morice Bey's prophetic remark at sight of the grim, silent grandeur of the ships of war.

"Ah, Kusel, they are magnificent, they are British. You and I both feel infernally proud of them, but this I am afraid will be a bad day for us, for if any change is effected in this country by the aid of that"—and he waved his arm round to the fleets—"you and I and many another old Anglo-Egyptian official will be brushed aside with many natives too, in order to make room for relations and friends of those in power, who will

be pitchforked into all the best, the most important positions, whether they have any real qualifications or not."

His gravity on this occasion impressed me deeply, for he was a clever far-seeing man, generally full of joviality. Now I think of him, I remember a joke he made, which I hope I may be forgiven for introducing here, just before tragedy begins.

A young Englishman, whose name I will not mention, had, for some unknown reason, a great desire to possess a camel. I may say that he had not been out long from England. At any rate, one afternoon when Morice Bey and I were out driving together, we met the young fellow and, stopping the carriage, began talking to him. His first words were—

"I've bought a camel."

"Have you?" said Morice Bey.

"Yes, and, by Jove, I had an awful job to get him; the nigger Johnny thought he was sacred or something, because this beast had eaten his prayer mat."

"Ah," said the Bey, winking at me, "I hope you made a good bargain."

"I think so; he cost a bit more than I wanted to pay though, but he wouldn't let him go under a hundred and seven."

"Piastres?"

"No," laughed the other, tickled at the Bey's joke, "pounds, of course."



MAJOR JAMES MORICE BEY
INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF EGYPTIAN COAST GUARD

I almost exploded, for this was an exorbitant price for anything except the very finest racing camel, and even then high; but Morice Bey kept his face perfectly straight.

“Ah, I see,” he said, “you didn’t buy him as a camel, but because he was a gobbling tapestry.”

A little while after the young fellow confessed to me that he had had to sell the beast again, for twenty pounds or so.

But to return to grim reality and the Fleets. The British vessels were the ironclads: *Alexandra*, *Inflexible*, *Invincible*, *Temeraire*, *Superb*, *Sultan*, and *Monarch*; and the gunboats: *Beacon*, *Bittern*, *Cygnets*, *Condor*, and *Decoy*, with about three thousand five hundred men, and one hundred and two guns, all under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick Beauchamp Paget Seymour.

It was not long before I became acquainted with Admiral Sir Frederick Seymour and a number of the officers, as several times I dined on board the Flagship *Invincible*, with the captain of which, Captain Molyneux, I became great friends. I also made the acquaintance of Major A. B. Tulloch, of the Intelligence Department, who afterwards commanded the Welsh regiment, and was enabled to render him some signal services in the execution of his duties, owing to my official position, and the knowledge I possessed of the natives.

The presence of the Fleet did not in any way calm the air, in fact, rather the reverse, and the European element began to feel slightly alarmed

and anxious as to what the next move would be, being aware that their position was one which might at any moment be distinctly unenviable.

The first move made was when Arabi gave instructions that the fortifications of Alexandria should be put into a state of defence, ordering the soldiers to work night and day.

Admiral Seymour sent word that this work must cease immediately, and that no earthworks or batteries were to be erected. The only answer received by him was a denial that any such work was in progress.

One night, however, one of the warships suddenly turned her searchlight on to the forts, and the Arabs were discovered at work.

On Sunday, June 11, at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon a riot commenced, by an attack being made upon Europeans. It was premeditated, evidently, for all day groups of the lower class Arabs had been hanging about, while a number of bedouins had come into the town from the country, all more or less armed, mostly with naboots (cudgels).

The trouble began in the Maltese quarter, and many Europeans were there killed by the Arabs; later in the afternoon, as the mob increased in size, it commenced to loot and destroy the shops. It was noticeable that the police and Municipal Guard did nothing to quell the riot, in some cases being accused of aiding and abetting. In one instance it is reported that some Europeans sought safety at

the chief caracol (Police Station). Once inside, the doors were closed, and they were murdered by the guard.

I do not wish to write of reported atrocities, however true they may be, but will relate just that part of the massacre, and afterwards, that I myself came in contact with.

On Saturday evening, Morice Bey had carried me off to spend the night and next day with him at Ramleh, Captain Molyneux coming down on Sunday to join the party. After lunch some one suggested that we should all drive down to the Public Gardens on the Mahmoudieh Canal to hear the military band, and see the *élite* of Alexandria. About 3 o'clock we started, Captain Molyneux drove with me in my Victoria, Morice Bey having another friend with him. When we arrived at the gardens, which lay between Ramleh and Alexandria, we were astonished to find them absolutely deserted, the only carriage in sight being an ordinary street vehicle, occupied by an officer in uniform, one of the engineers of H.M.S. *Superb*, who was accompanied by two friends. Our astonishment was quite natural; for these gardens were generally crowded on Sunday and Friday afternoons, with hundreds of carriages coming and going.

After walking about for a short time, we decided to drive into town, and try to find out the reason for this strange desertion of a fashionable and favourite resort. So, accordingly, we returned to our carriages and drove off; just in front of us the

naval engineer I have mentioned was returning to town also.

Just as we were leaving the gardens a harem carriage drove past us. I stopped it, and asked the Arab driver whether anything out of the way had happened; he replied that there had been a quarrel in the Maltese quarter between Arabs and Maltese, and that several people had been killed.

On hearing this Captain Molyneux begged me to drive him straight down to the harbour, as it was essential that he should get on board his ship at once.

I called out to Morice Bey to tell him what I was going to do, and gave instructions to my coachman, an Italian called Giovanni, to drive as quickly as he possibly could. Now Bessie, my mare, was a splendid, high-spirited animal, which I had purchased from the Khedival stables, and we simply flew along, leaving Morice Bey a good way behind. We passed many small groups of Arabs, men and women; they swore and cursed at us in Arabic, yelling out: "Go on, go on, a little faster; the faster the better, you are only going to your death."

I translated this to Molyneux, who thought it sounded extremely bad. He looked typically English, with his side whiskers and white pith helmet; I personally was more like an Egyptian or Turk, as my dress was the regulation Stamboulean frock coat and tarboosh.

As we passed through the Rosetta gate, we found troops drawn up in the empty space inside,

the men at ease, with piled arms, the officers seated all along the roadway smoking. As I passed I salaamed to them, and they all returned my salute. For a few minutes we felt less anxious, as we thought that if there were any serious trouble in the town, these troops would not be here.

It appears that they were awaiting orders from Arabi in Cairo before interfering.

All down the Avenue Rosetta we saw the doors of the houses closed and barricaded, while from the balconies, filled with men and women, many voices cried out to us to stop and not go into the town, as the Arabs were massacring all the Europeans, but this only made Captain Molyneux the more anxious to reach his ship ; so we did not slacken our pace, and before we knew it we were in the Grand Square, and in the midst of the fighting. My coachman had just time to pull up, and Captain Molyneux, who had stood up and was looking ahead, called out that they were murdering that English officer, and that we had better try to reach the Consulate. Bessie, my mare, helped us admirably, for she reared and plunged, keeping the crowd back as the carriage was turned into a side street ; we nearly capsized, but, with luck, broke through the people, and so round to the British Consulate. The gates were closed, but I was known to the boab (doorkeeper) who at once opened them ; as he did so, Morice Bey drove up with his friend, and we all entered together. We found the Consulate in a state of indescribable

confusion, women and children crowded in everywhere, weeping and terrified. Shortly after our arrival Mr. Calvert, the Vice-Consul, collapsed from nervous fatigue and had to be carried to his room, while Mr. Cookson, the Consul, was brought in seriously wounded. He had ventured out to use his influence in quieting the rioters in the Maltese quarter, but received a knock on the head which nearly proved fatal. This left the Consulate without any one in charge. It so happened that, shortly after the arrival of the fleet, a temporary telephone had been established between the Consulate and the British flagship; by this means Captain Molyneux got into communication with Admiral Seymour, and after explaining what had happened, and also that it was impossible for him to return to his ship, received orders to remain where he was and take command. At once Captain Molyneux turned to us, that is Morice Bey and myself, and asked us to remain with him and assist, which of course, we both agreed to do.

It was desperate work, however, for the Maltese who had rushed to the Consulate for safety were absolutely panic-stricken, and it was almost impossible to calm them.

A few minutes after five, the troops appeared on the scene, and charged down the streets dispersing the rioters. This gave us a little relief, but as darkness fell, the martial sounds from the streets, the tramp, tramp of the infantry and the deep rumbling of artillery were not conducive to

the alleviation of the fugitives' fright; more especially so as we never knew from one moment to the other whether the troops would not join the rioters, and complete the job. Very fortunately for us the officers kept their men well in hand.

There were a number of guns, revolvers, etc., and a good deal of ammunition in the Consulate, for during the afternoon an adjacent Maltese gunsmith's shop had been broken into and the weapons conveyed to where we were; but these were almost a nuisance, and had to be carefully guarded, as soon after they had been brought in, there was a loud knocking at the gate, and those seeking admittance turned out to be the Governor of Alexandria, Omar Pasha Loutfi, whom I knew well, with Colonel Suliman Sami, who was eventually hanged, and two other native officers. They demanded to see the Consul, and finally interviewed Captain Molyneux. I had to interpret for them. It appeared that they had heard that a quantity of arms and ammunition had been smuggled into the Consulate, and now came in hot haste to tell us that the possession of these arms might bring down on us the very thing we were trying to avoid, and they urgently recommended that no firearm should be discharged from the windows. Colonel Suliman Sami added, that the troops were in possession of the town, and would keep order, but that if any of the Europeans interfered, he could not be answerable for the result.

During the night, Admiral Seymour telephoned

that he was sending a number of ships' boats with marines and bluejackets, to be landed in the Eastern harbour quite near to us, and who would guard the Consulate, but that some one must meet the crews to act as guide. At this news, we all felt rather better, at least I can speak for myself; but down went our hopes to zero, when again a loud knocking at the gate disturbed us. It was the Governor and party for the second time. The Colonel was very excited, and Omar Pasha Loutfi seemed a little afraid of him, as he told us that the troops were aware of the boats coming to the eastern harbour, and that orders had been given to oppose the landing, with artillery placed along the shore. As he spoke we heard the guns rushing past, the horses at full gallop.

It was distinctly an unpleasant five minutes, as we waited while Captain Molyneux again got in touch with the Admiral, and explained the position. He pointed out that the boats would surely be sunk, that the troops would revolt, and that would be the end of the European population. Admiral Seymour agreed that, as things were, the boats must be stopped, and that at once, as they must be nearing the landing-place.

This was easier to plan than to carry out, as the officer in charge would require some authority of considerable weight, to go dead against the orders he had received from the Admiral. At length it was arranged that Morice Bey, who had been a British Naval Officer before entering the

Egyptian Service, should go. He did so, accompanied by two of the Egyptian Army Officers. Fortunately they found a boat, belonging to some Greeks, close by, and managed to reach the flotilla in time. He told me afterwards that the officer's face, at being told of Admiral Seymour's order to return, was most expressive, and his language, *sotto voce*, was even more so.

We were, as may be imagined, quite delighted to see the Bey return, and after hearing that the boats were on their way back to the ships, the Governor and his officers retired.

That was the longest night I ever remember, the hours simply crawled past. Somewhere near midnight, a telegram came from the Khedive, saying that the Under Secretary for War and some special delegates were coming down by special train from Cairo, and would proceed direct to the British Consulate, to try and arrange matters. About three o'clock in the morning they arrived, *i.e.* the Under Secretary of War, Boutross Pasha, and the A.D.C. of Derwish Pasha, the Ottoman High Commissioner, and a conference was held at which many things were decided. The principal one, however, was that all women and children were to be taken off to the different steamers in the harbour, the military authorities undertaking to protect the Europeans on their way through the town to the Marina.

This was a great weight off our minds, and as soon as daylight came, with the co-operation of the

Governor, Omar Pasha Loutfi, and the Colonel commanding the troops holding the streets, every vehicle which could be found was requisitioned to take the fugitives to the Customs Pier. An armed soldier accompanied each carriage, sitting on the box with the driver, where he remained until the occupants were embarked in the boats which the different ships of war provided. An Egyptian officer, with a number of troops, was stationed at the embarkation pier, to superintend and see that order was maintained, and that the fugitives were not in any way maltreated.

Everything was carried out as arranged, without any serious hitch.

While the preparations were being made, I heard that Mr. Caillard, our Director-General, who had been unwell, was staying at a private house near the Ramleh railway station, and not far from the Consulate. So I ran round to let him know what had been decided with regard to the protection of those Europeans who wished to proceed to any of the vessels in the harbour.

I found him and his party in a state of great excitement, and anxiously awaiting news of any kind. They had spent a terrible night, and were all dressed, and ready to make a move. They wasted no time in accompanying me back to the Consulate, where, finding a carriage, they drove off to the harbour. Mr. Caillard sailed next day for Europe, and did not return to Egypt until September.

The Secretary-General of the Customs, a Syrian, also left the same day without leave, so I was left alone at the Direction General with all the responsibility attached to that critical period. The Minister of Finance therefore appointed me Acting Director-General again.

Among the Europeans who were killed during the massacre was a well-known Englishman, Doctor H. Ribton, whom I knew very well; he was a son of Dr. George Ribton of Dublin. He was well-known among the Italian colony, having resided formerly in Naples. He was a medical man by profession, and was also a well-known preacher, and frequently would preach on board the English and other vessels in Alexandria Harbour.

On the day of the massacre, he was returning from the harbour, accompanied by his daughter, when he fell a victim to the murderous mob; his daughter, however, escaped, she having been saved by some Copts, who dragged her into their house, where she lay concealed until nightfall, when they escorted her home in the disguise of an Arab woman.

Dr. Ribton's body was found the next day at a native hospital, naked, and mutilated so as to be hardly recognized.

Two other Englishmen whom I knew were also victims, and perished miserably in the massacre; one was a Mr. Robert James Dobson, and the other, Mr. Reginald I. Richardson, both of Manchester. It appears that the poor fellows were

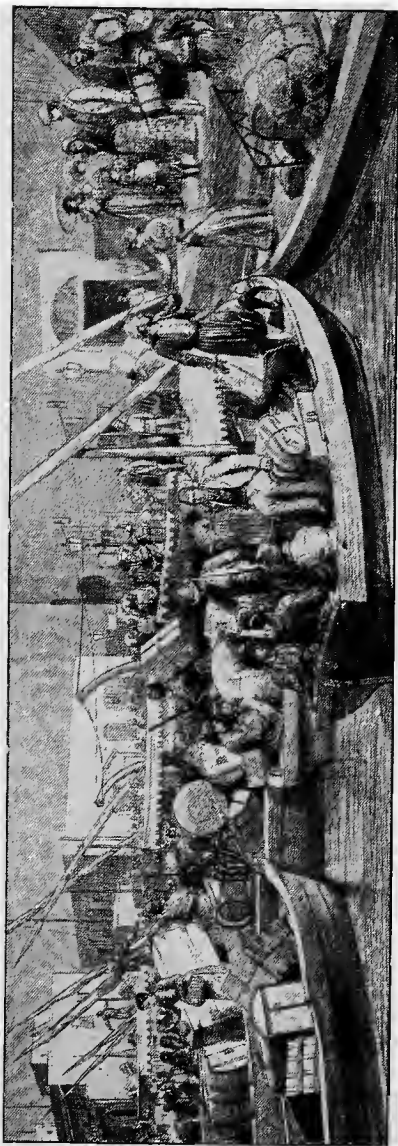
killed in attempting to save some of the Eastern Telegraph Company's staff, who had been out boating in the eastern harbour, and were attempting to land.

After the day of the massacre, a general exodus of Europeans took place; hundreds of panic-stricken families passed through the Grand Square from morning to night, on their way to the harbour, where the Arab boatmen took them off to the merchant steamers of refuge which the different governments had chartered. These poor people, many of whom were absolutely ruined, carried off with them in their flight as many of their pieces of property as they could carry, not to speak of dogs, birds, etc. It was a terrible sight, to see them literally fighting their way on to the boats, where they had to pay exorbitantly for the passage. As soon as the steamers were filled, they steamed off either to Malta, Syria, Greece, or Italy. This went on all the time, until a few days before the bombardment.

During this period I was extremely busy, as the whole responsibility of the Customs administration rested on my shoulders, not only in Alexandria but at all our branches, such as Port Said, Suez, Ismailia, Damietta, etc.

The general exodus of men, women, and children of all nationalities continued daily. The *Graphic* says—

“The *Narcissa* and *Rosina* are among the vessels chartered by the British Government to



THE WAR IN EGYPT, 1882. EMBARCATION OF EUROPEAN REFUGEES
By kind permission of the "Graphic"

take off British refugees, after whose welfare Lord Charles Beresford, commander of the *Condor*, and Captain Morrison, of the *Helicon*, are looking. All the arrangements for the comfort of the passengers are excellent, considering the short time in which the vessels, mostly steam colliers, have been roughly fitted to receive the refugees.

“The question of cooking for so many people on board the vessel being one of serious importance, the Commander of the *Condor*, Lord Charles Beresford, with one of his usual happy thoughts, ordered several empty barrels to be cut in half and coal fires to be built up in these wooden tubs. At first thought one would think that it was merely a good way of making a bonfire ; it is, however, an excellent means of cooking on the shortest possible notice for a large number of people ; of course, these fires are only burnt during cooking time, and are immediately put out when cooking is finished.”

It was during this time that an incident occurred which might have had very far-reaching effects, had it not been my good fortune to prevent it.

I do not believe it to be generally known that the British ships of war were in danger of being seriously, if not fatally, damaged by mines or torpedoes, while anchored inside the harbour of Alexandria, shortly before the bombardment ; such, however, was the case.

It appears that the idea of laying mines or torpedoes in the harbour of Alexandria was a conception of General Stone Pasha, chief of the Egyptian Army Staff, who had, some little time

before, ordered secretly from America a specially made submarine explosive machine.

In due course, this machine arrived at the Custom House, but it having been necessary to keep the matter strictly secret, the case had been shipped on the other side, and manifested as an ordinary package of merchandise, no address being on the case but simply a few marks, which gave no clue either to its owner or destination. It had been transhipped at Liverpool by an ordinary tramp steamer, and there was no trace of its origin. It was discharged at the Custom House, and remained stored in the magazine, with many other packages, waiting to be claimed.

Shortly after the massacre, several applications were made to me as Acting Director-General of Customs, by Arabi Pasha, in his capacity as Minister of War, to know whether a case addressed either to General Stone Pasha or to the Minister of War had arrived at the Custom House, as he felt certain that the package must have been landed, although they had no advice or bill of lading.

I sent instructions to the local Custom House that a careful search should be made, but no such case, addressed as stated, could be found. A few days afterwards two native officers from the War Office appeared, and reported that they had been delegated by Arabi to go through the Custom House and assist in searching for the desired package. I politely informed them that no such case existed at that moment in the Custom House, and

that, although there were hundreds and hundreds of cases and packages, they all had distinctive marks and numbers on them, and also that it was impossible for my officials to open any one of them unless in the presence of the owner or consignee; even then, in order to do this, an order of delivery from the shipping office must be produced.

The officers then left, but the next day a native General and a Colonel turned up, who were extremely haughty and overbearing in their manner and language.

These continual official visits and inquiries had made me rather suspicious, and I was careful to keep guard on my tongue. It struck me that the case must be of great importance to have so much bother made about it, and when, in the course of conversation, the General informed me that unless the package was found and duly handed over within forty-eight hours, Arabi Pasha intended to send a company of soldiers, with instructions to open every case at the Custom Houses until they found the one which they wanted and which they were sure was there.

This ultimatum annoyed me extremely, as these forcible methods of procedure were indicative of Arabi's methods when opposed, so I made up my mind to act upon my own responsibility, and, if possible, find the case, and see what it contained, for I was beginning to feel certain that it must be something of supreme importance. What it could possibly be, of course I had no idea. I may also

confess to a certain amount of curiosity. Perhaps this was instinct, for I am not of a curious disposition.

With this idea in my head, upon the departure of the officers, I sent for one of our European inspectors, a smart, intelligent officer, and trustworthy. I gave him strict instructions not to leave the Custom House during lunch time, but to await my arrival.

We both set to work and examined the ships' manifestoes at the different sheds where the goods unclaimed were lying. Certain packages which looked suspicious were quietly opened and re-closed. We suspended these examinations as soon as the employés returned. In the evening we recommenced our work. The next day the same thing, and I began to think that, after all, the case had not arrived. Then at last our search was successful, and we discovered a case hidden beneath a number of other packages. Upon opening it we found a terrible weapon of destruction—a submarine explosive machine. It would have been a most dangerous weapon in Arabi's hands.

The Inspector had a superficial knowledge of machinery, so I ordered him to remove or destroy certain parts of vital importance, so that, in the event of the Pasha seizing the case, it would be useless for some time. When this was done, we locked up the store, and I hurried off to Sir Auckland Colvin, the Financial adviser, who happened to be in Alexandria. He at once ordered me to

report the affair to Admiral Seymour, who was amazed on hearing what had taken place. I suggested that the box should be sent on board and handed over to the Admiral, and this was agreed upon. Soon after dark the mysterious case was taken alongside the *Invincible* and placed in the Admiral's charge.

The whole affair was communicated to the Admiralty in London, who were profuse in thanks.

natives, he would be running a very great risk ; but he insisted upon going, so I gave up endeavouring to stop him. I did, however, persuade him to shave some English-looking whiskers, and leave his hat behind, and wear a tarboosh instead. On reaching the station we found that he would not be able to return that evening, but would have to sleep at Kafr-el-Zayat. This rather disconcerted him, but all the same he went off in the train, and I made my way as quickly as possible to the Flagship with a verbal message which he had desired me to deliver to Admiral Seymour. I am not at liberty to say what this message was, but it was of such importance as rather to upset the recipient who wrote the message down, not in the best of tempers. Then I returned to the shore.

On July 9 I received instructions from Sir Auckland Colvin to embark on the s.s. *Tanjore*, he himself coming on board the same evening with the personnel of the English Consulate. As soon as possible, I reminded him that there still remained in the Customs safes about twenty thousand pounds, and asked whether he thought it possible to place this sum in safety. He replied that by going ashore early next morning I might possibly secure it. Several people who overheard the conversation strongly advised me not to try, as they said it would be folly to risk my life in order to save the Government a sum of money ; but it seemed to me that it was my duty to make the attempt, even if not successful.

I was beginning to get rather anxious about Major Tulloch, for his journey was distinctly full of peril, so I sent an Arab boatman with a letter to Captain Molyneux, whose ship was lying close to ours, to ask whether there was any news of him.

I received his reply immediately, saying that the major had not yet returned on board, but he might have arrived back in Alexandria and visited other places. However, Major Tulloch turned up safely that evening, and told me afterwards that he had been most successful in obtaining the intelligence he required.

Early next morning, Sunday, the 10th, I hailed an Arab boat which was passing the *Tanjore* in order to go ashore and see what I could do about the money in the safes. Just as I was about to descend the ship's ladder, in fact I had gone half-way down, some one rushed after me and handed me a bunch of telegraph forms, asking me kindly to leave them on board the Eastern Telegraph ship, which I should pass on my way to the shore. Mechanically I took the forms and placed them in the outside pocket of my white uniform jacket. I could not get all of the bundle in, so part of it remained bulging out, and quite visible; then I stepped into the boat, the Arabs hoisted the sail, and away we went. As it was, a tack took us past the Telegraph Ship at some distance, and as I was excited about my own affairs, and no doubt wondering whether my mission would be successful, I clean forgot all about the telegrams.

When I arrived at the Customs pier, I walked sedately up to the house as though nothing unusual was happening, and expressed astonishment that everything and everybody should be in a state of ghastly confusion. After attending to a few things and giving some orders, I sent for the cashier, who was a Copt, but some little time elapsed before he could be got hold of. When, however, he did arrive, he commenced to utter expressions of surprise at seeing me; the Arabs who were present did the same, as there was no European there except myself. I appeared to be astonished at their astonishment, and asked them why I should not be there as usual? Did they know of any reason? etc., etc., until I had quite got the idea into their heads that nothing serious was going to happen, that I was remaining with them, and that the Custom House should be open as usual. I also informed them that Sir Auckland Colvin had instructed me to see that all the money now in our possession should be sent to the steamer, where the manager and employés of the *Crédit Lyonnais* were installed *pro tem*. It was our custom to pay in all moneys to this bank once a week, to the account of the Public Debt Office, as all the revenues raised by the Customs were ear-marked for this service.

I instructed the cashier to make out the usual papers, which, after being countersigned by the Chief Arab Clerk, were signed by me, as Controller-General, acting as Director-General, then

they were handed back to the chief cashier. Two strong boxes, in which we generally transported specie, were produced, and ten thousand pounds in gold placed in each; they were carefully closed and locked, and then slowly the Arab porters carried them down to the water. I had sent for my own boat, and found it waiting for us with my four Arab boatmen, who were magnificent oarsmen. The two boxes were carried down the pier steps, and placed in the bottom of the boat. The cashier and chief clerk had taken their places, and I was just stepping into mine, when a shouting made me turn my head. An Arab naval officer had arrived on the scene, accompanied by some dozen soldiers with fixed bayonets. I recognized the officer as one Mustapha Bey, and asked him politely what he wanted. He said—

“I arrest you by Arabi Pasha's orders, and I am not to allow the Customs money to leave the shore.”

Several of the soldiers jumped into the boat, which nearly upset, and proceeded to lift the boxes out; by this time all the Arab boatmen, donkey-boys, and porters had gathered round, and were exhausting themselves in abusing me. To anyone accustomed to the language supposed to come from, or be indigenous to the natives of Billingsgate, the Arab “cuss” words must sound feeble, but to call anyone, “The son of a Christian dog,” in Egypt, is about as abusive a remark as it is possible to make. Then, presumably, feeling that

words would not express their hatred and contempt, they became so violent, that I warned the officer to take care, or there would be a serious row, and the money would be irrevocably lost. I suggested that the boxes had better be replaced in the safe at the Custom House, and two sentries placed over it. In the meantime, I would go with them to Arabi and explain everything. This seemed to appeal to the officer, and in a few minutes the boxes were back in the safe; the cashier who had remained with me until then locked the safe, and acting on my instructions disappeared, but before he went he returned the official papers to me, and I placed them in my pocket.

As an Englishman, I do not think the soldiers of the escort could have loved me greatly, but at any rate they saved my life as we marched to the Arsenal, for the Arab ruffians grew so mad with rage that they endeavoured time and again to reach me with their naboots as I walked in the middle of the soldiers. At last the situation grew so desperate that they had to charge the rabble with their bayonets to drive them back. I experienced considerable relief when the gates of the Arsenal closed behind us.

Arabi was holding a Council of War, so I was obliged to wait in one of the large rooms outside the council chamber; this was full of officers, with some of whom I was well acquainted. They at once surrounded me with eager questioning as to why I had been arrested, etc., etc. I replied that it was

evidently a mistake, and that my explanation to Arabi would put everything right. Accepting this, they then commenced to question me as to the probability of the ships bombarding Alexandria. I replied that I did not believe they ever intended to bombard Alexandria. I did not mention my thoughts about what they would do to the forts.

The Council of War having finished the important business with which they were occupied, I was ushered in. I made my salaams, and waited for them to speak; all I had to do was to keep cool and answer their questions calmly.

"What is this I hear?" said Arabi. "You, one of the Government officials, taking the Customs money away in a boat with the intention of carrying it to one of the English men-of-war?"

"Your Excellency," I replied, "has been misinformed. I was not taking money to any man-of-war, but was acting under instructions from the Financial Adviser."

"How so?"

"Every week the Customs money is paid into the *Crédit Lyonnais* for the account of the Public Debt Office, and as your Excellency no doubt is aware, this bank has been transferred to a French steamer in the harbour; it was to this vessel that the money you speak of was being sent, under the charge of the chief cashier and the *Bash Katib* (chief clerk)." I then produced the papers I had taken from the cashier, and handed them to Arabi,

and continued, "You will now be able to verify whether what I have said is true or not."

He read the papers and passed them to some other members of the Council ; when he had received them back he said—

"Yes, I see that you have done it in a regular official manner, but you should not have done so at the present moment ; after all, it's Government money."

"I beg your pardon, it is not Government money, as the Customs Revenues are specially earmarked, and belong to the Public Debt Office, and to them only are we responsible."

"Yes," said Arabi, "in ordinary times, but we are now at war, and all the money in the country belongs to the Government, and I shall use it."

He then commenced a tirade against the English officials, asking why they had all run away, and what they were afraid of, etc., etc. When he had finished I remarked quietly—

"Your Excellency, I cannot answer for anyone except myself, but I have not run away. I have given instructions that the work should be carried on at the Customs to-day as usual, but under the circumstances I do not see how I can remain at my duty, unless I can count on your special protection, and if you give me that it must be known publicly, for I am afraid that many Arabs in the neighbourhood of the Customs are hostile to me."

My rather buttery remark about his protection evidently pleased him, for he smiled and said—

"You can count upon that; we all know you, and feel sure that you are a real and true friend of the Arabs. I may add, that it is a pity that more officials are not like you."

I bowed my thanks, and asked him whether he wanted me any further. He said he did not at present, but would like to see me in the afternoon. I then retired, and was congratulated by the officers who were waiting in the ante-chamber, and two of the naval officers accompanied me back to the Customs again.

Later in the day, having sent for my boat, I stepped into it, but before doing so I gave some orders, and in a loud voice said, "I shall be back at three o'clock."

I bade my Arabs row their hardest; they were picked men who, in my opinion, rowed as well as any man-of-war's boat crew. They made very good time, and I luckily reached the *Tanjore* just as she was leaving the outer harbour, all the other steamers having already gone into safe anchorage.

My friends were very surprised to see me return safe and sound, for they had heard from Arab boatmen that I had been arrested and was a prisoner of Arabi's. I grew tired of repeating the whole incident, and as soon as I could break away went down to my cabin. I needed a wash and change of raiment, the white linen jacket was thrust away in my box. I still retained the telegrams in my pocket, as I had forgotten them absolutely, most probably I touched them in

taking off my coat, very likely saw them sticking out of the pocket, yet they conveyed nothing to my mind. I never saw the man again who had given them to me, as soon after I left the *Tanjore* he went off to one of the ironclads to get a better view of the bombardment, for he was the war correspondent of one of the principal London dailies. I don't know whether he is still alive, but hope if he is that he will accept my most profound apologies.

Some few weeks later, when I was once again settled on shore, I was turning out my box when I felt the telegrams in the pocket of the coat I had worn when arrested by Arabi. I was very upset at having forgotten them, and when I opened them out—well, I thanked Heaven that they had not been taken from me and given to Arabi. It was extraordinary that he had not noticed them himself, for, as I have said, they bulged out most conspicuously. Had he seen and read them I am afraid that my life would not have been worth a great deal, for the telegrams were addressed to the London newspaper, and stated quite clearly when the bombardment was to take place, what the ships were going to do, and how they were going to attack the forts, etc., etc.

Apart from what would have happened to me, it is possible that the British ships would have suffered more severely than they did. Still, as it was, there was nothing to be done; the incident was closed, so I simply kept the telegrams, and as it

may interest some people to know how the news was sent, how briefly a good correspondent describes happenings which fill columns in the daily papers, I here give the contents:—

ALEXANDRIA STATION.

Viâ EASTERN.

To Receiver's Name : X. X.
 Address : London.

Merry	last	night	great
excitement	in	harbour	whither
I	went	when	found
Admiral	had	really	determined
send	notice	bombardment	<i>Tanjore</i>
steamer	crammed	with	English
had	still	to	receive
Colvin	Cartwright	West	and

ALEXANDRIA STATION.

Viâ EASTERN.

To Receiver's Name : (2)
 Address : _____

suite	however	at	length
last	Englishman	arrived	then
amid	darkness	could	be
seen	fitting	lights	in
forts	as	men	worked
evidently	making	fresh	batteries
next	came	flashing	Alexandria
electric	light	upon	

ALEXANDRIA STATION.

Viâ EASTERN.

To Receiver's Name : _____ (3)

Address : _____

town	forts	which	continue
past	midnight	this	morning
all	quiet	Admiral	preparing
send	notice	midday	when
all	neutral	ships	quit
harbour	English	ships	clearing
for	action	lest	Arabs
begin	fire	directly	

ALEXANDRIA STATION.

Viâ EASTERN.

To Receiver's Name : _____ (4)

Address : _____

get	notice	Foreign	ships
steaming	out	one	after
another	Khedive	away	in
Palace	under	line	fire
Arabs	quitting	City	great
numbers	sending	women	children
away	on	carts	great
panic	amongst	these	savages

AN ENGLISHMAN'S

ALEXANDRIA STATION.

Via EASTERN.

To Receiver's Name : _____ (5)

Address : _____

who	till	now	grinned
at	English	men	working
always	in	forts	fire
probably	begin	daybreak	to-morrow
I	think	action	likely
last	some	time	Guns
Forts	commanding	deck	British
ships	all	English	wooden

ALEXANDRIA STATION.

Via EASTERN.

To Receiver's Name : _____ (6)

Address : _____

Warships	leaving	harbour	going
outside	will	engage	Fort
Adjemi	back	Marabout	Island
<i>Tanjore</i>	anchors	outside	so
does	telegraph	ship	but
still	uncertain	whether	will
take	messages	being	under
Admirals	orders	sailors	and

ALEXANDRIA STATION.

Via EASTERN.

To Receiver's Name : _____ (7)

Address : _____

Officers	overjoyed	prospect	avenging
Massacre	their	comrades	June
eleventh	meanwhile	Khedive	rests
ashore	in	Palace	which
exactly	in	line	fire
He	was	I	believe
almost	first	be	informed
<i>Condor</i>	gunboat	placed	

ALEXANDRIA STATION.

Via EASTERN.

To Receiver's Name : _____ (8)

Address : _____

at	disposal	but	refused
in	bravest	possible	manner
His	reply	makes	all
sad	Dervish	will	I
hear	come	afloat	Khedive
will	certainly	be	killed
ashore	Arabi	being	so
enraged	against	him	at

ALEXANDRIA STATION.

Viâ EASTERN.

To Receiver's Name : _____ (9)

Address : _____

moment	telegraphing	last	lots
refugees	coming	off	soon
shall	all	go	to
sea	resting	just	outside
till	morning	when	daylight
should	usher	in	battle

Signature and Address of Sender : N. N. SS. Tanjore,
Alexandria.

I can imagine Arabi's feelings when I did not turn up in the afternoon, and when he was told that the cashier had disappeared too, for he had faithfully carried out my instructions. So all he found were his two sentries guarding a huge Milner safe which he could not open.

The following is an extract from *Vanity Fair*, July 15, 1882.

THE EGYPTIAN CASH BOX.

"Many months ago we predicted that the excellent Arabi would sooner or later get his hand into the cash box; the following paragraph from the Special Correspondent of the *Standard* affords a grotesque confirmation of our prophecy:—

"While the Director of Customs was coming

aboard the *Tanjore*, he was stopped by a guard of soldiers, who took him and the cash chest, which was being carried with him, before Arabi Pasha. The latter demanded that the money should be handed to him. The Director of Customs refused to do this, whereupon Arabi took possession of it, saying that it was a time of war. The Director was sent on board under an escort.' ”

The bombardment of Alexandria commenced on Tuesday, July 11, 1882, at seven o'clock in the morning. From where the *Tanjore* was anchored we could see the whole thing quite clearly through our glasses. To a civilian who had never seen warfare the spectacle was magnificent. We heard the single gun from the *Alexandra*, which was the signal for the attack to commence, and then one by one every ship joined in until the whole fleet was engaged. It was rather terrible and awe-inspiring, and in spite of myself I trembled with excitement. It was not long before all we could see was a mass of white smoke which surrounded the ships. We could hear, though we could see little, and the roar of the broadside, the deep booming of the turret guns, and the quick tap-tapping of the Nordenfelt, caused most of our hearts, I think, to beat a trifle faster. Occasionally, too, we caught a glimpse of a ship, and many Egyptian shells, which, through the faulty aim of the gunners, passed right over the British ships, and went skip-skiping along the sea, throwing up clouds of spray before sinking; and then the smoke cleared away, lifted,

and was dispelled by a slight breeze, and what before had been shrouded was now clear to our sight.

In spite of the tremendous and deadly fire from the British ships the Egyptian gunners stuck manfully to their posts, maintaining a heavy fire, their shots striking the ships continually.

The whole fleet was engaged until 11.30, when the signal was given to cease fire.

I can imagine the feelings of the naval men as they saw, through the ever-lessening smoke, the effect of their mighty engines of war. Men, naval and military experts, had argued for years about the merits of forts *versus* armoured vessels, and now the question in this case was decided, for the forts, which five hours before had been awe-inspiring, were now no longer so. They had been turned into crumbling ruins, pulverized by the great shells from the British men-of-war. In comparison to the damage they had done, the ships had suffered but slightly. I often wonder what the result would have been had the positions been reversed, with British troops in the forts. Not that there is any doubt of the Egyptian troops' bravery; they fought very gallantly, but they had not the knowledge of their weapons necessary to make their defence successful or even partially so.

The bombardment did not end at 11.30, for wherever the Egyptians had a gun left mounted, they used it until one by one they were silenced. However, after that time the firing was desultory, and

continued all that afternoon in order to prevent any damages being repaired.

In Fort Mex some guns had not been dismounted, although they had been abandoned; so a party of twelve men from the *Invincible*, with Lieutenant Bradford in command, accompanied by Lieutenant Lambton and Major Tulloch, landed, and rendered them useless. It must have been rather an unpleasant job, as they were not certain that the fort was unoccupied, and the sea made it impossible for them to land except by swimming; but they did their work without opposition, and returned safely to the ship.

Most people will have heard of the plucky deed which won the admiration of the whole Fleet, in which Lord Charles Beresford, in his little gunboat, the *Condor*, attacked and silenced Fort Marabout. He must have been a proud man that day when he read the signal flying from the masthead of the Admiral's ship, "Well done, *Condor*." As the *Condor* returned, all the foreign men-of-war in the distance manned yards, while their bands played the British National Anthem.

The afternoon passed quickly, most of the forts being silenced, though every now and then a powder-magazine on shore would blow up, but when night came those among us who owned property in the town began to feel anxious, for fire after fire sprang up, until the sky was red with the flames of burning houses, and we began to wonder whether the whole city would eventually be

destroyed. These were incendiary fires, and were not caused by the shells or rockets from the men-of-war. The next morning, as the sea was very rough and a high wind blowing, it was decided not to continue the bombardment for some time, in order to avoid the risk of stray shells injuring the town. However, about noon, the enemy were observed to be working in the Ras-el-teen battery, where there were some heavy guns worked on the Moncrieff system. For the benefit of those who do not know what that system is, I will describe it as the "Jack-in-the-box" or "Peep-Bo" system, that is to say, the gun is mounted on a platform, which, when the gun is ready to be fired, rises to the level of the parapet, sinking again the moment it is discharged. I don't know what the Egyptians hoped to gain by continuing the defence, unless it was to gain time to enable Arabi to withdraw his forces. It may have been that, or it may have been a desire to try and damage a ship with a last blow; that, I feel personally, was the most likely. At any rate, two of the men-of-war opened fire on them, and in a short time a white flag was hoisted.

A gunboat, the *Bittern*, was sent to find out whether it betokened a desire to surrender, but it appeared that it had been hoisted to enable the troops to retire safely. That practically ended the bombardment, which was as well, for the sea had become so rough that it would have been practically impossible to have continued even had it been so desired.

Later that afternoon, Admiral Seymour having occasion to communicate with the *Tanjore* sent a boat's crew from the *Invincible* alongside, and Captain Molyneux seized the opportunity to send me a letter, and a deed-box which contained very important documents that I had confided to him some days previously. His letter ran—

“Invincible,

“Wednesday, July 12, 1882.

“MY DEAR KUSEL,

“I send you your box which is none the worse I hope for having been under fire. The Egyptians gave it us much hotter than we expected.

“We were struck in the hull fifteen times, and the shot were filling the air with their music, in a manner that was extremely lively.

“We had six men hurt, some badly, but no deaths I am glad to say; it is wonderful we did not lose more.

“Very sincerely yours,

“R. MORE MOLYNEUX.”

I remember thinking as I read this letter of the extraordinarily small number of casualties, and wondered why warfare was so much less terrible in loss of life with the giant explosives used now, than in those days when men had to rely on the strength of their own arms, and also that men must think far more of their lives than in the old days.

Perhaps the spread of education has made mankind less sure of an existence hereafter, and so made them cling to the life they are aware of more

closely, but whatever it is, if it has the power to make mankind more peaceful, let us hope that it does not also sap their virility.

It has always seemed to me that warfare keeps alive qualities in man which make for a far sounder, surer progress, than that derived purely scientifically, for there is a tendency in science to forget and perhaps condemn human nature. Scientific government, though uncontrovertible in words, rarely, if ever, succeeds in practice. I do not mean that science cannot be used in governing, but I do maintain that the scientific theory should be worked out from practical data, and not the other way about. I hope this digression will be forgiven and I will return to the narrative.

I had received Molyneux's letter in the afternoon, and I think that most of us were glad of a little rest from active excitement, I know that I was ; but the rest did not last long, for as night fell we once again had the anxiety of watching a city gradually being destroyed by fire. From time to time as we watched the ever reddening sky we would see fresh outbreaks of fire in different quarters of the town, and it was evident that mob law ruled in Alexandria. The inaction was hard to bear, it seemed so terrible that this great city should be in danger of being absolutely destroyed, that the lowest sweepings of the gaols should have it in their power to burn and plunder the homes of many men so infinitely their betters. But we had to stay where we were watching, ever watching, and



ADMIRAL SIR RICHARD MORE-MOLYNEUX, COMMANDER OF H.M.S.
INVINCIBLE (FLAGSHIP), BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

in some cases using unparliamentary language at our forced inaction.

On the morning of the 13th, a number of people were seen congregated near the Customs steps in the harbour, and it was seen through glasses that they were Europeans.

They were at once taken off to the ships by the boats from the men-of-war, some of them were wounded, but all, I believe, were unfeignedly glad to be off Egyptian soil.

As the *Invincible* was preparing to move into the inner harbour, she signalled to the *Tanjore* that a gunboat was coming alongside shortly, and that Admiral Seymour wished Morice Pasha, Controller-General of Lighthouses, Morice Bey, Inspector-General of the Coastguard, and Mr. Kusel, Acting Director-General of Customs, to come on board the *Invincible* in order that he might consult with them about certain measures which would have to be taken as soon as it was possible to land.

It was too rough for the gunboat *Cygnets* to come quite alongside the *Tanjore*, so she sent a jolly boat to take us off. We were lowered over the ship's side one by one on a kind of rope ladder; this was an experience in itself. The beastly jolly boat was never where it should be, and when finally I let go and landed in the boat, I found that it was distinctly harder than I was.

As soon as we were on the deck of the *Cygnets*, we made for the pass, and so into the channel leading to the harbour; now, as we came abreast of

one of the smaller forts which had been silenced, the white flag that had been flying there all day was suddenly lowered. Then I had an object lesson in how to move quickly, and to purpose, almost before the white flag had fluttered down, or so it seemed to me, the *Cygnets* was prepared for action, every man was at his post, with the guns ready to reply to the expected cannonade. I really believe the sailors were pleased at the prospect, for on more than one face I observed a grim smile of satisfaction, and a curious stiffening of the muscles. It was splendid and caused a little thrill of excitement to me, but I cannot in all honesty deny that I was distinctly relieved when we passed out of range without being molested. It appeared that the flag had been lowered by our own men, who had just made a thoroughly satisfactory job of spiking the guns in the fort.

On board the *Invincible* Admiral Seymour received us with that courtesy and kindness of manner which distinguished him, and we at once proceeded to business, which was to make arrangements for the reorganization of the services we represented, and for proclamations in Arabic as well as a European language, to be issued, as soon as it was possible to land.

During the conversation, I remember, a message was brought to the Admiral that the *Orontes* was in sight. He looked his satisfaction, and instructed the flag-lieutenant to signal to the *Orontes* to come into the harbour at once and land marines. A few



ADMIRAL LORD ALCESTER, G.C.B.
By kind permission of the London Stereoscopic Co.

minutes after the lieutenant returned, and reported that the *Orontes* had signalled that there were no marines on board, as she had landed them at Malta. Admiral Seymour expressed his regret in words so beautiful, so simple, so expressive, that I thought with regret of my wasted past, and yet I could talk three or four languages! The lieutenant, however, hastened to signal to the *Orontes* to return to Malta at full speed, and bring back with her the marines.

In spite of the reports gleaned from the Europeans rescued from the Customs piers, there was nothing authentic known as to what had happened, and was happening, in the town. So Admiral Seymour deemed it advisable to make an effort to find out, and sent a steam pinnace to the Customs pier. Mr. John Ross, an Anglo-Egyptian, and an old friend of mine, had been on board the *Invincible* during the bombardment, for he was one of the contractors for the fleet, and he volunteered to accompany the party. On reaching the pier he leaped ashore, while the crew remained with their weapons ready to repel any attack. None, however, was made, and Mr. Ross, after reconnoitring for about a quarter of an hour, returned and reported that that part of the city round about the Customs House was deserted, and that flames had prevented him from proceeding far along the principal streets. Mr. Ross was able to render considerable services to the Admiral and officers of the fleet, but I never heard that he received any official recognition of them.

On July 13 the American Admiral landed a detachment of about one hundred and fifty American sailors and marines under the command of Commander C. F. Goodrich. Their movements were directed, however, by Colonel du Chaillé Long, who at once ordered that they should occupy and take charge of the American Consulate. They also rendered great assistance in restoring order, stopping pillaging and in assisting in extinguishing the fires.

It is said that the landing of the American marines forced the hand rather of Admiral Seymour; anyhow, the fact remains that the British sailors and marines were not landed until at least twenty-four hours afterwards, when they at once occupied the Palace of Justice at the top of the Grand Square. It may be that the conversation between Admiral Seymour and his flag-lieutenant would explain the matter. Colonel du Chaillé Long was an old friend of mine, for I had known him since 1870, when he first arrived from America and joined the Egyptian Army. At one time he was General Gordon's Chief-of-Staff in the Egyptian Equatorial Province.

On Friday, July 14, the rest of the men-of-war entered the harbour; it was then that almost immediately a force of marines and bluejackets were landed. They took possession of the Ras-el-teen Palace. That same day the Khedive arrived from Ramleh Palace, where he had been during the bombardment, and where it appears he had a very

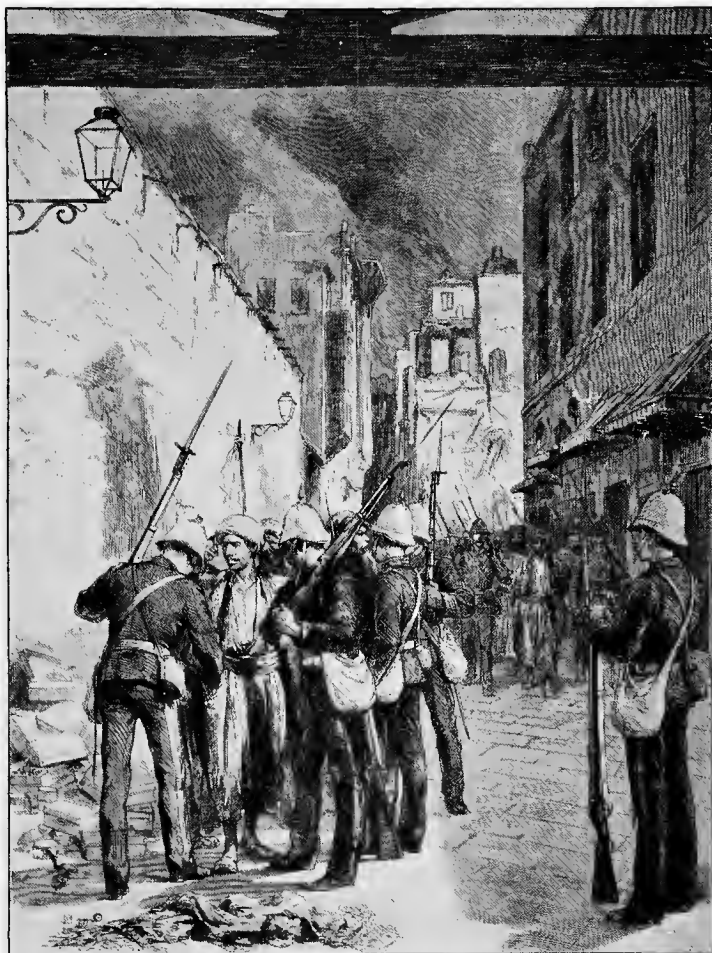
narrow escape from being assassinated by a body of troops. No one can deny that he possessed courage, a proof of which is found in the fact that he stayed on shore during the fighting, surrounded by troops who were hostile, and where he ran every risk of death. He escaped, I believe, by bribing some of the troops to protect him.

I landed with one of the detachments of marines. We had seen the effects on the forts of the bombardment, now we saw the effect of the mob on the city. One could be understood, and cause feelings of amazement; the other caused far more disturbing thoughts, and I think in my case chiefly of pity. For whatever the ships had done was warfare, and the damage was due to the vast powers of destruction scientifically used by the sailors; but the scene of destruction in the streets of the city caused horror by the malignity of man, which nearly every street showed.

Wanton destruction has always seemed to me to be one of the most difficult things to be understood. They could have looted, plundered, carried off everything movable without setting fire to a city deliberately and in many places. Some streets were a mass of smouldering ruins, great heaps of rubbish and tottering walls; these were a continual source of danger as long as they remained standing, and had to be avoided carefully as one passed along. Then there were dead bodies, telegraph wires and miscellaneous articles broken and thrown away. In some places the houses were still on

fire or smouldering, and the thin columns of smoke curled up the blackened walls, as though mocking them. To one who had been really attached to Alexandria, it was infinitely painful to see the ruins. The Grand Square, which before the bombardment had been a source of pride, was now almost completely destroyed. The French and Italian Consulates had a few walls left standing, so had the British, but absolutely gutted.

As soon as I could find time—and assuredly I was kept busy—I paid a visit to my own place, which was one of a large block of flats. A great marble staircase led up to it, and the first things I found upon entering were two or three pieces of headgear belonging to my baby daughter. Jove! how thankful I was that my womenfolk had left some time before. A scene of the utmost confusion met my eyes as I opened the door. Everything was smashed, the household glass broken to smithereens—not a whole wineglass left; chairs broken, carpets all ripped to ribbons. I think the drawing-room must have been most offensive to them. It was upholstered in yellow satin, and contained several big mirrors. These had presumably been broken by the fists of the rabble, who had wiped their bleeding hands upon the satin. What had not been broken had been carried off, whether of any use or not. I could not afford the time to make a thorough inspection, so after a cursory glance round—cursory in more ways than one, I am afraid—I left the place and made my way to the stables. I



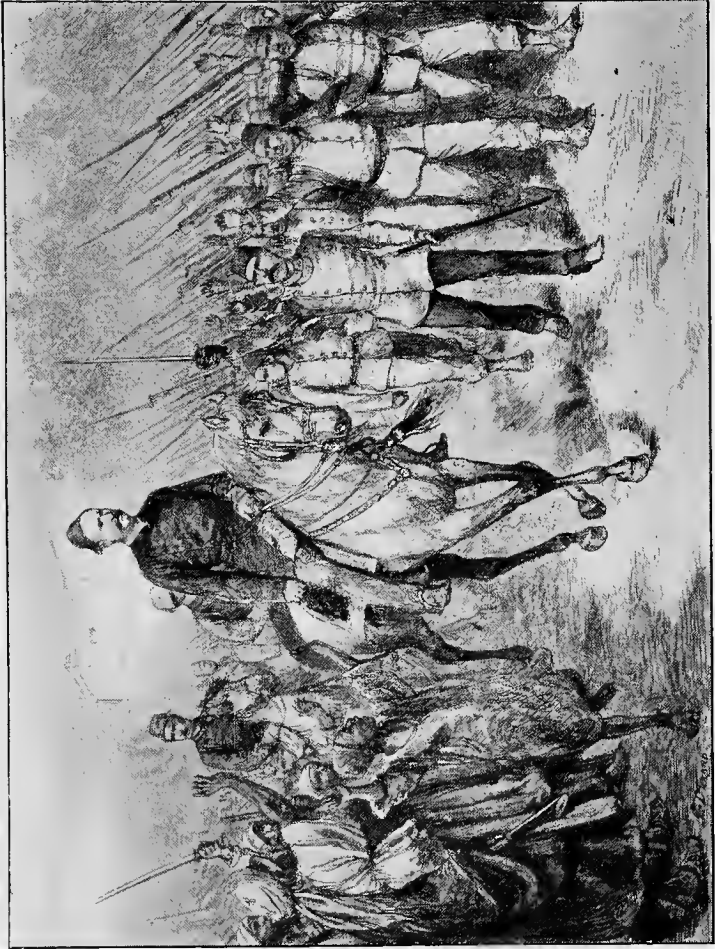
THE BURNING OF ALEXANDRIA, 1882. BRITISH MARINES ARRESTING
ARAB LOOTERS AT THE CUSTOM HOUSE GATE
By kind permission of the "Graphic"

had no reason to believe that they would be anything but empty, but to my great delight I found that Giovanni, my coachman, and a faithful Arab, had barricaded the place, and stayed there in spite of all, rather than part from Bessie, the mare. They almost wept for joy when I told them that their vigil was at an end. In fact, tears rolled down Giovanni's cheeks as he hugged his charge. I have never seen such devotion to an animal as that man had, and remember years after, in Naples, when the mare caught a chill and died, the poor fellow was inconsolable and wept like a child.

CHAPTER IX

1882

WHEN Arabi Pasha withdrew with his army from Alexandria he disbanded part of the native troops ; I never quite understood his reason for so doing, unless it was that he feared that they were not as devoted to his cause as they might have been ; but, at any rate, they were disbanded, and perhaps did the thing which might have been expected of them, that is, started to pillage. They were demoralized utterly, and joined forces with the wild Bedouins who had been hovering like vultures in the hope of great plunder, and the ruffians from the prisons, the doors of which had been thrown open. These various groups formed a very dangerous body, without scruples of any kind, and it was they who were responsible for the devastation of the city ; not content with pillaging every house and shop in the European quarter, they used petroleum to aid them in their incendiary efforts. The loss of property caused by this wanton rabble was estimated at several millions sterling. It is stated that five or six hundred people were massacred. A certain number of Europeans, for



ARABI TASHA AND HIS TROOPS
By kind permission of the "Graphic"

various reasons, had not embarked on the refuge ships, and made stands at the Anglo-Egyptian, the Crédit Lyonnais, and the Ottoman Banks; but they were among those refugees who, after the bombardment, were rescued from the Customs House pier by the men-of-war's boats.

I was eager to learn what had happened at the Customs, and the Admiral having placed a boat's crew at my disposal, I proceeded at once towards the pier. Upon landing, I found that the outer gate of the chief cashier's department had been broken open, all the windows smashed, the iron bars which guarded them wrenched out of their sockets, and the walls damaged. Then I went inside; the doors there were also broken, one of them forced clean off its hinges was lying on the ground all covered with blood, which also stained the walls. Some one had evidently been badly hurt, perhaps more than one in the lust for loot. They must have been sadly disappointed, and I doubt if they got enough to pay for a plaster. I should not have been astonished to find the safes destroyed, and was immensely satisfied to find them quite intact. I chuckled to myself at thoughts of their disappointment, until the idea flashed through my brain that, perhaps, Arabi might, after all, have got hold of the cashier and had the safes opened in the usual way; then I remembered that I had a duplicate key which I kept in a small safe in my room at the head office, which was situated in the arsenal, immediately

over the Ministry of Marine. The bluejackets, well armed, accompanied me there, and broke open a couple of doors, which did not delay us long, and with the key in my possession we returned to the Customs House.

I am afraid that it took me longer than necessary to fit the key, as I was very excited; but when I pulled the heavy door open, I saw to my delight that the two cases were just as they had been left. I should have been extremely disappointed if Arabi had obtained possession of them after the trouble I had gone to, and the unpleasant incident of my arrest. With considerable effort the sailors carried the heavy cases down to the boat, and in a very short time they were safely on board the *Tanjore*, where they were sealed in the presence of Captain Briscoe, the chief officer, and myself, after which my responsibility ended, for which I was very thankful.

A few days later I was enabled to carry on a makeshift Customs service, with the aid of a few Arab and Coptic employés who had been in hiding; but although a certain amount of work was got through, I am afraid that there was not much heart put into it. This was hardly to be wondered at, for we never knew from one minute to another when we should have to take refuge on the ships again, as Arabi was only about ten miles away, hardly out of hearing, encamped on the main line of railway and on the fresh water canal. I do not think that it would have been pleasant for me if

he had returned and caught us, and it was decidedly comforting to know that General Archibald Alison had arrived with marines from Malta and two English regiments.

Then came a rumour that Arabi had cut, or was about to cut, the fresh water canal, on which Alexandria chiefly depends for its water supply, and this gave rise to a great deal of uneasiness. Orders were at once issued that every cistern should be filled, and as much water stored as possible ; but as this could only be a temporary measure bluejackets were sent round the town with the necessary apparatus to bore for water in different places. I happened to possess an old windmill, and a piece of land on the sea-shore, in the quarter called " Am foushi," which was not far from the Ras-el-teen Palace, and overlooking the Eastern harbour ; just on the off chance I asked that the boring plant should be sent to this place ; I had no reason to suppose that water would be found there, nor any particular reason for wishing it to be, as the property was not of much interest to me. However, my request was complied with, the sailors and their apparatus appeared and commenced operations. In a very little while a spring of water was discovered, as clear and fresh as could be desired. It did not take long for the news of this lucky find to spread round the neighbourhood, and a great number of Arabs, of both sexes, gathered round where the bluejackets were working. I spoke to them in Arabic, telling them

that the water was for their special benefit. The moment they understood, off they rushed with cries of delight to fetch ghoolahs (pitchers), which were at once filled for them. It was amusing to watch their joy; but as it would save them considerable trouble I was not amazed. After having made arrangements for piping, etc., to be fixed, and leaving one of my men to deal out the water indiscriminately to all comers, I retired with the most wonderful blessings being showered upon my head. I think I should have blushed if the sailors could have understood; but, luckily, Arabic was one of the "lingoes" they had never tackled.

The task of restoring order in the town was entrusted to Lord Charles Beresford, who had under his command a small body of marines, blue-jackets, and disarmed Egyptians. They acted as temporary police force, and in no way was their duty a pleasant one.

Lord Charles Beresford's headquarters were at the mixed tribunals situated at the top of the Grand Square, and there, seated at a little rickety table, he and his chief officer, Lieutenant Bradford, would dispense summary justice. On several occasions I assisted him by acting as interpreter where the prisoners had been caught in *flagrante delicto*, committing some such small crime as murdering a Christian, or setting fire to houses. The culprits in the case of murder were duly sentenced, tied up to trees in the centre of the square and shot, graves having been dug in front of the



ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.

trees. This, although to many it would doubtless appear very terrible, was nevertheless the only and proper way of dealing with the criminals. There is no folly so great and conducive to such bad results as sentimentality. To my mind it is one of the curses of western civilization, and before a great number of decades has passed, I am inclined to believe that there will be a great reaction. It is almost a necessity if we are to retain our position as a great nation.

I maintain, therefore, that these executions were absolutely right, and the only way to deal with the situation. War is not an amusement, but apparently a natural national law, and should, therefore, be conducted as such ; incisive and, when possible, quick results, however bloodthirsty, are far less injurious to a conquered nation than a long-drawn-out campaign, broken by this armistice and that, which drags wearily on, sapping the morals of both armies, and incidentally the nations to which they belong ; long-drawn-out warfare affects the mental side of mankind to a surprising extent, and if severity is the specific, severity should be used. I remember hearing this question discussed years after the Franco-Prussian war, and one friend would hear nothing said in defence of the German treatment of the *francs-tireurs*, while the other maintained that the Germans were justified. I don't remember, however, how the argument ended, but as we were all good friends, we most probably abused each other heartily and then had lunch together.

It was a trying time in Alexandria, and one had to be very careful where one went, for the place was still full of looters, and what was almost more dangerous was the state of the streets with ruined houses, for walls would suddenly totter and crash down with a rumble and roar and great clouds of dust.

The American marines did good service in protecting property and assisting in the restoration of order, and so did Captain Briscoe from the *Tanjore*, with a party of volunteers.

I forgot to say that while the executions took place the American marines kept the square clear.

At the Customs, little by little we were re-suming the usual routine, one by one the employés were returning, but the chief cashier was still absent, and no one knew his whereabouts. As there was always the possibility of Arabi returning, I decided that it was advisable to get a small Milner safe open by some means or other. I heard that the Lighthouse Department had secured the services of two torpedo men to burst open their safe with gun-cotton, so I sent the following request to Lord Charles Beresford—

“ Alexandria Customs House,
“ July 10, 1882.

“ TO LORD CHARLES BERESFORD,
“ Commander and Chief of Police.

“ SIR,

“ We have a safe in the Custom House which requires to be forced open, will you kindly



CAPTAIN BRISCOE OF THE S.S. TANJORE

give bearer an order to enable me to get this done?

“Yours truly,
“S. KUSEL,
“Acting Director-General of Customs.”

Reply.

“Arsenal Guard,
“July 19, 1882.

“The request mentioned on the other side hereof is to be complied with.

“(Signed) CHARLES BERESFORD,
“Commander and Chief of Police.”

I then wrote to Captain Maud, who was in charge at the Ras-el-teen Palace—

“Alexandria Customs House,
“July 20, 1882.

“CAPTAIN MAUD,
“In Charge at Ras-el-teen Palace.

“SIR,

“You will see by the enclosed letter that we have a Milner safe at the Customs House, which it is necessary to have opened. Lord Charles Beresford has given the permission, and as Mr. Dixon, of the Lighthouse Department, tells me you kindly sent to his place, for a similar purpose, some of your men with gun-cotton to blow open their safe, I shall feel greatly obliged if you will kindly do the same with us.

“Yours truly,
“S. KUSEL,
“Acting Director-General.”

Reply.

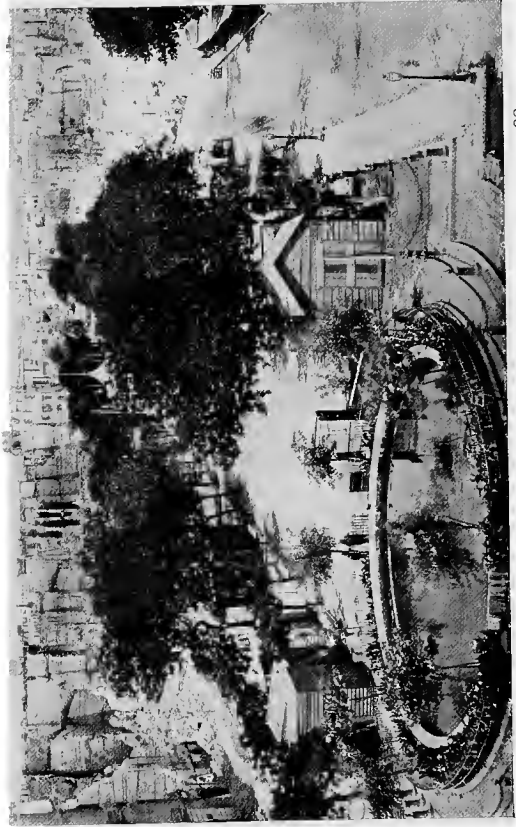
“SIR,
“I have sent an officer and party with gun-cotton charges into the town to destroy houses

near the fire. Apply to Captain Morrison at the Tribunal.

“(for CAPTAIN MAUD),
“C. R. THOMAS.”

The next morning, having received their instructions, an officer and party turned up at the Customs House, and I explained what I wanted them to do, and took them to the room where the small safe was standing. It was on the ground floor, and was by no means a large room, but it had very thick walls and a rafter roof, some old shelves were ranged round the walls. I do not think there was any other furniture, and the ground was of loose earth, no boards or concrete. As soon as the charge was fixed to the officer's satisfaction, we all left the room, and orders were given that every one should keep at a distance until the charge was exploded. Some two or three minutes after this had been done the officer, the Customs Inspector, and I entered. We looked at each other blankly for a moment, and then burst out laughing—for the safe had completely disappeared, having been blown to atoms by a charge that was too strong!

As the room was still intact with walls, roof and earthen floor, it was pretty evident that the contents of the safe must be somewhere, so the inspector fetched an Arab clerk, and the three of us commenced to search about. We found sovereigns and other gold coins on the shelves, others embedded in the rafters of the ceiling. Then having



RUINS OF ALEXANDRIA AFTER THE BURNING OF THE CITY, 1882
RUINS OF THE GRAND SQUARE MOHAMMED ALI

satisfied ourselves that there were no more above ground, we started sifting the loose earth of the floor. This was a long and wearisome task, and we had to return to it the next morning, but eventually we recovered nearly all the gold which had been inside the safe.

In connection with this incident the following is an extract from the *Times* of July 28, 1882 :—

“It has been stated that the Customs House was looted of £25,000. The safe contained about this amount. To open it the soldiers had applied too strong a charge of gun-cotton, with the result that the safe and its contents had been shivered to pieces. Nearly the whole amount was ultimately rescued from the *débris*, and sifted from the rubbish by the energy of the Acting Director, Mr. Kusel, and his assistants.”

About this time I met Melton Prior, the famous war correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. He was on board the *Alexandra* during the bombardment; also Bennet Burleigh of the *Central News* and afterwards of the *Daily Telegraph*. Both of these men became my very best friends, and our friendship lasted a number of years.

In this month, July, I was appointed Egyptian delegate on the International Sanitary Board, in addition to my other duties.

Alexandria had by this time been restored to order, that is to say, the actual murdering, incendiarism and plundering had ceased, and with the

return of the Khedive affairs generally were placed on a firmer basis. Two things done always strike me as not being wanting in humour, one being the dismissal of Arabi from his office and the appointment of Omar Loutfi Pasha as Minister of War. When one thinks that Arabi's dismissal meant nothing more than words, seeing that he had taken the army with him, and that Loutfi Pasha's appointment meant little less, seeing that the English were in command of the city, it must strike one as being almost Gilbertian. Of course it was necessary, but that hardly detracts from the humour of the situation.

A man who was destined to become world-famous as an organizer and administrator, and who was to be one of the soldier idols of the British people, first came to Egypt in 1882.

Captain Kitchener, as he then was, witnessed the bombardment from H.M.S. *Invincible*, where he was a guest of Admiral Seymour's. When he arrived in Alexandria from Cyprus, I was, I think, the first Egyptian official whom he called upon, and I was able to render him some slight services which he much appreciated. I little thought then that he was to be the conqueror of the Soudan. Although Alexandria was quiet, other places in Egypt were in an unhappy state; several small massacres took place in the interior, and in Cairo the inhabitants lived in continual fear of having the town destroyed and looted by the rebels; luckily, however, Cairo was



RUINS OF ALEXANDRIA AFTER THE BURNING OF THE CITY, 1882
RUINS OF CHERIF PASHA STREET (PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE)

governed by a man not too much in love with Arabi.

With regard to the European situation at the time, I used to converse continually with men of various nationalities, and it was most interesting to hear their views. Italy seemed to be the only power which witnessed with any pleasure England's position in Egypt. Germany was not saying much, Austria a little more, Russia was growling, and France was evidently not pleased at all with the situation; yet she had refused to participate in suppressing Arabi. Turkey, who really had, or might have had, a great deal to say in the matter, finally made up her mind to enter the conference, and send troops to assist; India, of course, was agog with excitement, for the Suez Canal was a problem which affected her trade immensely, and troops would soon be leaving her shores.

Arabi made use of the projected despatch of Turkish troops (it was never more than projected) by issuing a manifesto, and in it he proclaimed that the Khedive had been deposed by the Sultan, who was sending troops to aid them in defeating their enemies. This was the kind of lie that he used continually in order to counteract the effect of his retreat from Alexandria and build up his already swollen prestige. He also made use of the fact that our troops withdrew after having successfully reconnoitred his position. This withdrawal he magnified into a defeat.

Morice Bey and I followed the troops towards Ramleh upon this occasion to see what there was to be seen, and, after deliberation, we decided that the most advantageous thing for us to do was to take up a position on the top of "Bulkley's Towers" at Ramleh. This was a house formerly belonging to an English merchant called Bulkley, and he had built it in such a way that some wag, more truthful than kind, nicknamed it "The Cruet Stand." The Bey and I, finding the house unoccupied, as we expected, went up to the roof, from where we had an excellent view for some little time, until some one in Arabi's force evidently thought that we had not paid for our seats, because presently we found it advisable to go down again to avoid the bullets.

August saw Alexandria being filled with British troops. The Duke of Connaught arrived with the Guards, and when Sir Garnet Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief, and Sir Evelyn Wood arrived, the campaign may be said to have actively begun ; until then there had only been small skirmishes.

Through different channels I received information of an extreme uneasiness among the Mohammedans in more places than Egypt, and I believe, with very little persuasion, they would have proclaimed a Holy War. Indeed, had the campaign been a long one, in which the British troops met with reverses, I think it would have been certain, but the rapidity and comparative ease with which Arabi was beaten put a stop to any wild and



RUINS OF ALEXANDRIA AFTER THE BURNING OF THE CITY, 1882
RUINS OF THE FRENCH CONSULATE

unprofitable agitation among the Mohammedans living in close communication with Europeans.

The first move by Sir Garnet Wolseley was the seizure of the Suez Canal, which was successfully carried out, though not without some opposition. This, of course, was of the first importance to all nations with a mercantile marine. Then, when the most important thing was done, we turned to the ostensible reason for the campaign and smashed up Arabi. This part of it took very little time. The Battle of Kassassin shook the confidence of Arabi's men, and the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir practically ended the whole business.

It seems to me that too much was made of this campaign, not that I would lessen the praise of the troops who behaved magnificently, but the general feeling appeared to be that we had done something tremendous to add to Britain's glory, and with this view I do not agree, although perhaps at the time I may have ; but in comparison with other wars we did very little, there being very little to do. The Egyptian troops were not well trained, nor well disciplined ; indeed they had just sufficient of both to upset them when it came to fighting. Half trained troops belonging to a more cold-blooded race may make up in calm behaviour the lack of cohesion in their ranks, but hardly so the Egyptian. They too are not as fanatical as the followers of Mohammed who live in the desert places. Again we had no great natural difficulties to overcome, no

enormous marches far from the base, no lack of commissariat. No one can deny that it was well stage-managed. I personally looked upon the popular feeling expressed, after it was all over, as the beginning of a reign of almost hysterical sentimentality in Britain.

When the news came to Alexandria of Arabi's defeat, it was really marvellous the rejoicing that took place among the Arabs who crowded to congratulate the Khedive. I suppose it is human nature, in Occidentals, as well as Orientals, to appreciate highly with every mark of affectionate esteem the top dog, while he is on top.

In the beginning of September, Mr. Caillard, Director-General of Customs, who had been absent in England since the day after the massacre in June, returned to his post.

He was profuse in thanks for what I had done during his absence, and for the able way I had carried on the service. He addressed a letter to the Minister of Finance on my behalf, and certainly spoke of me in terms which modesty will not allow me to repeat.

On the last day of this month, the Khedive reviewed the British and Indian troops. I remember leaving Alexandria by a very early train in the morning to go to Cairo, it must have been very early, for what impressed itself upon my memory was the sight of the great comet, which was then in full splendour.

The review itself was worth seeing. I was in



KUINS OF ALEXANDRIA AFTER THE BURNING OF THE CITY, 1882
KUINS OF THE BRITISH CONSULATE

the square before Abdin Palace and thoroughly enjoyed it, glorying in the splendid appearance of the troops.

God knows what the Egyptians felt, but I remember hearing some of them expressing their astonishment at a Bengal regiment, it surprised them, I fancy, that they should be wearing turbans.

Facing Abdin Palace a temporary stand had been erected, this was surmounted by the British Royal Standard. The central figure was the Khedive in uniform, wearing the Star of India, while about him were Cherif Pasha, the Prime Minister, Riaz Pasha, and other ministers, Admiral Seymour, Sir Edward Malet, the Sheikh el Islam, and the representatives of other Powers.

In front of the stand floated the Union Jack as a saluting point, which was where Sir Garnet Wolseley stood with General Adye and his A.D.C., Captain Wardrop. The troops marched past in the following order :—

The Royal Horse Artillery, General Drury Lowe with the Household Cavalry. The Dragoons and Mounted Infantry, then the Punjabis, followed by the Bengal Cavalry and Bengal Lancers; then came the Heavy Artillery followed by the Naval Brigade.

The Duke of Connaught led the 1st Brigade, the Grenadiers, the Scots, and the Coldstreams; then came Graham's Brigade, with the Royal Irish, York and Lancasters, the Irish Fusiliers, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Post Office Corps,

and the Marines; General Hamley with the Engineers; and Sir Archibald Alison and his Highland Brigade.

Sir Evelyn Wood followed with the Shropshires, the Sussex and Staffordshires, and the King's Royal Rifles.

The march past was closed by the Indian Division which was composed of a mounted Battery, Madras Sappers, the Seaforth Highlanders who were attached to this Division, the 7th Native Infantry, a regiment of Punjabis and finally the Beloochees.

They were splendid troops all of them, and they must have impressed the Egyptians very forcibly.

In the month of October I was created a Bey by His Highness the Khedive, who on conferring the title upon me in the presence of Cherif Pasha, President of the Council of Ministers, expressed his personal thanks and those of his Government for the way I had acted during the several months in which I had been in command of the Customs, during a very critical period, and also for the way in which I had saved from Arabi's clutches a considerable amount of the Government's money.

I received a letter from Admiral Seymour, or as he then was Lord Alcester, notifying me that my name had been submitted with those of others who had been of service to her Majesty during the time of the rebellion, which was very gratifying news to me.

I had written to Captain Molyneux asking him whether he had had any official recognition of his services at the Consulate, on the night of the massacre, and he wrote me as follows :—

“ H.M.S. *Invincible*,
“ December 8, 1882.

“ MY DEAR BEY,

“ I heartily congratulate you on your promotion to Bey and may you soon become a Pasha.

“ Regarding your question about June 11, I remember that night too well ! and I certainly am indebted to you for your assistance then, and during the afternoon, when your knowledge of the people and language enabled me to comprehend the situation in which we were placed more completely than would otherwise have been possible. No ! I have received no recognition beyond an official notice of approval from the Admiralty on a purely professional question connected with that fatal night. I have had no line from the Foreign Office, or any other Government department which in any way acknowledges that I was on that night representing the English Consul, and more or less, I may say, all the Foreign Consuls in addition, for as you know all communications with the Egyptian Government passed through me at the English Consulate. I daresay I may turn up at Alexandria in the course of a few months, when I shall hope to see you. I am hoping to be relieved here by the *Monarch* on the 18th inst., when I proceed to Malta.

“ Believe me, etc.

“ R. H. MOLYNEUX.”

During the month of December Arabi and his fellow prisoners were brought to trial, if it can be called a trial. It was almost a farce, if not quite, as the proceedings were pretty well arranged beforehand.

It was exceedingly fortunate for Arabi and the others that their trial was not left entirely to the Egyptians. Of course there were reasons why the rebels should not pay the extreme penalty for their crimes. The English and Egyptian Governments knew what these reasons were. They were evidently sufficient for them ; but many people who lived in Egypt, and with whom I conversed, waxed wroth at the leniency shown. However, they had then no wish to curtail the power of the Khedive, nor had they any desire to help to pay for the maintenance of the rebels in the charming island of Ceylon, to which they were ultimately sent on the commutation of the death sentence to one of exile.

Mr. A. M. Broadley was the senior counsel engaged for the defence of Arabi Pasha before the Egyptian Court Martial at Cairo. He was born at Bradpole, near Bridport, in 1847, and is the eldest son of the Reverend Canon Broadley, vicar of that parish. He was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1869, and had practised many years in the Consular Court at Tunis. He was also the *Times* correspondent at Tunis. He is well acquainted with the character both of the Arabs and the Turks, and with their laws, manners, and social life, as well as by his mastery of the

Arabic language, and consequently was well qualified to conduct the important case entrusted to his professional charge at Cairo. For many years he held the appointment of standing counsel to the ex-Khedive Ismail Pasha.

Mr. Broadley was engaged as counsel for Arabi Pasha by Mr. Wilfrid S. Blunt, who generously took upon himself the care of providing for the defence of the leader of the Egyptian revolutionary party, his personal friend. Arabi was permitted to return to Egypt by His Highness the Khedive Abbas Pasha in 1901.

One of the worst of the offenders was Suliman Sami who, there was no doubt, took an active part in the devastation of Alexandria, and the murders which took place. He pleaded that it was by Arabi's orders that he gave the command to the ruffians to burn and to plunder. It may have been, but he had no evidence to produce in proof of his statement, and being treated in the manner which common sense dictated, he was hanged.

He it was who had appeared with the Governor at the Consulate on the day of the massacre, and I heard that he threatened to hang the Governor to a lamp-post if he did not do as he, Sami, wished. He was a cowardly ruffian, and well deserved his fate.

CHAPTER X

1883

IN January, 1883, I made, as usual, my inspection of the different branches of the Customs Service at Port Said, Suez, Ismailia, and Damietta, and found that although the services had been disorganized to a large extent they had now once more resumed their routine.

I had occasion to stay at Port Said some little time to investigate a complicated case of smuggling, whereby several bales of tobacco had been seized and confiscated by the Coastguard service.

There was absolutely nothing of interest to be seen ; the chief thing about the place lies in its position at the entrance to the Suez Canal.

Port Said, which received its name in honour of the Viceroy, was chosen for its important position owing to the fact that deep water approached nearer that point of the coast than at the Gulf of Pelusium, which would have been the natural choice.

In spite of the fact that it was a town of more or less mushroom growth, it was laid out regularly in streets and squares with hotels, hospitals, churches, mosques, docks, quays, etc.

The population about this time was nearly ten thousand.

Soon after Colonel Valentine Baker was given the command of the Egyptian Gendarmerie, he appointed as his A.D.C. an old friend, Major Candy, who had formerly been in the 16th Lancers. He was a well-known man about town, and enjoyed the nickname or soubriquet of "Sugar." He was a jolly, good-natured fellow, full of life, and always ready for a practical joke.

When he joined the service the ordinary regulation uniform, which had just been created, did not appeal to him, or so he said, and it was not long before he invented a striking one of his own; it was a combination of Occidental and Oriental, the head-gear resembling that of the Bengal Cavalry; at any rate it was decidedly picturesque. The first time he appeared in this costume it caused quite a sensation; it was at Alexandria, during an official visit in connection with the Gendarmerie. He lunched at our house, and afterwards accompanied us to a wedding, where he was an object of great interest; at first he was taken for an Indian native officer; naturally I introduced him to the host and hostess, as well as the bride and bridegroom; but he was far more interested in the numerous pretty women among the guests. It must have been a happy day for him, if to be the centre of interest was his object, as when we left the wedding party we went for a drive on the promenade, and he was much admired, as he also

Edwin Evans, who was on the staff as interpreter. Two, however, Colonels Colborne and Coetlogon, escaped the massacre—one through illness, the other by being left at Khartoum as Acting Governor. We had a farewell dinner at Shepheard's Hotel before they left for the front, and they went off in good spirits ; luckily they could not read the future, poor fellows !

The details of the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's army were procured by Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne from a slave boy who was in the service of Sir Redvers Buller. He gave evidence that he had actually been in the engagement where all the officers were killed, and Mr. O'Donovan, the War Correspondent of the *Daily News*, and Mr. Frank Vizetelly, an artist, had also perished. Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne declared that he had every reason to believe the story told by the lad, which ran thus :—

“I was slave of Mohammed Bey, an officer in General Hicks's army. The army marched from Omdurman and Khartoum along the banks of the Blue Nile. We experienced no opposition whatever on the road to Duaim, though we occasionally took spies, and saw parties of the Baggaras 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 Kama Fort. I was with them, too, when Hicks Pasha joined you with the Nordenfeld which he brought from the steamer. I remember you

and the other English officers when we were attacked in square near Abas Island, when we beat the Baggaras 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 Kama. We also had five hundred cavalry on our march to Duaim. It was a grand army; all were confident of success, and felt certain of reaching El Obeid and defeating Mohamet Achmet. We had plenty of music too; the bands played in the evening. We stayed at Duaim 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. . . . Captain Massey and Major Werner were the two officers who brought up the remaining stores from Berber. At length we marched out of Duaim 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. 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. . . . We always kept two squares a day’s march apart. When Hicks Pasha’s square, consisting of five thousand men, left that place, Ali ed Deen Pasha’s force, consisting of six thousand five hundred, 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 Dara-el-Gemmel (House of the Camel) and then to Arakhieh. After a halt here for a day we marched to Helet-el-Mama (Lodge of the Mama), 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 brush-wood 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 Takala 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 on it four Krupp guns and nineteen small 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 at once 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 anyone, but some camels were wounded. We halted for the night, and entrenched ourselves with earth-works, putting a scriba outside again. The fires of the enemy at nightfall played all around. We remained here for two days; we found some water, but had to search for it.

“We left at sunrise and marched to Shekan; here 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 Berkee (Birket—Turkish pronounced *birkee*—means a pool) the cavalry went out of the square and encountered the enemy's horsemen, 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), and then presently all around we saw Arabs innumerable; the whole world surrounded us (verbatim), and bayareh (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 Ali-el-Deen, who now joined us. The next morning we all marched off 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 was abundance of water (I believe this is the same as is written in our maps Melbeis). The rear face of our square was formed by the two black battalions, one raised in Sennar, and the other from the Mudireh of Sankeel. The guide led us out of the way to a place called Kieb-el-Khaber, instead of taking us straight to Elquis. It was now 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 force 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 clean 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 Derae 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 slaughtering was going on, as it did for three hours. They felt me and found I was alive; they pricked me with a spear. I was made a prisoner. Now what I tell you further is from hearsay. The rear face alone remained in good order when all else was in 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. (He represented that they were afterwards overtaken and killed.)

“Mahomet Achmet 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 Mahomet Achmet put all the spoil into a great hole. He ordered it all to be given to him.”

In June I was again appointed Acting Director-General of Customs, during the absence of that official on leave, and in that same month a serious outbreak of cholera took place at Port Said, Damietta, and Mansourah. Having had experience of the rapidity with which cholera travels, I at once sent my wife and child to Europe, and in this I was fortunate, for it spread to Alexandria and

Cairo, hundreds of deaths taking place daily. Cairo was enveloped for more than a week in a thick yellow fog, even the carrion birds and street dogs abandoning their usual haunts. Huge bonfires fed with tar were lighted in the streets in the hope that they would serve to purify the atmosphere.

All the British troops were moved out of the town to healthier quarters. Towards the middle of September, however, the epidemic had disappeared, and normal conditions prevailed, with the quarantine restrictions being removed. I have already mentioned the incident of the bluejackets finding water on my piece of land near the Eastern harbour at Alexandria. I little thought at the time that through it I should be led into a legal complication with the Government officials, yet so it was. It happened like this : in order to have power to pump the water I installed an engine for the purpose, and this was very much appreciated by the Arabs of the neighbourhood. So much so, that every time I visited the place I was hailed with blessings, for the fresh water supply was a great boon. Now the Arab women having made up their minds that it was very nice to have the water there, with true feminine logic, began to ask for more, crying out : " You have given us water to drink, why not help us to eat also, by grinding our corn at the same time."

Presumably they worked upon their menfolk, for eventually I received a petition signed by all the

Arabs in the neighbourhood, praying me to install a flour mill.

Now the regulations prohibited the erection of any mill, in that neighbourhood, where steam power was used, and I had been informed that several Greeks had endeavoured by hook or by crook to gain permission, offering as much as £2000 for it.

I thought this matter over very carefully, and finally decided to put down a couple of stones to be worked by the same engine that pumped the water. This I had done, and erected a rough wooden building to cover the machinery. I then told the Arabs that for a period of three months they could have their corn ground free of charge. At first they would hardly believe that such a thing could be true, but when they did it was such a pleasant innovation that they all took advantage of it. The news spread until the Arabic newspapers got hold of it and began to speak of me as a philanthropist, then it reached the ears of the Khedive, and both he and the Prime Minister publicly thanked me.

When the three months had elapsed, the Arabs, who were very pleased to have a mill—where mine was, it was the only one—began to fear that as the time had elapsed they would have to resume their practice of sending to the other side of the town to have their corn ground. The prospect did not please them at all, so they sent me another petition, begging me to keep my mill open and allow them to pay the usual rates.

Of course this was a horrible come down from

my philanthropic heights, but after all this virtue had been thrust upon me, I had never even suggested it myself, in fact, to be perfectly candid, I will confess that I had been villain enough to anticipate some such request when I put down the stones.

As a Government official I acknowledge that I ought to have known better, but there was really no reason why I should not utilize the power I had to grind corn as well as pump water. They were both advantageous to the Arabs, so I could see no harm in letting them be to my interest as well. Accordingly I informed my petitioners that it should be as they wished, and made the necessary arrangements; engaged a couple of native (Coptic) clerks to look after the clerical side of the business, and was quite contented that once started it would pay extremely well.

The mill succeeded far beyond my expectations, and all parties concerned were well pleased, this was during the dry weather, but as soon as the rainy season commenced the wooden building began to leak horribly, very much to the annoyance and inconvenience of the people inside, and no doubt the flour was not improved. It was no use patching and patching on the building, for it was only roughly put together, and the labour would have been wasted, so I decided to replace it by one of stone. This was easier to think of than have done, for no native builder would look at the job unless I could produce a Roksa (Government permit). I

was perfectly well aware that this would never be granted me, and I finally went to an Italian builder who made no difficulty about doing what I wanted. I agreed without argument to the extra price put on by him, and he engaged to build me four stone walls with a roof of corrugated iron, inside the wooden house, which covered a great deal more space than was absolutely required. The work proceeded quickly, and as it was to the builder's advantage that people should not know what was being done, he kept the work as secret as possible. I visited it fairly often, and each time I did so it was with the feeling that an order would arrive from the authorities, bidding me stop the work at once; but it never came, and at length the building was finished, and exceedingly well done. The builder, by employing an extra number of men, fairly peeled off the wooden building in one night, leaving the stone one exposed. As even the Arabs knew nothing of what was being done, this sudden transformation was a source of astonishment to them for the proverbial nine days.

I had lived too long in Egypt not to be aware that my action would be displeasing to certain natives in high official positions, and waited to see what the first move would be, and who would make it. I had not long to remain in ignorance, for very shortly after the stone building was completed I received a visit from an employé of the Governor.

He informed me, after the usual salaams, that

he had come to see me upon a purely private matter, and that he would like my assurance that our conversation would be considered strictly confidential. He commenced by congratulating me very heartily upon having built a flour mill where I had, but of course I was aware that by doing so I had gone contrary to the regulations, and that the authorities had a perfect right to order me to close the mill, and take away the machinery in twenty-four hours or so.

I replied that I was quite well aware of the fact, and that I should like to know on whose behalf he had come, and why. I need not have asked why, since I knew very well, but I wanted it from his lips.

He made me assure him again that what he said should be in confidence, and then intimated that his was a friendly mission on behalf of Z——, whom I knew personally very well, and who occupied a very high position at the time in the Government. I knew, too, that he had it in his power to create endless difficulties, if he wished, so I said nothing, and waited for further details. They were to the effect that Z—— was very eager that I should take his son into partnership with me in the mill.

This, of course, was simply an effort to obtain blackmail in an indirect fashion, and was typically Oriental. I was expected to accept, and thus conciliate the father, or have the mill closed. I said I would consider the matter and let him know. I did consider it, and for some weeks gave no sign,

but in the meantime went to the Daira Balladiah, which is the Government department where the octroi and taxes on native property and chattels were assessed.

I told the chief Arabic clerk, whom I knew, that as the proprietor of a flour mill, specially established for the natives, the receipts of which came entirely from the natives, and that being at the same time an Egyptian Government official, I thought it only right that my flour mill should be taxed as were all the native mills. (European proprietors were exempt.) He looked intensely astonished, and remarked that they could not tax me, as a European.

I told him that I wished to be treated as a native owner, and joked him about not wishing to receive my taxes.

He grinned and said, if I was so anxious to be taxed, he would not, under any consideration, stand in my way, so I asked him to send one of his inspectors to assess the mill, let me know the amount of the annual tax, and I would pay it at once. Without any loss of time this was done, and I put the receipt away in my safe, so as to make sure of not mislaying it. Then once again I waited, since all I wished now was to gain time. The native gentleman called again ; I received him politely, gave him coffee and cigarettes, and after a few commonplace remarks said that I had carefully considered the proposition he had laid before me at the former interview, and that I thought it

just possible that we might come to terms, by some amicable arrangement. His face was beaming with smiles when I told him to send the young Bey to see me the following week, so that I could talk matters over with him.

He left me happy and contented, quite sure in his mind that his mission had succeeded, and no doubt counting his reward before it was in his pocket.

When the Bey called, I happened to be engaged with a committee meeting, and sent word for him to call the following week.

When I did see him, I made him believe that the idea of having him in partnership with me was delightful, but that I should like to know what was the share he proposed taking.

He said that he thought his father would like him to take half, that as he lived close to the mill, he would be able to run in at all times of the day, superintend everything, and make sure that we were not robbed. The last item struck me as delicious, seeing that his idea was to rob me himself, but I answered that I appreciated the fact that his help would be invaluable; but, of course, he was aware that I had spent a certain sum on the land, buildings, machinery, etc., so did he think his father would pay one-half the amount I had expended, in which case I thought that we might be able to arrange that he should take half-profits.

I was quite safe in saying this, as I knew that his father had no intention of paying anything.

The Bey appeared rather perplexed at my question, and finally decided that before saying anything further he must speak to his parent, and off he went. Some days later he appeared again with the information that his father had no intention of paying any money for the half-share, but that it was to my interest that I should consider the matter very carefully—not, of course, that he had the least desire to press me in any way. The veiled threat did not impress me at all; I had seen so much of Eastern methods, and knew that the only way was to fight them with similar weapons. So with each visit I appeared to drop my demands, I no longer insisted on him paying half, nor even a quarter; but when I thought that sufficient time had elapsed, I asked him candidly how much he would pay.

For some weeks more he continued his visits, and then presumably came to the conclusion that I had not the slightest intention of taking him into partnership, and did not return; but a few days later I received an official notification from the Government, to the effect that I had erected a flour mill in the neighbourhood of Ras-el-teen contrary to regulations, and that I was requested to stop the mill running, and withdraw the engine within forty-eight hours, failing which the Government would proceed against me in the mixed Tribunals.

Z——'s methods were so transparent that I laughed heartily when I received the document, and at once took it to a very clever Italian lawyer

whom I knew, and explained matters to him. I gave him the fullest details, and left the case in his hands.

I took no notice whatever of the prohibition, and the mill continued to work as usual. I used, however, to be continually meeting the Bey; whether he hoped that now I should call in the services of his father to aid me at his price, I don't know, but presume that was his thought.

I could not be present at the Tribunals when the case came up for judgment, but I heard that it ended by the court being very hilarious.

After my lawyer had explained why in the first place I had laid down an engine, he then told them why I had laid down the stones, at the earnest request of the Arabs, how the native papers had been most enthusiastic about the matter, and how His Highness the Khedive and the Prime Minister publicly thanked me, and now, after all the expense I had been put to, I had suddenly received an order to stop the running of the mill. This action, he said, was most undignified on the part of the Government department responsible for it, more especially so as another department had officially recognized his client's right to stay where he was. Then producing the Daira Bal-ladiah's authority and the receipt for the annual tax I had paid, he showed them to the judges who were, with the whole court, convulsed with laughter, the one exception being the Government lawyer, who sat shaking his head and saying solemnly: "I

knew nothing about that ; this is a surprise—what a surprise ! ”

The verdict was entirely satisfactory to me, the Government having to pay costs.

The next time that I met Z—— he was as affable as ever, and no one would have guessed that he had just been worsted in any affair such as this. Blackmail was not considered by him as a crime, and if he had obtained his half-profits he would have considered them as the just perquisites of his position.

In regard to the mill, I was never troubled again, and it continued running for years, even after I had left Egypt. I disposed of the property during the boom in 1905. If it can be looked upon as a philanthropic investment, I may say that certainly it was one of the best I ever made.

On June 14 His Highness the Khedive gave a grand ball at his palace of Ras-el-teen, and I was commanded to attend as one of the M.C.'s. I appreciated the mark of confidence.

CHAPTER XI

1883-1884

TOWARDS the middle of July I was taken seriously ill, I think perhaps owing to a dose of overwork such as I had had for some time. I did not want to take much notice of it, but the doctors who attended me insisted that I must leave Egypt for a time and get a thorough change of air, and undergo a cure. So after much talk and the usual official medical examination I was granted leave of absence. I went to Carlsbad with my family, and after undergoing the usual treatment returned to Egypt, much benefited by my trip to Europe.

In September of this year Sir Evelyn Baring was chosen to succeed Sir Edward Malet, and the appointment, from the British point of view, was a particularly good one. I do not fancy, however, that the Egyptians looked upon it in the same light, and perhaps with some reason, for they were not used to the hand of steel without a covering of some soft textile fabric.

It may well be that his particular characteristics were more suitable and needful in Egypt at that time than the more polished diplomacy ; but it has

always seemed to me that a little tact is not really harmful in dealing with most people, nor need it detract from the powers of a strong man. In the present British representative in Egypt we have an example of what I mean. No one, I think, can deny that Lord Kitchener is a strong man, yet, with all his firmness, there is a feeling of kindness, especially in dealing with the Orientals, and by them he is correspondingly beloved. However, all men cannot be alike, and succeed in their duty along different lines.

It is useless for me to attempt to describe how much Sir Evelyn Baring did achieve in the land of the Sphinx, for, as Lord Cromer, his name is written large in the history of modern Egypt.

I returned in October after a two months' absence, yet in that short space of time changes had taken and were taking place in the higher governmental sphere. Under the good old plea of retrenchment old officials were being gradually shunted by superannuation, whether of the required age or not, or were being transferred to other places. With all haste in the world, in their thirst for economy, those in power appointed new-comers who, strangely enough, were their own friends and relations. I remembered Morice Bey's prophecy on the day the fleet arrived. I had an instinct that my turn would soon come, and unfortunately for me, Sir Auckland Colvin, whom I knew intimately, having served under him, had left Egypt and gone to India.

I had not been back long before a friend informed me confidentially—and he was in the Ministry, so had a good chance of hearing these things—that the post of Controller-General of Customs, which I held at the time, was to be suppressed, supposedly and outwardly for economy, but really to make room for a special friend of a high European official, and that I was to be transferred elsewhere.

I did not let this report worry me, since I more than half expected it, but when, a little later on, I had occasion to pay a visit to H.H. the Khedive, I heard the rumour confirmed by one of the palace officials.

Now His Highness had always been most kind and sympathetic towards me. I had known him personally for a good number of years when he was heir apparent, so I took the opportunity of mentioning the rumour to him, telling him that I had heard that the post I held was to be suppressed, and that I was to be transferred, that so far I had had no official notification of this, but if it were true I should prefer to retire altogether from the Government service, as most probably I should leave the country.

At first His Highness would not believe that what I had told him was true. He assured me that it was the first he had heard of it, and expressed indignation at the idea. He spoke very kindly about the services I had rendered; he thought that surely I was the last functionary who should be removed from the Customs, seeing that I had done

so much for the Service, "but," he added, "my advice is neither asked for nor listened to, and there appears to be a desire in high quarters to upset many things, and make radical changes everywhere, and try the effect of thrusting round men into square holes, and *vice versa*."

On taking my departure, His Highness assured me of his unalterable friendship and continual sympathy, and said that whatever happened he hoped I would not leave Egypt.

I really believe that what the Khedive told me was quite true, and that he was treated in many ways like a nonentity. I often heard men say that they wished Ismail was back again, but had he been, I think things would have been just the same; circumstances had proved too strong for the descendants of Mohammed Ali. One scientific achievement and a nation's very life is changed; and so with Egypt, the Suez Canal had bound her with international ropes and thrust her into the hands of European nurses.

In regard to my own position, I simply went on doing my duty to the best of my capabilities, as I always had done. It was no use worrying, if some one wanted my place, well, that was all. It was no use kicking, for the good reason that there was no one to kick.

In August of this year, 1883, the Arabs round about Suakim broke out in rebellion. This was, I have no doubt, the direct result of the defeat of Hicks Pasha. The Arabs would naturally get the

news sooner than the Government, and finding that the Egyptian troops were not particularly dangerous, thought it an excellent opportunity to have a little fighting, etc. There are races of men still in existence to whom a prolonged peace is obnoxious, and half the zest of life is to indulge in a little blood-letting. I wonder how far removed the feeling is from that of the Englishman with his eternal "Let's go out and kill something." They seem to me to be much on a par, the only difference being that Englishmen want to kill animals or birds, while the others prefer bipeds without feathers. The rebels who had declared for the Mahdi were under the leadership of Osman Digna, and practically besieged the two towns, Sinkat and Tokar. Mahmoud Pasha, who commanded the garrison forces at Suakim, tried to relieve the latter place. He took 500 men by ship to Trinkitat, and a fight ensued in which once again the Egyptian troops were broken and many slain—among them being the English Consul, Captain Moncrieff, who had accompanied the force from Suakim.

One would have thought that the recurring defeats of Egyptian troops by the Mahdi's men would have caused the Government to despatch a properly constituted punitive expedition, and make no more experiments nor take any useless risks with such a turbulent enemy; but no, they kept the regular army in Lower Egypt under the plea that they might be wanted to fight in the south, while they sent the newly organized force of Gendarmerie

to relieve the active pressure to the East. I do not know whether this plea was ever made public, but I heard it privately from several people.

The Gendarmerie were a very mixed lot ; there were Egyptian infantry, Turks, Bashi-Bazouks, European police, and Egyptian artillery, and very few of these were at all anxious to proceed to Suakim, for the Gendarmerie had enlisted for civil purposes only, Many desertions took place among the rank and file, while a number of Turkish officers resigned their commissions.

Colonel Valentine Baker Pasha had been appointed to command this force, and his was a thankless and almost hopeless task, to match such troops against the bravest and most fanatical fighters in the world. As was expected, the force, while proceeding to the relief of Tokar, was attacked and practically annihilated.

Of all the battles which took place in Egypt and the Soudan while I was in the country this battle of El Teb was the saddest for me, for I lost there my dear friend Morice Bey.

Although in his position as Inspector-General of the Coastguard, he had nothing whatever to do with the Gendarmerie, or the fighting force, his friendship with Baker Pasha had induced him to volunteer to go on his staff, and the Egyptian Government being short of officers at the time had accepted his offer.

His death was a sad blow to me, and his wife and brother, Morice Pasha, were heart-broken.

Although the Egyptian troops were so often defeated, one must not be too hard on them, for after all they were fighting savages, who caused even the finest British troops many an uneasy moment. In February and March, 1884, at the battles of El Teb and Tamai, their extraordinary fighting powers, their absolute disregard of death, gave such troops as the Black Watch, Gordons, Irish Fusiliers, etc., all they could do to hold their own, so it is not to be wondered at that the half-trained Egyptians lost their heads so often.

When Morice Bey's death became known, I was appointed to his duties provisionally, in addition to my own.

In consideration of my services during the year of the rebellion, I was awarded the English war medal and bronze star by Her Majesty's Government.

Those two little personal affairs will serve to separate the disasters near Suakim and the relation of what I know concerning Zobeir Pasha and Gordon.

A great number of people who possess but little knowledge of Egyptian affairs and celebrities generally, yet search their brains at the sound of Zobeir's name, and recall that they had heard it in connection with General Gordon.

In January, 1884, some time at the end of the month, I met Gordon again, for he was passing through Cairo on his way to the Soudan. He was engaged on a special mission, at the request of the

British Government, to carry out the evacuation, that is to say, withdraw the various garrisons, civil officers, and those of the inhabitants who desired to leave the Soudan for Egypt. When Gordon had been Governor of the Soudan in 1879, he was engaged chiefly in putting down, or trying to put down, the slave trade. It was then that an act of justice took place which was not conducive to friendship between Gordon and Zobebr, for Zobebr's son, Suliman, was shot by order of Gordon's lieutenant, Gessi. This had been done, not because of slave-dealing, but for an act of rebellion and massacre; the general opinion up to now had been that there was a blood feud between the two. It was to come to some understanding with Zobebr that Gordon asked that a meeting might be arranged between them, and to this Sir Evelyn Baring assented, as it was his wish to promote amicable feelings between the two men. They met at the British Agency on January 26, 1884. At this meeting, from all accounts, there was a certain amount of excitement, and Gordon explained why Zobebr's son had been shot, and also why Zobebr's property had been confiscated. The reason for this was that a letter had been found which implicated him in his son's rebellion. There are doubts about this letter, not about it having existed, but about its authenticity. The two men parted, apparently fairly friendly, Gordon leaving the same evening for the Soudan.

I had known Zobebr intimately for many years,

no doubt by the cries of the anti-slavery party, looked upon Zobebr as a cruel, brutal slave-driver and nothing more. This was extremely unfair, slaves being a form of merchandise allowed by the religion of the country, and having been a trade for many centuries. Zobebr was not cruel. He was extremely generous to all who came in contact with him; many slaves chose his service in preference to others, and were enrolled by him in his army. He prevented his men from abusing the people of the villages, and administered the land in far more enlightened a manner than ever the Bashi-Bazouks did.

To do what he had done implied great strength of character, and this he undoubtedly had. He was energetic, resolute, extremely courageous, and of great ability; he was also ridiculously superstitious, as an instance of which it is reported that believing in the efficacy of silver bullets, he had several thousand dollars melted down to be used when required.

It was most probably his desire to have his appointment as Governor-General of the Soudan confirmed that finally brought him to Cairo, which was unfortunate for him as Ismail Pasha had different views, and believing that Zobebr was too strong a man to be given supreme powers at that time in the Soudan kept him virtually a prisoner in Cairo, and, moreover, if reports be true, confiscated the property he had brought with him, Zobebr receiving henceforth a monthly allowance

from the Egyptian Government. I have said that it was generally accepted that Zobebr was at feud with Gordon; now, although I have heard him express his hatred of Gessi, and others of Gordon's lieutenants, I never heard him speak of the General in other than the highest terms. He had no reason for concealing his feelings from me about Gordon, who was then not even in the country, and I therefore deny that he hated him, although I do not for a moment doubt that at first he may have given some reason for the rumour before the facts of the case were fully known.

A few days after General Gordon had left Cairo I had occasion to see Zobebr, and he gave me his version of what had occurred at the Agency. He told me that all the doubts that he had had concerning Gordon's connection with the death of his son were now removed. He was satisfied that Gordon had acted in absolutely good faith, and that the fault lay with Gessi, and some others. He also said that Gordon had inspired him with absolute trust, and that he hoped in future to be looked upon as one of his friends. It is extremely difficult to be sure of anything, or rather anyone, in the East; but I am convinced that Zobebr meant what he said.

It must be remembered that he had lived in Egypt for some years, and had mixed continually with high European officials, and others non-official. His was a very keen mind, quite capable of separating the tares from the wheat, which, to my mind,

is a good reason why his friendly feeling to Gordon should have been sincere—for the General was unmistakably truthful.

Some little time elapsed, and Zobehr was informed that Gordon had requested that he, Zobehr, should be appointed Deputy Governor-General of the Soudan, and that he should leave at once for Khartoum.

I had many conversations with him from time to time on this subject, and found that he was extremely pleased and flattered that Gordon himself had suggested this appointment. He argued from it that his friendly feeling towards the General was reciprocated, yet he was quite sure that the British Government would veto his appointment, even if the Egyptian Government favoured it.

Gordon reiterated his request that this appointment should be made. He gave most convincing reasons why it should be ; for he was certain that some government was essential for the safety of the Soudan and the Soudanese ; but although he continued asking for Zobehr, from February to December, Her Majesty's Government, with that crass obstinacy which characterized them at the time, refused to permit the Khedive to make the appointment. The position taken up by the British Ministry was extraordinary. They had sent Gordon to the Soudan ; they refused to send troops to oppose the Mahdi, and yet offered no other suggestion. They refused to send Zobehr, who was the one man capable of dealing with the situation, even

though requested time and again by their own representative, Gordon, and what is more, by Sir Evelyn Baring himself, who, after being opposed to the idea, gradually was convinced of the necessity.

Later on, when Khartoum was surrounded and Gordon's life in danger, Zobebr himself volunteered to proceed to the Soudan, and said he would undertake to send Gordon back alive to Cairo. He told me that he made this offer supposing that the British Government really did desire to save Gordon. Confident that it was perfectly *bonâ fide*, and that he would, and could, do what he claimed to be able to do, I offered to accompany Zobebr to Khartoum, whilst he himself agreed to leave his family with the Egyptian Government as hostages. Zobebr's offer was refused, and so was mine.

In Gordon's journal, when he realized that the steamer *Abbas* had been lost, and Stewart and Power killed, one reads—

“If Zobebr had been sent in February, when I asked for him, we would not have lost Berber, and would never have wanted an expedition; and if Berber had not fallen, Stewart and Power would have been alive.”

That Zobebr should be sent had been almost his first request, and he never ceased to regret that those who *sat in Downing Street* should think that they understood the requirements of the Soudan better than one who had devoted his life to its affairs.



GENERAL GORDON PASHA

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It would be interesting to know in what light the Mahdi was regarded by those in power, and the anti-slavery group—did they compare him with Zobeir, and did the comparison work out unfavourably to the latter? Did they imagine that Zobeir in power could be as dangerous to the peace of the Soudan as a religious fanatic. Surely history has proved that a nation held together by the fervour of religion is far more united than one composed of small principalities and nations conquered by force of arms, and so welded into one. I mean, of course, a religion with fixed, permanent dogmas, not one split into a hundred different sects.

Again turning to Gordon's Journal, one finds that he had been told by Cuzzi (British Consular agent) in Khartoum that Zobeir had refused to come up, and that he replied, "If it is true it is evidently some Palace intrigue, and Zobeir has been forced into saying it."

He was right, Zobeir never refused to proceed to the Soudan, he was always perfectly willing to go.

One of Gordon's last telegrams ran thus—

"The combination of Zobeir and myself is an absolute necessity for success, to do any good we must be together, and that without delay. Believe me, I am right, and do not delay."

The combination was not permitted. Egmont Hake in his introduction to General Gordon's Journal says—

“ If Gordon, instead of being thwarted, had only been *not supported*, how different might have been the result of his mission to the Soudan, indeed one may say how different would have been the result !

“ For Gordon has practically said this, and he was a competent and reliable judge. If England and Egypt had only said, ‘ We will give you no help at all, do what you can with the material you have about you, and do not refer to us until you have succeeded, or until you have failed,’ I confidently believe Gordon would have at last relieved the beleaguered garrisons of the Soudan, and would have sent down all who wished to leave the country.

“ His weakness was that of truthfulness, the besetting weakness of an honourable man, it had stood him in good stead through his campaign in China, and through his previous operations in the Soudan, through terrible sufferings, which had often made him wish for death. Then he trusted enemies, and they always enabled him to save life, *now he trusted friends, and they only enabled him to die.*”

On April 17, 1884, Zobeir Pasha received a telegram direct from Gordon, dated Khartoum, 16th, appointing him sub-Governor-General of the Soudan. *I happened to be at Zobeir's house when he received this telegram !*

He was pleased and very much affected by it, for he said—

“ What can I do? I am virtually a prisoner, and after this telegram, if I went as far as the railway station I should be stopped, you may be sure that copies of this telegram are now in the



THE MAHDI—MAHOMET ACHMET
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hands of the Khedive and Baring. No, I cannot go! the English do not want me in the Soudan. I am sorry for Gordon, because I would have sent him safely back to Cairo. However, the English know best what is to be done."

He added, after a pause—

"Perhaps the English Government has some ulterior motive with regard to the future of the Soudan, perhaps they will end by making it like India. Ah! why don't they let me go to England? I have perfect faith in the English people, let them hear me, and let them judge me."

Zobehr sent a telegram to General Gordon the next day, thanking him for the appointment, and saying how grateful he was for the kindness shown him, and that it was his great regret that it was not possible for him to accept.

I have seen it stated in print, that Sir Evelyn Baring informed the Foreign Office the same day that Zobehr had received a telegram from Gordon, appointing him sub-Governor-General of the Soudan, and directing him to proceed to Berber, but that he *would be watched and prevented from leaving Cairo*. There is no doubt that Zobehr resented the refusal to permit him to accept the appointment. However, communications with the Soudan were stopped soon after this.

Later on in the year I was asked by Col. Colborne (one of the survivors of the ill-fated Hicks expedition) to introduce him to Zobehr Pasha, as, having become the Correspondent in Cairo of one of the large English daily papers, he

wished to be in a position to place Zobehr's views before the British public. I explained the matter to Zobehr, who said he would be pleased to see him, and asked me to bring him to dinner.

I informed Colborne that the dinner would be a native one, that we should all squat on the floor round a little oval table, and eat with our fingers. He seemed to think that this would be an experience.

Zobehr received us with his usual affable manner, expressed himself as being very pleased to meet the Colonel, and after cigarettes had been handed round we sat down and began to talk. I was the interpreter, and found the position one of considerable embarrassment, as it was impossible for me to translate literally the rather crude questions asked ; so I had to put them into more flowery language, at the same time being careful not to lose sight of the main point. We managed, however, to get along all right, but I was not sorry when it was over.

Dinner was announced ; Zobehr led the way. We found three Ulemas of the Islamic sects waiting at the dining-room door ; and after Zobehr was seated, with Colborne on his left and myself on his right, the Ulemas took their places. Before we sat down, servants brought water for us to wash our hands.

The dinner commenced. Behind each of us was a tall black slave, who had to pay special attention to the guest in front of him.

A round tray called Saneiyeh, of tinned copper, served as a table, being placed upon a stool made of wood and covered with mother-of-pearl. Round flat cakes of Arab bread, cut in half, were placed on the tray, with several lemons cut in halves to be squeezed over any dish we thought needed it. We were each provided with an ebony spoon. The dishes of different kinds of meat, vegetables, etc., were then placed on the tray, one at a time, after the Turkish fashion. Zobehr, before beginning his meal, said, "Bismillah" ("In the name of God"), and then looking at us, "Tafaddal," which means, "Do me the favour to sit down and partake of the repast."

Dish after dish was placed on the table, until we came to the *pièce de résistance*, which happened to be a young lamb roasted whole; it was placed just as it was on the table, the head having been severed. We then proceeded to pull it to pieces, necessarily with our fingers, and I must say it was as tender as butter. Then one of the slaves took the head, and, placing it on a plate, presented it to Zobehr, who opened the jaws, put his hand down the throat, and tore out the tongue. He then took a bite of it and handed it on to me; I did likewise and passed it on, and so it went the round of the table, until it came to Colborne. The poor fellow was watching me with a horrified expression which was too ludicrous. I signalled to him that he must take his bite too. He closed his eyes and bit; luckily his host was looking the other way!

For some time Colborne had been trying to let me know that he was terribly thirsty and wanted a drink. The Arabs drink little or no water during the meal, but generally take a long drink immediately after. At first I pretended not to understand, and then taking pity, apparently, I turned to the slave behind me, and told him that the gentleman opposite would like a drink, and I must confess to adding the word "Bousa." He at once passed the message round to the Colonel's man, who immediately fetched a jug containing the drink. Sure enough it was Bousa, or Merissa, which is a sickeningly sweet drink, rather like molasses.

Colborne, poor fellow, thought it was beer; I saw his eyes gleam as he raised the jug and took a good long draught.

It was as much as I could do to keep my face straight, and for a moment I feared unutterable things, but happily my little joke escaped that climax! When we had finished Zobehr rose, saying, "El Hamdullilah" (Praise be to God), we then washed our hands and mouths, and adjourned to another room for coffee and cigarettes. Shortly afterwards, we took our leave in a carriage and pair belonging to the Pasha, accompanied by two Arab runners with torches. We drove to Shepherd's Hotel.

Colborne sat strangely silent until we arrived, and then with a yell dashed into the bar and called out for a tumbler of brandy, saying—

"Quick! quick! I have been poisoned!"

I left him relating to some friends the incidents of the meal, and especially of the "Bousa!"

A few days later, I induced Zobehr to be photographed, and he was taken in several positions, one of which was on horseback in his war-paint, or, more properly speaking, in the Arab dress he wore when on a fighting expedition.

The copies he gave me were unfortunately lost when I left Egypt.

It was while Zobehr was posing on his magnificent Arab horse that his mount, who was very spirited, cast a shoe; without thinking, I picked it up and saying, "For luck," took it home with me, and thought no more of it; but afterwards I heard that when Zobehr was arrested, his servants all declared that it was owing to me, that I had picked up and carried away the shoe of his horse, that the Government had got hold of it, and that by that their master's luck had deserted him. In many ways they are strangely childlike and appallingly superstitious.

All that year and the beginning of the next I saw a great deal of Zobehr, especially when he was staying with Sidi Ibrahim-el-Senussi in Alexandria, and we would often drive together in the afternoons. I remember that I was going to call for him on the very day that he was arrested.

This arrest was at the instigation of the military authorities. He offered no resistance, and was at once taken on board the *Iris*, which sailed the next morning, under sealed orders for Gibraltar.

He was allowed to take with him his own two sons and an adopted son.

It was very much questioned at the time, whether the military authorities were not rather stretching a point in deporting Zobehr Pasha without a formal inquiry; but it appears that it had been done with the consent of Sir Evelyn Baring.

The chief accusation against Zobehr was that he was in communication with the Mahdi. To me this seems improbable, as the Mahdi was every day gaining power, and it would hardly be likely that he should wish for Zobehr's presence in the Soudan. To raise up such a powerful rival would have been the height of folly on his part, and to my mind it was far more probable that the Mahdi through his agents might have schemed to injure Zobehr in the eyes of the British and Egyptian Governments. On the other hand Zobehr must have realized that even if his ultimate object was to do away with the Mahdi and regain his old sway over the Soudan, that the doing of it would cost him so much in treasure and so many lives, that he would be extremely weak to oppose any punitive force sent by Egypt, especially as in all probability the British would be forced to lend their aid.

Knowing that I was Zobehr's friend, many people came to me and asked me to join with them in protesting against his arrest; but it seemed to be inadvisable to make any immediate move, so we decided to stay quiet and do nothing.

So matters stood until October, when Sir Henry Drummond Wolff arrived in Cairo as High Commissioner. Then, having obtained letters of introduction, I called upon him and had a lengthy interview, in which I gave him many details, and pleaded with him to use his influence to secure justice for Zobehr. He promised to do his best. I saw him again the following year in Alexandria, where I introduced to him Ibrahim-el-Senussi and the Sheikh el Islam, who both asked him to urge the British Government to release Zobehr.

I wrote once again to him in London reminding him of his promise, and received a reply that he would do all that lay in his power to further my request. And so perforce I had to leave it; but I am glad to say that not long after Zobehr was released and returned to Egypt, thanks, I am convinced, to the intercession on his behalf of Sir Henry.

Zobehr was eventually allowed to go to the Soudan, where he lived on his farm at Gerli, near Omdurman, a quiet life of seclusion, dying there in 1913.

CHAPTER XII

1884—1885

I HAVE just heard of the death of Bennet Burleigh, the War Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and glancing down the paper I found a letter which was rather a coincidence. It ran as follows :—

“To the Editor of *The Daily Telegraph*.

“SIR,

“May I have the privilege of [testifying to] my respect for your late War Correspondent, Mr. Bennet Burleigh.

“I was well acquainted with him, especially in the Soudan War of 1884–85. Well do I remember his cheery voice and his encouraging words to all of us on that memorable campaign, especially at that great conflict at Abu Klea, where we were so much outnumbered, and where one of our best and greatest soldiers fell, the late Colonel Burnaby of the Royal Horse Guards, whom I myself saw fall, exactly as your late Correspondent mentioned in his despatches.

“I remember also having an interview with him and the late Mr. Melton Prior of the *Illustrated London News*, outside his office in the Strand many years ago—etc., etc., etc.”

This letter struck me, because I, too, had met Bennet Burleigh when in the company of Melton Prior, in the Strand, and the three of us spent the afternoon together talking over old times, and on this occasion Bennet Burleigh related the story of Colonel Burnaby's death. I had met Burnaby in Cairo and admired him greatly, and found it most interesting to hear the story of his heroic death from an eye-witness, especially such an eye-witness as Bennet Burleigh, who explained the whole battle of Abu Klea with much detail, and a wealth of comment; I remember particularly his opinion of certain humanitarians in England.

In the early part of April, 1884, I was notified officially that the Ministry of Finance had decided to suppress the post I held of Controller-General of Customs, as it was absolutely essential to economize, and in order to give this reason some semblance of verity, they agreed to suppress at the same time the post of Secretary-General which was held by a Syrian.

This, however, was not carried out, but the Secretary consented to remain on at a salary which amounted to half of what he had been getting. His consent was given to this arrangement on the understanding that after a few months his salary would be again increased. It is surprising how much trouble they went to in order to deceive, and how little they succeeded. I had been expecting the notification, there were so many new Europeans in high places, and I had no doubt that many would

covet my post for their friends or relations. At first, naturally, I was in the dark as to the person responsible, but when after a little while, my post was re-born under the title of Deputy Director-General of Customs at about double the salary, and when it was given to a German, a friend of a European official, high up in the Ministry, I understood the whole business perfectly. I found out afterwards that it had all been carefully arranged between the official and his Teutonic friend before the suppression of the controllership actually took place. Let us hope they both profited by their action.

I received notice that, instead of a pension, I was to be granted a sum of money, and in recognition of my past services, to receive the decoration of the Osmanieh.

His Highness the Khedive gave me an audience on April 9, and graciously conferred upon me the fourth class of the Osmanieh. As usual he was most kind, and in the course of our conversation, which lasted a good while, he said many things in connection with the suppression of the Controllership, which I am not at liberty to relate. They were very much to the point, however, and gave me a good opinion of his views of the situation. Before I took my leave, he impressed it upon me, that he was my sincere friend, and would be at all times ready to assist me in any way he could, that I was to consider that I had the *entree* at the Palace whenever I liked, and that he would always be ready to

grant me an audience, whenever I wished to see him.

He was the most gracious master a man could desire, and had it been his to decide, I may say with certainty that I should never have left his service.

The following appeared in the *Egyptian Gazette* next day :—

“His Highness the Khedive received Kusel Bey in private audience yesterday morning, when His Highness was graciously pleased to confer upon him the 4th class of the Imperial Order of the Osmanieh, in recognition of his loyal and faithful services during the many years he has served the Egyptian Government in the capacity of Controller-General of the Customs. We understand that there is every likelihood of Kusel Bey's services being utilized in another administration, but we cannot understand why an official who has rendered such efficient and signal services in the Customs Administration during the last eight years, should be transferred elsewhere.

“The services rendered by him during the events of 1882, both to the Government of His Highness and to Her Majesty's Government are matters of public notoriety, and for his services to the latter he received the English War Medal and the Khedival Star for the Egyptian Campaign.”

I do not think I should close these recollections without referring in some way to the kind assistance and friendly co-operation which I received at all times at the hands of the different French gentlemen who were in the Egyptian Government service

during the many years that I held the position of Controller-General and Acting Director-General of Customs under the Anglo-French Control, and with whom I remained on friendly terms for many years after I left the Service. Some of them are still living, but very many have departed.

As I recall memories and incidents gone by, the names stand out each individually and distinct, most of them are well known in France. All these gentlemen certainly did their best and acted most loyally towards their English colleagues in assisting in the regeneration of Egyptian Finance. Names such as M. de Blignières, Controller-General, M. Bouteron, of the Daira, Guy Lussac, also of the Daira, Liron d'Airolles, and Monsieur Timmerman, Administrator of the Railways and Telegraph, will always be remembered favourably in connection with others too numerous to mention who were appointed and who served under the Anglo-French Control. Then again, men like Count St. Maurice, Equerry to H.H. Ismail Pasha, Barrot Pasha, Chef du Cabinet, and Gaudard Pasha, Secretary of the Présidence, all Frenchmen who were devoted to His Highness and his dynasty.

I must not forget my old friend, De Martino Pasha, who has been attached to the Khedival family for nearly forty years. He was in attendance on H.H. Tewfik Pasha when he was Prince Heritiere, he remained with him during the time he was Khedive, and since his death he has been

attached to the person of H.H. Abbas Pasha, the actual Khedive.

De Martino Pasha has now retired on a well-earned pension, and resides at Heliopolis near Cairo.

My old friend, Alfred Garwood, of the Egyptian Railway Administration, in his book "Forty Years of an Engineer's Life" speaks with considerable lucidity and truth of the action of the European controllers and administrators in Egypt; I venture to quote a few extracts :—

"Kalaam Inglese, Kalaam Dogree (the word of an Englishman is straight). Every Englishman who has resided or travelled in Egypt will remember this well-known phrase, it had become a household word amongst the native population, and was used on every available occasion, to express their esteem and regard for our countrymen.

"Unfortunately all this has changed, and though our recent military successes may have inspired the natives with fear, they will not revive that feeling of confidence which for the last three years has been vanishing into thin air. The ground which has been lost in the affection of the people will take years to regain, and Englishmen will know to their cost that in future dealings with the Arabs will not be as smooth as in former years.

"The causes of all this are not far to seek, and if His Majesty's Government will only look them in the face, and cease to act on opinion and advice of a ring of officials who are wedded to a rotten system, they will find that the task of reorganization will not after all present any insuperable difficulty.

"First and foremost among the crying abuses

against which all respectable people in Egypt, native and foreign, very justly complain, is the pernicious and injudicious manner in which the patronage of the European controllers and administrators was bestowed by the appointment of persons utterly unqualified for the posts they were appointed to, they having no knowledge of the language or customs of the country, or of the manner of dealing with Orientals.

“At the outset the controllers acted on the extraordinary assumption—and this was an absolute error—that an European who had resided any time in Egypt, must be imbued with the spirit of corruption, and unfit to fill any post; their real reason being that they did not wish to have in the various departments subordinates who naturally knew more than themselves.

“They thus wedded themselves to a bad system, which has proved disastrous in every way. Experienced European officials were superseded or removed. The native element was excluded from the higher posts, and a number of young Europeans and Anglo-Indians were imported.

“These men were, for the most part, not only ignorant but brusque in manner, and overbearing in their dealings with the natives, whose character they little understood, and more than that they showed not even the desire to ingratiate themselves with the people whose bread they were eating.

“Even in their dealings with the native aristocracy and landed proprietors, they acted most arbitrarily, and considering the very great influence these people exercise over the Fellaheen in the Provinces, such conduct was, to say the least, as stupid as it was ungentlemanly.

* * * * *

“How is it, that a subordinate clerk of the British Post Office was appointed Director of the Egyptian Post Office at a salary of £2000 a year, and was after a time pitchforked into the position of Director of Customs in Egypt, *having had no experience whatever?*”

“This and others are only a few of the numerous abuses of the European bureaucracy in Egypt which have, for a long time past, been daily criticized by the thinking portion of the native population, and the old Egyptian residents, and such being the case, it is not surprising that the men calling themselves the National party, and who were cognizant of all these matters through the native press and other sources, should have striven to influence the native mind, in order to obtain redress for what they considered a serious grievance, feeling that whilst their claims for consideration, respect, and justice were neglected, an army of useless and highly paid officials were luxuriating on the flesh pots of Egypt.”

In May, as my health was not at all satisfactory to me, I decided to spend a long summer in Europe, and, acting on the advice of my doctor went, in the first place, to Carlsbad, and then on to stay with friends in Austria. It took me at least six months to regain my strength.

I returned to Egypt towards the end of the year, and in spite of having no official position, I found a good deal of employment in minding my own business; and also in doing many things which I had had no opportunity to do before.

Having very little to do in the early part of

1885, I ran up to Cairo from Alexandria to see some friends of mine ; while there I met a Mr. P—— and his very charming daughter. They were Americans, who had come to Egypt to amuse themselves, not to acquire mummies or extra health. For some days I saw them quite often at Shepheard's Hotel, and we became very friendly. I was able to take them round to places of great interest to them, and, as it turned out, to myself as well, for many of the places I had never taken the trouble to visit before. It is generally the way, visitors see so much more of a city than the people who reside there.

I know a man who has lived in London all his life, having been born and bred there, and who has yet to visit the Tower. I suppose it is the knowledge that he can see, when he cares to, which makes him indifferent. Yet I have noticed that such men are quite curious and eager to see everything when abroad.

Mr. P—— used, upon the occasions when I went out with him and his daughter, to place himself absolutely at my disposal. I was glad that his questions could be answered with ease, and did not require any blush of ignorance to mantle my cheek. Once I remember he made an observation, wondering what particular kind of Pharaoh built such and such a place. All I knew about it was that no Pharaoh had built it, but there my knowledge ended, so, as the observation was not a direct question, I drew his attention to something else ;

but I always made a point after that of reading up a few main points about the places we proposed to visit. Then, one day, a friend suggested that Mr. P—— ought, before returning to America, to make a trip up the Nile, and he immediately fell in with the suggestion, and implored my help.

Mr. P—— spoke only one language—American, but it was not then as complicated as it is now; his daughter could say “How do you do” in French; many times we laughed together over the hopelessness of trying to learn any language unless in the country or in communication with natives of the country. Miss P—— confided to me that her stock of French had been learnt from a Canadian from Quebec.

It was owing to his having no knowledge of any language but his own which made Mr. P—— rather diffident about undertaking the trip, for, as he said, “Supposing I should want shaving water, and they brought me a mutton chop!”

This suggestion of his caused his daughter to add—

“Well, if they did, Paw, you would have to take it as a pretty broad hint for you to grow whiskers.”

It took me some time to get over that remark, and finally I suggested that I should join forces with them, as I had never made the trip and had nothing particular to do, at least nothing that could not await my return.

They were delighted at my offer, I am pleased

to say, and, having settled what my share of the expenses should be, and I assure you it was a difficult task to make Mr. P—— consent to my paying anything, I set about engaging a dragoman, etc. Now, I happened to know one of these gentry, called Hassan—I forget the rest of it—and was lucky to find him disengaged, for he was distinctly a good dragoman. A very imposing, tall, handsome man, with a fair moustache, long and flowing, who was always a great favourite, especially with the lady members of any party he was with. He looked particularly affluent with any amount of personal property such as rings, pins, etc., given him from time to time by his patrons.

I came to terms with him for his services, etc., and we went together to see the dahabeeyah, which was a comfortable boat enough, not too large, and quite clean. The Reis (Captain), too, was a good man, and when arrangements were made for everything, Mr. P—— providing the wines, it seemed as though our trip was going to be successful, with everything we could desire, or rather with everything we were likely to get; we started, and I for one looked forward to a nice period of rest.

To tell the truth I am not a good sight-seer, especially when with others. If I want to see a place, I like going alone, where, and when and how I wish. I much prefer to see a place and then see nothing more for a spell, for then I have time to think about it with a clear memory, whereas if every day or every other day some new sight is

shown me, my memories become blurred and confused, and only hazy recollections remain.

I think that the P——s wanted to see things from a sense of duty. They were doing the Nile trip, and every object must be carefully scrutinized. Heaven only knows what kind of a hotch-potch their brains must have been afterwards. Perhaps people who take these trips merely get the sense of atmosphere and local colouring, and then fill in details from guide books. That seems to me the only way in which it can be done.

It is not my intention to describe the places we went to, as that has been done so very thoroughly by many people, and I should have to turn to guide books to get the details for I took no notes.

Miss P—— did, both in writing and water colours; she was quite clever in recording her impressions of the various scenes, and her work was extremely dainty and pleasing. Landscape was her strongest point, but she really preferred to make small drawings in pencil of Hassan, the Reis, and members of the crew in every conceivable attitude and costume—these sketches possessed little merit beyond a certain life and movement. Personally I am not artistic. Pictures that people rave about leave me absolutely cold, although there are others that appeal to me, and which I am told are worthless daubs.

Yet I love the arts and envy those who are gifted in any of them. Just lately I have been interested in the arguments of the modern-modern

schools, and one young artist explained to me that he was trying to recapture the spirit of the ancient Egyptians in their portrayal of human form. When he had finished his explanation I suggested that his talents were being wasted, and that he was cut out for modern Welsh-Scottish politics. I told him that as Chancellor of the Exchequer he would be able to confuse a great number of people. And the poor fellow, having no sense of humour, merely replied—

“Oh no! I don't think I'm cut out to govern people.”

His conversation had made me think. What was Egyptian Art? As far as I could see they never advanced beyond almost crude simplicity in any form of Art, except architecture. There was no personal Art—and I doubt if it could be called national—it was the desire to build, possessed by the great men to perpetuate their names, or else from a desire to placate some god or goddess.

The human form was non-existent to them as a source of artistic delight—size alone seemed to fascinate and beguile them.

To my mind the use assigned to Art in Egypt was largely to aid rulers to “swank” either when living or, which was more common, when dead.

Their mural paintings evidently were not done to teach any ennobling lesson, but were merely historical records of this affair and that, of this procession or that hunting scene. And it is from that standpoint that they were so interesting to me.

I often wonder whether it is possible to assign a real reason for Art; as far as I can see the only one is that it is to ennoble life, and yet, does it? Or is the ennobling process so slow that it takes tens of thousands of years to show, and then again, what is Art?

It seems to me that it is something that is purely a matter of personal taste—generally a sensuous pleasure, and more often than not transient. Does an appreciation of the beautiful ennoble? It would hardly seem so, unless it is backed by a beautiful nature and strong will.

The only form of Art which has an effect on any lasting quality must be a thought, and this thought must be conveyed through some medium which is understandable to the majority. It is of little use if only a few chosen spirits can appreciate it, for a mutual admiration society has very narrow bounds.

However, it is no good my writing about it, it is altogether too conflicting. Beautiful things please me—I delight in them, whether of form, colour or sound—but I'm sure that a thought in words written or spoken would have more effect upon my life.

We had a very delightful time, the dahabeeyah was as good a boat as could be desired. Hassan was an excellent dragoman. He was quite thorough. Nothing was left to chance with him, and as Miss P—— said, "He is just fine," and Mr. P—— said, "He's a real good man that," and I said to myself, "He's an infernal blackguard,"

we were all satisfied. It was a source of great amusement to me to watch Miss P—— making sketches; she would sometimes ask me to tell a man to keep still for a moment, and then sometimes I would tell him to jump suddenly, and my companion's annoyance was delightful; but I think the part I enjoyed most was to watch the various phases through which the scenery passed, the ceaseless change and the wonderful effects.

Mr. P——, whose activity was confined to exploring temples, etc., was, I fancy, rather bored with those hours spent on the boat, and used to invent pastimes with all the earnestness of one on a long voyage. His pastimes generally worked out into some small form of gambling.

Hassan, who spoke broken English quite fluently, would be called in by him to decide this question or that, for his daughter and I had told him quite definitely that we would not be bothered, that was after one occasion when he wanted us to bet on whether the Reis would turn his head to the East or West first. We had very jolly conversations in the evenings, and it was quite an education to hear Mr. P—— relate some of the incidents of his very eventful life, especially stories of the war between North and South in which he had taken part with some distinction. He was a remarkably fine shot and I remember once seeing him shoot a wild fowl with a revolver. I thought at first that this was an extraordinary fluky shot, but two minutes afterwards he got another one, and after

that he gave us an exhibition of revolver shooting which surprised me, especially as he was a man over sixty years of age. We had dawdled on the way up, for there was no hurry and much to be seen, and when we arrived at Luxor, having left Miss P—— with some other Americans, her father and I went off for some quail shooting some miles inland ; we had to take a tent with us and stay the night. We had fair sport and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

In all our excursions at Thebes, Miss P—— invariably wanted to buy curios, and it was great sport to watch her bargaining with the vendors, always she would refer to me after a long argument, to know whether I thought it was a real antiquity or a fake, of which a great number were to be seen. Some things would be so palpably imitations that on more than one occasion I saved her from paying quite large sums of money for worthless articles, but I daresay the ones that she did purchase were not all of them *bonâ fide*. Hassan distinguished himself on these occasions by securing us really splendid donkeys.

We all agreed that Thebes was worthy of a lengthy visit. There was so much to interest all of us, so we agreed to stay there at least two weeks. Every day we filled in with excursions, and I remember we went twice to the Tombs of the Kings, and twice to the Palace of the King, where there was enough history to be read to last a man for months.

Mr. P—— was delighted, because he found some one depicted as playing draughts, a game in which he himself excelled, and I am confident that the ancient Egyptians rose several degrees in his estimation.

We had made arrangements to proceed towards Esneh, when our holiday was interrupted by Mr. P—— receiving news which necessitated his return, and so rather reluctantly we turned our faces towards Cairo.

Miss P—— was quite miserable, and promptly bought more curiosities. At one place she bought six water jars, such as the fellaheen women carry on their heads. I never understood exactly what she wanted them for, and used to chaff her about them, suggesting that her tears at parting with Hassan would fill them to overflowing. She told me that she really wanted them to decorate the front of the house in New York so that every one would know they had been to Egypt, so I suggested that a tame camel instead of a lapdog might add to the effect.

That started a conversation on camels.

In my youthful days in Zagazig, I used occasionally to ride on these animals, but as I grew older I eschewed such delight and contented myself with my donkey. I should hate anyone to know my candid opinion of camels, although upon occasions I have told it to the animals themselves, and yet I believe that a number of people really enjoy long camel rides into the desert. The Khedive Tewfik Pasha was one of these, perhaps it is a case

of heredity. With me the sight of the long awkward legs of one of these "ships of the desert" gives me the "hump," which statement is absolutely disgusting, but for which I will not apologize.

The only thing I can say in their favour is that they represent nature in a kindly light, and make one appreciate the Divine thought, for they can carry inside them food and water sufficient to last them some days, and in desert travelling that is a thing very much to be desired, as may be imagined.

There was a small boy who was reported to have said when about to start for a party, that he wished he were a camel and had seven "tummies." It would be a natural healthy wish for a boy to have, but I can't vouch for the truth of it.

We did not hurry on our way back, for Mr. P—— had time to return comfortably, although he could not proceed past Luxor. When we got to Cairo the crew all received generous baksheesh which left them hoping we would come again, and Hassan was presented with a very handsome gold watch and chain by Mr. P——, whose daughter asked me in confidence, what I thought she ought to give him. I suggested many things, all of them as absurd as I could think of from an old pair of her shoes to a rag doll, but when I suggested that she should give him the six water jars for his various wives, she refused to listen to any more. What he did eventually get I don't know, but I daresay something of considerable value.

It had been a quite successful and pleasant trip,

and now that it was all over, I looked about for something to occupy my time. Mr. P—— was emphatic in his pleadings with me to accompany them to America, but that was for me impossible, so I said good-bye to them with very real regret. We corresponded for a good many years until they both were drowned in a boating accident.

CHAPTER XIII

1885—1887

SOON after my Nile trip, in April, 1885, I was asked by the American Consul-General in Cairo, who was a friend of mine, to take charge of the American Consulate in Alexandria, pending the appointment of a definite titular from the United States. I was weary of doing nothing, or rather of having no regular employment, so I accepted. For three months I occupied the position of American Consul, and I must say that I enjoyed the experience thoroughly.

It did not take me long to get into the official routine, but I very soon found that the post was no sinecure, and that there was really a great deal to be done.

The amount of correspondence was enormous, not only with Washington, in connection with official statistics, but with American manufacturers and merchants, these latter gentry evidently liked making their Consuls useful. They wished to be put in touch with merchants and commission agents in all lines of business who would be likely to deal in cargoes of timber, machinery, in fact every

mortal thing you could think of, down to pill boxes. All these letters had to be answered.

Some would send samples of all kinds, with instructions to the Consul to hand them over to some one in the Trade, others would ask all kinds of questions about this and that, which led me to think that an American Consul must needs be a walking encyclopædia. However, I used to gather the information they required and send it to them. I remember one enterprising Yankee wanted to know whether the fellaheen could be induced to wear other garments than the galabiah, if he designed some, and if I did think so, was there a suitable site where he could erect a factory for the manufacture of said garments. I fancy my reply must have damped his ardour, as I have not yet heard of any remarkable change in the garments of the fellaheen.

Soon after my installation as Consul, the United States man-of-war, *Quinneborg*, arrived at Alexandria for a short stay. I at once proceeded on board, and was received with a salute from the ship's guns, being welcomed by Captain Ludlow, and the officers, who shortly afterwards returned my visit at the Consulate. I then accompanied the Captain and two of his officers to the Governor of the town, to whom I introduced them; and afterwards we proceeded to the Club Mohammed Ali, of which they were made honorary members for their stay in port.

Some days later, Captain Ludlow proposed to

give an afternoon dance on board, and he left the whole of the arrangements to me, that is with regard to the invitations. When this fête was announced in the papers I was overwhelmed with requests for invitations, and the Consulate was practically invaded from morning until night.

As the vessel could only hold a certain number of guests and Captain Ludlow did not want a crush, I had perforce to limit these invitations, and made a selection from the different communities: American, English, French, Italian, Greek, German, Swiss, Spanish, Portuguese, and Levantine.

It puzzles me now to know how I managed it, but I am afraid there was a lot of anger and heart-burning from those who were not asked, and I dare say many hard things were said of me, and also that my enemies increased by the score, but I had chosen those whom I considered were most likely to charm and captivate the officers, who, as every one knows, are very susceptible to pretty women. I have never met anyone who did not like sailors.

After the guests had departed they thanked me heartily for all the trouble I had taken and vowed that never before, at any of their dances, had they seen so much beauty on board. The *Quinneborg* was two weeks in port before proceeding to Syria.

While the vessel was at Alexandria, I am afraid that I did not answer quite so many letters of inquiry as I should have done, with the consequence that I had a very busy time, making up arrears

after her departure ; besides the great mass of correspondence, I used to have to interview numerous American subjects at the Consulate, and many of them would ask me for advice on their own personal matters. I always listened to what they had to say, and gave them the best advice I could, which seemed to gratify them, and I often received invitations to "come over to America and see me."

To give an example of the sort of thing I had to put up with, I will relate one terrible experience that I had.

One day a party of four people presented themselves at the Consulate, and asked for the Consul. The clerk who came into my room, said that they called themselves Americans, but that the only language they could speak was Arabic!

They were ushered in ; there were two elderly females, a young man, and a young woman.

No sooner were they in the room, than they all commenced speaking at the same time, in shrill unmodulated voices. I held up my hand and said in Arabic :

"Stop! one at a time," and then addressing myself to the one I took to be the eldest, I asked her what she wanted.

The old dame said that they came from Beyrout, and were American subjects ; that they had arrived that morning on their way to America, and wanted to know the best way to get there. She then pulled out an American passport, pointed out that they were all travelling together, she and her son, and

her old friend with her daughter, and the boy and girl were engaged ; she was delightfully voluble.

I told them that the best way would be for them to go by steamer to Liverpool, and there tranship to an Atlantic liner. I added that there was a steamer leaving for Liverpool in a few days. They thanked me profusely, all at the same time, and withdrew. I fancied that I had seen the last of them, but, alas, it was only the beginning.

Next morning my clerk informed me that one of the old women wanted to see me, and on coming into the room she gasped out :

“ Oh ! Mr. Consul, I want your help and advice. I hope you will excuse my coming to see you.”

I assured her that my time was hers, and, taking me literally, she broke out again in a grave manner :

“ Mr. Consul, I want to speak to you in confidence. You know it is this that is troubling me. As I informed you yesterday, my son is engaged to my friend’s daughter.”

A pause, as though to give me time to digest the fact. I murmured that it was a charming position for a young man to be in ; she said—

“ It is, it is ; but, Mr. Consul, listen. Her mother and I are very bad sailors, and when on board ship have to remain below. Our two children are good sailors, and would be on deck—together, day and night. And you must see that it is not right for these young people to be so much together, without the lynx eye of a mother to watch over them.”

I agreed with her politely, having seen the young people, and waited.

"And so I have told them that they must be married before we leave Alexandria, or I shall return to Syria with my son, and refuse to proceed to America."

"Well," said I, dying to laugh, "I dare say you are perfectly right; but, my good woman, what have I, in my position of Consul, to do with such a purely family affair?"

"Oh," she replied, "if you will only speak to them, especially the mother of the girl, my friend, and tell her that it would be only right and decent for the young people to be married before leaving here, I am sure that she would agree."

"Supposing she does not?" I asked.

"Then you must threaten to send her back to Syria."

I remember that I had to turn away for a moment to compose my features, before saying—

"Send your friend to me, and I will see what can be done."

The next morning the other old lady turned up, and, after the usual salaams, I broached the subject as gravely as possible, explaining how terrible it was for mothers to be sea-sick, etc.

She hummed and hawed, fidgeted about, and finally said that she personally did not oppose the idea that the marriage should take place immediately, for some reasons; but there were others, equally strong, if not stronger. I asked

her what they were, and she quite candidly admitted that she thought that if they waited until they were in America, her daughter might find some one with some money to marry, instead of the young man who hadn't a stiver to bless himself with; she added that what she would really like would be for her daughter to marry a man who would keep her also, and that her daughter and herself would prefer a man with money, even if he were seventy years of age!

This mercenary old thing finally departed, saying that they would talk it over again.

The next day the daughter appeared. Her story was different entirely from her mother's; she was, she said, genuinely fond of the young man, and was quite willing to marry him.

Finally, after much talk, they agreed that this was the best course, and then came the worst part of the business. I, as Consul, had to perform the marriage ceremony, and as none of them had any money, I had to pay the fees myself!

When the ceremony was over, and I can't think how I got through without mistakes, I asked them how they intended to pay their passage to America. It was no surprise to me when they informed me that they had made up their minds to throw themselves upon the tender mercies of—the Consul! Eventually I collected a certain sum from the American Colony, and paid the rest myself to get rid of them. When they arrived at Liverpool, the Consul there would have to attend to them.

While still at the Consulate I attended a grand fête given, at his residence in Alexandria, by Ibrahim-el-Senussi, in honour of the marriage of his daughter to the son of Ibrahim Bey Nadouri. It was a very striking affair, one to be remembered, for Ibrahim-el-Senussi was extremely lavish in his hospitality. Senussi's brother, Sidi Omar, aided him to secure the comforts of his guests ; and I do not think that the greatest European noblemen could have fulfilled the duties of hosts with more grace and courtliness.

A large portion of the garden had been enclosed and beautifully illuminated, while there was everything in the way of refreshments that could be desired, with the exception of intoxicating drinks, which were absolutely tabooed. The band from the Khedival yacht *Mahroussah* and a civilian native band relieved each other through the evening, and the music they discoursed was extremely good.

Thousands of guests attended in the course of the fête, and the number of natives of all classes who were present clearly showed how high the Senussi Brothers stood in regard to their co-religionists. I assisted, not only in my capacity as United States Consul, but as a personal friend.

The day after this fête, while I was in my office, I received word that a young American lady wished to speak to me on a private matter ; she would give no name to the clerk. This was unusual, but I said I would see her, and a moment later she was in the room. She was quite young and very pretty,

also extremely agitated. I gave her a chair and waited for her to recover herself a little, busying myself with some papers that did not need my attention. Whilst doing this, I remembered having seen her the day before at Senussi's, in conversation with a young Egyptian. Both of them had been strangers to me; but there had been something about her expression when speaking which had fixed her face on my memory.

Presently she said, "I don't know how to explain to you. I am in great trouble."

"Well," said I, "trouble comes to all of us; but take your time, tell me what you will, and we will see if it isn't possible to drive trouble away."

Bit by bit I got her story from her. She was a young widow who had been travelling with a chaperon, somewhere she had met the Egyptian I had seen her talking to, and she had fallen, or thought she had fallen, in love with him, and now he wanted her to marry him. Her chaperon was ill, and she knew of no one to whom she could go for advice, and so she had come to the Consul for his.

Now what on earth was I, a mere man, to say to this charming young widow. The case was one which required the most delicate attention. So for want of something better I asked her if she knew the conditions under which the wives of Egyptians lived, whether she was aware that a Mohammedan is allowed four wives by his religion?

Yes, she had heard that, but this Egyptian would

never take another wife besides herself. On this point I was sceptical, but I couldn't very well tell her so, or that besides the right to four wives there was the question of concubines. So I told her that if she really wanted my advice it was this: that she should go back to America for a year, and if she found at the end of that time that her feelings had not changed she could come back and marry. I suggested also that she should find out from some European lady exactly how the wives of Egyptians lived, and see if she thought it would be suitable to her free American spirit and upbringing.

She confided to me a good many details of her life, and I learnt that, save for a few cousins, she was alone in the world, she also had a very considerable fortune. I further advised her to write to the young Egyptian if she intended to take my advice, and tell him that she could not give him an answer to his proposal, that she was going to America for one year, and at the end of that time she would return perhaps. I emphasized the point that in her place I should not tell him in what part of the States I intended to live, nor should I correspond; for as I pointed out in this way she would know at the end of a year, which was not a very long time, two things—whether she loved him, and whether he loved her.

I know I talked to her like a Dutch uncle, and what I said seemed to strike her as reasonable, and after thanking me again and again she took her leave. She did return to America, for a letter

from her with the New York postmark was forwarded to me some months later when I was in Naples. Whether at the end of the year she came again to Egypt I do not know, but I sincerely hope not for her own sake.

I was not altogether sorry when I received advice that a Consular agent had been appointed in Alexandria, and I had the following letter from the Consul-General at Cairo :—

“ Cairo, Egypt,
“ June 23, 1885.

“ KUSEL BEY,
“ United States Acting Consular-Agent,
Alexandria.

“ SIR,

“ Arrangements have now been made for the definite nomination of a titular to the post of U.S. Consular-Agent at Alexandria.

“ I take the present opportunity of thanking you most sincerely for the various services you have rendered in your capacity of Acting Consular-Agent of the United States at your city, as also for the very able manner in which you have conducted the Consular Agency during the period for which the management of the same was entrusted to you.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ (Signed) N. D. COMANOS,

“ U.S. Acting Consular-General.”

In the early months of 1886, I went with some friends to the Fayoum ; we spent about a couple of weeks there, and it was very enjoyable as well as

interesting. I think we visited all the places of interest. Most of the time we camped out, and also got a good deal of shooting. We went to Medeeneh by train, coming back the same way, and I for one was astonished at the fertility of the Fayoum. It must have been a wonderful place when at its highest prosperity and according to reports nearly four hundred towns and villages existed within its boundaries ; if this indeed be true, time has made a terrible obliteration of most of them, even the labyrinth which was apparently built in the 12th Dynasty, and described by Herodotus as surpassing the pyramids, has vanished and only comparatively recently have the experts decided finally as to its probable position.

There is always something sad to me about ruins ; for one can imagine the builders thinking to themselves that here is a work which will stand and stand ; they build it extra strong, pouring out treasure and lives in its erection, and then a thousand years or so, and where is it ? But there presumably it plays its part, as do all things ; even a picture that the artist cannot dispose of has taught or perhaps only discouraged, but anyway it has done something. I'm not sure that living among ruins would not drive me to melancholia, through thinking of the futility of man.

On September 7, 1886, His Highness the Khedive graciously conferred upon me the decoration of the third class of the Imperial Order of the Medjidieh, and this notwithstanding that I was no

longer in the service, and the following appeared in the *London Gazette* of October 15, 1886 :—

“ Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to give and grant unto S. Kusel Bey, ex-Controller-General of Egyptian Customs, Her Majesty’s Royal licence and authority, that he may accept and wear the Insignia of the Order of the Medjidieh of the third class, which His Highness the Khedive of Egypt has been pleased to confer upon him in recognition of his services whilst actually and entirely employed beyond Her Majesty’s Dominions in His Highness’s service.”

In 1887 I decided to leave Egypt definitely and take up my residence in Italy for a time.

So, on May 3, I had a farewell audience with my late master, the Khedive Tewfik Pasha.

He expressed regret that I was leaving Egypt, and very kindly expressed the hope that it would not be for long.

Before I took my leave of him he promoted me in the Order of the Medjidieh by conferring on me the second class or Grand Officer, but as there were no more Firmans left at the Palace, His Highness instructed De Martino Pasha, his private secretary, to take note that as soon as the next batch of Firmans arrived from Constantinople, I was to have one sent to me.

This was the last time I saw His Highness, as he died at Helouan from influenza in 1892.

When I left Egypt I went to Naples and stayed there for two years, and it was at that time that I

saw a good deal of the ex-Khedive Ismail Pasha, until he left for Constantinople. Afterwards I went to Florence, where we remained five years, during which time I grew very tired of an inactive life. So I returned to England and was induced to apply to the Foreign Office for a Consulship. I was supported in my application by many influential men, but always found, upon applying, that certain vacant posts had either just been filled or were about to be filled, or had been promised to some friend or relation of those in power.

Later on I was appointed British Vice-Consul at Zarzis, a small town or village situated in Tunisia, North Africa, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and not far from the Tripolitan frontier; at that time it was nothing more or less than a conglomeration of mud huts, with only a few native or Arab inhabitants, no Europeans resided there, no European houses had been built, not even an inn or hotel. It was, in fact, nothing more than a French military frontier station or port.

Unfortunately, at the time, my health was again far from satisfactory and, consequently, I had to refuse the appointment with thanks and regrets.

I spent a certain time in the French sphere in North Africa, and represented the Tunisian Government at the opening of the International Fishery Exhibition at Bergen, Norway, in 1889; for the services rendered on that occasion a Tunisian decoration was conferred upon me.

I have revisited Egypt several times since then, and have always met with a hearty welcome from His Highness Abbas Pasha, the present Khedive, as well as the Ministers, and my old friends, both European and native.

What an amazing change there has been since I first landed in Alexandria in 1863. The population which was under seven millions is now nearly twelve. The Suez Canal has changed the whole life of the country, the mighty engineering works, the diminution of the Khedive's power, the control of England, and such little things as outbreaks of cholera, rebellions and massacres, great battles and little battles. It is no longer the country that I knew. It has developed and progressed at an enormous pace, and I often wonder whether something will not happen to upset the "best laid plans," for it is a country full of conflicting interests, some of which lie apparently dormant as though waiting for their day to arrive. Perhaps the revolutionary spirit, which undoubtedly exists amongst the teachers and students, may as time goes on become spread through the rank and file of the fellaheen, perhaps the crude thoughts and writings of a people newly educated in Western teachings may cause discontent and general unrest; but wise legislation, fair taxation, justice equal to all classes, and above all, a feeling of security must have a good effect, and if it can be continued long enough, if the masses can get used to it, and if it can become a need with them, then it may well

prove an anchor among the fellaheen in time of storm.

In thinking of Egypt it must be remembered that the Turk is still to be reckoned with. They are cunning people and cannot be exactly gratified as a nation with the occupation of Egypt by the British. I personally should never be surprised to know that they were subtly making great efforts to regain their prestige in Egypt, which after all is the nearest to them, and to aid them in their endeavours they would have the religion, which is an extremely important factor. The doctrines of Mohammed are every day gaining ground in Africa, for the said doctrines with their great sexual licence are far more likely to appeal than the purer teachings of Christ, and if anything should happen to set the great European Powers at each other's throats, which God forbid, that would be the opportunity for Turkey, and I do not think that she would be backward.

Then, again, there is the cry of Egypt for the Egyptians, and it is a powerful one, pleading sometimes with the voice of a syren for an idea, or ideal, to be put into force, whether practical or not.

We hold Egypt by moral force, as is usual with the British in dealing with Oriental races, we trust largely to our prestige both as to character and fighting powers. That is good when the ministry is strong, but alas, all British ministries are not strong, and the strength and courage of one, dealing firmly with understanding, may find its work spoilt

by the weakness and shilly-shallying of its successor, and so with the British Agent-General or Viceroy. The strong man suitable for those posts seems to be becoming more rare, but it is to be hoped that always one will be found to represent Great Britain in Egypt. For no one can foretell how soon events will take place in which firmness and moral courage will be worth thousands of lives, and countless millions of pounds to the British Empire.

For the last five years I have tried to settle down more or less to a country life, and have also tried to make myself believe that I like it, but it is difficult, very very difficult, for continually "I hear the East a-calling," and the thought of the colour and sunny skies, of the mysterious Nile and the gorgeous sunsets, makes me very sad and despondent, and when the cold east wind cuts through me, I feel inclined to return once more to Egypt, if only to hear again that familiar cry of the East, "Allah el Akbar La Illah, illa Allah wa ashadwar Mohamadur Rasul il Allah."

DORMANS PARK, SURREY.
JUNE, 1914.

EPILOGUE

1914

MY manuscript was already finished and ready for the publishers when the War broke out, consequently everything remained in abeyance for the time being. In the meantime I have thought it advisable to add another chapter and relate the events which have led up to the present change of *régime* in Egypt.

MOHAMMED ALI, FOUNDER OF THE DYNASTY

Mohammed Ali, the founder of the present reigning dynasty in Egypt, was a man who rose to great place and power through his own talents and energy. As Pasha of Egypt he raised himself to such a height of authority that he was able to defy the Sultan of Turkey.

In 1820 he employed French officers to drill and instruct his army, while he placed Englishmen in command of his navy.

In 1832, when Turkey was weakened by successive wars against Greece and Russia, he sent



MOHAMMED ALI—FOUNDER OF THE DYNASTY. BORN AT CAVALLA, MACEDONIA, IN 1769. DIED IN CAIRO, 2ND AUGUST, 1849

his army, which was more numerous than that of his monarch, to occupy Syria. This he considered would be the first step towards declaring Egypt independent.

In March, 1832, the Sultan of Turkey appointed Hussein Pasha to be Pasha of Egypt instead of Mohammed Ali, and sent an army of nearly forty thousand men to be under his command. Mohammed Ali, to show his contempt, induced the Sheriff of Mecca to issue a "Fetwa" against the Sultan, declaring him to be the enemy of the Prophet. This told very much in his favour, and his son, Ibrahim Pasha, proving a most excellent general, it was not a great while before the Sultan's troops were defeated and he had to agree to Mohammed Ali's terms and conditions, who had by this time become almost a more powerful ruler than his, now nominal, master.

In 1839 Mohammed Ali renounced his obedience to the Sultan by refusing to pay tribute, and war broke out again, when the Turks were completely defeated; and at this juncture the Sultan, Mahmoud II, died, and was succeeded by his son, Abdul Medjid.

The new Sultan was extremely desirous of settling the Egyptian question, and might perhaps have agreed to Mohammed Ali's new terms, but the great European Powers interfered, and by defeating Ibrahim Pasha's troops upon several occasions, obliged Mohammed Ali to return to submission to the Sultan, but on the condition that

he should retain the hereditary Pashalik of Egypt, whilst Syria returned to the subjection of the Sublime Porte. In this manner Mohammed Ali founded the great dynasty which is now in existence.

After the Syrian war, Mohammed Ali set to work in earnest to improve the resources of his country, and effected much in that direction; bridges were built, canals made both for irrigation and for the supplying of water, and much done for agriculture. He also established manufactories for such things as gunpowder, chemicals, silk, cloth, firearms, and numerous other things. He established schools for military purposes, medicine, and agriculture, etc., etc. He had previously contemplated a light desert railway from Cairo to Suez, and went so far as to have surveys and sections made by his English engineer, Galloway Bey.

The dynasty founded by Mohammed Ali is now being carried on by his great-grandson, Hussein I, Sultan of Egypt.

The Ottoman suzerainty over Egypt practically ended when Turkey joined England's enemies, Germany and Austro-Hungary, and thus forced England's hands, and made it obligatory for her to take such steps as to regularize an anomalous and difficult position, which has been done by the proclamation of a British Protectorate.

The actual Turkish suzerainty was really one of the most shadowy kind; it has all along been disliked and resented by the real Egyptian, and

practically Turkey had no share in the actual control of Egypt ; the country has been governed since the rebellion in 1882 by Egyptian Ministers, under the guiding hands of English Advisors, directed by a master hand such as Lord Cromer, Lord Kitchener and others.

On December 17, the following announcement was made, viz :

His Britannic Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs gives notice that in view of the state of war arising out of the action of Turkey, Egypt is placed under the protection of His Majesty and will henceforth constitute a British Protectorate, the suzerainty of Turkey over Egypt is thus terminated, and His Majesty's Government will adopt all measures necessary for the defence of Egypt, and the protection of its inhabitants.

The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Henry McMahon, G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E., C.S.I., to be His Majesty's High Commissioner for Egypt.

I am glad to see that Great Britain has at last decided to proclaim a British Protectorate over Egypt, and that the word annexation has been left out ; this is the very best thing that could have been done, and as an old Anglo-Egyptian official and one who has the welfare of Egypt at heart, I think it has been a wise and good political move, and the authorities in power are to be congratulated for taking what is after all a purely practical administrative step, which will allow us to regularize

our position once and for all in Egypt, and to relieve it of its most pressing embarrassments. All the vexed restrictions imposed by the Capitulations will be swept away, all the difficulties hitherto attached to the Turkish suzerainty will also disappear, and Great Britain will at last have a free hand to continue and accelerate progress towards the development and welfare of the country, and a glorious future.

The Khedive Abbas Hilmi, who from all accounts has intrigued against British influence in Egypt since his accession, has been deposed, and his uncle, Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha has been placed on the Throne of Egypt in his stead, and has received the title of Sultan of Egypt. His selection is in accordance with the Turkish law of succession, under which the throne passes to the eldest male member of the family ; but this has not been observed in Egypt since 1866, when the succession was made hereditary. This tradition has now been passed over, as Prince Hussein is the eldest living member of the family of Mohammed Ali. He was Ismail Pasha's second and favourite son. He is not only a very experienced and intelligent prince, but he has always supported British influence and is beloved by the people. He is an expert in agriculture, and has always paid great attention towards assisting and ameliorating the conditions of the fellaheen, and is by them called " Abou Fellah " (Father of the Peasant).

The changes in the status of the country have



ABBAS PASHA HILMI, KHEDEIVE OF EGYPT
1892 TO 1914
(DEPOSED DECEMBER 17, 1914)
*By kind permission of Leo Winthal, Esq., of the
"African World"*

necessitated the appointment of a British High Commissioner for Egypt, and Sir Henry McMahon, an old Anglo-Indian Official, has been appointed.

The ex-Khedive Abbas Hilmi left Egypt for Constantinople during the summer, where he has remained off and on ever since. On July 27, an attempt was made to assassinate him as he was leaving the Sublime Porte. He was wounded, four shots taking effect, one in the Khedive's cheek, knocking out some teeth, and three shots in his left forearm. The wounds were of a mild character and were never considered serious. The would-be assassin, Mahmoud Mazhar, who was shot dead on the spot, comes of a well-known Egyptian family; his father was for many years President of the Beni Suef Native Court. The assassin showed a predilection for the society of the Nationalists residing at Constantinople.

It was thought that after this attempt on his life the ex-Khedive would have returned to Egypt at once, but evidently the pernicious influences of the young Turkish party were too much for him, and he remained on to succumb to a fate which possibly he did not anticipate.

On referring to Sir Louis Mallet's (British Ambassador at Constantinople) last report dated November 20, 1914, he distinctly accuses the late Khedive Abbas Hilmi of intriguing with Enver Pasha and the German party at Constantinople against England. He says, speaking of the officers of the German Military Mission, that they were the

main organizers of those military preparations in Syria which so directly menaced Egypt and which became a serious source of preoccupation. The evidence of these preparations became daily more convincing. Emissaries of Enver Pasha were present on the frontier bribing and organizing the Bedouins, warlike stores were despatched South, and battalions of regular troops were posted at Rafah, whilst the Syrian and Mosul Army Corps were held in readiness to move south at short notice. The Syrian towns were full of German officers, who were provided with large sums of money for suborning the local chiefs.

The Khedive himself was a party to the conspiracy, and arrangements were actually made with the German Embassy for his presence with a Military expedition across the frontier.

The disappearance of Abbas Hilmi from Egyptian affairs will be without regret. He cared little for the welfare of his people, who, in their turn, disliked him personally, though they have always respected the dynasty of Mohammed Ali. He was considered very avaricious, his one object in this world being to amass riches; and it is said that he never forgave Lord Kitchener for depriving him of his authority over the revenues of the Wakfs (Moslem Endowments), where he reigned supreme. He was the very antithesis of his famous grandfather, Ismail Pasha, one of the most generous rulers of his day, and who was every inch a sovereign.

Egypt's tribute to Turkey is about £650,000 a year, and it has been stated by several newspapers that in future the payment of this tribute will naturally cease. Such is not the case: the whole amount is hypothecated to the payment of one of the Turkish loans, and a direct undertaking to pay it to the Ottoman Bondholders by the Egyptian Treasury; therefore, financially speaking, Egypt will not benefit by the change until such time as the loan has been paid off.

The *Times*, in speaking of the new Sultan, says—

“ Prince Hussein, who was born on December 20, 1853, was the second and favourite son of Ismail Pasha and grandson of Mohammed Ali. He studied in Egypt, and proceeded in 1867, to complete his education, to Paris, where he was the guest of Napoleon III, and became the intimate companion of the Prince Imperial. Returning to Egypt in 1869, he acted as Chamberlain to the Empress Eugénie, at the opening of the Suez Canal. Being charged with a mission to Victor Emanuel, he visited Florence, and thence journeyed to Paris, where he remained until just before the siege.

“ On his return to Egypt he entered public life, starting as Inspector-General of Upper and Lower Egypt, and holding successively all portfolios, beginning with that of the Wakfs in 1872, and ending with that of Finance, in 1877. Every administration during the period of his control showed signs of activity, considerable progress was made in education, and during his tenure of office

of Public Works many useful works were constructed, including the Ismailia Canal, running from Cairo to Ismailia.

“His tenure was marked by Ismail's greatest conquests in the Soudan, and by an energetic attempt to reorganize the Army. It is noteworthy that at the time the Staff consisted of American officers under General Stone.

“On the abdication of Ismail Pasha, in 1878, he accompanied his father to Naples, where he resided for three years, and was subsequently permitted to return to Egypt after the Arabi affair.

“Hussein greatly interested himself throughout his career in agricultural matters, the welfare of the fellaheen, and the co-operative movement. He frequently visited the capitals of Europe to study local conditions. His solicitude and activities earned for him the title of ‘Father of the Fellah.’

“To sum up, a greater antithesis cannot be imagined than that between the deposed and new sovereigns. The latter has been ever friendly to Great Britain, fully understands his country's peculiar position, and is generous to a fault, as the excellent relations existing between him and his tenants testify. The new Sultan is a far abler man than his nephew, and will certainly fill the exalted post with greater dignity and with more benefit to his subjects.

“He has a son, Kamel el Din, born in 1875, who was educated in Vienna, and married the deposed Khedive's sister.”

I have had the honour of knowing Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha for the last thirty-seven years.* By his tact and intelligence, he has



PRINCE HUSSEIN KAMIL PASHA (SULTAN HUSSEIN I OF EGYPT)
BORN 20 DECEMBER, 1853
APPOINTED SULTAN OF EGYPT DECEMBER, 1914

succeeded in securing for himself a general feeling of respect and regard. He is an accomplished man, thoroughly good and kind. He gives all those that approach him the impression of a strong personality, and has very attractive and amiable manners. He is perfectly upright, and will be the loyal and valued collaborator of the protecting Power.

It was Prince Hussein who gave me my first appointment to the Egyptian Customs in 1877. He was then Minister of Finance, under his father, the late Ismail Pasha—who, after all, was the maker of Egypt, and who was always a Grand Seigneur and a great ruler.

The following was issued by the Press Bureau on December 18, 1914:—

“In view of the action of His Highness Abbas Hilmi Pasha, lately Khedive of Egypt, who has adhered to the King’s enemies, His Majesty’s Government have seen fit to depose him from the Khedivate, and that high dignity has been offered, with the title of Sultan of Egypt, to His Highness Prince Hussein Kamel Pasha, eldest living prince of the family of Mohammed Ali, and has been accepted by him.

“The King has been pleased to approve the appointment of Prince Hussein to be an honorary Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, on the occasion of his accession to the Sultanate.”

The Foreign Office communicate the following letter addressed to Prince Hussein by the Acting High Commissioner in Egypt:—

“Cairo,

“December 9, 1914.

“YOUR HIGHNESS,

“I am instructed by His Britannic Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to bring to the notice of Your Highness the circumstances preceding the outbreak of war between His Britannic Majesty and the Sultan of Turkey, and the changes which that war entails in the status of Egypt.

“In the Ottoman Cabinet there were two parties:—On one side was a moderate party, mindful of the sympathy extended by Great Britain to every effort towards reform in Turkey, who recognized that in the war in which His Majesty was already engaged, no Turkish interests were concerned, and welcomed the assurances of His Majesty and his Allies that neither in Egypt nor elsewhere would the war be used as a pretext for any action injurious to Ottoman interests; on the other side a band of unscrupulous military adventurers looked to find in a war of aggression waged in concert with His Majesty's enemies means of retrieving the disasters, military, financial, and economic, into which they had already plunged their country. Hoping to the last wiser counsels might prevail, His Majesty and his Allies, in spite of repeated violation of their rights, abstained from retaliatory action until compelled thereto by the crossing of the Egyptian frontier by armed bands, and by the unprovoked attacks on Russian open ports by Turkish naval forces under German officers.

“His Majesty's Government are in possession of ample evidence that ever since the outbreak of war with Germany, His Highness Abbas Hilmi

Pasha, late Khedive of Egypt, has definitely thrown in his lot with His Majesty's enemies.

"From the facts above set out it results that the rights over the Egyptian Executive of the Sultan, or of the late Khedive are forfeited to His Majesty.

"His Majesty's Government have already, through the General Officer commanding His Majesty's Forces in Egypt, accepted exclusive responsibility for the defence during the present war. It remains to lay down the form of the future Government of the country freed, as I have stated, from all rights of suzerainty, or other rights heretofore claimed by the Ottoman Government.

"Of the rights thus accruing to His Majesty, no less than of those exercised in Egypt during the last thirty years of reform, His Majesty's Government regard themselves as trustees for the inhabitants of Egypt, and His Majesty's Government have decided that Great Britain can best fulfil the responsibilities she has incurred towards Egypt by the formal declaration of a British Protectorate, and by the Government of the country under such Protectorate by a Prince of the Khedival family.

"In these circumstances, I am instructed by His Majesty's Government to inform Your Highness that, by reason of your age and experience, you have been chosen as the Prince of the Family of Mohammed Ali most worthy to occupy the Khedival position, with the title and style of the Sultan of Egypt, and, in inviting Your Highness to accept the responsibilities of your high office, I am to give you the formal assurance that Great Britain accepts the fullest responsibility for the defence of the territories under Your Highness against all aggression whencesoever coming, and His Majesty's Government authorize me to declare that after the

establishment of the British Protectorate now announced, all Egyptian subjects, wherever they may be, will be entitled to receive the protection of His Majesty's Government.

“With Ottoman suzerainty, there will disappear the restrictions heretofore placed by Ottoman Firmans upon the numbers and organization of Your Highness's Army, and upon the grant by Your Highness of honorific distinctions.

“As regards Foreign relations, His Majesty's Government deem it most consistent with the new responsibilities assumed by Great Britain that the relations between Your Highness's Government and the representatives of Foreign Powers should be henceforth conducted through His Majesty's representative in Cairo.

“His Majesty's Government have repeatedly placed on record that the system of treaties known as the Capitulations, by which Your Highness's Government is bound, are no longer in harmony with the development of the country; but I am expressly authorized to state that in the opinion of His Majesty's Government the revision of these Treaties may most conveniently be postponed until the end of the present war.

“In the field of internal administration I am to remind Your Highness that, in consonance with the traditions of British policy, it has been the aim of His Majesty's Government while working through, and in the closest association with, the constituted Egyptian authorities, to secure individual liberty, to promote the spread of education, to further the development of the natural resources of the country, and in such measure as the degree of enlightenment of public opinion may permit, to associate the governed in the task of government. Not only is

it the intention of His Majesty's Government to remain faithful to such policy, but they are convinced that the clearer definition of Great Britain's position in the country will accelerate progress towards self-government.

"The religious convictions of Egyptian subjects will be scrupulously respected, as are those of His Majesty's own subjects, whatever their creed; nor need I affirm to Your Highness that in declaring Egypt free from any duty of obedience to those who have usurped political power at Constantinople, His Majesty's Government are animated by no hostility towards the Khalifate; the past history of Egypt shows, indeed, that the loyalty of Egyptian Mohammedans toward the Khalifate is independent of any political bonds between Egypt and Constantinople.

"The strengthening and progress of Mohammedan institutions in Egypt is naturally a matter in which His Majesty's Government take the deepest interest, and in which Your Highness will be specially concerned, and in carrying out such reforms as may be considered necessary, Your Highness may count upon the sympathetic support of His Majesty's Government.

"I am to add that His Majesty's Government rely with confidence upon the loyalty, good sense, and self-restraint of Egyptian subjects to facilitate the task of the General Officer commanding His Majesty's Forces, who is entrusted with the maintenance of internal order and with the prevention of the rendering of aid to the enemy.

"(Signed) MILNE CHEETHAM."

The *Times* correspondent, writing from Cairo, says :

"The Ottoman suzerainty over Egypt has at last given place to a British Protectorate. The proclamation announcing Great Britain's decision and explaining the cause is just published, and the thunder of a hundred guns has laid the ghost of Turkish rule."

Only the madness of Egypt's ex-suzerain has compelled Great Britain once for all to confirm and regularize her position in the valley of the Nile. Until the Anglo-French agreement of 1904, our very occupation was not officially recognized by Europe. That agreement, though it involved the recognition by France, and subsequently by other Powers, of our predominant interests in Egypt, was yet a self-denying ordinance, in that we bound ourselves therein not to make any change in the status of the country. Neither the Turkish adventure in 1906 nor the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by Austria - Hungary, whose Foreign Minister, the late Count Aehrenthal, undoubtedly believed we should follow his lead and annex Egypt, nor the proclamation of a French Protectorate over Morocco in 1911, induced us to alter the status of Turkey's vassal. It was not till the maintenance of the *status quo* had been rendered impossible by Turkey's gratuitous attack on Great Britain and her Allies, that the British Government took the one step, short of annexation, that she could take, with justice to herself and the Egyptians.

Such a situation, with England in beneficent

occupation of a Turkish vassal state and at war with the nominal suzerain, who had never recognized our occupation, and had never conferred the slightest benefit upon Egypt, was alike intolerable and absurd.

A solution which might have placed the Egyptians in closer relations with the British Empire might have been adopted. But nothing has impressed more the intellectual elements among the Arab people, whom the Pan-Islamists of the Levantine elements of Constantinople and Jewish Salonika were striving to combine against us, than our unremitting efforts to prepare the Egyptians for self-government, and our abstinence from all action calculated to repress the development of local institutions.

Again, we are at war on behalf of small nationalities. None can deny the growth of Egyptian racial feeling, and this racial feeling—particularism, call it what you will—merits respect all the more so when it is remembered that the Egyptian people, with insignificant exceptions, have shown good sense and good feeling in the present crisis. More drastic action, while simplifying the problem of how to deal with the foreign jurisdiction in Egypt, would have hurt the feelings of many Egyptian Anglophiles, and might have put a weapon into the hands of our enemies. None can doubt that under the British Protectorate, proclaimed on a day which Moslems regard as auspicious, Egypt will prosper and advance even more rapidly than it has yet

done, and will be all the happier for the disappearance of Ottoman suzerainty. Once a cruel reality, that suzerainty had long become a shadow; but it was a shadow that still troubled some men's dreams in Egypt.

The King has sent the following telegram to His Highness the Sultan of Egypt:—

“On the occasion when Your Highness enters upon your high office, I desire to convey to Your Highness the expression of my most sincere friendship and the assurance of my unflinching support in safeguarding the integrity of Egypt, and in securing her future well-being and prosperity.

“Your Highness has been called upon to undertake the responsibilities of your high office at a grave crisis in the national life of Egypt, and I feel convinced that you will be able, with the co-operation of your Ministers and the protectorate of Great Britain, successfully to overcome all the influences which are seeking to destroy the independence of Egypt and the wealth, liberty, and happiness of its people.

“GEORGE R. AND I.”

The Sultan has telegraphed the following reply:—

“TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING,

“London.

“I present to Your Majesty the expression of my deepest gratitude for the feelings of friendship with which you see fit to honour me, and for the assurance of your valuable support in safeguarding the integrity and independence of Egypt.

“Conscious of the responsibilities I have just assumed, and resolved to devote myself in entire co-operation with the protectorate, to the progress and welfare of my people, I am happy to be able to count in this task on Your Majesty’s protection, and on the assistance of your Government.

“HUSSEIN KAMEL.”

An official message from Cairo, dated December 20, states that “the proclamation of the fall of the Khedive, and the elevation of the Sultan Hussein, was made to-day with elaborate ceremony in the presence of the local authorities. There was an imposing parade in English, Colonial, and native troops, and the new Ruler was greeted with a salute of cannon. The city is in a tranquil mood, the streets being filled with holiday crowds, English and Egyptian flags are flying everywhere. The East Lancashire Territorials, New Zealanders, Australians, and Egyptian Cadets lined the streets, whilst the Ceylon Planters Corps were ranged between Australians, and the British and Egyptian Guard of Honour in Abdin Square.

“The Sultan’s State Carriage was drawn by four magnificent white horses and he was accompanied by the Egyptian Lancers and the Cavalry of the bodyguard, in black and dark blue ; a great reception was accorded to the new Sultan, and Cairo was brilliantly illuminated at night in honour of the new *régime*.”

The correspondent of the *Times* in Cairo had the honour of being received by His Highness Prince Hussein, who stated his views and hopes of the future of Egypt, which are as follows :—

“I have been disappointed, in common with many others, in the result of the revolution in Turkey. Ignorance and rash ambition have brought the country to a sad pass, and I deeply regret that a handful of adventurers should have been able to drag the Anatolian peasantry, most of whom are good, honest folk, into a war which the country as a whole neither desires nor approves. Turkey's rulers have failed to restrain their ambitions, and the present situation is the result of their disastrous lack of judgment and of the double dealing which has frequently tarnished Oriental politics.

“And this brings me to the situation in Egypt. The conduct of the Suzerain Power has compelled Great Britain to proclaim a Protectorate over this country. Now the British Government has invited me to accept the Sultanate. I have accepted it, not light-heartedly, but with a full sense of my responsibility to fulfil a sacred duty and in the hope that I may be able to render service to my people. I have never been a Pretender to the Throne. I am not an ‘arriviste.’ I had no need to be, for I ‘arrived’ fifty-nine years ago, but I am a believer, and my faith has taught me that I am here to work for the good of my country; to attain this end I believe that I shall have the support of the British Government.

“Since the suppression of the Arabi revolt I have been convinced that Egypt, in common with other Eastern States, had need, not of European quantity, but of European quality, in order to direct its progress. For what England has done for Egypt we cannot be too grateful, and that Egypt has not progressed more rapidly—I speak of civic progress and education in the true sense of the

word, not of railways and canals—is not the fault of the English, but of the anomalous situation of the country.

“To Egyptians, three doors were open—the door of the Khedival Palace, the door of the British Agency, and the door of the Egyptian Government. Can you wonder that a people lacking political experience and education often lost its bearings and took a course contrary to its true interests? Lord Cromer, the late Sir Eldon Gorst, and Lord Kitchener all knew my views on this matter, and knew, too, that my efforts were always directed towards the good of Egypt.

“When waiving questions of rank, I accepted the Presidency of the Legislative Council. I did so in the hope of being able to exercise a good influence on its deliberations; I resigned my functions when certain influences rendered my task impossible. It would not beseem me to say much concerning these interventions, which in my opinion hampered the progress of the country—but the past is the past, and I have the firm hope that under better influences the Legislative Council will in future be able to play a part worthy of my fair country; and now for the future, I trust entirely in England and hope she trusts me; I have always dealt straightly, my past bears witness thereto; I have worked for good relations between Egypt and England. My relations with your great King, the late King Edward VII.—‘May God have his soul’—were of the friendliest nature since first I knew him in 1868. I trust my relations with his son may be equally cordial. I hope that should Egypt be threatened again, the moral and civic progress of my people will have been such that they will hasten to defend their country side by side with the troops of the

Empire as readily as your Territorials, and the splendid Australian and New Zealand troops whom I have daily the opportunity of admiring at Helio-
polis, have done.

“ Here I may say, *en passant*, that since the beginning of the British occupation, the attitude of your officers and men has been perfect. There has been no swaggering and no sabre-rattling in their relations with the inhabitants of this country. If I can succeed in inspiring the people of Egypt with some of that civic spirit which the young nations of the British Empire have displayed, I shall be content. To reach that goal, education is required—not mere book-learning, but social and moral training which men learn first from their mothers. Female education is what the country greatly needs, and if I am in some things a Conservative, I am a Liberal in this.

“ I believe there is a great future for my country ; once the disturbance caused by the war has ceased, Egypt will be a centre of extensive cultivation, moral as well as material. Remember, we have three great assets—the Nile, the Egyptian sun, and, above all, the fellaheen, who till the fruitful soil of Egypt, I know them well and love them. You will not find a race of men more accessible to progress, better tempered, or harder working. They need paternal guidance to direct them on the road traced by the founder of the dynasty, the great Mohammed Ali. With education they will be a fine people. Would I were ten years younger, but be assured I will do all in my power for Egypt and her people in the years that God will be pleased to grant me.”

The new Egyptian Ministry which has just

been formed is more or less a reconstruction of the old one. Hussein Roushdy Pasha, in addition to being Premier, also retains the portfolio of the Interior. The Ministry is formed as follows :—

Hussein Roushdy Pasha, Premier and Interior.

Adli Yeghan Pasha, Agriculture.

Ismail Siddi Pasha, Pious Foundation.

Ahmed Hilmi Pasha, Education.

Ismail Sirri Pasha, Public Works.

Yussif Wahba Pasha, Finance.

Abdul Khalid Sarwat Pasha, Justice.

Hussein Roushdy Pasha, the Prime Minister, who is an Egyptian, expressed great pleasure at the change in the political status of the country, and he gave his views on the situation to the *Times'* correspondent in the following manner, and said :—

“ It is a realization of a long-felt hope, for I have ever been of the opinion that Egypt, owing to its geographical position, is of such importance as to excite the covetousness of other nations. Too weak to defend herself, in order to safeguard her integrity, she must subsist under the ægis of some Great Power ; moreover, Egypt desires to attain her ideal of internal autonomy. The sole nation fulfilling both important conditions is Great Britain, who is powerful enough to protect and whose tradition can assure the realization of Egypt's ideal. Regarding this ideal, which I admit is not attainable immediately, I think a beginning can safely be made by according a deliberative voice in matters purely national, and

not touching foreign interests, like the Wakfs (Moslem endowments), Maakama Sharia (Moslem Religious Courts), and Meglis el Hasbi (Moslem Chancery Commission) to the Legislative Assembly, which at present has only a consultative voice in all the affairs of the country, excepting increase of taxation. The country would thus serve an apprenticeship in the matter of deliberate powers, and I am convinced that the experience ultimately will permit the concession of a deliberative voice in other questions. I hope much from the arrival of the High Commissioner, who will study the proposal. I hope for something in this direction which will give the Assembly an additional importance and will enable Egyptians to feel that, while they have attained a higher position in the hierarchy of nations through the country's elevation to a Sultanate, they are also progressing towards their ideal."

With regard to the question of the Capitulations, whilst naturally unwilling at present to express an opinion on what should be done, he said—

"I think an amalgamation of all the present jurisdictions should take place, with the result that we shall have a system of National Courts, with an international organization for those courts which judge foreigners. To obtain a suppression of the present system, guarantees are necessary, but I think if the High Commissioner is given power to veto any law intended to be applicable to foreigners this might constitute for other nations the amplest guarantee."

"He then discussed the financial situation and public security. Regarding the former he said they

had traversed a most serious but not an irremediable crisis, for Egypt had resources by means of which she could extricate herself if the necessary care were taken. The measures adopted had relieved the situation and quite possibly Egypt might benefit from the crisis, but momentarily her great need was a rise in the price of cotton. Regarding public security, His Excellency, who being Minister of the Interior, is in a position to know, said the situation in the Interior was much more satisfactory. The measures taken by the Authorities had greatly contributed to the reduction of crime throughout the entire country."

Asked for the Sultan's impression of yesterday's ceremonial, Roushdy Pasha said—

"His Highness was extremely touched by the expressions of loyalty and goodwill from all classes of the population.

"His Excellency said he was personally most gratified at the confidence shown in himself and colleagues by the Sultan. 'We have all traversed a very critical and delicate period,' he remarked, 'but at the outset we decided to place the interests of the country before all, and we shall continue to follow that course, so long as I remain in power, for I am above everything, an Egyptian.'"

Considerable prominence is given in the French Press to the change of *régime* in Egypt, a country where, it is pointed out, France always had vital interests, and the *Temps* says that the definite liberation of Egypt from Ottoman subjection will appear to the inhabitants of Lebanon and Syria as foreshadowing their deliverance from the Mussulman

point of view, the rupture between Egypt and Turkey is not less important. The new sovereign will henceforth be called on to play a considerable part in the world of Islam which cannot be less than that of the Khalifate's successor.

In the final catastrophe into which Germany has plunged Turkey, the religious influence of the Sultan of Constantinople is destined to disappear, together with his political power. The Sultan of Cairo will inherit his prestige, thus the ruin of the Empire, of which the proclamation of the Sultan of Egypt sounds the knell, will be definitely consummated.

This first act in the reorganization of the Society of States will give cause to think elsewhere than on the shores of the Bosphorus.

A telegram from Cairo says that Agha Khan, who is the religious head of the Indian Mohammedans and who is a direct descendant of the daughter of Mohammed, has been presented to the Sultan of Egypt, and was entertained at luncheon by him. It is evident that the presence of the Agha Khan in Egypt at this juncture is not without significance. Turkey's action in making war upon Great Britain and her Allies and endeavouring to proclaim a Holy War has forced the whole Moslem world to consider the propriety of the Khalifate being vested in the person of one who is capable of acting in antagonism to the interests of the great bulk of the followers of Islam.

The latest news from Cairo states that the Arabic

newspaper *Mokattams'* interview with Sir Henry McMahon, the High Commissioner, is much commented upon, and has created the best impression in native circles. It says the High Commissioner approaches the task with the best intentions and equipped with the right sort of experience, Egypt may therefore expect from him general prudence and decision on particular occasions.

Recent accounts from Cairo also say that Egypt is quieter than it has been known for several years past, although at the beginning of the War there was a good deal of popular effervescence as the mass of the people had a sort of quasi sentimental regard for Turkey, as the representative of the good old times. Still they have no desire to be transported back into that *régime*, or to recommence the feudal system once again under the Turks as their masters.

The Soudan, which is an enormous tract of country, nearly a million square miles, in the heart of Africa, populated largely by Mohammedans, is held jointly by Great Britain and Egypt, with a comparatively small garrison which includes only a very few British troops.

Sir Reginald Wingate, the Sirdar and Governor-General, who is responsible for the administration of the Soudan, held a number of informal gatherings at Khartoum, and at Omdurman, where he addressed the religious Sheikhs and notables in Arabic, fully explaining the origin and causes of the war with Germany. The speech was received with great

acclamations, and from that moment there was never any doubt about the feeling of the leaders of the people.

Afterwards the Governor-General made a rapid tour of the Soudan, and held similar receptions at Wad Medani Sennar, El Obeid, and Port Soudan, always with the same excellent results. Although in his public speeches he dealt with Germany alone, the Governor-General and his leading subordinates, in their private conversations with leading notables and the Sheikhs, were always careful to make it clear that Turkey was steadily drifting towards war, with the result that when relations were broken off the ground had been well prepared and the people were not wholly taken by surprise.

The principal religious Sheikhs and Ulema at Khartoum were most enthusiastic and all publicly protested their loyalty. The most prominent of the speakers was a descendant of the Prophet Sherif Yusef el Hindi, who has enormous influence in the Soudan; the Mahdi's eldest son was another speaker, who made a powerful speech and vouched for the loyalty of all the ex-Mahdists.

In an admirable article by a prominent Moham-
medan, published in the Arabic section of the *Soudan Times*, the writer condemns the "young and inexperienced ruling party in Turkey" for having allowed Germans to assume control over their actions, "any man can see that this is not a war in which the Christians are fighting against Moslems from religious motives in an endeavour to

secure the ascendancy of one faith over another." The Christians have divided into two parties, and the reason for their deadly strife has nothing to do with religion. The fact that Turkey has thrown in her lot with Germany "does not denote that she is undertaking a religious war in order to uphold the Word of God."

Turkey is waging "an ordinary civil or political war for the support of Germany, and to uphold German prestige Turkey is committing suicide, and throwing herself and her subjects into destruction."

The British officers in the Soudan regard the local feeling as "little short of miraculous," and the *Soudan Times* truly says that whatever loss or misery the war may have brought to the world, it has at least given the British a proof, such as would never otherwise have come to light, that their work in the Soudan has not been in vain.

The three men to whom the astonishing achievements of British rule in the Soudan are primarily due is, first to Lord Cromer, the second, Lord Kitchener, and the third, Sir Reginald Wingate.

The raising of Egypt to the dignity of a Sultanate was a wise and clever political move, and one that is fully appreciated by the Mohammedans, as it was a position formerly held by Egypt in the days of Saleh-ed-Din.

There is no doubt but that Egypt under the guidance of a wise sovereign like Prince Hussein, and with the moral support and the protection of Great Britain, will be able to continue more

effectively her moral, economic and intellectual development, and will eventually reconquer that position in the East, which she formerly possessed centuries ago, and which she lost through her connection with the Ottoman Suzerainty.

It is to be hoped that British manufacturers will not fail to seize the opportunity of not only developing British trade in Egypt and the Soudan, but will also make an attempt to capture a large proportion of the German and Austro-Hungarian trade in this market where our competitors have hitherto reigned supreme or nearly so.

During 1913 the total value of goods of all classes of German and Austro-Hungarian manufactures imported into Egypt was £3,549,392. In other words, one-eighth of the whole of the Egyptian import trade came from these two countries combined, and this volume of business is quite sufficiently big to attract the earnest attention of British manufacturers.

In conclusion, as I look back some fifty years ago, and remember what Egypt was like when I first went there in the early sixties, and now see the great and notable changes that have taken place in the country and political status of Egypt, I am not only amazed, but look upon them with unmixed satisfaction, and the gratifying feature of everything that has happened is that the native population has welcomed these changes with enthusiasm, inasmuch as they see in them a continuation of prosperity and fresh security for their country.

The feeling of trust and friendliness of the Arabs towards the English administration has been steadily increasing, and it is certainly a high tribute towards these administrators which the natives are now showing by their striking demonstration of loyalty. It was no easy matter to graft peace, friendliness and a spirit of wholesome commercial activity upon a nation which for years had worshipped at the shrine of strength only. The fellaheen know full well how they were treated in the past, for the slightest offence they were whipped with the kourbash, taxed over and over again, deprived of their lands, and treated with the greatest injustice. Now they are treated with the greatest justice, taxed equally, and are treated as human beings. They also know that their British rulers are just, unselfish, and do not seek to oppress or exploit them.

We have always treated with respect the religious communities, and never interfere in any way with their religion, consequently they can appreciate the peace and prosperity in which they dwell to-day.

The exceptional wisdom and prudence that have marked British policy in Egypt have been amply justified by the amazing outburst of loyalty which the natives have just shown.

DORMANS PARK, SURREY.
DECEMBER 31, 1914.

APPENDICES

NAMES OF GENTLEMEN WHO SUPPORTED BARON DE KUSEL'S APPLICATION TO THE BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE

Admiral Lord Alcester.

Sir Auckland Colvin, Financial Adviser to the Khedive.

Sir Edward Malet, H.M. Ambassador at Berlin.

Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, H.M. Ambassador at Madrid.

The Right Hon. Lord Pirbright.

The Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., President of the
Board of Agriculture.

The Right Hon. W. E. Macartney, M.P., Secretary to the
Admiralty.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Donoughmore.

The Right Hon. Sir Arthur Forwood, Bart., M.P.

Sir Robert Herman-Hodge, Bart., M.P.

Sir John Pender, M.P.

Sir George Baden Powell, M.P. for Liverpool.

J. A. Willox, Esq., M.P. for Liverpool.

R. Wallace, Esq., M.P. for Liverpool.

Dr. Commins, M.P. for Liverpool.

Sir Samuel Hoare, Bart., M.P.

H.M.S. *Condor*, at Alexandria,

August 12, 1883.

SIR,

I am directed by the Commander-in-Chief of
the Mediterranean Fleet to inform you that the Lords
Commissioners of the Admiralty have given orders for a

War Medal to be issued to you in consideration of your services under Naval Authority during the recent Egyptian Expedition.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) EDW. T. JEFFREYS,
Commander and Senior Naval Officer,
Alexandria.

TO KUSEL BEY,
Egyptian Customs Administration, Alexandria.

DIRECTION GENERAL OF EGYPTIAN CUSTOMS

Alexandria,
September 30, 1883.

By order of His Highness the Khedive I have the pleasure to hand you the Bronze Star awarded by H.H. the Khedive to the Employees, Civil and Military, who remained at their posts during the events of 1882.

(Signed) A. CAILLARD,
Director-General of Egyptian Customs.

TO KUSEL BEY,
Controller-General of Egyptian Customs, Alexandria.

Maison de Son Altesse,
LE KHEDIVE ISMAIL.

La Favorita, Near Naples,
October 22, 1887.

MON CHER BEY,

His Highness the Khedive Ismail Pasha has instructed me to write and inform you that he will be very pleased to see you here next Monday, at eleven o'clock a.m.

I take this occasion, Mon Cher Bey, to cordially salute you.

(Signed) A. SORMANI, A.D.C.

MONSIEUR KUSEL BEY,
Palazzo Minozzi, Naples.

Maison de Son Altesse,
LE KHEDIVE ISMAIL.

La Favorita, Near Naples,
October 28, 1887.

MY DEAR BEY,

Having expressed to His Highness the Khedive Ismail Pasha that the *English Consul at Naples* desires to be presented to His Highness.

I am requested to inform you that His Highness will be pleased to see you in company with the English Consul to-morrow at four o'clock, at the Hotel Royal in Chiatamoni.

I take this opportunity to cordially salute you.

(Signed) A. SORMANI, A.D.C.

MONSIEUR KUSEL BEY,
Palazzo Minozzi, Naples.

I presented Captain Hartwell, English Consul at Naples, to H.H. Ismail Pasha.

Home Office, Whitehall, S.W.

May 17, 1893.

SIR,

I have to inform you that the Home Secretary will be very pleased to present you at the Levee on the 29th.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) HORACE WEST.

TO BARON DE KUSEL,
Junior Army and Navy Club, St. James's St., S.W.

Foreign Office, Downing Street,

August 14, 1895.

DEAR BARON DE KUSEL,

I am happy to be able to inform you in reply to your application that Lord Salisbury has caused your name to be placed on the list of Candidates for Consular employment.

Yours truly,

(Signed) H. ST. J. FOLEY.

TO BARON DE KUSEL,
Junior Army and Navy Club, St. James's St., S.W.

Colonial Office, Downing Street,
April 24, 1896.

SIR,

I am desired by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to inform you that your application for Colonial employment has been received and noted and that your name will be considered with those of other applicants when vacancies occur.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Signed) H. T. WILSON.

TO BARON DE KUSEL,
Junior Army and Navy Club,
St. James's St., S.W.

Foreign Office,
January 10, 1900.

SIR,

I am directed by the Marquess of Salisbury to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst., in which you volunteer your services to Her Majesty's Government, and I am to express to you His Lordship's thanks for your offer.

I am, sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
(Signed) FRANCIS BERTIE.

BARON DE KUSEL,
Junior Army and Navy Club,
St. James's Street, S.W.

War Office, Pall Mall,
March 8, 1900.

SIR,

I am directed by the Secretary of State for War to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 3rd inst., on the subject of your desire for military

employment if required, and to acquaint you in reply that a note has been made of your application.

I am, sir,
 Your obedient servant,
 (Signed) COLERIDGE GROVE,
 Major-General.
 Military Secretary.

TO CAPTAIN BARON DE KUSEL,
 Junior Army and Navy Club,
 St. James's Street, S.W.

Services offered in connection with the South African War.

Colonial Office, Downing Street,
 March 31, 1900.

SIR,

I am directed by Mr. Chamberlain to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 26th inst., and to inform you that he has caused a note to be made of your name in case any opportunity should arise of utilizing your services.

I am, sir,
 Your obedient servant,
 (Signed) AMPHILL.

TO BARON DE KUSEL,
 Junior Army and Navy Club,
 St. James's Street, S.W.

The War Office, Whitehall, S.W.
 November 16, 1914.

DEAR SIR,

I am desired by Lord Kitchener to acknowledge the receipt of your letter offering to place your services at the disposal of the War Office during the present emergency, and to thank you for the readiness with which you have responded to his invitation.

The Secretary of State, as you will readily understand,

has had a very large number of communications of a similar character, but, at the present time, there does not appear to be any appointment for which you would be suitable. Your application, however, has been duly noted.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) H. J. CREED,
Private Secretary.

TO CAPTAIN BARON DE KUSEL,
Junior Army and Navy Club,
Horseguards' Avenue, S.W.

Caire, Palais d'Abdin,
le 3 Janvier, 1915.

MONSIEUR LE BARON,

J'ai eu l'honneur de soumettre à Sa Hautesse le Sultan votre lettre dans laquelle vous exprimez l'hommage de votre dévouement à l'occasion de Son heureux avènement.

Sa Hautesse me charge de vous remercier pour vos bons souhaits.

Veillez agréer, Monsieur le Baron, l'assurance de ma considération très distinguée.

Le Grand Chambellan,
(Signé) SAID ZOULFIKAR.

MONSIEUR LE BARON DE KUSEL BEY.

INDEX TO THE BOOK AND APPENDICES

- ABBAS PASHA, grandson of Mohammed Ali, 121
 ———, Khedive of Egypt, 307, 314, 315, 316
 Abyssinia, 151
 Adib, Alexander, 125
 Agha Khan, 334
Agia Sofia (steamer), 5
 Agricultural land, 149, 150
Aigle, Imperial French yacht carrying the Empress Eugénie, 75
 Ali Bey Fehmy, Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Guards, 154
 Ali Pasha Sadik, formerly Minister of Finances, 141-162
 Alison, General Archibald, 215, 228
 American Consul at Alexandria, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303
 Amin Effendi Shampsi (afterwards Pasha), wealthy Arab of Zagazig, 47
 Anderson, Kenneth, son of Sir James, 97
 ———, Lady, 97
 ———, Sir James, managing director of Eastern Telegraph Co., 97
 Arabi Bey (afterwards Pasha), 155, 156, 157, 161, 162, 163, 189, 190, 191, 192, 213, 230, 231
 Araki, a Greek alcoholic drink, 25
 Archduke Victor (brother of the Emperor of Austria), 76
 Arckel Bey, nephew of Nubar Pasha, 151

 BAKER, Colonel Valentine, 233, 257
 ———, Sir Samuel, 127

 Baring, Sir Evelyn (afterwards Lord Cromer), 252, 253, 259, 267, 337
 Barker & Co., general merchants and steamship agents, 59, 60, 65, 99
 Barrot Pasha, chief of the Khedive Ismail Pasha's Cabinet, 278
 Bauer, Monsignor (the Empress Eugénie's Confessor), 76
 Benha, village on main line, junction for Zagazig, 12, 13
 Beresford, Lord Charles, 179, 201, 216, 218, 219
 Beybars, Sultan, Sultan of Egypt in the Middle Ages, 98
 Blunt, S. Wilfrid, 231
 Bombardment of Alexandria, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205-209
 Bouteron, Monsieur, of the Egyptian Domains, 278
 Boutross Pasha, Under Secretary of War, 175
 Brewster, Alfred (afterwards Bey), Egyptian coastguard, Director of Customs, and assistant Governor of Suakim, private English secretary to the Khedive, 101
 Briscoe, Captain, 214, 218
 British manufactures, 338
 ——— Protectorate in Egypt, 313
 ——— Vice-Consul at Zarzis, 306
 ——— men-of-war at Port Said in 1869. *Lord Warden*, *Royal Oak*, *Prince Consort*, *Caledonia*, *Belle-rophon*, and *Rapid*, 75
 Broadley, A. M., Arabi Pasha's Counsel, 230, 231
 Bubastes, ruins of an ancient city near Zagazig, 23

- Budge, E. Wallis, L.D., F.S.A.,
Curator at the British Museum,
145
- Buller, Sir Redvers, 235
- Burleigh, Bennet, war correspondent,
221, 274
- Burnaby, Colonel, 275
- Burton, Sir Richard, celebrated explorer
and Arabic scholar, 107
- Butler, Colonel, American Consul-
General in Egypt, 92, 93
- CAILLARD, A., Director-General of
Customs, 141, 143, 176, 226, 342
- Calvert, British Vice-Consul, Alex-
andria, 171
- Candy, Major, 233
- Cesare, Alexander, an Austrian
well known in Alexandria, 80
- Cheetham, Milne, 323
- Cherif, Mohammed Bey, son of
Cherif Pasha, 124, 125
- Cherif Pasha, Prime Minister, 122,
123, 125, 160, 162, 227, 228, 250
- Chini Brothers, creators of the
postal service in Egypt in 1820 ..
97
- Cirilli, French Consulate Attaché,
83
- Cirioni (well-known Alexandrian
dentist), 59, 60
- Cleopatra's Needle, 102, 103, 104,
105
- Coetlogon, Colonel, on Hicks
Pasha's Staff, 235
- Colborne, Hon. Colonel, on Hicks
Pasha's Staff, 235, 267, 268, 269,
270, 271
- Colonial Office, 344, 345
- Colvin, Auckland (afterwards Sir),
159, 182, 185, 342
- Commins, Dr., M.P., 342
- Connaught, Duke of, 224, 227
- Contraband, 108, 109, 112, 113
- Cookson, C. (afterwards Sir), British
Consul, Alexandria, 171
- Cotton crops, 149
- Plant (*Gossypium tricuspi-*
datum), 17, 18
- Crown Prince of Prussia, 76
- Crown of Italy, an Italian decora-
tion, 149
- Curtis, Edward Constable, 115
- and Harvey, Messrs., manu-
facturers of gunpowder, 115
- Cygnets*, H.M.S., 205, 206
- DAMIETTA, a town on the Nile
near the coast, 80
- Daoud Pasha Zegen, cousin of
Khedive Tewfik Pasha, 158, 159
- De Blignières, French Controller
General, 120, 123, 278
- De Martino Bey (afterwards Pasha),
92, 278, 305
- Derwish Pasha, Ottoman High
Commissioner, 175
- Dobson, Robert James, victim of
the massacre, 177
- Donoughmore, Right Hon. The
Earl of, 342
- Dosch, The, Great Religious Cere-
mony, 39
- EGYPTIAN Army, 150
- *Gazette*, 227
- Salt and Soda Co., 117
- Elliot, Sir George, M.P., 94
- Emperor of Austria, 76, 80
- Empress Eugénie, 75, 76, 77
- Ettrick, Rose (Mrs. Butler), 92
- Evans, Edwin, interpreter on
Hicks Pasha's Staff, 235
- FAVORITA, La, palace lent by King
of Italy to Ismail Pasha, 129
- Fehmy, Scander Bey (afterwards
Pasha), 118
- Fishery Exhibition, International,
at Bergen, Norway, 306
- Foreign Office, Downing Street,
343, 344
- Forwood, The Right Hon. Sir
Arthur, Bart., M.P., 342
- GAUDARD PASHA, Secretary of the
Présidence, 278
- Garwood, Alfred, Chief Engineer
Egyptian Railway Administra-
tion, 118, 279, 280, 281

- George, Fred, Chief Engineer Egyptian Telegraph Service, 118
 —, King of England, 326, 327
 Gibbs, Douglas, General Manager in Egypt of the Eastern Telegraph Co., 82, 85, 86, 93, 144
 —, Mrs., 82-92
 Gold Mines of Midian, 107
 Goldsmid, Sir Frederick, English Administrator Daira Saniah, 155
 Gordon, General, Governor-Gen. of the Equator, 94, 95, 96, 127, 258, 259-262, 264, 265
 Grant, J., Maltese sportsman, 70, 72
 Greenfield, constructor of the Alexandria breakwater and quays, 87
 Gregory, Sir William, formerly Governor of Ceylon, 110
 Grey, Bobby, Egyptian Coast-guard, afterwards commander telegraph ship *Amber*, 101
- HAICALIS PASHA, Greek lawyer attached to the Customs, 109, 110
 Hake, Egmont, 265
 Halim, Prince Pasha, brother of Ismail Pasha, 163
 Hamley, General, 228
 Hartwell, Captain Brodrick, British Consul at Naples, 128, 129
 Hassan, a stevedore, 74
 —, Prince Pasha, 127
 Herman-Hodge, Sir Robert, Bart., M.P., 342
 Herodotus, 23
 Hesse, Prince Louis of, 76
 Hicks Pasha, 234
 Hoare, Sir Samuel, Bart., M.P., 342
 Holland, Prince of, 76
 Home Office, Whitehall, 343
 Hôtel du Nil, 37
 — P. and O., 51
 Hower el usfar (the Wind or Yellow Wind), or Cholera, 58
 Hussein, Prince Pasha Kamel, now Sultan Hussein I. of Egypt, 100, 127, 315, 317, 318, 319, 327
 — Pasha Roushdy, Prime Minister, 331
 Hyde, Captain George, of the P. & O. Co., 88
- IBRAHIM PASHA HELMY, youngest son of Khedive Ismail Pasha, 128
 — — —, eldest son of Mohammed Ali, 120
 Industries, native, 150
Invincible, H.M.S., 183
 Ismail Bey Yousry (afterwards Pasha), 47, 5141
 — Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, 12, 75, 76, 77, 78, 89, 96, 107, 119, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 132, 133, 134, 151, 153
 Ismailia, small town on the Suez Canal half-way between Port Said and Suez, 77, 78, 79
Iris, H.M.S., 271
- JEFFREYS, E. T., Commander and Senior Naval Officer, Alexandria, 342
- KAFR-EL-DOUAR, village close to Alexandria, 69
 Kafra Zayat, village on main line to Cairo, 11
 Kalaun, Sultan, Sultan of Egypt in 1284 A.D., 38
 Kamel Din Pasha, son of Sultan Hussein I. of Egypt, 318
Kedar, Cunard Steamer, Captain Muir, 67
 Khafra, ruler of Egypt 3900 B.C., 46
 Khan Khalil Bazaars, Cairo, 38
 Khedive, title granted to Ismail Pasha in 1867, derived from the Persian Khidiv, and means Sovereign, 78
 Kitchener (afterwards Lord), Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, 116, 222, 237
- LESSEPS, F. de, creator of the Suez Canal, 76
 Liron d'Airolles, 278
London Gazette, 305
 Long, Colonel du Chaillé, 92, 208
 —, The Right Hon. Walter, M.P., President of the Board of Agriculture, 342

- Loring, General Pasha, staff of the Egyptian Army, 152
- Louffi, Omar Pasha, Governor of Alexandria, 173, 174
- Lowe, Drury, General, 227
- Lussac, Guy, of the Egyptian Domaines, 278
- MACARTNEY, The Right Hon. W. E., M.P., Secretary to the Admiralty, 342
- McMahon, Lieut. - Colonel Sir Arthur Henry, High Commissioner for Egypt, 313-335
- Mahmoudieh Street, leading from the Grand Square to the Arab quarter in Alexandria, 62
- Mahmoud Pasha Samy, formerly Minister of Religious Institutes, 154, 162
- Mahomet Achmet, the Mahdi, 241
- Mahroussah*, Khedival yacht, 75
- Maison d'Or*, hotel on the Ramleh road, rendezvous of the élite on Fridays and Sundays, 64
- Malet, Sir Edward, British Consul-General, 142, 227, 342
- Mallet, Sir Louis, British Ambassador at Constantinople, 315
- Mamluks, fighting slaves, either captures in war or bought for the purpose and trained to arms, 38
- Mena House, hotel opposite the Pyramids, 45
- Menzaleh lake, a shallow body of salt water close to Port Said, 79
- Meux, Sir Henry and Lady, 144
- Minet-el-Bassel, where the cotton and cotton-seed boats discharge their cargoes, 52
- Mit-el-gamr, small village on the line Benha to Zagazig, 35
- Mohammed Ali, Founder of the Dynasty, 120, 310, 311, 312
- Effendi, Arab chief weigher, 21
- Molyneux, Captain Richard More (afterwards Admiral Sir Richard), 167, 169, 170, 172, 173, 174, 203, 229
- Moncrieff, Captain, English Consul, 256
- Mooskie, principal native street in Cairo, leading to the Arab quarter and the well-known Khan Khalil Bazaars, 37
- Morice, James Bey, Inspector-General of Coastguards, 101, 165, 166, 167, 169, 170, 171, 172, 174, 175, 205, 224, 257
- , Pasha, Controller-General of Lighthouses, 141, 205, 257
- Morrison, Captain, Commander of H.M.S. *Helicon*, 179
- Mortimer, Captain, 1
- Mosque, Mohammed Ali, Mosque in Cairo where Ismail Pasha is buried, 130
- Mustapha Bey, naval officer, 188
- , Doctor, an Egyptian, Doctor of Edinburgh University, 2, 3, 7, 8, 22, 50, 53
- NARCISSA*, The, vessel chartered by the British Government, 178, 179
- Nile, the, rising of, 36
- Nubar Pasha, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124
- O'DONOVAN, *Daily News* correspondent, 234-236
- Osman Pasha Rifky, Minister of War, 153, 154
- PARKE, SURGEON, Medical Adviser with H. M. Stanley, 83
- Pender, Sir John, M.P., 94, 342
- Pilgrim traffic, 73
- Pirbright, The Right Hon. Lord, 342
- Pompey's Pillar, 144
- Port Said, 76, 78, 79, 232
- Prince Amadeus of Savoy, 76
- Augustus of Sweden, 76
- Pringo & Co., Pappiyani's agent at Alexandria, 6, 59
- Prior, Melton, famous war correspondent, 221, 274
- Purdy, Colonel, on the Staff of the Egyptian Army, 92
- Pyramids of Ghizeh (Cairo), 43, 44

- RAMLEH** Race Meeting (1872), 91
 — Railway Co., small railway under English management running between Alexandria and Ramleh, 106, 107
Ras-el-teen Flour Mill, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251
 — Palace, Khedive's Palace at Alexandria near the sea, 59
Regina Margherita, Italian steamer chartered by Ismail Pasha to convey himself and suite from Naples to Constantinople, 130
Rhatib Pasha, formerly Minister of War under Ismail Pasha, 152
Riaz Pasha, Prime Minister, 122, 154, 159, 160, 227
Ribton, Doctor H., victim of the massacre, 177
Richardson, J. Reginald, victim of the massacre, 177
Rosetta, town on the west bank of the Nile, 145
Rosina, The, vessel chartered by the British Government, 178, 179
Ross, John, 207
Russia, Grand Duke Michael, 76

SAID PASHA, third son of Mohammed Ali, 121, 132
Sakhalin, mediæval mosque at Rosetta, 146
Sanders, son of an English Consul, 64
Schutz, Alfred, Concessionnaire of sporting gunpowder in Egypt, 116
Scrivenor, G. H., Director-General of Customs, 99, 100, 114, 119, 126, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143
Seyd-el-Bedawer (Saint) of Tantah, 47-49
Seymour, Vice-Admiral Sir Frederick (afterwards Admiral Lord Alcester), 167, 168, 173, 183, 184, 185, 203, 205, 206, 207, 227, 228, 342
Shee, Martin Archer, Inspector-General of Customs, 119, 140, 141
Sidi Ibrahim-el-Senusi, relative of the famous Senussi, 67, 271, 273, 300
Sormani, Count, A.D.C. to Khedive Ismail Pasha, 342, 343
Sphinx (lion's body and man's head), immediately adjoining the Pyramids of Ghizeh, Cairo, 45
Stanley, H. M., celebrated explorer, 82
Stanton, Colonel, British Consul-General (afterwards General), 65, 76
Stone, General Pasha, chief of Egyptian Army Staff, 179, 180
St. Maurice, Count, Equerry to H.H. Ismail Pasha, 278
Submarine explosive machine, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183
Suez Canal, canal joining the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, 74, 131
Suffield, Lord, 94
Suliman Sami, Colonel, commanding troops in Alexandria, 173, 174, 231
Superb, H.M.S., 169
Sutherland, Duke of, 94

TANJORE, The (Captain Briscoe), 186, 192, 199, 205, 214, 218
Tantah, largest town in the Delta after Cairo and Alexandria, 47
Telegrams, war correspondent's, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198
Tel-el-Kebir, 151
Temsah Lake, a lake which the Suez Canal runs through on leaving Ismailia on the way to Suez, 79
Tewfik Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, 135, 136, 137, 138, 144, 154, 158, 159, 175, 226, 227, 228, 250, 254, 276, 304, 305
 — —, Prince Heritier, 75, 91, 123, 125, 126
Thomas, Brandon (author of "Charley's Aunt"), 67
Thompson, English architect at Cairo, 94, 95
Thohtmes IV., ruler of Egypt about 1423 B.C., 46

- Times* correspondent in Egypt, 323, 324, 325, 331, 333
- Timmerman, Administrator of the Egyptian Railway Administration, 278
- Treaty of Commerce with Greece, III
- Tulloch, Major A. B. (afterwards General Sir A. B. Tulloch), 167, 184, 185, 186
- UPPER Egypt Nile trip, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 290, 291
- VERDI'S "Aïda," 89, 90
- Vivian, H. (afterwards Lord Vivian), British Consul-General in Egypt, 99
- Vizetelly, Frank, the artist, 234, 236
- WALLACE, R., M.P., Member for Liverpool, 342
- War Office, Pall Mall, 344, 345
- Wassif Effendi, chief Coptic clerk at the Customs House, 102
- Willox, J. A., M.P., Member for Liverpool, 342
- Wilson, Rivers, English Controller-General, 119, 123
- Wingate, Sir Reginald, Sirdar and Governor-General of Soudan, 335, 336, 337
- Wolff, Sir Henry Drummond, 273, 342
- Wolseley, Sir Garnet, 224, 225, 227
- Wood, Sir Evelyn, 224, 228
- ZOBEHR PASHA (conqueror of Darfur), 68, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273

