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The World's Story

IN

FOURTEEN VOLUMES
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME III

First Edition



PRAYER IN A MOSQUE: OLD CAIRO

BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

(French painter, born in 1824, died 1904)

The mosques of Cairo are never closed, and at any hour you may see men at prayer or reading the Koran. Service in a mosque is thus described by Pierre Loti, the French traveler and novelist: "Above the silence a voice seemed to float, a plaintive voice, so profoundly melancholy, chanting in a very high pitch like the Muezzins, that it seemed to die away of exhaustion; then to revive once more and vibrate tremulously under the high domes, lingering, protracted as if slowly expiring, dying at last only to begin afresh. This voice was leading the prayers of this crowd of men; at its bidding they first fell on their knees, then prostrate in yet deeper humiliation, and finally, all at once, as one man they struck the ground with their foreheads with a regular movement all together, as if thrown down by that sad, sweet monotone passing over their heads, dying away at moments to the merest murmur, but nevertheless filling the vast body of the mosque.

"Now and again there was a flutter of wings — the tame pigeons which are allowed to build their nests high up in the clerestory, disturbed by the little lights and the soft rustle of so many robes, took to flight and wheeled about fearlessly over the thousand white turbans. And the devotion was so complete, the faith so deep, when every head was bowed to the incantation of that small feeble voice, that one might have fancied they rose up like vapor from a censer in that silent and multitudinous orison."

Notice the wonderful perspective of this picture: the lines of worshipers stretch off interminably, the length of the aisles has no limit. The figures at the right are brilliantly arrayed in the most gorgeous of silks and velvets, and their belts are stuffed out with weapons. In charming contrast with these belligerent devotees are the pigeons that fly about the old Moorish arches and cluster on the stone-paved floor.

PRAYER IN A MOSQUE: OLD CAIRO

EGYPT AFRICA

AND ARABIA

The World's Story

A HISTORY OF THE WORLD
IN STORY SONG AND ART

EDITED BY
EVA MARCH TAPPAN

VOLUME III



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EGYPT

I

HOW THINGS WERE DONE
FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO

.

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE rulers of Egypt, from the earliest times to the conquest of the country by Alexander the Great in 332 B.C., are divided into thirty-one dynasties or groups; but the dates are so uncertain that it is a question whether the first dynasty reigned 3000 or 5700 years before Christ. The First Dynasty, whenever it may have been, was the time of Menes; and with this the real history of Egypt begins. It is said that he united the states of Egypt and then set out to build a capital city. For the location he chose the present site of Memphis, and in order to make it larger, and to protect it from being overflowed by the Nile, he built a great dike which turned the course of the river to the east. It is recorded that he gave his people laws and made war successfully, that he reigned sixty-two years, and was finally killed by a hippopotamus. Of his successor it is related that he built a palace and wrote medical books. The two events of the Second Dynasty were that a severe earthquake opened a wide chasm at Bubastis, in which many perished; and, second, that a law was made enabling women to hold the sovereign power. Of the Third Dynasty it is related that the Libyans revolted from the Egyptians, but that the moon suddenly became larger than usual, and that this phenomenon — probably an eclipse — so terrified the rebels that they returned to their allegiance.

This history or legend, whatever it may be worth, comes from the writings of one Manetho, an Egyptian priest who lived in the third century before Christ. He had access to the ancient records kept in the temples, and from these he compiled his history.

STRANGE STORIES OF EARLY EGYPT

BY HERODOTUS

THE Egyptians, besides having a climate peculiar to themselves and a river differing in its nature from all other rivers, have adopted customs and usages in almost every respect different from the rest of mankind. Amongst them the women attend markets and traffic, but the men stay at home and weave. Other nations in weaving throw the wool upwards; the Egyptians, downwards. The men carry burdens on their heads; the women on their shoulders. No woman can serve the office for any god or goddess, but men are employed for both offices. Sons are not compelled to support their parents unless they choose; but daughters are compelled to do so, whether they choose or not. In other countries the priests of the gods wear long hair; in Egypt, they have it shaved. With other men it is customary in mourning for the nearest relations to have their heads shorn; the Egyptians, on occasion of death, let the hair grow both on the head and face, though till then accustomed to shave. Others feed on wheat and barley; but it is a very great disgrace for an Egyptian to make food of them; but they make bread from spelt, which some call *zea*. They knead the dough with their feet; but mix clay with their hands. Every man wears two garments; the women but one. Other men fasten the rings and sheets of their sails outside; but the Egyptians, inside. The Grecians write and cipher, moving the hand from

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left to right; but the Egyptians, from right to left; and doing so, they say they do it right-ways, and the Greeks left-ways. They have two sorts of letters, one of which is called sacred, the other common.

They are of all men the most excessively attentive to the worship of the gods, and observe the following ceremonies. They drink from cups of brass, which they scour every day; nor is this custom practiced by some and neglected by others, but all do it. They wear linen garments, constantly fresh-washed, and they pay particular attention to this. The priests wear linen only, and shoes of *byblus*, and are not permitted to wear any other garments or other shoes. They wash themselves in cold water twice every day and twice every night; and, in a word, they use a number of ceremonies. On the other hand, they enjoy no slight advantages, for they do not consume or expend any of their private property; but sacred food is cooked for them, and a great quantity of beef and geese is allowed each of them every day, and wine from the grape is given them; but they may not taste of fish. Beans the Egyptians do not sow at all in their country; neither do they eat those that happen to grow there, nor taste them when dressed. The priests, indeed, abhor the sight of that pulse, accounting it impure. The service of each god is performed, not by one, but by many priests, of whom one is chief priest; and when any one of them dies, his son is put in his place.

The established mode of sacrifice is this: Having led the victim, properly marked, to the altar where they intend to sacrifice, they kindle a fire. Then, having poured wine upon the altar, near the victim, and having invoked the god, they kill it; and after they have killed

STRANGE STORIES OF EARLY EGYPT

it, they cut off the head; but they flay the body of the animal: then, having pronounced many imprecations upon the head, they who have a market and Grecian merchants amongst them, carry it there, and having so done, they usually sell it; but they who have no Grecians amongst them, throw it into the river: and they pronounce the following imprecations on the head: "If any evil is about to befall either those that now sacrifice, or Egypt in general, may it be averted on this head." With respect, then, to the heads of beasts that are sacrificed, and to the making libations of wine, all the Egyptians observe the same customs in all sacrifices alike: and from this custom no Egyptian will taste of the head of any animal.

Egypt, though bordering on Libya, does not abound in wild beasts; but all that they have are accounted sacred, as well those that are domesticated as those that are not. The following is the nature of the crocodile: During the four coldest months it eats nothing, and though it has four feet, it is amphibious. It lays its eggs on land, and there hatches them. It spends the greater part of the day on the dry ground, but the whole night in the river; for the water is then warmer than the air and dew. Of all living things with which we are acquainted, this, from the least beginning, grows to be the largest. For it lays eggs little larger than those of a goose, and the young is at first in proportion to the egg; but when grown up it reaches to the length of seventeen cubits,¹ and even more. It has the eyes of a pig, large teeth and projecting tusks in proportion to the body: it is the only animal that has no tongue: it does not move




¹ About twenty-nine feet.

EGYPT

the lower jaw, but is the only animal that brings down its upper jaw to the under one. It has strong claws, and a skin covered with scales that cannot be broken on the back. It is blind in the water, but very quick-sighted on land; and because it lives for the most part in the water, its mouth is filled with leeches. All other birds and beasts avoid him, but he is at peace with the trochilus, because he receives benefit from that bird. For when the crocodile gets out of the water on land, and then opens its jaws, which it does most commonly towards the west, the trochilus enters its mouth and swallows the leeches: the crocodile is so well pleased with this service that it never hurts the trochilus. With some of the Egyptians crocodiles are sacred; with others not, but they treat them as enemies. Those who dwell about Thebes and Lake Mœri consider them to be very sacred; and they each of them train up a crocodile, which is taught to be quite tame; and they put crystal and gold earrings into their ears, and bracelets on their fore-paws; and they give them appointed and sacred food, and treat them as well as possible while alive, and when dead they embalm them, and bury them in sacred vaults. But the people who dwell about the city of Elephantine eat them, not considering them sacred.



EARLY EGYPTIAN PICTURE-WRITING

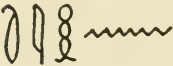

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS

HERE, for instance, is the ideograph for *pet*,  the "sky." It represents a ceiling, or, rather, a crossbeam supporting a ceiling. This looks like a metaphor; but it is nothing of the kind. The Egyptians conceived the sky to be a ceiling, or overhead platform of iron, along which flowed the waters of the heavenly ocean. Daily, from east to west, this heavenly ocean was traversed by Ra, the sun god, in his golden bark. But at night the iron ceiling was lighted by lamps, each star in the firmament being a lamp watched over by an attendant god. We add a star suspended by a string (the loose end of the string hangs down at the other side of the beam), and this sign  the sign *pet* with the star added — is the determinative hieroglyph signifying "night," "darkness," "gloom," and all such notions. These suspended lamps were the fixed stars, and the gods of the fixed stars were stationary; but the planets were lamps carried on the heads of wandering gods who sailed the heavens as earthly mariners sail the seas, steering their barks by the divine chart, and following fixed courses according to the seasons. In the mean while the iron ceiling, which formed the bed of the great upper ocean, was supported at the four corners by the four sons of Horus — the gods of the four cardinal points. They upheld it by means of four props shaped thus:  — forked boughs, in fact, such as were used to support the roof of the primitive house. When it rained

EGYPT

the rain was taken to be an overflow from the superincumbent ocean; and if it rained heavily (which is very unusual in every part of Egypt except the Delta), then every one was terrified lest the props should be giving way, and the ceiling and the ocean should both be coming down together.

Here we have the hieroglyph for rain  consisting of the ceiling and the four props. The  p r o p s should, of course, stand at the four corners of the heavenly platform; but the Egyptians were hopelessly ignorant of perspective, so they placed them in a row. These props, it will be observed, support nothing, because the ceiling is in the act of descending, in order to convey the notion of rain. To express a heavy storm (*shena*), the ceiling is shown as halfway down. We ourselves are wont to say, when it rains very heavily, that "the sky is coming down." The Egyptians believed that it was literally doing so.

Now, they had also a word for "clear," "light," "crystalline," "shining," and the like — the word  *taken*. They spelled this word alphabetically, but they required, as usual, a determinative of the sense, and for that purpose they had recourse to another hieroglyph,  which represents the iron ceiling safely supported *on* its four props. This represents the clear sky of Egypt, when all is bright overhead.

It remains to be told how there came to be an overhead ocean. At the dawn of creation those waters covered the face of the earth, so that there were no living things except such as peopled the sea. Then came the god Shu, and he separated the waters from the earth, and



EARLY EGYPTIAN PICTURE-WRITING

uplifted them by main strength, "as a great god can"; and behold, the gods of the cardinal points stepped in with their four props and fixed it up forever. Thus we see how a whole chapter in the history of human thought may be preserved, like a fly in amber, in two or three little hieroglyphs. Here we have the Egyptian cosmogony, the Egyptian theory of the fixed stars and the planetary system, and their explanation of the familiar phenomenon of rain.

We will now turn to *ta*, the hieroglyph for "land."



This sign is not of such far-reaching meaning as the last; but it is a very interesting sign, and I believe that it has not been analyzed till now. Here we see the level plain — the surface of the earth. The lower signs indicate what is below the surface. The object shaped as an acute angle is a cutting instrument — a wedge; it indicates mining. The three small balls stand for metals. The vertical line means a sunk shaft — the boring, perhaps, for an artesian well. So here we have the earth and its riches, metals and water, and the little implement which symbolizes the enterprise and industry of man.

This is the ideograph for a city  used also as a determinative sign after the name  of any special city. This object is described in hieroglyphic dictionaries as a "cake," and it certainly does resemble a kind of hot cross-bun frequently represented in pictures of offerings; but the sign (pronounced *nu*) is really intended for a walled town, with its two main streets crossing at right angles. At Benha, the site of the ancient city of Athribis, the lines of these two main streets are yet clearly distinguishable, as doubtless they are in other places.

HOW THE EGYPTIANS PAINTED PORTRAITS

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS

THE earliest Egyptian paintings to which it is possible to assign a date are executed in *tempera* upon the walls of certain tombs made for the noble personages who were contemporary with King Khufu (better known as Cheops), the builder of the Great Pyramid. In these paintings we see herdsmen driving herds of goats, oxen, and asses; vintagers working the wine-press; scenes of ploughing, feasting, dancing, boating, and so forth. There is no attempt at scenery or background. The heads are given in profile, but the eyes are given as if seen frontwise.

The head being in profile, one would expect to see the body in profile; but this was not in accordance with ancient Egyptian notions. The artist desired to make as much of his sitter as possible — to give him full credit for the breadth of his chest and the width of his shoulders, and to show that he had the customary allowance of arms and legs; so he represented the body in front view. But he thus landed himself in a grave difficulty. To draw a pair of legs and feet in front view is by no means easy. It requires a knowledge of foreshortening, and the Egyptian artist was as ignorant of foreshortening as perspective. He, however, met this difficulty by boldly returning to the point from which he first started, and drawing the legs and feet in profile, like the face. Nor was this all. Having no idea of perspective, he placed every part of his subject on the same plane; that is to



CONQUESTS OF RAMESES II

(An Egyptian wall-painting)

THE Egyptians were exceedingly fond of wall-paintings, and with them they adorned not only walls but columns, mouldings, and ceilings. They used a wide variety of colors, many of them of the most brilliant tone. In some of their paintings there was an attempt to imitate the colors of nature, but in the representation of people they observed certain conventions; for instance, a man's face was always painted dark red and a woman's light yellow. Shading was almost unknown, and figures were drawn in profile. Important characters were often indicated by their size. In one of the reproductions here given, the king's war chariot and horses are two or three times as large as those of the warrior who follows him. However, in proportion or out of it, the paintings give a remarkable impression of activity. No one has "sat for a picture," every one has been "snapped" while walking or running or shooting.

These illustrations were drawn to immortalize the mighty victories of Rameses II, who lived some thirteen centuries before Christ.

In one of the pictures he is pressing forward in advance of his troops, and with weapon in hand is hewing his way through a multitude of his foes. In another, his mighty steed is dashing into the midst of the fleeing enemies. Notice the curious fashion in which these latter are arranged, apparently up the side of a perpendicular wall, to indicate numbers. In the third picture, the victorious sovereign sits on his throne, graciously deigning to receive the tributes which the conquered peoples are bumbly presenting to him.

The mummy of Rameses II was discovered in 1881.





HOW THE EGYPTIANS PAINTED PORTRAITS

say, a man walking or standing has the one foot planted so exactly in front of the other that a line drawn from the middle toe of the front foot would precisely intersect the soles of both. I have sometimes wondered whether it ever occurred to an ancient Egyptian artist to try to place himself in the attitude in which he elected to represent his fellow-creatures — namely, with his body at a right angle to his legs and his profile. He would have found it extremely uncomfortable, not to say impossible. Yet in this preposterous fashion he depicted princes and peasants, priests and kings, and even armies on the march. Strange to say, the effect is neither so ugly nor so ridiculous as it sounds. The outline is drawn with such freedom, and the forms, taken separately, are so graceful that, despite our better judgment, we accept the conventional deformity, and even forget that it is deformity.

When the ancient Egyptian artist had drawn the face and figure of his sitter, he proceeded to fill up the outline with color. If it were the portrait of a man, he covered the face, body, arms, and legs with a flat wash of dark, reddish-brown; if it were the portrait of a woman, he substituted a yellowish-buff. Not that the men were in reality red-brown or the women yellow, but because these were the conventional tints employed to distinguish the complexions of the two sexes. He next indicated the eyebrow by a black line of uniform thickness; and for the eye, he painted a black disk on a white ground. The garments and the border-patterns of the garments, the necklaces, the bracelets, the rich belts, the elaborate head-dresses, were all treated with exquisite minuteness, and in the same flat tint.

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Such being his system of color, it was of course impossible for our Egyptian to represent light and shadow, or the texture of stuffs, or the flow of drapery. His art, in fact, cannot be described as painting, in our sense of the term. He did not paint; he illuminated. Inasmuch, therefore, as he excelled in the methods of illumination, he was a singularly skillful craftsman; but inasmuch as he has never been surpassed for purity and precision and sweep of outline, or for the fidelity with which he produced the racial characteristics of foreign nations, or for the truth and spirit with which he depicted all varieties of animal life, he was undoubtedly and unquestionably an artist. Drawing only in profile, and painting only in flat washes, he could not, and did not, attempt to show the changing expression of the human face in joy or grief or anger. The widow wailing over the mummy of her husband, the Pharaoh slaying his thousands on the field of battle, looks out into space with the smiling serenity of a cherub on a tombstone. But let Rameses return to Thebes after a victorious campaign in Ethiopia or Asia Minor, bringing a string of foreign captives bound to his chariot-wheels, and see then what our Egyptian artist can do! With nothing but his reed-pen, and his whole-colored washes, he produces a series of portraits of Syrians, Libyans, Negroes, and Asiatic Greeks which no English or French or American artist could surpass for living and speaking individuality, and which probably none of them could do half so well if compelled to employ the same methods.

THE KING'S PALACE AND HIS ATTENDANTS

BY G. MASPERO

THE royal residence could be immediately distinguished by the projecting balconies on its façade, from which, as from a tribune, Pharaoh could watch the evolutions of his guard, the stately approach of foreign envoys, Egyptian nobles seeking audience, or such officials as he desired to reward for their services. They advanced from the far end of the court, stopped before the balcony, and after prostrating themselves stood up, bowed their heads, wrung and twisted their hands, now quickly, now slowly, in a rhythmical manner, and rendered worship to their master, chanting his praises, before receiving the necklaces and jewels of gold which he presented to them by his chamberlains, or which he himself deigned to fling to them. It is difficult for us to catch a glimpse of the detail of the internal arrangements: we find, however, mention made of large halls "resembling the hall of Atûmû in the heavens," whither the king repaired to deal with state affairs in council, to dispense justice and sometimes also to preside at state banquets. Long rows of tall columns, carved out of rare woods and painted with bright colors, supported the roofs of these chambers, which were entered by doors inlaid with gold and silver, and encrusted with malachite or lapis-lazuli. The private apartments, the "âkhonûiti," were entirely separate, but they communi-

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cated with the queen's dwelling and with the harem of the wives of inferior rank. The "royal children" occupied a quarter to themselves, under the care of their tutors; they had their own houses and a train of servants proportionate to their rank, age, and the fortune of their mother's family. The nobles who had appointments at court and the royal domestics lived in the palace itself, but the offices of the different functionaries, the storehouses for their provisions, the dwellings of their employees, formed distinct quarters outside the palace, grouped around narrow courts, and communicating with each other by a labyrinth of lanes or covered passages. The entire building was constructed of wood or bricks, less frequently of roughly dressed stone, badly built, and wanting in solidity. The ancient Pharaohs were no more inclined than the sultans of later days to occupy palaces in which their predecessors had lived and died. Each king desired to possess a habitation after his own heart, one which would not be haunted by the memory, or perchance the double, of another sovereign. These royal mansions, hastily erected, hastily filled with occupants, were vacated and fell into ruin with no less rapidity; they grew old with their master, or even more rapidly than he, and his disappearance almost always entailed their ruin. In the neighborhood of Memphis many of these palaces might be seen, which their short-lived masters had built for eternity, an eternity which did not last longer than the lives of their builders.

Nothing could present a greater variety than the population of these ephemeral cities in the climax of their splendor. We have first the people who immediately surrounded the Pharaoh, the retainers of the

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palace and of the harem, whose highly complex degrees of rank are revealed to us on the monuments. His person was, as it were, minutely subdivided into departments, each requiring its attendants and their appointed chiefs. His toilet alone gave employment to a score of different trades. There were royal barbers, who had the privilege of shaving his head and chin; hairdressers who made, curled, and put on his black or blue wigs and adjusted the diadem to them; there were manicurists who pared and polished his nails, perfumers who prepared the scented oils and pomades for the anointing of his body, the kohl for blackening his eyelids, the rouge for spreading on his lips and cheeks. His wardrobe required a whole troop of shoemakers, belt-makers, and tailors, some of whom had the care of stuffs in the piece, others presided over the body-linen, while others took charge of his garments, comprising long or short, transparent or thick petticoats, fitting tightly to the hips or cut with ample fullness, draped mantles, and flowing pelisses. Side by side with these officials, the laundresses plied their trade, which was an important one among a people devoted to white, and in whose estimation want of cleanliness in dress entailed religious impurity. Like the *fellahin* of the present time, they took their linen daily to wash in the river; they rinsed, starched, smoothed, and pleated it without intermission to supply the incessant demands of Pharaoh and his family. The task of those set over the jewels was no easy one, when we consider the enormous variety of necklaces, bracelets, rings, earrings, and scepters of rich workmanship, which ceremonial costume required for particular times and occasions. The guardianship of the crowns almost

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approached to the dignity of the priesthood; for was not the *uræus*, which ornamented each one, a living goddess? The queen required numerous waiting-women, and the same ample number of attendants were to be encountered in the establishments of the other ladies of the harem. Troops of musicians, singers, dancers, and *almehs* whiled away the tedious hours, supplemented by buffoons and dwarfs. The great Egyptian lords evinced a curious liking for these unfortunate beings, and amused themselves by getting together the ugliest and most deformed creatures. They are often represented on the tombs beside their masters in company with his pet dog, or a gazelle, or with a monkey which they sometimes hold in leash, or sometimes are engaged in teasing. Sometimes the Pharaoh bestowed his friendship on his dwarfs and confided to them occupations in his household. One of them, Knûmhotpû, died superintendent of the royal linen. The staff of servants required for supplying the table exceeded all the others in number. It could scarcely be otherwise if we consider that the master had to provide food, not only for his regular servants, but for all those of his employees and subjects whose business brought them to the royal residence: even those poor wretches who came to complain to him of some more or less imaginary grievance, were fed at his expense while awaiting his judicial verdict. Head-cooks, butlers, pantlers, butchers, pastrycooks, fishmongers, game or fruit dealers — if we enumerated them all, we should never come to an end. The bakers who baked the ordinary bread were not to be confounded with those who manufactured biscuits. The makers of pancakes and doughnuts took precedence of the cake-bakers, and

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those who concocted delicate fruit preserves ranked higher than the common dryer of dates. If one had held a post in the royal household, however low the occupation, it was something to be proud of all one's life, and after death to boast of in one's epitaph.

The chiefs, to whom this army of servants rendered obedience, at times rose from the ranks; on some occasion their master had noticed them in the crowd and had transferred them, some by a single promotion, others by slow degrees, to the highest offices of the state. Many among them, however, belonged to old families and held positions in the palace which their fathers and grandfathers had occupied before them; some were members of the provincial nobility, distant descendants of former royal princes and princesses, more or less nearly related to the reigning sovereign. They had been sought out to be the companions of his education and of his pastimes, while he was still living an obscure life in the "House of the Children"; he had grown up with them and had kept them about his person as his "sole friends" and counselors. He lavished titles and offices upon them by the dozens, according to the confidence he felt in their capacity or to the amount of faithfulness with which he credited them. A few of the most favored were called "Masters of the Secret of the Royal House"; they knew all the innermost recesses of the palace, all the passwords needed in going from one part of it to another, the place where the royal treasures were kept, and the modes of access to it. Several of them were "Masters of the Secret of all the Royal Words," and had authority over the high courtiers of the palace, which gave them the power of banishing whom they pleased from the person of the

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sovereign. Upon others devolved the task of arranging his amusements; they rejoiced the heart of His Majesty by pleasant songs, while the chiefs of the sailors and soldiers kept watch over his safety. To these active services were attached honorary privileges which were highly esteemed, such as the right to retain their sandals in the palace, while the general crowd of courtiers could only enter unshod; that of kissing the knees and not the feet of the "good god," and that of wearing the panther's skin. Among those who enjoyed these distinctions were the physicians of the king, chaplains, and men of the roll — *khri-habi*. The latter did not confine themselves to the task of guiding Pharaoh through the intricacies of ritual, nor to that of prompting him with the necessary formulæ needed to make the sacrifice efficacious; they were styled "Masters of the Secrets of Heaven," those who see what is in the firmament, on the earth, and in Hades, those who know all the charms of the soothsayers, prophets, or magicians. The laws relating to the government of the seasons and the stars presented no mysteries to them, neither were they ignorant of the months, days, or hours propitious to the undertakings of everyday life or the starting out on an expedition, nor of those times during which any action was dangerous. They drew their inspirations from the books of magic written by Thot, which taught them the art of interpreting dreams or of curing the sick, or of invoking and obliging the gods to assist them, and of arresting or hastening the progress of the sun on the celestial ocean. Some are mentioned as being able to divide the waters at their will, and to cause them to return to their natural place, merely by means of a short formula. An image of

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a man or animal made by them out of enchanted wax was imbued with life at their command, and became an irresistible instrument of their wrath. Popular stories reveal them to us at work. "Is it true," said Cheops to one of them, "that thou canst replace a head which has been cut off?" On his admitting that he could do so, Pharaoh immediately desired to test his power. "Bring me a prisoner from prison and let him be slain." The magician at this proposal exclaimed: "Nay, nay, not a man, sire, my master; do not command that this sin should be committed; a fine animal will suffice!" A goose was brought, "its head was cut off and the goose was placed on the right side, and the head of the goose on the left side of the hall; he recited what he recited from his book of magic, the goose began to hop about, the head moved similarly, and, when one was united to the other, the goose began to cackle. A pelican was produced and underwent the same process. His Majesty then caused a bull to be brought forward, and its head was smitten to the ground: the magician recited what he recited from his book of magic; the bull at once arose, and he replaced on it what had fallen to the earth." The great lords themselves deigned to become initiated into the occult sciences and were invested with these formidable powers. A prince who practiced magic would enjoy amongst us nowadays but small esteem: in Egypt, sorcery was not considered incompatible with royalty, and the magicians of Pharaoh often took Pharaoh himself as their pupil.

Such were the king's household, the people about his person, and those attached to the service of his family.

HOW THE EGYPTIANS AMUSED THEMSELVES

BY SIR J. GARDNER WILKINSON

THE most usual games within doors were odd and even, *mora*, and draughts; for the first of which (called by the Romans *ludere par et impar*) they used bones, nuts, beans, almonds, or shells: and any indefinite number was held between the two hands.

The game of *mora* was common in ancient as well as modern Italy, and was played by two persons, who each simultaneously threw out the fingers of one hand, while one party guessed the sum of both. They were said in Latin, *micare digitis*, and this game, still so common among the lower orders of Italians, existed in Egypt, about four thousand years ago, in the reigns of the Osirtasens.

The same, or even a greater, antiquity may be claimed for the game of draughts, or, as it has been erroneously called, chess. As in the two former, the players sat on the ground, or on chairs, and the pieces, or men, being ranged in line at either end of the tables, moved on a checkered board, as in our own chess and draughts.

The pieces were all of the same size and form, though they varied on different boards, some being small, others large with round summits: some were surmounted with human heads; and many were of a lighter and neater shape, like small ninepins, probably the most fashionable kind, since they were used in the palace of King Rameses.

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These last seem to have been about one inch and a half high, standing on a circular base of half an inch in diameter; but some are only one inch and a quarter in height, and little more than half an inch at the lower end. Others have been found, of ivory, one inch and six eighths high, and one and an eighth in diameter, with a small knob at the top, exactly like those represented at Beni Hassan, and the tombs near the Pyramids.

They were about equal in size upon the same board, one set black, the other white or red; or one with round, the other with flat heads, standing on opposite sides; and each player, raising it with the finger and thumb, advanced his piece towards those of his opponent; but though we are unable to say if this was done in a direct or diagonal line, there is reason to believe they could not take backwards as in the Polish game of draughts, the men being mixed together on the board.

It was an amusement common in the houses of the lower classes, as in the mansions of the rich; and King Rameses is himself portrayed on the walls of his palace at Thebes, engaged in the game of draughts with the ladies of his household.

The modern Egyptians have a game of draughts, very similar, in the appearance of the men, to that of their ancestors, which they call *dámeh*, and play much in the same manner as our own.

Analogous to the game of odd and even was one, in which two of the players held a number of shells, or dice, in their closed hands, over a third person who knelt between them, with his face towards the ground, and who was obliged to guess the combined number ere he could be released from this position.

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Another game consisted in endeavoring to snatch from each other a small hoop, by means of hooked rods, probably of metal; and the success of a player seems to have depended on extricating his own from an adversary's rod, and then snatching up the hoop, before he had time to stop it.

There were also two games, of which the boards, with the men, are in the possession of Dr. Abbott. One is eleven inches long by three and a half, and has ten spaces or squares in three rows; the other twelve squares at the upper end (or four squares in three rows), and a long line of eight squares below, forming an approach to the upper part, like the arrangement of German tactics. The men in the drawer of the board are of two shapes, one set ten, the other nine in number.

Other games are represented in the paintings, but not in a manner to render them intelligible; and many, which were doubtless common in Egypt, are omitted, both in the tombs and in the writings of ancient authors.

The dice discovered at Thebes and other places may not be of a Pharaonic period, but, from the simplicity of their form, we may suppose them similar to those of the earliest age, in which too the conventional number of six sides had probably always been adopted. They were marked with small circles, representing units, generally with a dot in the center; and were of bone or ivory, varying slightly in size.

Plutarch shows that dice were a very early invention in Egypt, and acknowledged to be so by the Egyptians themselves, since they were introduced into one of their oldest mythological fables; Mercury being represented playing at dice with the Moon, previous to the birth of

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Osiris, and winning from her the five days of the *epact*, which were added to complete the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year.

It is probable that several games of chance were known to the Egyptians, besides dice and *mora*, and, as with the Romans, that many a doubtful mind sought relief in the promise of success, by having recourse to fortuitous combinations of various kinds, and the custom of drawing, or casting lots, was common at least as early as the period of the Hebrew Exodus.

The games and amusements of children were such as tended to promote health by the exercise of the body, and to divert the mind by laughable entertainments. Throwing and catching the ball, running, leaping, and similar feats, were encouraged, as soon as their age enabled them to indulge in them; and a young child was amused with painted dolls, whose hands and legs, moving on pins, were made to assume various positions by means of strings. Some of these were of rude form, without legs, or with an imperfect representation of a single arm on one side. Some had numerous beads, in imitation of hair, hanging from the doubtful place of the head; others exhibited a nearer approach to the form of a man; and some, made with considerable attention to proportion, were small models of the human figure. They were colored according to fancy; and the most shapeless had usually the most gaudy appearance, being intended to catch the eye of an infant. Sometimes a man was figured washing, or kneading dough, who was made to work by pulling a string; and a Typhonian monster, or a crocodile, amused a child by its grimaces, or the motion of its opening mouth. In the toy of the crocodile,

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we have sufficient evidence that the notion of this animal "not moving its lower jaw, and being the only creature which brings the upper one down to the lower," is erroneous. Like other animals, it moves the lower jaw only; but when seizing its prey, it throws up its head, which gives an appearance of motion in the upper jaw, and has led to the mistake.

The game of ball was, of course, generally played out of doors. It was not confined to children, nor to one sex, though the mere amusement of throwing and catching it appears to have been considered more particularly adapted to women. They had different modes of playing. Sometimes a person unsuccessful in catching the ball was obliged to suffer another to ride on her back, who continued to enjoy this post until she also missed it: the ball being thrown by an opposite player, mounted in the same manner, and placed at a certain distance, according to the space previously agreed upon; and, from the beast-of-burden office of the person who had failed, the same name was probably applied to her as to those in the Greek game, "who were called *ovoi* (asses) and were obliged to submit to the commands of the victor."

Sometimes they caught three or more balls in succession, the hands occasionally crossed over the breast; they also threw it up to a height and caught it, like the Greek *ovoavia*, our "sky ball"; and the game described by Homer to have been played by Halius and Laodamus, in the presence of Alcinoüs, was known to them; in which one party threw the ball as high as he could, and the other, leaping up, caught it on its fall, before his feet again touched the ground.

When mounted on the backs of the losing party, the

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Egyptian women sat sidewise. Their dress consisted merely of a short petticoat, without a body, the loose upper robe being laid aside on these occasions; it was bound at the waist with a girdle, supported by a strap over the shoulder, and was nearly the same as the undress garb of mourners, worn during the funeral lamentation on the death of a friend.

The balls were made of leather or skin, sewed with string, crosswise, in the same manner as our own, and stuffed with bran, or husks of corn; and those which have been found at Thebes are about three inches in diameter. Others were made of string, or of the stalks of rushes plaited together so as to form a circular mass, and covered, like the former, with leather. They appear also to have had a smaller kind of ball, probably of the same materials, and covered, like many of our own, with slips of leather of a rhomboidal shape, sewed together longitudinally, and meeting in a common point at both ends, each alternate slip being of a different color; but these have been only met with in pottery.

In one of their performances of strength and dexterity, two men stood together side by side, and placing one arm forward and the other behind them, held the hands of two women, who reclined backwards, in opposite directions, with their whole weight pressed against each other's feet, and in this position were whirled round; the hands of the men who held them being occasionally crossed, in order more effectually to guarantee the steadiness of the center on which they turned.

Sometimes two men, seated back to back on the ground, at a given signal tried who should rise first from that position, without touching the ground with the

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hand. And in this, too, there was probably the trial who should first make good his seat upon the ground, from a standing position.

Another game consisted in throwing a knife, or pointed weapon, into a block of wood, in which each player was required to strike his adversary's, or more probably to fix his own in the center, or at the circumference, of a ring painted on the wood; and his success depended on being able to ring his weapon most frequently, or approach most closely to the line.

Conjuring appears also to have been known to them, at least thimble-rig, or the game of cups, under which a ball was put, while the opposite party guessed under which of four it was concealed.

The Egyptian grandees frequently admitted dwarfs and deformed persons into their household; originally, perhaps, from a humane motive, or from some superstitious regard for men who bore the external character of one of their principal gods, Pthah-Sokari-Osiris, the misshapen deity of Memphis; but, whatever may have given rise to the custom, it is a singular fact, that already as early as the age of Osirtasen, or about four thousand years ago, the same fancy of attaching these persons to their suite existed among the Egyptians, as at Rome, and even in modern Europe, till a late period.

The games of the lower orders, and of those who sought to invigorate the body by active exercises, consisted of feats of agility and strength. Wrestling was a favorite amusement; and the paintings of Beni Hassan present all the varied attitudes and modes of attack and defense of which it is susceptible. And, in order to enable the spectator more readily to perceive the

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position of the limbs of each combatant, the artist has availed himself of a dark and light color, and even ventured to introduce alternately a black and red figure.

It is probable that, like the Greeks, they anointed the body with oil, when preparing for these exercises, and they were entirely naked, with the exception of a girdle, apparently of leathern thongs.

The two combatants generally approached each other, holding their arms in an inclined position before the body; and each endeavored to seize his adversary in the manner best suited to his mode of attack. It was allowable to take hold of any part of the body, the head, the neck, or legs; and the struggle was frequently continued on the ground, after one or both had fallen; a mode of wrestling common also to the Greeks.

They also fought with the single-stick, the hand being apparently protected by a basket, or guard, projecting over the knuckles; and on the left arm they wore a straight piece of wood, bound on with straps, serving as a shield to ward off their adversary's blow. They do not, however, appear to have used the cestus, nor to have known the art of boxing; though in one group of Beni Hassan, the combatants appear to strike each other. Nor is there an instance, in any of these contests, of the Greek sign of acknowledging defeat, which was by holding up a finger in token of submission; and it was probably done by the Egyptians with a word. It is also doubtful if throwing the discus, or quoit, was an Egyptian game; but there appears to be one instance of it, in a king's tomb of the Nineteenth Dynasty.

One of their feats of strength, or dexterity, was lifting weights; and bags full of sand were raised with one hand

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from the ground, and carried with a straight arm over the head, and held in that position.

Mock fights were also an amusement, particularly among those of the military class, who were trained to the fatigues of war by these manly recreations. One party attacked a temporary fort, and brought up the battering-ram, under cover of the *testudo*; another defended the walls and endeavored to repel the enemy; others, in two parties of equal numbers, engaged in single-stick, or the more usual *nebóot*, a pole wielded with both hands; and the pugnacious spirit of the people is frequently alluded to in the scenes portrayed by their artists.

The use of the *nebóot* seems to have been as common among the ancient as among the modern Egyptians; and the quarrels of villages were often decided or increased as at present, by this efficient weapon. Crews of boats are also represented attacking each other with the earnestness of real strife. Some are desperately wounded, and, being felled by their more skillful opponents, are thrown headlong into the water; and the truth of Herodotus's assertion, that the heads of the Egyptians were harder than those of other people, seems fully justified by the scenes described by their own draftsmen. It is fortunate that their successors have inherited this peculiarity, in order to bear the violence of the Turks, and their own combats.

Many singular encounters with sticks are mentioned by ancient authors; among these may be noticed one at Papremis, the city of Mars, described by Herodotus. When the votaries of the deity presented themselves at the gates of the temple, their entrance was obstructed

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by an opposing party; and all being armed with sticks they commenced a rude combat, which ended, not merely in the infliction of a few severe wounds, but even, as the historian affirms, in the death of many persons on either side.

Bull-fights were also among their sports; which were sometimes exhibited in the *dromos*, or avenue, leading to the temples, as at Memphis before the temple of Vulcan; and prizes were awarded to the owner of the victorious combatant. Great care was taken in training the bulls for this purpose; Strabo says as much as is usually bestowed on horses; and herdsman were not loath to allow, or encourage, an occasional fight for the love of the exciting and popular amusement.

They did not, however, condemn culprits, or captives taken in war, to fight with wild beasts for the amusement of an unfeeling assembly; nor did they compel gladiators to kill each other, and gratify a depraved taste by exhibitions revolting to humanity. Their great delight was in amusements of a lively character, as music, dancing, buffoonery, and feats of agility; and those who excelled in gymnastic exercises were rewarded with prizes of various kinds.

AN EGYPTIAN EXPERIMENT

BY HERODOTUS

THE Egyptians, before the reign of Psammitichus, considered themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. But after Psammitichus having come to the throne, endeavored to ascertain who were the most ancient, from that time they considered the Phrygians to have been before them, and themselves before all others. Now, when Psammitichus was unable by inquiry to discover any solution of this question, who were the most ancient of men, he devised the following expedient: He gave two new-born children of poor parents to a shepherd, to be brought up among his flocks in the following manner: he gave strict orders that no one should utter a word in their presence, that they should lie in a solitary room by themselves, and that he should bring goats to them at certain times, and that when he had satisfied them with milk he should attend to his other employments.

Psammitichus contrived and ordered this for the purpose of hearing what word the children would first articulate, after they had given over their insignificant mewlings; and such accordingly was the result. For when the shepherd had pursued this plan for the space of two years, one day as he opened the door and went in, both the children, falling upon him and holding out their hands, cried "*Becos.*" The shepherd, when he first heard it said nothing; but when this same word was constantly repeated to him whenever he went and

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tended the children, he at length acquainted his master, and by his command brought the children into his presence. When Psammitichus heard the same, he inquired what people call anything by the name of "*Becos*"; and on inquiry he discovered that the Phrygians call bread by that name. Thus the Egyptians, convinced by the above experiment, allowed that the Phrygians were more ancient than themselves.

This relation I had from the priests of Vulcan at Memphis. But the Greeks tell many other foolish things.

II
STORIES AND POEMS OF
ANCIENT EGYPT

HISTORICAL NOTE

MOST of the Egyptian literature that has come down to us is more or less confused, but what it tells is always interesting. Of the religious writings, the "Book of the Dead" is of the first importance. It consists chiefly of prayers and magical formulæ, and of the answers which the soul ought to be able to make to the god Osiris after death in order to escape punishment; for instance, it is said that the soul must be able to declare, "I have not blasphemed; I have not stolen; I have not slain any one treacherously; I have not been cruel to any one; I have not caused disturbance; I have not been idle; I have not been drunken; I have not issued unjust orders; I have not been indiscreetly curious; I have not multiplied words in speaking."

The stories of the Egyptians are very interesting, and sometimes have quite a modern, or perhaps, rather, a universal, touch. In spite of the gravity of the good folk of Egypt when cut in stone, they were really a cheerful, light-hearted people. In one of their collections of stories, King Cheops is unable to sleep, and calls upon his sons to amuse him by telling tales. This is quite in accordance with the Egyptian love of entertainment. The stories are often well planned, and have a definite beginning, middle, and end — though, unfortunately, the manuscript frequently breaks off, and the reader is left to imagine the ending for himself.

FROM THE OLDEST BOOK IN THE WORLD

BY PTAH-HOTEP, PUT INTO METER BY
HARDWICKE D. RAWNSLEY

[THE oldest book in the world is "The Precepts of Ptah-Hotep." The papyrus that we have was written about 2500 B.C.; but this is a copy of one written about 3366 B.C. by an Egyptian prince called Ptah-Hotep. The real date of the precepts goes even farther back than this; for Ptah-Hotep declares that they were the proverbs and sayings that had long been familiar to the Egyptian people.

The Editor.]

I

ON AVOIDING THE DISAGREEABLE

FRIEND, if anything displease,
And, though acting in his right,
Any one should tease,
Get away from out his sight
When he ceases to address thee,
Think not how he did distress thee,
And forget his spite.

II

ON HUMILITY IN HIGH ESTATE

If after being little thou art great,
And riches after poverty hast gained,
When thou art come unto the ruler's state,
Know how to use the rank thou hast attained,

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Let not thine heart be hardened by high place,
Think, these good things God doth to thee but lend,
Put not thy one-time neighbor from thy face,
Be still, to him, an equal and a friend.

III

ON DEALING WITH TEMPER

If a man in a passion you meet,
And you know he is really your master,
Give way, nor get into a heat,
Hands off, and so save a disaster.
He will stick to his version, my friend,
Interruption is idle and wrong,
Keep cool, you will win in the end,
Contradicted, just govern your tongue.

If you deal with a disputant hot,
Be like one who refuses to stir,
When he rails and abuses, rail not!
And so you will vanquish him, sir.
For the bystanders, hearing the din,
Say — "The man who, provoked, shows no fight,
Is the best of the two" — you will win,
In the minds of the great, you are right.

IV

ON THE SECRETS OF SUCCESS IN WORK

Never disturb a man on business bent,
Nor with distraction weaken his intent,
His task, not you, he to his arms would take,

FROM THE OLDEST BOOK IN THE WORLD

Who turns his sleeves up for his labor's sake;
Love for the work in hand is passport given,
To wing the souls of human kind to Heaven.
But be composed in trouble, smile on fate,
Let peace be yours when others agitate;
For they who labor with unruffled calm,
These men succeed, they carry off the palm.

THE LOST MALACHITE

FROM THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN, EDITED BY

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE

THE royal son Baufra then stood forth and spake. He said, "I will tell Thy Majesty of a wonder which came to pass in the days of thy father Seneferu, the blessed, of the deeds of the chief reciter Zazamankh. One day King Seneferu, being weary, went throughout his palace seeking for a pleasure to lighten his heart, but he found none. And he said, 'Haste, and bring before me the chief reciter and scribe of the rolls, Zazamankh'; and they straightway brought him. And the king said, 'I have sought in my palace for some delight, but I have found none.' Then said Zazamankh to him, 'Let Thy Majesty go upon the lake of the palace, and let there be made ready a boat, with all the fair maidens of the harem of thy palace, and the heart of Thy Majesty shall be refreshed with the sight, in seeing their rowing up and down the water, and seeing the goodly pools of the birds upon the lake, and beholding its sweet fields and grassy shores; thus will thy heart be lightened. And I also will go with thee. Bring me twenty oars of ebony inlaid with gold, with blades of light wood, inlaid with electrum; and bring me twenty maidens, fair in their limbs, their bosoms, and their hair, all virgins; and bring me twenty nets, and give these nets unto the maidens for their garments.' And they did according to all the commands of His Majesty.

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“And they rowed down the stream and up the stream, and the heart of His Majesty was glad with the sight of their rowing. But one of them at the steering struck her hair, and her jewel of new malachite fell into the water. And she ceased her song, and rowed not; and her companions ceased and rowed not. And His Majesty said, ‘Row you not farther?’ And they replied, ‘Our little steerer here stays and rows not.’ His Majesty then said to her, ‘Wherefore rowest thou not?’ She replied, ‘It is for my jewel of new malachite which is fallen into the water.’ And he said to her, ‘Row on, for behold I will replace it.’ And she answered, ‘But I want my own piece back in its setting.’ And His Majesty said, ‘Haste, bring me the chief reciter Zazamankh,’ and they brought him. And His Majesty said, ‘Zazamankh, my brother, I have done as thou sayest, and the heart of His Majesty is refreshed with the sight of their rowing. But now a jewel of new malachite of one of the little ones is fallen into the water, and she ceases and rows not, and she has spoilt the rowing of her side. And I said to her, “Wherefore rowest thou not?” and she answered to me, “It is for my jewel of new malachite which is fallen into the water.” I replied to her, “Row on, for behold I will replace it”; and she answered to me, “But I want my own piece again back in its setting.”’ Then the chief reciter Zazamankh spake his magic speech. And he placed one part of the waters of the lake upon the other, and discovered the jewel lying upon a shard; and he took it up and gave it unto its mistress. And the water, which was twelve cubits¹ deep in the middle, reached now to twenty-four cubits after he turned it. And he spake,

¹ About twenty feet, six inches.

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and used his magic speech; and he brought again the water of the lake to its place. And His Majesty spent a joyful day with the whole of the royal house. Then rewarded he the chief reciter Zazamankh with all good things. Behold, this is a wonder that came to pass in the days of thy father, the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Seneferu, of the deeds of the chief reciter, the scribe of the rolls, Zazamankh."

Then said the majesty of the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Khufu, the blessed, "Let there be presented an offering of a thousand cakes, one hundred draughts of beer, an ox, and two jars of incense to the chief reciter, the scribe of the rolls, Zazamankh; for I have seen the tokens of his learning." And they did all things as His Majesty commanded.

PROCESSION OF THE ROYAL BULL APIS-OSIRIS

PROCESSION OF THE ROYAL BULL APIS-OSIRIS

BY FREDERICK ARTHUR BRIDGMAN

(*American painter.* 1847)

APIS, the sacred bull of the Egyptians, was the one of their gods to whom most general veneration was shown. According to tradition, he must be black, with certain white marks of exactly the right shape and in exactly the right places; and under his tongue there must be a peculiar sort of knot. When an Apis bull died, the search for another to take his place sometimes had to be continued for years. When once found, the bull was treated with the greatest reverence, and his birthday was elaborately celebrated. In this homage the Egyptians worshiped not a mere bull, but rather what they regarded as an incarnation of the god Osiris, the god of the sun, who was to them the promise of immortality. The two names were sometimes combined, and the bull was called Apis-Osiris or Serapis.

This painting represents a procession in honor of one of these favored creatures. He is decked with flowers and gorgeous trappings. Incense is borne before him. His path is strewn with palms. Singers, dancers, and players on musical instruments accompany his march. Whether the sacred bull takes all this as his rightful due, or whether he is a little bored by it all, who can say?



THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR

FROM THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN, EDITED BY

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE

THE wise servant said, "Let thy heart be satisfied, O my lord, for that we have come back to the country; after we have been long on board, and rowed much, the prow has at last touched land. All the people rejoice and embrace us one after another. Moreover, we have come back in good health, and not a man is lacking; although we have been to the ends of Wawat, and gone through the land of Senmut, we have returned in peace, and our land — behold, we have come back to it. Hear me, my lord; I have no other refuge. Wash thee, and turn the water over thy fingers; then go and tell the tale to the majesty."

His lord replied, "Thy heart continues still its wandering words! but although the mouth of a man may save him, his words may also cover his face with confusion. Wilt thou do then as thy heart moves thee? This that thou wilt say, tell quietly."

The sailor then answered, "Now I shall tell that which has happened to me, to my very self. I was going to the mines of Pharaoh, and I went down on the sea in a ship of one hundred and fifty cubits¹ long and forty cubits wide, with one hundred and fifty sailors of the best of Egypt, who had seen heaven and earth, and whose hearts were stronger than lions. They had said

¹ The cubit of the ancient Egyptians was equal to 20.64 inches.

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that the wind would not be contrary, or that there would be none. But as we approached the land, the wind arose, and threw up waves eight cubits high. As for me, I seized a piece of wood; but those who were in the vessel perished, without one remaining. A wave threw me on an island, after that I had been three days alone, without a companion beside my own heart. I laid me in a thicket, and the shadow covered me. Then stretched I my limbs to try to find something for my mouth. I found there figs and grain, melons of all kinds, fishes, and birds. Nothing was lacking. And I satisfied myself; and left on the ground that which was over, of what my arms had been filled withal. I dug a pit, I lighted a fire, and I made a burnt offering unto the gods.

“Suddenly I heard a noise as of thunder, which I thought to be that of a wave of the sea. The trees shook, and the earth was moved. I uncovered my face, and I saw that a serpent drew near. He was thirty cubits long, and his beard greater than two cubits; his body was as overlaid with gold, and his color as that of true lazuli. He coiled himself before me.

“Then he opened his mouth, while that I lay on my face before him, and he said to me, ‘What has brought thee, what has brought thee, little one, what has brought thee? If thou sayest not speedily what has brought thee to this isle, I will make thee know thyself; as a flame thou shalt vanish, if thou tellest me not something I have not heard, or which I knew not, before thee.’

“Then he took me in his mouth and carried me to his resting-place, and laid me down without any hurt. I was whole and sound, and nothing was gone from me. Then

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he opened his mouth against me, while that I lay on my face before him, and he said, 'What has brought thee, what has brought thee, little one, what has brought thee to this isle which is in the sea, and of which the shores are in the midst of the waves?'

"Then I replied to him, and holding my arms low before him, I said to him, 'I was embarked for the mines by the order of the majesty, in a ship, one hundred and fifty cubits was its length, and the width of it forty cubits. It had one hundred and fifty sailors of the best of Egypt, who had seen heaven and earth, and the hearts of whom were stronger than lions. They said that the wind would not be contrary, or that there would be none. Each of them exceeded his companion in the prudence of his heart and the strength of his arm, and I was not beneath any of them. A storm came upon us while we were on the sea. Hardly could we reach to the shore when the wind waxed yet greater, and the waves rose even eight cubits. As for me, I seized a piece of wood, while those who were in the boat perished without one being left with me for three days. Behold me now before thee, for I was brought to this isle by a wave of the sea.'

"Then said he to me, 'Fear not, fear not, little one, and make not thy face sad. If thou hast come to me, it is God who has let thee live. For it is He who has brought thee to this isle of the blest, where nothing is lacking, and which is filled with all good things. See now, thou shalt pass one month after another, until thou shalt be four months in this isle. Then a ship shall come from thy land with sailors, and thou shalt leave with them and go to thy country, and thou shalt die in thy town.'

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“Converse is pleasing, and he who tastes of it passes over his misery. I will therefore tell thee of that which is in this isle. I am here with my brethren and my children around me; we are seventy-five serpents, children, and kindred; without naming a young girl who was brought unto me by chance, and on whom the fire of heaven fell, and burnt her to ashes.

“As for thee, if thou art strong, and if thy heart waits patiently, thou shalt press thy infants to thy bosom and embrace thy wife. Thou shalt return to thy house which is full of all good things, thou shalt see thy land, where thou shalt dwell in the midst of thy kindred.’

“Then I bowed, in my obeisance, and I touched the ground before him. ‘Behold now that which I have told thee before. I shall tell of thy presence unto Pharaoh, I shall make him to know of thy greatness, and I will bring to thee of the sacred oils and perfumes, and of incense of the temples with which all gods are honored. I shall tell, moreover, of that which I do now see (thanks to him), and there shall be rendered to thee praises before the fullness of all the land. I shall slay asses for thee in sacrifice, I shall pluck for thee the birds, and I shall bring for thee ships full of all kinds of the treasures of Egypt, as is comely to do unto a god, a friend of men in a far country, of which men know not.’

“Then he smiled at my speech, because of that which was in his heart, for he said to me: ‘Thou art not rich in perfumes, for all that thou hast is but common incense. As for me, I am prince of the land of Punt, and I have perfumes. Only the oil which thou sayest thou wouldst bring is not common in this isle. But, when thou shalt

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depart from this place, thou shalt never more see this isle; it shall be changed into waves.'

"And behold, when the ship drew near, according to all that he had told me before, I got up into an high tree, to strive to see those who were within it. Then I came and told to him this matter, but it was already known unto him before. Then he said to me, 'Farewell, farewell, go to thy house, little one, see again thy children, and let thy name be good in thy town; these are my wishes for thee.'

"Then I bowed myself before him, and held my arms low before him, and he, he gave me gifts of precious perfumes, of cassia, of sweet woods, of kohl, of cypress, an abundance of incense, of ivory tusks, of baboons, of apes, and all kinds of precious things. I embarked all in the ship which was come, and bowing myself, I prayed God for him.

"Then he said to me, 'Behold thou shalt come to thy country in two months, thou shalt press to thy bosom thy children, and thou shalt rest in thy tomb.' After this I went down to the shore unto the ship, and I called to the sailors who were there. Then on the shore I rendered adoration to the master of this isle and to those who dwelt therein.

"When we shall come, in our return, to the house of Pharaoh, in the second month, according to all that the serpent has said, we shall approach unto the palace. And I shall go in before Pharaoh, I shall bring the gifts which I have brought from this isle into the country. Then he shall thank me before the fullness of the land. Grant then unto me a follower, and lead me to the courtiers of the king. Cast thy eye upon me after that

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I have both seen and proved this. Hear my prayer, for it is good to listen to people. It was said unto me, 'Become a wise man, and thou shalt come to honor,' and behold I have become such."

This is finished from its beginning unto its end, even as it was found in a writing. It is written by the scribe of cunning fingers, Ameni-amenaar; may he live in life, wealth, and health!

THE MAGIC BOOK

FROM THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN, EDITED BY

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE

[IN the Egyptian mythology, Ra was the supreme ruler of mankind. Osiris was the god of good; Isis was his sister and wife, and Harpocrates or Horus was their son. Ptah was the chief god of Memphis.

The Editor.]

WE were the two children of the King Mernebptah, and he loved us very much, for he had no others; and Naneferkaptah was in his palace as heir over all the land. And when we were grown, the king said to the queen, "I will marry Naneferkaptah to the daughter of a general, and Ahura to the son of another general." And the queen said, "No, he is the heir, let him marry his sister, like the heir of a king, none other is fit for him." And the king said, "That is not fair; they had better be married to the children of the general."

And the queen said, "It is you who are not dealing rightly with me." And the king answered, "If I have no more than these two children, is it right that they should marry one another? I will marry Naneferkaptah to the daughter of an officer, and Ahura to the son of another officer. It^s has often been done so in our family."

And at a time when there was a great feast before the king, they came to fetch me to the feast. And I was very troubled, and did not behave as I used to do. And the king said to me, "Ahura, have you sent some one to

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me about this sorry matter, saying, 'Let me be married to my elder brother?'" I said to him, "Well, let me marry the son of an officer, and he marry the daughter of another officer, as it often happens so in our family." I laughed, and the king laughed. And the king told the steward of the palace, "Let them take Ahura to the house of Naneferkaptah to-night, and all kinds of good things with her." So they brought me as a wife to the house of Naneferkaptah; and the king ordered them to give me presents of silver and gold, and things from the palace.

And Naneferkaptah passed a happy time with me, and received all the presents from the palace; and we loved one another. And when I expected a child, they told the king, and he was most heartily glad; and he sent me many things, and a present of the best silver and gold and linen. And when the time came, I bore this little child that is before you. And they gave him the name of Merab, and registered him in the book of the "House of Life."

And when my brother Naneferkaptah went to the cemetery of Memphis, he did nothing on earth but read the writings that are in the catacombs of the kings and on the tablets of the "House of Life," and the inscriptions that are seen on the monuments, and he worked hard on the writings. And there was a priest there called Nesiptah; and as Naneferkaptah went into a temple to pray, it happened that he went behind this priest, and was reading the inscriptions that were on the chapels of the gods. And the priest mocked him and laughed. So Naneferkaptah said to him, "Why are you laughing at me?" And he replied, "I was not laughing at you, or

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if I happened to do so, it was at your reading writings that are worthless. If you wish so much to read writings, come to me, and I will bring you to the place where the book is that Thoth himself wrote with his own hand, and which will bring you to the gods. When you read but two pages in this, you will enchant the heaven, the earth, the abyss, the mountains, and the sea; you shall know what the birds of the sky and the crawling things are saying; you shall see the fishes of the deep, for a divine power is there to bring them up out of the depth. And when you read the second page, if you are in the world of ghosts, you will become again in the shape you were in on earth. You will see the sun shining in the sky, with all the gods, and the full moon."

And Naneferkaptah said, "By the life of the king! Tell me of anything you want done, and I'll do it for you, if you will only send me where this book is." And the priest answered Naneferkaptah, "If you want to go to the place where the book is, you must give me a hundred pieces of silver for my funeral, and provide that they shall bury me as a rich priest." So Naneferkaptah called his lad and told him to give the priest a hundred pieces of silver; and he made them do as he wished, even everything that he asked for. Then the priest said to Naneferkaptah, "This book is in the middle of the river at Koptos, in an iron box; in the iron box is a bronze box; in the bronze box is a sycamore box; in the sycamore box is an ivory and ebony box; in the ivory and ebony box is a silver box; in the silver box is a golden box; and in that is the book. It is twisted all round with snakes and scorpions and all the other crawling things around the box in which the book is; and there is a deathless

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snake by the box." And when the priest told Naneferkaptah, he did not know where on earth he was, he was so much delighted.

And when he came from the temple, he told me all that had happened to him. And he said, "I shall go to Koptos, for I must fetch this book; I will not stay any longer in the north." And I said, "Let me dissuade you, for you prepare sorrow and you will bring me into trouble in the Thebaid." And I laid my hand on Naneferkaptah, to keep him from going to Koptos, but he would not listen to me; and he went to the king, and told the king all that the priest had said. The king asked him, "What is it that you want?" And he replied, "Let them give me the royal boat with its belongings, for I will go to the south with Ahura and her little boy Merab, and fetch this book without delay." So they gave him the royal boat with its belongings, and we went with him to the haven, and sailed from there up to Koptos.

Then the priests of Isis of Koptos, and the high priest of Isis, came down to us without waiting, to meet Naneferkaptah, and their wives also came to me. We went into the temple of Isis and Harpokrates; and Naneferkaptah brought an ox, a goose, and some wine, and made a burnt offering and a drink offering before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. They brought us to a very fine house, with all good things; and Naneferkaptah spent four days there and feasted with the priests of Isis of Koptos, and the wives of the priests of Isis also made holiday with me.

And the morning of the fifth day came; and Naneferkaptah called a priest to him, and made a magic cabin

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that was full of men and tackle. He put the spell upon it and put life into it, and gave them breath, and sank it in the water. He filled the royal boat with sand, and took leave of me, and sailed from the haven: and I sat by the river at Koptos that I might see what would become of him. And he said, "Workmen, work for me, even at the place where the book is." And they toiled by night and by day; and when they had reached it in three days, he threw the sand out and made a shoal in the river. And then he found on it entwined serpents and scorpions, and all kinds of crawling things around the box in which the book was; and by it he found a deathless snake around the box. And he laid the spell upon the entwined serpents and scorpions and all kinds of crawling things which were around the box, that they would not come out. And he went to the deathless snake, and fought with him, and killed him; but he came to life again, and took a new form. He then fought again with him a second time; but he came to life again, and took a third form. He then cut him in two parts, and put sand between the parts, that he should not appear again.

Naneferkaptah then went to the place where he found the box. He uncovered a box of iron, and opened it; he found then a box of bronze, and opened that; then he found a box of sycamore wood, and opened that; again he found a box of ivory and ebony, and opened that; yet, he found a box of silver, and opened that; and then he found a box of gold; he opened that, and found the book in it. He took the book from the golden box, and read a page of spells from it. He enchanted the heaven and the earth, the abyss, the mountains, and the sea; he

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knew what the birds of the sky, the fish of the deep, and the beasts of the hills all said. He read another page of the spells, and saw the sun shining in the sky, with all the gods, the full moon, and the stars in their shapes; he saw the fishes of the deep, for a divine power was present that brought them up from the water. He then read the spell upon the workmen that he had made, and taken from the haven, and said to them, "Work for me, back to the place from which I came." And they toiled night and day, and so he came back to the place where I sat by the river of Koptos; I had not drunk nor eaten anything, and had done nothing on earth, but sat like one who is gone to the grave.

I then told Naneferkaptah that I wished to see this book, for which we had taken so much trouble. He gave the book into my hands; and when I read a page of the spells in it, I also enchanted heaven and earth, the abyss, the mountains, and the sea; I also knew what the birds of the sky, the fishes of the deep, and the beasts of the hills all said. I read another page of the spells, and I saw the sun shining in the sky with all the gods, the full moon, and the stars in their shapes; I saw the fishes of the deep, for a divine power was present that brought them up from the water. As I could not write, I asked Naneferkaptah, who was a good writer and a very learned one; he called for a new piece of papyrus, and wrote on it all that was in the book before him. He dipped it in beer, and washed it off in the liquid; for he knew that if it were washed off, and he drank it, he would know all that there was in the writing.

We went back to Koptos the same day, and made a feast before Isis of Koptos and Harpokrates. We then

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went to the haven and sailed, and went northward of Koptos. And as we went on, Thoth discovered all that Naneferkaptah had done with the book; and Thoth hastened to tell Ra, and said, "Now, know that my book and my revelation are with Naneferkaptah, son of the King Mernebptah. He has forced himself into my place, and robbed it, and seized my box with the writings, and killed my guards who protected it." And Ra replied to him, "He is before you, take him and all his kin." He sent a power from heaven with the command, "Do not let Naneferkaptah return safe to Memphis with all his kin." And after this hour, the little boy Merab, going out from the awning of the royal boat, fell into the river: he called on Ra, and everybody who was on the bank raised a cry. Naneferkaptah went out of the cabin, and read the spell over him; he brought the body up because a divine power brought him to the surface. He read another spell over him, and made him tell of all that happened to him, and of what Thoth had said before Ra.

We turned back with him to Koptos. We brought him to the Good House, we fetched the people to him, and made one embalm him; and we buried him in his coffin in the cemetery of Koptos like a great and noble person.

And Naneferkaptah, my brother, said, "Let us go down, let us not delay, for the king has not yet heard of what has happened to him, and his heart will be sad about it." So we went to the haven, we sailed, and did not stay to the north of Koptos. When we were come to the place where the little boy Merab had fallen into the water, I went out from the awning of the royal boat, and I fell into the river. They called Naneferkaptah,

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and he came out from the cabin of the royal boat. He read a spell over me, and brought my body up, because a divine power brought me to the surface. He drew me out, and read the spell over me, and made me tell him of all that had happened to me, and of what Thoth had said before Ra. Then he turned back with me to Koptos, he brought me to the Good House, he fetched the people to me, and made one embalm me, as great and noble people are buried, and laid me in the tomb where Merab my young child was.

He turned to the haven, and sailed down, and delayed not in the north of Koptos. When he was come to the place where we fell into the river, he said to his heart, "Shall I not better turn back again to Koptos, that I may lie by them? For if not, when I go down to Memphis, and the king asks after his children, what shall I say to him? Can I tell him, 'I have taken your children to the Thebaid and killed them, while I remained alive, and I have come to Memphis still alive?'" Then he made them bring him a linen cloth of striped *byssus*; he made a band, and bound the book firmly, and tied it upon him. Naneferkaptah then went out of the awning of the royal boat and fell into the river. He cried on Ra; and all those who were on the bank made an outcry, saying, "Great woe! Sad woe! Is he lost, that good scribe and able man that has no equal?"

The royal boat went on without any one on earth knowing where Naneferkaptah was. It went on to Memphis, and they told all this to the king. Then the king went down to the royal boat in mourning, and all the soldiers and high priests and priests of Ptah were in mourning, and all the officials and courtiers. And when he saw

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Naneferkaptah, who was in the inner cabin of the royal boat — from his rank of high scribe — he lifted him up. And they saw the book by him; and the king said, "Let one hide this book that is with him." And the officers of the king, the priests of Ptah, and the high priest of Ptah, said to the king, "Our Lord, may the king live as long as the sun! Naneferkaptah was a good scribe and a very skillful man." And the king had him laid in his Good House to the sixteenth day, and then had him wrapped to the thirty-fifth day, and laid him out to the seventieth day, and then had him put in his grave in his resting-place.

I have now told you the sorrow which has come upon us because of this book.

III
PYRAMIDS AND PALACES

HISTORICAL NOTE

WITH the Fourth Dynasty began the age of pyramid building. One theory of this is that each ruler at the beginning of his reign commenced a small pyramid, adding successive layers to it as the years passed; so that the size of a pyramid indicates the length of a king's reign.

When the Twelfth Dynasty began, Thebes instead of Memphis had become the capital. Great advancement in architecture had been made, and literature was flourishing. This brilliant period was followed by the coming of a barbarous race from the East known as the Hyksos. They conquered first Syria and then Egypt, and reigned for perhaps four or five centuries. Their rule is known as that of the Shepherd Kings. They were finally driven out by Amasis, an energetic warrior who afterwards reigned as the first sovereign of the Eighteenth Dynasty. He pursued the Hyksos into Palestine and overcame both that country and also Phœnicia. The most famous member of this dynasty, however, was Thothmes III. He extended the boundaries of his kingdom to the Tigris and the Euphrates. He was builder as well as conqueror, and to him may be ascribed the rearing of most of the wonderful Temple of Karnak at Thebes. His many conquests gave him magnificent booty, which he brought home for the enrichment of his land. One of the obelisks which he built now stands in London; another is in New York.

A TRIP TO THE PYRAMIDS

BY BAYARD TAYLOR

YESTERDAY I decided that the weather had finally settled fair, and we might venture as far as the Pyramids without encountering either rain or cold wind. Yet it was a day which would have deceived any one unfamiliar with the phenomena of the Egyptian climate. The sky was overcast, rather with a soft, ashen-colored fleecy vapor than with clouds; the wind blew lightly from the south, leaving a heavy, sultry feeling when it paused, and I was hardly surprised when an English tourist predicted "a fearful storm, presently." When I answered, "A storm is impossible to-day," he looked at me with an air of pitying incredulity, and then turned away. We engaged an open carriage at twenty francs for the day, provided ourselves with lunch, and set out at nine o'clock. Just above Boulak the Nile is now spanned by a splendid iron bridge, beyond which a broad highway has been built, leading to the very base of the Great Pyramid. This is certainly better than the former approach by ferryboat and donkey-path, for it reduces the practical distance from three or four hours to one and a half.

The way was crowded with camels and country people, the former bearing huge but not very heavy burdens of freshly cut clover. Women and donkeys bore loads of vegetables, and the boys trotted, yelling, after them. Our dark footman, in his white cap and shirt, ran in advance of the carriage, parting the multitude to right

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and left with his long stick, and crying out: "Take care, there! Take care of your legs! The strangers are coming!" Thus we passed over the bridge, entered the avenue of acacias leading to Gizeh, and saw the Pyramids, flushed with a faint rose-color, against the sky. The west bank of the Nile, Gezeereh, was formerly an island, as its name indicates, and will soon be one again. The shallow channel having been allowed to fill up, or being purposely dammed, the river became so much stronger in its current that the Boulak shore is partially eaten away, and the island must needs be restored. We presently reached the track of the railway to Upper Egypt, which now starts from Embabeh, on the western bank, but will soon be run in connection with an early train from Alexandria, so that travelers can leave the Mediterranean in the morning and almost reach Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, in the evening. Looking southward over the wheat fields, the immense fronts of two unfinished palaces meet the eye: I should take each of them to be as large as Buckingham Palace, in London. The Khedive is building them for his two sons. And taxes are high in Egypt, and money is scarce, and half of Mariette's inestimable collection of antiquities is stowed away in dark magazines for want of room to show them.

The carriage road is raised about twelve feet above the level of the soil, in order to be dry during the season of inundation. The acacias with which it is planted seem to grow with difficulty, and just now many of them are being removed and replaced with trunks a foot or two in diameter. They need expensive watering, however, until the roots are long enough to reach the permanent moisture of the lower soil. Even the huge old trees on the way

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to Shoobra seem to require an occasional drink, in dry seasons.

Nothing could be lovelier than the intensely green wheat-lands, stretching away to the Libyan Desert, bounded on the south by thick fringes of palm. The wind blowing over them came to us sweet with the odor of white clover blossoms: larks sang in the air, snowy ibises stood pensively on the edges of sparkling pools, and here and there a boy sang some shrill, monotonous Arab song. In the east, the citadel-mosque stretched its two minarets like taper fingers averting the evil eye; and in front of us the Pyramids seemed to mock all the later power of the world. Not forty, but sixty, centuries look down upon us from those changeless peaks. They antedate all other human records, except those of the dynasty immediately preceding that which built them. Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Chinese annals seem half modern when one stands at the foot of piles which were almost as old as the Coliseum is now when Abraham was born.

We crossed the track of the railway, drove beside it for a mile or two farther, and then struck directly across the level lands toward that rocky terrace of the Libyan Desert, which serves as a base for the Pyramids. Children ran beside the carriage clamoring for money, and one or two boys, laboring under the singular delusion that they were contributing to our pleasure, played the reed flute after a most weary and distressing fashion. But there was less annoyance from these causes than you generally meet in Italy, or even some parts of Switzerland.

Nearer the desert, there were belts of drifted sand

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across the road, and the wheat and clover, after struggling briefly with their ancient enemy, ceased on either side. It was so difficult for the horses to climb the last slope that we dismounted and walked to the northern base of the Great Pyramid, on the top of which a little flag was fluttering, and two or three dark forms were perceptible. The modern house, built by the Khedive for the reception of his royal and imperial guests, offers to all visitors the advantage of shade and cold steps to sit on. A crowd of *fellahs* was in attendance, eager to help us up and down, to climb both Pyramids in ten minutes, or to sell us modern *scarabæi*. They are now, however, a much better behaved race than formerly. Nearly all of them have a fair smattering of English, their demands are regulated by custom, and if the traveler chooses one as an inevitable guide and protector, he escapes much annoyance from the others.

I had no desire to make the ascent a second time, although it was well worth doing once. A crawl into the hot and stifling interior can only be recommended to the archaeologist. The grand, simple masses, built by Cheops and Cephrenes, satisfy both the eye and the imagination when viewed from below, a few hundred yards from their bases. The best point, I think, is a sandy mound beyond the Sphinx, whence you get the exact view given in one of Carl Werner's wonderful aquarelles.

I found the Sphinx buried under ten or fifteen feet more of sand than when I saw him last. The face was evidently intended to be seen from below, for its expression becomes almost grotesque when the spectator is brought so near its level. About eight years ago M. Mariette discovered a very ancient temple just beyond

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it, and this, although lying wholly below the surface of the desert, has been kept tolerably clear of the drifting sand. I have seen nothing in Egypt which seems so old as this temple. It is built mainly of rose-colored granite, the pillars simply square monoliths, roofs and doorways of the same, and no sign of inscriptions or decorative sculptures. It is certainly older — and who shall say how much older? — than the Pyramids. In some sepulchral chambers lying back of the pillared court, the roof is made of huge blocks of alabaster. The whole edifice, in its bare and massive simplicity, suggests Stonehenge rather than the later architecture of Egypt.

A small fee opened for us one of the lower rooms of the Khedive's house, and we lunched in coolness and quiet. One of the native hangers-on, after looking at me for some time, said: —

“You were here a long while ago?”

“Yes,” I answered.

“Twenty years, or more?”

“Yes.”

“And there was a gentleman with you — a *Nemtso-wee* [German], I think?”

“Yes.”

“And you had trouble with the men who went up the Pyramid? You went to yonder village [pointing towards it], called the sheikh, and had the men punished?”

“Yes.”

“And there was a boy who carried a water-bottle; and the sheikh of the village told him to bring coffee for you; and there was no coffee, at first; and the sheikh gave the boy a slap, threw him out the door, and told him not to come again until he brought it?”

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“Yes: — well?”

“I was that boy.”

I questioned Achmet to know whether he had told the story of my first visit with its serio-comic interlude; but he had not. The man's astonishing memory, after so many years of tourists, had recognized me and reproduced the incident with all its minor details.

By this time, several other carriages had arrived from Cairo. Parties were lunching on the cold steps, bargaining for modern *scarabæi*, strolling towards the Sphinx with a crowd of Arabs at their heels, or climbing the steps of the Great Pyramid with many an awkward straddle, shoved from below and pulled up from above. There were tweed coats, eyeglasses, canes, chignons, fans, parasols — but let not the romantic reader suppose that the sublime repose of the old Egyptian world was in the least prejudiced by these objects. They were but as driftwood or seaweed, surging around the base of mightier natural pyramids, along the shores of Norway or Maine. One is carried so far back — set in the presence of such imperious human will and unhindered power — that the real and far more permanent greatness of our age fades away, and its careless representatives become, for the time, mere stingless insects, that hum and buzz for a few minutes, to be carried away by the next breeze. No! — you might pack billiard-rooms, lager-beer saloons, *cafés chantants*, stock-brokers' offices, and Free-Trade Leagues, around the Pyramids, hold political meetings with a speaker standing on the Sphinx's head, or make the *adytum* of the old temple below resound with revival hymns, and you could not diminish the impression which these wonderful monu-

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ments exact and compel you to feel. A dead faith — a lost race — a forgotten power — a half-recovered history — names and glories and supreme human forces become as shadows — yet what tremendous, overwhelming records they have left behind!

As I rested in the shade, looking up to the gray pinnacles, so foreshortened by nearness that much of their actual height was lost, yet still indescribably huge, I could think of but one thing: we must have a new chronology of Man. There, before me, the Usher-Mosaic reckoning was not only antedated, but a previous growth, of long, uncertain duration, was made evident. There, in stones scattered about the desert, were inscriptions cut long before any tradition of Hebrew, Sanskrit, Phœnician, or Greek — clear, intelligible words, almost as legible to modern scholarship as those of living languages. This one long, unbroken stream of light into the remote Past illuminates darker historic apparitions on all sides, and sweeps us, with or without our will, to a new and wonderful backward starting-point. Of course, the learned in all countries are familiar with our recently acquired knowledge on this point; but is it not time to make it the property of the people everywhere — to discard the unmanly fear that one form of truth can ever harm any other form — to reveal anew, through the grandeur of Man's slow development, the unspeakable grandeur of the Divine Soul by which it is directed?

I would not venture to say that even the English tourist, who addressed me with: "Is there — aw — anything particular to see here?" was not touched somewhere in the roots of his externally indifferent nature. I am quite sure that cold chicken was not the only

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thought of the young ladies who sat lurching on the steps. When I find a gay young Irishman, to whom snipe and wild ducks are a prime interest, nevertheless going out to see the Pyramids by moonlight, and then again at two o'clock in the morning to climb them for the sunrise, I am convinced that Cheops builded better than he knew, and that this pile of stones means much more to the world than the depository of his royal carcass.

Well: I meant to send you practical, realistic reports of Egypt, and this letter will be sure to bring down upon me the wrath of Mark Twain, and all others who distrust earnest impressions. I plead guilty, however, and confess that I do not wholly belong to the generation which makes jokes of accidents and murders, and finds material for laughter in classic art.

HOW CHEOPS BUILT HIS PYRAMID

BY HERODOTUS

[CHEOPS, ruler of Egypt about 4000 B.C., was the builder of the Great Pyramid. This was four hundred and eighty-one feet high, made of large blocks of stone. The sides were covered with limestone, cut so as to make a smooth slope; but this has been carried away to use elsewhere, and whoever wishes to climb the pyramid must drag himself up the high, rough steps formed by the blocks.

The Editor.]

Now they told me that in the reign of Rhampsinitus there was a perfect distribution of justice, and that all Egypt was in a high state of prosperity; but that after him Cheops, coming to reign over them, plunged into every kind of wickedness. For that, having shut up all the temples, he first of all forbade them to offer sacrifice; and afterwards he ordered all the Egyptians to work for himself; some, accordingly, were appointed to draw stones from the quarries in the Arabian mountain down to the Nile, others he ordered to receive the stones when transported in vessels across the river, and to drag them to the mountain called the Libyan. And they worked to the number of a hundred thousand men at a time, each party during three months. The time during which the people were thus harassed by toil, lasted ten years on the road which they constructed, along which they drew the stones, a work, in my opinion, not much less than the pyramid: for its length is five *stades*,¹ and its width

¹ Five eighths of a mile.

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ten *orgyæ*;¹ and its height, where it is the highest, eight *orgyæ*; and it is of polished stone, with figures carved on it: on this road then ten years were expended, and in forming the subterranean apartments on the hill, on which the pyramids stand, which he had made as a burial vault for himself, in an island formed by draining a canal from the Nile. Twenty years were spent in erecting the pyramid itself: of this, which is square, each face is eight *plethra*,² and the height is the same; it is composed of polished stones, and jointed with the greatest exactness; none of the stones are less than thirty feet.

This pyramid was built thus; in the form of steps, which some call *crossæ*, others *bomides*. When they had first built it in this manner, they raised the remaining stones by machines made of short pieces of wood: having lifted them from the ground to the first range of steps, when the stone arrived there, it was put on another machine that stood ready on the first range; and from this it was drawn to the second range on another machine; for the machines were equal in number to the ranges of steps; or they removed the machine, which was only one, and portable, to each range in succession, whenever they wished to raise the stone higher; for I should relate it in both ways, as it is related. The highest parts of it, therefore, were first finished, and afterwards they completed the parts next following; but last of all they finished the parts on the ground, and that were lowest. On the pyramid is shown an inscription in Egyptian characters, how much was expended in radishes, onions, and garlic, for the workmen; which the

¹ Sixty feet.

² About eight hundred feet.

BUILDING THE PYRAMIDS

BUILDING THE PYRAMIDS

BY GUSTAVE RICHTER

(*Germany. 1823-1884*)

THIS picture shows more vividly than any written explanation, the state of society that made the building of these gigantic sepulchers possible. The king, all-powerful as a ruler, and even worshiped by his subjects as a god, has come to see with his own eyes the progress his slaves are making with the pyramid. Borne aloft on his chair of state, shielded from the sun by immense fans of ostrich feathers, and accompanied by his favorite wife, he surveys with imperious glance the structure that is rising at his bidding, while about him swarm thousands of wretched slaves and captives toiling to build a tomb that shall be worthy of so mighty a monarch.

It is believed that each king at the outset of his reign began a pyramid which should serve as his tomb, and should insure the immortality of his soul by the preservation of his body. There are some seventy-five of the Egyptian pyramids still existing, the largest of these being the Great Pyramid, which was built by Cheops. Its base measures 750 feet on a side, and its perpendicular height is 451, some thirty feet less than it was originally. It has been calculated that the 2,300,000 blocks of which it is composed weigh 6,000,000 tons and that it contains sufficient stone to build a city large enough to house 120,000 people.

How these mighty piles were reared is not yet fully understood. In the finer work the hard stones were cut by bronze saws set with jewels, and diamond rock-drills were also used; but how the great blocks of stone were brought from the farther side of the Nile, and how they were raised into their places, is a mystery. It is recorded that merely to build the causeway from the quarry to the banks of the Nile required the labor for ten years of 100,000 men, changed every three months. Expense, suffering, human life, and labor were not regarded as of the least importance; but even with this advantage it is said that Cheops was hard put to it to raise the money necessary to complete the enormous structure.



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interpreter, as I well remember, reading the inscription, told me amounted to sixteen hundred talents of silver. And if this be really the case, how much more was probably expended in iron tools, in bread, and in clothes for the laborers, since they occupied in building the works the time which I mentioned, and no short time besides, as I think, in cutting and drawing the stones, and in forming the subterranean excavation.

KARNAK AND THE HALL OF COLUMNS

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

THE weather is almost unsettled. There was actually a dash of rain against the cabin window last night, — over before you could prepare an affidavit to the fact, — and to-day is cold, more or less cloudy with a drop, only a drop, of rain occasionally. Besides, the wind is in the southwest and the sand flies. We cannot sail, and decide to visit Karnak, in spite of the entreaty of the handbook to leave this, as the crown of all sight-seeing, until we have climbed up to its greatness over all the lesser ruins.

Perhaps this is wise; but I think I should advise a friend to go at once to Karnak and outrageously astonish himself, while his mind is fresh, and before he becomes at all sated with ruins or familiar with other vast and exceedingly impressive edifices. They are certain to dull a little his impression of Karnak even.

“Madam,” — it is Abd-el-Atti who comes in, rubbing his hands, — “your carriage stops the way.”

“Carriage?”

“Yes, ma’am, I just make him.”

The carriage was an armchair slung between two pushing-poles; between each end of them was harnessed a surly diminutive donkey who seemed to feel his degradation. Each donkey required a driver; Ahmed, with his sleeves rolled up and armed with a big club, walked beside, to steady the swaying chair, and to beat the boys when their donkeys took a fancy to lie down; and a

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cloud of interested Arabs hovered about it, running with it, adding to the noise, dust, and picturesqueness of our cavalcade.

On the outskirts of the mud-cabins we pass through the weekly market, a motley assemblage of country-folks and produce, camels, donkeys, and sheep. It is close by the Ghawazee quarter, where is a colony of a hundred or more of these dancing-girls. They are always conspicuous among Egyptian women by their greater comeliness and gay apparel. They wear red and yellow gowns, many tinkling ornaments of silver and gold, and their eyes are heavily darkened with kohl. I don't know what it is in this kohl that it gives woman such a wicked and dangerous aspect. They come out to ask for baksheesh in a brazen, but probably intended to be a seductive manner; they are bold, but some of them rather well-looking. They claim to be an unmixed race of ancient lineage; but I suspect their blood is no purer than their morals. There is not much in Egypt that is *not* hopelessly mixed.

Of the mile-and-a-half avenue of Sphinxes that once connected Luxor with Karnak, we see no trace until we are near the latter. The country is open and beautiful with green wheat, palms, and sycamores. Great Karnak does not show itself until we are close upon it; its vast extent is hidden by the remains of the wall of circuit, by the exterior temples and pylons. It is not until we have passed beyond the great—but called small—temple of Rameses III, at the north entrance, and climbed the pyramidal tower to the west of the Great Hall, that we begin to comprehend the magnitude of these ruins, and that only days of wandering over them and of study would give us their gigantic plan.

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Karnak is not a temple, but a city rather; a city of temples, palaces, obelisks, colossal statues. It is, like a city, a growth of many centuries. It is not a conception or the execution of a purpose; it is the not always harmonious accretion of time and wealth and vanity. Of the slowness of its growth some idea may be gained from the fact that the hieroglyphics on one face of one of its obelisks were cut two hundred and fifty years after those on the opposite face. So long ago were both chiseled, however, they are alike venerable to us. I should n't lose my temper with a man who differed with me only a thousand years about the date of any event in Egypt.

They were working at this mass of edifices, sacred or profane, all the way from Osirtasen I down to Alexander II; that is from about 3064 B.C. according to Mariette (Bunsen, 2781, Wilkinson, 2080, — it does n't matter) to only a short time before our era. There was a modest beginning in the plain but chaste temple of Osirtasen; but each king sought to outdo his predecessor until Sethi I forever distanced rivalry in building the Great Hall. And after him it is useless for any one else to attempt greatness by piling up stones. The length of the temples, pylons, and obelisks, *en suite* from west to east, is eleven hundred and eighty feet; but there are other outlying and gigantic ruins; I suppose it is fully a mile and a half round the wall of circuit.

There is nothing in the world of architecture like the Great Hall; nothing so massive, so surprising, and, for me, at least, so crushingly oppressive. What monstrous columns! And how thickly they are crowded together! Their array is always compared to a forest. The comparison is apt in some respects; but how free, uplifting

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is a forest, how it expands into the blue air, and lifts the soul with it. A piece of architecture is to be judged, I suppose, by the effect it produces. It is not simply that this hall is pagan in its impression; it misses the highest architectural effect by reason of its unrelieved heaviness. It is wonderful; it was a prodigious achievement to build so many big columns.

The setting of enormous columns so close together that you can only see a few of them at one point of view is the architecture of the Great Hall. Upon these, big stones are put for a roof. There is no reason why this might not have been repeated over an acre of ground. Neither from within nor from without can you see the extent of the hall.¹ The best view of it is down the center aisle, formed by the largest columns; and as these have height as well as bulk, and the sky is now seen above them, the effect is of the highest majesty. This hall was dimly lighted by windows in the clerestory, the frames of which exhibit a freedom of device and grace of carving worthy of a Gothic cathedral. These columns, all richly sculptured, are laid up in blocks of stone of half the diameter, the joints broken. If the Egyptians had dared to use the arch, the principle of which they knew, in this building, so that the columns could have stood wide apart and still upheld the roof, the sight of the interior would have been almost too much for the human

¹ The Great Hall measures one hundred and seventy feet by three hundred and twenty-nine; in this space stand one hundred and thirty-four columns; twelve of these, forming the central avenue of one hundred and seventy feet, are sixty-two feet high, without plinth and abacus, and eleven feet six inches in diameter; the other one hundred and twenty-two columns are forty-two feet five inches in height and about nine feet in diameter. The great columns stand only fifteen or sixteen feet apart.

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mind. The spectator would have been exalted, not crushed by it.

Not far off is the obelisk which Amunoo-het erected to the memory of her father. I am not sure but it will stand long after the Hall of Sethi is a mass of ruins; for already is the water sapping the foundations of the latter, some of the columns lean like reeling drunken men, and one day, with crash after crash, these giants will totter, and the blocks of stone of which they are built will make another of those shapeless heaps to which sooner or later our solidest works come. The red granite shaft of the faithful daughter lifts itself ninety-two feet into the air, and is the most beautiful as it is the largest obelisk ever raised.

The sanctuary of red granite was once very rich and beautiful; the high polish of its walls and the remains of its exquisite carving, no less than the colors that still remain, attest that. The sanctuary is a heap of ruins, thanks to that ancient Shaker, Cambyses, but the sculptures in one of the chambers are the most beautiful we have seen; the colors, red, blue, and green are still brilliant, the ceiling is spangled with stars on a blue firmament. Considering the hardness of this beautiful syenite and the difficulty of working it, I think this is the most admirable piece of work in Thebes.

It may be said of some of the sculptures here, especially of the very spirited designs and intelligent execution of those of the Great Hall, that they are superior to those on the other side of the river. And yet there is endless theological reiteration here; there are dreary miles of the same gods in the same attitudes; and you cannot call all of them respectable gods. The longer the

COLONNADE OF THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES III
AT THEBES

COLONNADE OF THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES III AT THEBES

APPARENTLY the chief design of Egyptian architecture was not to attract or charm the beholder, but to impress on him the sense of his own insignificance and overwhelm him with awe before the superhuman greatness of the monarchs at whose command these temples and palaces had been erected.

The colonnade shown in this picture is part of a great temple built about 1230 B.C. by Rameses III on the west bank of the Nile. A massive gateway leads into a pavilion whose walls are beautifully adorned with bas-reliefs. Beyond this pavilion is a sumptuous colonnaded court. Another gate leads into a second colonnaded court, about one hundred and twenty-five feet by one hundred and thirty-eight, part of which is seen in the illustration. In early Christian times a Coptic village was built around and upon the ruins of the temple edifices, and this second colonnade was used as a church.



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religion endured the more conventional and repetitious its representations became. The sculptors came to have a traditional habit of doing certain scenes and groups in a certain way; and the want of life and faith in them becomes very evident in the sculptures of the Ptolemaic period.

In this vast area you may spend days and not exhaust the objects worth examination. On one of our last visits we found near the sacred lake very striking colossal statues which we had never seen before.

When this city of temples and palaces, the favorite royal residence, was entire and connected with Luxor by the avenue of sphinxes, and the great edifices and statues on the west side of the river were standing, this broad basin of the Nile, inclosed by the circle of rose-colored limestone mountains, which were themselves perforated with vast tombs, must have been what its splendid fame reports, when it could send to war twenty thousand chariots. But, I wonder whether the city, aside from its conspicuous temples and attached palaces, was one of mud-hovels, like those of most peoples of antiquity, and of the modern Egyptians.

HOW TO EXCAVATE A BURIED TOWN

BY W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE

PROBABLY most people have somewhat the ideas of a worthy lady who asked me how to begin to excavate a ruined town — should she begin to dig at the top or at the side? A cake or a raised pie was apparently in her mind, and the only question was where to best reach the inside of it. Now there are ruins and ruins: they may differ greatly in original nature, in the day they have been destroyed, and in the history of their degradation. The only rule that may be called general is that digging must be systematic; chance trenches or holes seldom produce anything in themselves, — they are but feelers. The main acquirement always needed is plenty of imagination. Imagination is the fire of discovery; the best of servants, though the worst of masters. A habit of reasoning out the most likely cause, and all other possible causes, for the condition of things as seen, is essential. If there is a slope of the ground, a ridge, a hollow — Why is it there? What can have produced it? and — Which cause is the most probable for it? The mere form of the ground will often show plainly what is beneath it. Is there a smooth, uniform mound of large size? Then a mass of house ruins of a town may be expected. Is there a steep edge to it around? Then there was a wall, either of the town or of some one large building which forms the whole ruin. Is there a ring of mounds with a central depression? Then there was a temple or large permanent

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building, with house ruins around it. Is there a gentle slope up one side, and a sharp fall on the other? Then it is a rubbish mound. Is the mass high above the general soil? Then several successive layers of habitation may be expected. So, even from afar, some ideas may be gleaned before setting foot on a ruined site.

When we reach our town and walk over it, much more can be seen of what is beneath. Very likely it seems all irregular, hillocky, dusty ground, and who can say what it may cover? In one place, however, we find that there are no chips of potsherds lying about: track around, and find the space of this clearance, probably it runs along for some distance; you are on the top of a mud-brick wall, denuded down to the level of the rubbish in which it is buried. Follow the clear space, and you will outline the fortifications of the city or its temple. Or, perhaps, you notice a difference in the vegetation — no plants will grow on particular ground; here is probably a mass of hard mud-brick or stonework, without moisture or nutriment, and you will thus find the walls. Or there is a hollow or old pit met with; here the modern natives have been digging out stone masonry, and around it, or below, may be the rest of a building. Some symmetrical form of the mounds can be detected, and we are perhaps led at once to the temple, or to trace out the streets of the town. Or a patch of ground is reddened with fire, showing that a house has been burned there, and probably stone and metal and pottery may remain intact in the ruins. But our special notice must be given to the potsherds lying strewn all over the surface. Pottery is the very key to digging; to know the varieties of it and the age of each, is the alphabet of work. Not that it is more

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distinctive in itself than most other products of various ages; but it is so vastly commoner than anything else, that a place may be dated in a minute by its pottery on the surface, which would require a month's digging in the inside of it to discover as much from inscriptions or sculptures. A survey showing the form of the ground, and the position of every fragment or indication that can be of use, is essential to understanding it; and will often point out by the probable symmetry of parts what are the best spots to examine first.

Having, then, made out as much as possible beforehand, we begin our diggings. If there appear to be remains of a temple, or some larger building which should be thoroughly examined, we first make pits about one edge of the site, and find how far out the ruins extend. Having settled that, a large trench is dug along the whole of one side, reaching down to the undisturbed soil beneath, and about six or eight feet wide at the bottom, all the earth being heaped on the outer edge of the trench. Then the inner side is dug away, and the stuff thrown up on the outer side by a row of men all along the trench. Thus the trench is gradually swept across the whole site, always taking from one side and throwing back on the other. Each block of stone or piece of building found is surveyed, and covered over again if not wanted; sculptures or inscriptions are either removed or rolled up on to the surface of the stuff, or remain exposed in pits left in the rubbish. Thus the earth does not cover over and encumber the surrounding ground, which may very likely need to be excavated in its turn; the stuff is removed a minimum distance, which means occupying a minimum of time and cost; and the site is covered over

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again, to preserve from the weather and from plunderers any foundations or masonry that may remain. Every ounce of earth is thus examined, and all it contains is discovered. Town ruins may be treated in the same way; all the chambers along one side of the town, or along a street, may be cleared out and measured; then the next chambers inwards are cleared, and the stuff all thrown into the first row of chambers; thus gradually turning over every scrap of rubbish without destroying a single wall, and leaving the place as well protected by its coat of débris as it was before the work.

The most fatal difficulty in the way of reaching what is wanted is when an early site has been occupied in later times. A city may have been of the greatest importance, and we may be certain that beneath our feet are priceless monuments; but if there are twenty or thirty feet of later rubbish over it all, the things might almost as well be in the center of the earth. Tanis was the Hyksos capital, but it would cost tens of thousands of pounds to lay bare the Hyksos level. The town of the Twelfth Dynasty at Illahun, on the contrary, yielded a harvest of small objects and papyri, revealing all the products and habits of that remote time, at a cost of two or three hundred pounds, simply because it was unencumbered. The Temple of Ephesus cost sixteen thousand pounds, and almost a life's work to discover it, owing to its depth under the surface. Naukratis and Defenneh, on the contrary, gave us the remains of the archaic Greeks, merely for the picking up and a little grubbing, both together not costing a thousand. It is plain enough that the main consideration is an accessible site.

An excellent rule in excavating is never to dig any-

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where without some definite aim. Form at least some expectation of what may be found; and so soon as the general clue to the arrangement is known, have clearly in the mind what you expect to find, and what is the purpose of every separate man's work. One may be following the outside of a fortification, another trenching across it to find its thickness, another sinking a pit inside it to find the depth of the soil, another clearing a room, or trenching to find the limits of the town, or removing a rubbish deposit layer by layer. Unless just beginning work on a very featureless site, the aimless trenching or pitting is merely an excuse for a lazy mind. Far better have some theory or working hypothesis, and labor to prove it to be either right or wrong, than simply remain in expectancy. When you know what to look for, the most trivial indications, which otherwise would seem to be nothing, become of great importance and attract the eye. And the workmen should be encouraged to know what to expect beneath the surface, as it prevents their destroying the evidences. A vertical junction a few inches high, clean sand on one side and earth on the other, will lead to tracing the whole plan of a destroyed temple; a little patch of sand in the ground will produce a foundation deposit to your hands, and give the age of a building which has vanished; a slightly darker soil in a trench will show you the wall of a town which you are seeking; some bricks laid with mud instead of sand in a pyramid will point the way to the sepulcher. A beginner is vastly disappointed that some great prize does not turn up after a week or two of work; while all the time he is probably not noticing or thinking about material for historical results that is lying before him all the

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time. Perhaps in some place nothing whatever may be found that would be worth sixpence in the antiquary market, and yet the results from walls and plans and pottery and measurements may be what historians have been longing to know about for years before.

It need hardly be said that the greatest care is required in making certain as to exactly where things are found. Workmen should never be allowed to meddle with each other's lots of potsherds or little things; and any man mixing up things from elsewhere with his own finds should be dismissed. Men should be trained by questioning to report where they found objects, at what level and spot in their holes; and the best men may in this way be led up to astonishing intelligence, observing exactly how they find things, and replacing them as found to illustrate the matter. In order to encourage the men to preserve all they find and to prevent their being induced to secrete things of value, they should always be paid as a present the market value of such things at that place, and a trifle for any pottery or little scraps that may be wanted. To do this properly it is needful to know the local prices pretty closely, so as to insure getting everything, and on the other hand not to induce men to foist things into the work from other places. Wages are paid by measure whenever possible, as it avoids the need of keeping the men up to the work, and is happier for both parties. Some day-work intermixed where measurement is impossible will often suffice.

It would be thought at first that nothing could be easier than to know a wall when you see it. Yet both in Egypt and Palestine the discrimination of mud-brick

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walls from the surrounding soil and rubbish in which they are buried, is one of the most tedious and perplexing tasks. To settle what is a wall and what is washed mud, and to find the limits and clear the face of the wall, is often a matter of half an hour's examination. The two opposite ways of working are by trenching sections through the wall, or by clearing the faces of it. The first is clumsy, but is needful sometimes, especially if the wall is much like the soil, and the workmen cannot be trusted; as, if the face is cleared, the whole outside may be cut away without leaving any trace. The light on the surface is all-important, as any shadows or oblique lights mask the differences of the bricks; either all in sunshine, or better, all in shade, is needful to see the bricks. A distant general view will often show differences of time in the courses, yellow, red, brown, gray, or black, which prove the mass to have been brickwork. The most decisive test is the difference at a vertical joint between bricks, as that cannot be simulated by natural beds of washed earth, as courses sometimes are. The lines of mud mortar are also different in color from the bricks and show out the courses. But yet all the question of joints is deceptive sometimes, owing to fallen bricks lying flat, and even fallen lumps of wall. In order to see the surface it must be fresh cut, or better, fresh broken by flaking it with picking at the face; by chopping successively front and back, each cut flakes away the mark of the previous blow, and so leaves a clean fracture surface all over. It must be remembered that bricks are often bent out of form by solid flow of the wall under great pressure, so that they may be distorted almost like a glacial deposit. In cleaning down the face of a

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wall, it may often be traced by its hardness, but this is not a test to be left to workmen, or they may cut away at random; a very good plan is to let the man trench along a few inches outside of the face of the wall, and then cut down the remaining coat of rubbish one's self to bare the face. Though pottery, stones, etc., often serve to show what is accumulated soil, yet they are found in brick sometimes, and must not be relied upon entirely. The texture of the soil is important, as in accumulations all long bodies, bits of straw, etc., lie flat; whereas in brick they are mixed in all directions. Also washed-down earth almost always shows worm casts in it. Often a wall, if in low wet soil, will show out distinctly when the cut surface has dried, as cracks will form more readily along the joints. In many cases, however, all these tests hardly serve to unravel the puzzle; especially where there are successive walls superimposed and only a small height of any one to examine. To trace out the position of ancient walls is, however, one of the first requisites in such work; not only do we recover the plan of the town and its buildings, but we are led thus to recognize what may be the most important sites for special excavation.

One of the most difficult questions is to know what may safely be thrown away. Most trivial things may be of value, as giving a clue to something else. Generally it is better to keep some examples of everything. No matter how broken the potsherds may be, keep one of each kind and form, replacing it by more complete examples as the work goes on. Thus the collection that is kept is always in process of weeding. It need hardly be said that every subject should be attended to; the excavator's business is not to study his own specialty only, but to

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collect as much material as possible for the use of other students. To neglect the subjects that interest him less is not only a waste of his opportunities, but a waste of such archæological material as may never be equaled again. History, inscriptions, tools, ornaments, pottery, technical works, weight, sources of imported stone, ethnology, botany, colors, and any other unexpected subject that may turn up, must all have a due share of attention. And keeping up the record of where everything has been found, and all the information that will afterwards be needed, about the objects and the discoveries, the measurements and details for publication, is a serious part of the work.

However much it may be desired to preserve some things, they almost defy the excavator's care. It is a simple affair to get an antiquity safe out of the ground, but then begins its perils of destruction, and unless carefully attended to, it may slowly perish in a few days or weeks. The first great trouble is salt; it scales the face of stones, or makes them drop off in powder; it destroys the surface of pottery; it eats away metal. In all cases where salt exists it is imperative to soak the objects in two or three changes of water for hours or days, according to the thickness. I have done this even with rotten wood and with paper squeezes. Another source of trouble is the rotting of organic materials, wood, string, leather, cloth, etc. For all such things the best treatment is a bath of melted wax. But innumerable questions arise as work goes on which can only be settled according to their circumstances: still, the soaking bath and the wax pot are the main preservatives.

The excavator should always be ready to take

PORTAL OF EUERGETES I, THEBES

PORTAL OF EUERGETES I, THEBES

WITH the intense eagerness of the Egyptians to rear gigantic memorials of their greatness, they built pyramids and gates and arches in vast numbers. One of the most famous of the portals is here pictured. It was built by Ptolemy Euergetes I, who began his reign in 247 B.C. He was successful as a warrior and extended his conquests even beyond the Euphrates, bringing home vast loads of treasure. An idea of the size of this portal may be gathered from the human figures at its base. At the top is the winged sun-disk in the hollow of the cornice. The hieroglyphics on the sides represent Euergetes praying and offering sacrifices to Theban deities.

This portal served as the entrance to the temple precincts of Karnak. Beyond it was an avenue of sphinxes leading to the temple of Amen-Ra. No other building in the world can match the dimensions of this gigantic temple, which is so vast that the mighty cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris might be placed in the smallest of the three groups of buildings of which it is composed, with room to spare.



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squeezes or photographs at once when required, and it is the best rule always to copy every inscription as soon as it is seen. If only an hour had been spent on the stele of Mesha, how much less should we have to regret! There is always the chance of accidents, and no risks should be run with inscribed materials. Even when the owner will not allow a copy to be made, the most needful points may be committed to memory, and written down as soon as possible, even under guise of making notes on other subjects. Another matter in which it is essential that an excavator should be proficient is surveying and leveling: in order to understand a place and direct the work, in order to preserve a record of what is done and make it intelligible to others, a survey is always needed, and generally leveling as well.

Lastly, what most persons never think of, a great deal of time and attention is required for safely packing a collection. This part of the business generally takes about a fifth of the time of the excavations; and much care and arrangement has to be bestowed on the security of heavy stones, or pottery, or fragile stucco, or glass, for a long journey of railways and shipping. Packing with pads, with clothes, with chopped straw, or with reeds, hay, or straw, is more or less suitable in different instances. Finding things is but sorry work if you cannot preserve them and transport them safely. Most people think of excavating as a pleasing sort of holiday amusement; just walking about a place and seeing things found: but it takes about as much care and management as any other business, and needs perhaps more miscellaneous information than most other affairs.

IV
IN THE DAYS OF PHARAOH

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE first ruler of the Nineteenth Dynasty was Seti, who built the famous "Hall of Columns" in the Temple of Karnak. He was followed by Rameses II. This ruler was apparently carefully trained to meet the responsibilities of the throne, for one inscription declares that when he was only ten years old no monuments were built without his orders. He had a long reign and was successful in some military expeditions; but his fashion of removing from monuments the names of earlier kings and substituting his own makes the number of his conquests somewhat uncertain. He has long been regarded as the "Pharaoh" who oppressed the Children of Israel, and his son as the ruler who was forced by the ten plagues to let them depart from the land; but recent criticism has made this somewhat less certain.

THE MIGHTY REIGN OF SESOSTRIS (RAMESES II)

BY DIODORUS THE SICILIAN

NOT only the Greek writers differ among themselves about this king, but likewise the Egyptian priests and poets relate various and different stories concerning him. We shall relate such as are most probable and agreeable to those signs and marks that are yet remaining in Egypt to confirm them. After his birth his father performed a noble act, and, becoming a king, he caused all throughout Egypt that were born the same day with his son to be brought together, and together with his son to be bred up with the same education and instructed in the same discipline and exercises; conceiving that, by being thus familiarly brought up together and conversing with one another, they would be always most loving and faithful friends and the best fellow-soldiers in all the wars. Providing, therefore, everything for the purpose, he caused the boys to be exercised daily in the schools with hard and difficult labors; as that none should eat till he had run a hundred and fourscore furlongs; and by this means, when they came to be at men's estate, they were fit either to be commanders or to undertake any brave or noble action, both in respect of the vigor and strength of their bodies and the excellent endowments of their minds.

Sesostris, in the first place, being sent with an army into Arabia by his father (with whom went his compan-

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ions that were bred up with him), toiled and troubled himself with the hunting and killing of wild beasts; and then, having at last overmastered all his fatigues and wants of water and provision, he conquered all that barbarous nation which was never before that time subdued. Afterwards, being sent into the western parts, he conquered the greatest part of Libya, being as yet but a youth. Coming to the crown after the death of his father, encouraged by his former successes, he designed to subdue and conquer the whole world. Some report that he was stirred up by his daughter Athyrte to undertake the gaining of the empire of the world; for, being a woman of an extraordinary understanding, she made it out to her father that the conquest was easy. Others encouraged him by their divinations, foretelling his success by the entrails of the sacrifices, by their dreams in the temples, and by prodigies seen in the air.

There are some also that write that when Sesostris was born, Vulcan appeared to his father in his sleep and told him that the child then born should be conqueror of the universe; and that that was the reason why his father assembled all of the like age and bred them up together with his son to make way for him with more ease to rise to that height of imperial dignity; and that when he was grown to man's estate, fully believing what the god had foretold, he undertook at length this expedition.

To this purpose he first made it his chief concern to gain the love and good will of all the Egyptians, judging it necessary, in order to effect what he designed, so far to engage his soldiers as that they should willingly and readily venture, nay, lose, their lives for their generals, and that those whom he should leave behind him should

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not contrive or hatch any rebellion in his absence; to this end, therefore, he obliged every one to the utmost of his power, working upon some by money, others by giving them lands, and many by free pardons, and upon all by fair words and affable and courteous behavior. He pardoned those that were condemned for high treason and freed all that were in prison for debt by paying what they owed, of whom there was a vast multitude in the jails.

He divided the whole country into thirty-six parts, which the Egyptians call *Nomi*, over every one of which he appointed a governor who should take care of the king's revenue and manage all other affairs relating to their several and respective provinces. Out of these he chose the strongest and ablest men and raised an army answerable to the greatness of his design, to the number of six hundred thousand foot, and twenty-four thousand horse, and twenty-seven thousand chariots of war; and over all the several regiments and battalions, he made those as had been used to martial exercises, and from their childhood hot and zealous after that which was brave and virtuous, and who were knit together as brothers in love and affection, both to the king and to one another; the number of whom was above seventeen hundred.

Upon these companions of his he bestowed large estates in lands, in the richest parts of Egypt, that they might not be in the least want of anything, reserving only their attendance upon him in the wars.

Having, therefore, rendezvoused his army, he marched first against the Ethiopians inhabiting the south, and having conquered them, forced them to pay him tribute of ebony, gold, and elephants' teeth.

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Then he sent forth a navy of four hundred sail into the Red Sea, and was the first Egyptian that built long ships. By the help of this fleet, he gained all the islands in this sea, and subdued the bordering nations as far as to India. But he himself, marching forward with his land army, conquered all Asia; for he not only invaded those nations which Alexander the Macedonian afterwards subdued, but likewise those which he never set foot upon. For he both passed over the river Ganges, and likewise pierced through all India to the main ocean. Then he subdued the Scythians as far as to the river Tanais, which divided Europe from Asia; where they say he left some of his Egyptians at the lake Mœotis, and gave origin to the nations of Colchis. In the same manner he brought into his subjection all the rest of Asia and most of the islands of the Cyclades. Thence passing over into Europe, he was in danger of losing his whole army through the difficulty of the passages and want of provisions. And, therefore, putting a stop to his expedition in Thrace, up and down in all his conquests, he erected pillars, whereon were inscribed in Egyptian letters called hieroglyphics these words: "Sesostris, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, subdued this country by his arms." In some places he set up his own statue, carved in stone (armed with a bow and a lance) above four cubits and four hands¹ in height, of which stature he himself was.

Having now spent nine years in this expedition (carrying himself courteously and familiarly towards all his subjects in the mean time), he ordered the nations he had conquered to bring their presents and tributes every

¹ About eight feet.

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year into Egypt, every one proportionable to their several abilities, and he himself with the captives and the rest of the spoils (of which there were a vast quantity) returned into Egypt, far surpassing all the kings before him in the greatness of his actions and achievements. He adorned all the temples of Egypt with rich presents and the spoils of his enemies. Then he rewarded his soldiers that had served him in the war, every one according to his desert. It is most certain that the army not only returned loaded with riches and received the glory and honor of their approved valor, but the whole country of Egypt reaped many advantages by this expedition.

Sesostris, having now disbanded his army, gave leave to his companions in arms and fellow-victors to take their ease and enjoy the fruits of their conquest. But he himself, fired with an earnest desire of glory and ambitious to leave behind him eternal monuments of his memory, made many fair and stately works, admirable both for their cost and contrivance, by which he both advanced his own immortal praise and procured unspeakable advantages to the Egyptians, with perfect ease and security for the time to come. For, beginning first with what concerned the gods, he built a temple in all the cities of Egypt to that god whom every particular place most adored; and he employed none of the Egyptians in his works, but finished all by the labors of the captives; and therefore he caused an inscription to be made upon all the temples, thus: "None of the natives were put to labor here." It is reported that some of the Babylonian captives, because they were not able to bear the fatigue of the work, rebelled against the king; and having possessed themselves of a fort near the river, they took up

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arms against the Egyptians and wasted the country thereabouts; but at length having got a pardon, they chose a place for their habitation, and called it after the name of that in their own country, Babylon. Upon the like occasion, they say, that Troy, situated near the river Nile, was so called; for Menelaus, when he returned from Ilium with many prisoners, arrived in Egypt, where the Trojans, deserting the king, seized upon a certain strong place and took up arms against the Greeks till they had gained their liberty, and then built a famous city after the name of their own. But I am not ignorant how Ctesias the Cretan gives a far different account of these cities, when he says that some of those who came in former times with Semiramis into Egypt called the cities which they built after the names of those in their own country. But it is no easy matter to know the certain truth of these things: yet it is necessary to observe the different opinions concerning them, that the judicious reader may have an occasion to inquire in order to pick out the real truth.

Sesostris, moreover, raised many mounds and banks of earth, to which he removed all the cities that lay low in the plain, that both man and beast might be safe and secure at the time of the inundation of the river. He cut likewise many deep dikes from the river, all along as far as from Memphis to the sea, for the ready and quick conveying of corn and other provisions and merchandise by short cuts thither, both for the support of trade and commerce and maintenance of peace and plenty all over the country: and that which was of greatest moment and concern of all was that he fortified all parts of the country against incursions of enemies, and

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made it difficult of access; whereas, before, the greatest part of Egypt lay open and exposed either for chariots or horsemen to enter. But now, by reason of the multitude of canals drawn all along from the river, the entrance was very difficult and the country not so easily to be invaded. He defended likewise the east side of Egypt against the irruptions of the Syrians and Arabians with a wall drawn from Pelusium through the desert as far as to Heliopolis for the space of a thousand and five hundred furlongs.¹ He caused likewise a ship to be made of cedar, two hundred and fourscore cubits² in length, gilded over with gold on the outside and with silver within; and this he dedicated to the god that was most adored by the Thebans. He erected likewise two obelisks of polished marble, a hundred and twenty cubits high, on which were inscribed a description of the large extent of his empire, the great value of his revenue, and the number of the nations by him conquered. He placed likewise at Memphis, in the Temple of Vulcan, his and his wife's statues, each of one entire stone, thirty cubits in height, and those of his sons, twenty cubits high, upon this occasion. After his return from his great expedition into Egypt, being at Pelusium, his brother at a feast having invited him together with his wife and children, plotted against his life; for, being all overcome by wine and gone to rest, he caused a great quantity of dry reeds (long before prepared for the purpose) to be placed round the king's pavilion in the night, and set them all on fire; upon which the flame suddenly mounted aloft; and little assistance the king

¹ One hundred and eighty-seven and one half miles.

² About four hundred and seventy-eight feet.

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had either from his servants or lifeguard, who were all still overladen with wine: upon which Sesostris with his hands lift up to heaven, calling upon the gods for help for his wife and children, rushed through the flames and escaped; and so being thus unexpectedly preserved, he made oblations as to other of the gods (as is before said), so especially to Vulcan, as him by whose favor he was so remarkably delivered.

Although Sesostris was eminent in many great and worthy actions, yet the most stately and magnificent of all was that relating to the princes in his progresses. For those kings of the conquered nations who through his favor still held their kingdoms, and such as had received large principalities of his free gift and donation, came with their presents and tributes into Egypt at the times appointed, whom he received with all the marks of honor and respect; save that when he went into the temple of the city, his custom was to cause the horses to be unharnessed out of his chariot, and in their room four kings and other princes to draw it; hereby thinking to make it evident to all that there was none comparable to him for valor, who had conquered the most potent and famous princes in the world. This king seems to have excelled all others that ever were eminent for power and greatness, both as to his warlike achievements, the number of his gifts and oblations, and his wonderful works in Egypt.

After he had reigned three-and-thirty years, he fell blind, and willfully put an end to his own life; for which he was admired not only by priests, but by all the rest of the Egyptians; for that, as he had before manifested the greatness of his mind by his actions, so now his end

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was agreeable (by a voluntary death) to the glory of his life.

The fame and renown of this king continued so fresh down to posterity that, many ages after, when Egypt was conquered by the Persians, and Darius, the father of Xerxes, would set up his statue at Memphis above that of Sesostris, the chief priest in the debating of the matter in the conclave boldly spoke against it, declaring that Darius had not yet exceeded this; that, on the contrary, he was so pleased and taken with this freedom of speech that he said he would endeavor (if he lived as long as the other did) to be nothing inferior to him; and wished them to compare things done proportionably to the time, for that this was the justest examination and trial of valor. And thus much shall suffice to be said of Sesostris.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT

THE CRUEL BRETHREN

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age; and he made him a coat of many colors. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him. And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them: "Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: for, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf."

And his brethren said to him: "Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us?" And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said: "Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me."

And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him: "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy

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mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?"

And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying.

And his brethren went to feed their father's flock in Shechem. And Israel said unto Joseph: "Do not thy brethren feed the flock in Shechem? come, and I will send thee unto them."

And he said to him: "Here am I."

And he said to him: "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks; and bring me word again."

So he sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem. And a certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field: and the man asked him, saying, "What seekest thou?"

And he said: "I seek my brethren; tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks."

And the man said: "They are departed hence; for I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.'"

And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him to slay him.

And they said one to another: "Behold, this dreamer cometh. Come now therefore, and let us slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, 'Some evil beast hath devoured him': and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

And Reuben heard it, and he delivered him out of their hands, and said: "Let us not kill him." And Reuben said unto them, "Shed no blood, but cast him into this

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pit that is in the wilderness, and lay no hand upon him"; that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliver him to his father again.

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him; and they took him; and cast him into a pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread, and they lifted up their eyes and looked, and, behold, a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And Judah said unto his brethren: "What profit is it if we slay our brother, and conceal his blood? Come, and let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, and let not our hand be upon him; for he is our brother and our flesh." And his brethren were content. Then there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they drew and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver; and they brought Joseph into Egypt.

And Reuben returned unto the pit; and, behold, Joseph was not in the pit; and he rent his clothes. And he returned unto his brethren, and said: "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?" And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said: "This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no."

And he knew it, and said: "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces." And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.

JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN

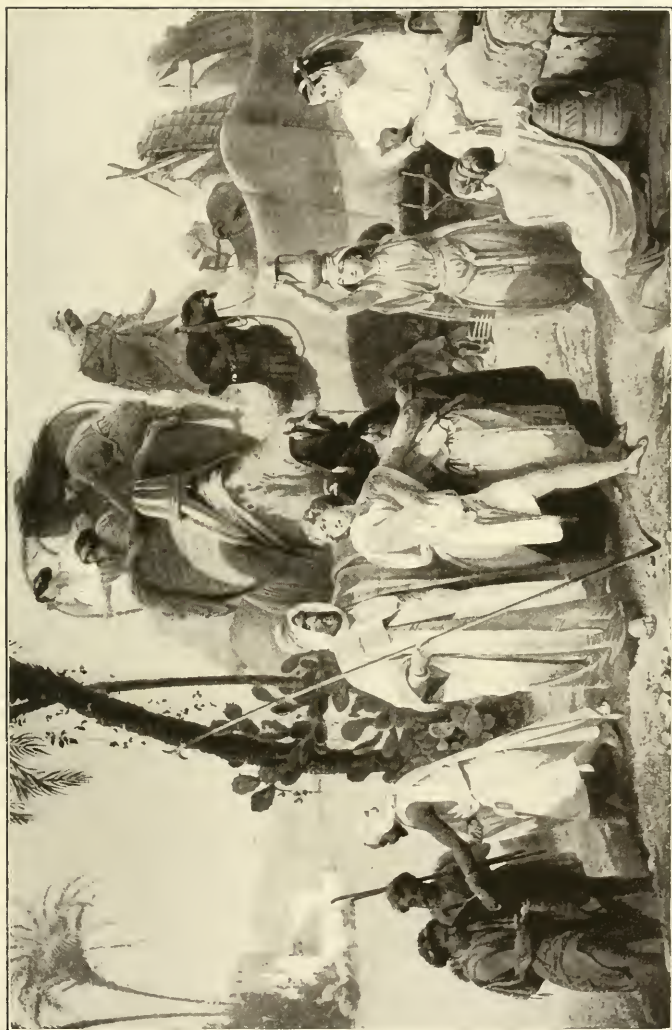
JOSEPH SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN

BY HENRY FREDERIC SCHOPIN

(*Born in Lubec of French parents in 1804. Died, 1880*)

THIS picture, by Schopin, the noted Bible illustrator, shows a striking scene of desert life. A caravan is coming to a halt under the shade of the palm trees. A tent has already been spread, the women are climbing down from their lofty perch, and one girl has set out for the well, bearing on her head a water-jar of a type that has been used in Eastern countries from time immemorial.

Joseph has just been sold by his brothers, who are seen on the left, receiving the money. Joseph himself is being led away under the pitying gaze of the Arab maidens. A picturesque background is furnished by the camels, some of them bearing huge baskets in which the women of the caravan ride, and others, the awkward-looking saddles on which the men balance themselves.



THE STORY OF JOSEPH

And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him; but he refused to be comforted, and he said: "For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning." Thus his father wept for him. And the Midianites sold him into Egypt unto Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, and captain of the guard.

JOSEPH IN PRISON IN EGYPT

And Joseph was brought down to Egypt; and Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, captain of the guard, an Egyptian, bought him of the hands of the Ishmaelites, which had brought him down thither. And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand. And Joseph found grace in his sight, and he served him: and he made him overseer over his house, and all that he had he put into his hand.

And it came to pass from the time that he had made him overseer in his house, and over all that he had, that the Lord blessed the Egyptian's house for Joseph's sake; and the blessing of the Lord was upon all that he had in the house, and in the field. And he left all that he had in Joseph's hand; and he knew not aught he had, save the bread which he did eat. And Joseph was a goodly person, and well favoured.

And it came to pass after these things, that his master's wife [falsely accused Joseph of wrongdoing]. And when his master heard the words of his wife, which she spake unto him, his wrath was kindled. And Joseph's master took him, and put him into the prison, a place

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where the king's prisoners were bound; and he was there in the prison.

But the Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy, and gave him favour in the sight of the keeper of the prison. And the keeper of the prison committed to Joseph's hand all the prisoners that were in the prison; and whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it. The keeper of the prison looked not to any thing that was under his hand; because the Lord was with him, and that which he did, the Lord made it to prosper.

And it came to pass after these things, that the butler of the king of Egypt and his baker had offended their lord the king of Egypt. And Pharaoh was wroth against two of his officers, against the chief of the butlers, and against the chief of the bakers. And he put them in ward in the house of the captain of the guard, into the prison, the place where Joseph was bound. And the captain of the guard charged Joseph with them, and he served them; and they continued a season in ward.

And they dreamed a dream both of them, each man his dream in one night, each man according to the interpretation of his dream, the butler and the baker of the king of Egypt, which were bound in the prison. And Joseph came in unto them in the morning, and looked upon them, and, behold, they were sad. And he asked Pharaoh's officers that were with him in the ward of his lord's house, saying: "Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day?"

And they said unto him: "We have dreamed a dream, and there is no interpreter of it."

And Joseph said unto them: "Do not interpretations belong to God? tell me them, I pray you."

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

And the chief butler told his dream to Joseph, and said to him: "In my dream, behold, a vine was before me; and in the vine were three branches; and it was as though it budded, and her blossoms shot forth; and the clusters thereof brought forth ripe grapes; and Pharaoh's cup was in my hand: and I took the grapes, and pressed them into Pharaoh's cup, and I gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand."

And Joseph said unto him: "This is the interpretation of it: the three branches are three days; yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thine head, and restore thee unto thy place; and thou shalt deliver Pharaoh's cup into his hand, after the former manner when thou wast his butler. But think on me when it shall be well with thee, and shew kindness, I pray thee, unto me, and make mention of me unto Pharaoh, and bring me out of this house; for indeed I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews; and here also have I done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon."

When the chief baker saw that the interpretation was good, he said unto Joseph: "I also was in my dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head and in the uppermost basket there was of all manner of bakemeats for Pharaoh; and the birds did eat them out of the basket upon my head."

And Joseph answered and said: "This is the interpretation thereof: the three baskets are three days; yet within three days shall Pharaoh lift up thy head from off thee, and shall hang thee on a tree; and the birds shall eat thy flesh from off thee."

And it came to pass the third day, which was Pharaoh's birthday, that he made a feast unto all his serv-

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ants; and he lifted up the head of the chief butler and of the chief baker among his servants. And he restored the chief butler unto his butlership again; and he gave the cup into Pharaoh's hand; but he hanged the chief baker, as Joseph had interpreted to them. Yet did not the chief butler remember Joseph, but forgot him.

PHARAOH'S DREAM

And it came to pass at the end of two full years, that Pharaoh dreamed; and, behold, he stood by the river. And, behold, there came up out of the river seven well favoured kine and fatted; and they fed in a meadow. And, behold, seven other kine came up after them out of the river, ill favoured and leanfleshed; and stood by the other kine upon the brink of the river. And the ill favoured and leanfleshed kine did eat up the seven well favoured and fat kine. So Pharaoh awoke.

And he slept and dreamed the second time; and, behold, seven ears of corn came up upon one stalk, rank and good. And, behold, seven thin ears and blasted with the east wind sprung up after them. And the seven thin ears devoured the seven rank and full ears. And Pharaoh awoke, and, behold, it was a dream.

And it came to pass in the morning that his spirit was troubled; and he sent and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof, and Pharaoh told them his dream; but there was none that could interpret them unto Pharaoh.

Then spake the chief butler unto Pharaoh, saying: "I do remember my faults this day. Pharaoh was wroth with his servants, and put me in ward in the captain of the guard's house, both me and the chief baker. And we

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dreamed a dream in one night, I and he; we dreamed each man according to the interpretation of his dream. And there was there with us a young man, an Hebrew, servant to the captain of the guard; and we told him, and he interpreted to us our dreams; to each man according to his dream he did interpret. And it came to pass, as he interpreted to us, so it was; me he restored unto mine office, and him he hanged.”

Then Pharaoh sent and called Joseph, and they brought him hastily out of the dungeon; and he shaved himself, and changed his raiment, and came in unto Pharaoh. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: “I have dreamed a dream, and there is none that can interpret it; and I have heard say of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it.”

And Joseph answered Pharaoh, saying: “It is not in me. God shall give Pharaoh an answer of peace.”

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: “In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river; and, behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fatfleshed and well favoured; and they fed in a meadow; and behold, seven other kine came up, after them, poor and very ill favoured and leanfleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness; and the lean and the ill favoured kine did eat up the first seven fat kine; and when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill favoured, as at the beginning. So I awoke. And I saw in my dream, and, behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good; and, behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them; and the thin ears devoured the seven good ears:

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and I told this unto the magicians; but there was none that could declare it to me.”

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh: “The dream of Pharaoh is one: God hath shewed Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good kine are seven years; and the seven good ears are seven years: the dream is one. And the seven thin and ill favoured kine that came up after them are seven years; and the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind shall be seven years of famine. This is the thing which I have spoken unto Pharaoh: what God is about to do he sheweth unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt: and there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt, and the famine shall consume the land; and the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of that famine following; for it shall be very grievous. And for that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice; it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass. Now therefore let Pharaoh look out a man discreet and wise, and set him over the land of Egypt. Let Pharaoh do this, and let him appoint officers over the land, and take up the fifth part of the land of Egypt in the seven plenteous years. And let them gather all the food of those good years that come, and lay up corn under the hand of Pharaoh, and let him keep food in the cities. And that food shall be for store to the land against the seven years of famine, which shall be in the land of Egypt; that the land perish not through the famine.”

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JOSEPH BECOMES A RULER IN EGYPT

And the thing was good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants. And Pharaoh said unto his servants: "Can we find such a one as this is, a man in whom the Spirit of God is?" And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: "Forasmuch as God hath shewed thee all this, there is none so discreet and wise as thou art; thou shalt be over my house, and according unto thy word shall all my people be ruled: only in the throne will I be greater than thou." And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: "See, I have set thee over all the land of Egypt."

And Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck; and he made him to ride in the second chariot which he had; and they cried before him, "Bow the knee"; and he made him ruler over all the land of Egypt. And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: "I am Pharaoh, and without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot in all the land of Egypt." And Pharaoh gave him to wife Asenath the daughter of Poti-pherah priest of On. And Joseph went out over all the land of Egypt.

And Joseph was thirty years old when he stood before Pharaoh king of Egypt. And Joseph went out from the presence of Pharaoh, and went throughout all the land of Egypt. And in the seven plenteous years the earth brought forth by handfuls. And he gathered up all the food of the seven years, which were in the land of Egypt, and laid up the food in the cities; the food of the field, which was round about every city, laid he up in the same. And Joseph gathered corn as the sand of the sea,

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very much, until he left numbering; for it was without number.

And unto Joseph were born two sons before the years of famine came, which Asenath the daughter of Poti-pherah priest of On bare unto him. And Joseph called the name of the firstborn Manasseh: "For God," said he, "hath made me forget all my toil, and all my father's house." And the name of the second called he Ephraim: "For God hath caused me to be fruitful in the land of my affliction."

And the seven years of plenteousness, that was in the land of Egypt, were ended. And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said; and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread.

And when all the land of Egypt was famished, the people cried to Pharaoh for bread; and Pharaoh said unto all the Egyptians: "Go unto Joseph; what he saith to you, do." And the famine was over all the face of the earth. And Joseph opened all the storehouses, and sold unto the Egyptians; and the famine waxed sore in the land of Egypt. And all countries came into Egypt to Joseph for to buy corn; because that the famine was so sore in all lands.

JOSEPH'S BRETHREN COME TO EGYPT

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons: "Why do ye look one upon another?" And he said: "Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt; get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die." And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt.

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But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, "Lest peradventure mischief befall him."

And the sons of Israel came to buy corn among those that came; for the famine was in the land of Canaan. And Joseph was the governor over the land, and he it was that sold to all the people of the land; and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves before him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them: "Whence come ye?"

And they said: "From the land of Canaan to buy food."

And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him. And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them, and said unto them: "Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come."

And they said unto him: "Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are true men, thy servants are no spies."

And he said unto them:

"Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come."

And they said: "Thy servants are twelve brethren, sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not."

And Joseph said unto them: "That is it that I spake unto you, saying, 'Ye are spies': hereby ye shall be proved: by the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send

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one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proved, whether there be any truth in you; or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies." And he put them all together into ward three days. And Joseph said unto them the third day: "This do, and live; for I fear God: if ye be true men, let one of your brethren be bound in the house of your prison; go ye, carry corn for the famine of your houses; but bring your youngest brother unto me; so shall your words be verified, and ye shall not die."

And they did so.

And they said one to another: "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us."

And Reuben answered them, saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, 'Do not sin against the child;' and ye would not hear? therefore, behold, also his blood is required." And they knew not that Joseph understood them; for he spake unto them by an interpreter. And he turned himself about from them, and wept; and returned to them again, and communed with them, and took from them Simeon, and bound him before their eyes.

Then Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way: and thus did he unto them. And they laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money; for, behold, it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren: "My money is restored; and, lo, it is even

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in my sack"; and their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying one to another, "What is this that God hath done unto us?"

And they came unto Jacob their father unto the land of Canaan, and told him all that befell unto them, saying: "The man, who is the lord of the land, spake roughly to us, and took us for spies of the country. And we said unto him, 'We are true men; we are no spies; we be twelve brethren, sons of our father; one is not, and the youngest is this day with our father in the land of Canaan.' And the man, the lord of the country, said unto us, 'Hereby shall I know that ye are true men; leave one of your brethren here with me, and take food for the famine of your households, and be gone; and bring your youngest brother unto me; then shall I know that ye are no spies, but that ye are true men; so will I deliver you your brother, and ye shall traffick in the land.'" And it came to pass as they emptied their sacks, that, behold, every man's bundle of money was in his sack; and when both they and their father saw the bundles of money, they were afraid.

And Jacob their father said unto them: "Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me."

And Reuben spake unto his father, saying: "Slay my two sons, if I bring him not to thee; deliver him into my hand, and I will bring him to thee again."

And he said: "My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone; if mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

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THE SILVER CUP

And the famine was sore in the land. And it came to pass, when they had eaten up the corn which they had brought out of Egypt, their father said unto them: "Go again, buy us a little food."

And Judah spake unto him, saying: "The man did solemnly protest unto us, saying, 'Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.' If thou wilt send our brother with us, we will go down and buy thee food. But if thou wilt not send him, we will not go down; for the man said unto us, 'Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you.'"

And Israel said: "Wherefore dealt ye so ill with me, as to tell the man whether ye had yet a brother?"

And they said: "The man asked us straitly of our state, and of our kindred, saying, 'Is your father yet alive? have ye another brother?' and we told him according to the tenor of these words. Could we certainly know that he would say, 'Bring your brother down?'"

And Judah said unto Israel his father: "Send the lad with me, and we will arise and go; that we may live, and not die, both we, and thou, and also our little ones. I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him; if I bring him not unto thee, and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame for ever; for except we had lingered, surely now we had returned this second time."

And their father Israel said unto them: "If it must be so now, do this; take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds;

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and take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight; take also your brother, and arise, go again unto the man; and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved.”

And the men took that present, and they took double money in their hand, and Benjamin, and rose up, and went down to Egypt, and stood before Joseph. And when Joseph saw Benjamin with them, he said to the ruler of his house: “Bring these men home, and slay, and make ready; for these men shall dine with me at noon.” And the man did as Joseph bade; and the man brought the men into Joseph’s house. And the men were afraid, because they were brought into Joseph’s house; and they said, “Because of the money that was returned in our sacks at the first time are we brought in; that he may seek occasion against us, and fall upon us, and take us for bondmen, and our asses.”

And they came near to the steward of Joseph’s house, and they communed with him at the door of the house, and said: “O sir, we came indeed down at the first time to buy food; and it came to pass, when we came to the inn, that we opened our sacks, and, behold, every man’s money was in the mouth of his sack, our money in full weight; and we have brought it again in our hand. And other money have we brought down in our hands to buy food; we cannot tell who put our money in our sacks.”

And he said: “Peace be to you, fear not; your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in

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your sacks; I had your money." And he brought Simeon out unto them. And the man brought the men into Joseph's house, and gave them water, and they washed their feet; and he gave their asses provender. And they made ready the present against Joseph came at noon; for they heard that they should eat bread there.

And when Joseph came home, they brought him the present which was in their hand into the house, and bowed themselves to him to the earth.

And he asked them of their welfare, and said: "Is your father well, the old man of whom ye spake? Is he yet alive?"

And they answered: "Thy servant our father is in good health, he is yet alive." And they bowed down their heads, and made obeisance.

And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother's son, and said: "Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me?" And he said, "God be gracious unto thee, my son." And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother; and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber, and wept there. And he washed his face, and went out, and refrained himself, and said, "Set on bread." And they set on for him by himself, and for them by themselves, and for the Egyptians, which did eat with them, by themselves; because the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews; for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians. And they sat before him, the first-born according to his birthright, and the youngest according to his youth; and the men marvelled one at another. And he took and sent messes unto them from before him; but Benjamin's mess was five times so much

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as any of theirs. And they drank, and were merry with him.

And he commanded the steward of his house, saying: "Fill the men's sacks with food, as much as they can carry, and put every man's money in his sack's mouth. And put my cup, the silver cup, in the sack's mouth of the youngest, and his corn money." And he did according to the word that Joseph had spoken. As soon as the morning was light, the men were sent away, they and their asses. And when they were gone out of the city, and not yet far off, Joseph said unto the steward: "Up, follow after the men; and when thou dost overtake them, say unto them, 'Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good? Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth? ye have done evil in so doing.'"

And he overtook them, and he spake unto them these same words.

And they said unto him: "Wherefore saith my lord these words? God forbid that thy servants should do according to this thing. Behold, the money, which we found in our sacks' mouths, we brought again unto thee out of the land of Canaan; how then should we steal out of thy lord's house silver or gold? With whomsoever of thy servants it be found, both let him die, and we also will be my lord's bondmen."

And he said: "Now also let it be according unto your words; he with whom it is found shall be my servant; and ye shall be blameless."

Then they speedily took down every man his sack to the ground, and opened every man his sack. And he searched, and began at the eldest, and left at the

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youngest: and the cup was found in Benjamin's sack. Then they rent their clothes, and laded every man his ass, and returned to the city.

And Judah and his brethren came to Joseph's house, for he was yet there; and they fell before him on the ground.

And Joseph said unto them: "What deed is this that ye have done? wot ye not that such a man as I can certainly divine?"

And Judah said: "What shall we say unto my lord? what shall we speak? or how shall we clear ourselves? God hath found out the iniquity of thy servants; behold, we are my lord's servants, both we, and he also with whom the cup is found."

And he said: "God forbid that I should do so; but the man in whose hand the cup is found, he shall be my servant; and as for you, get you up in peace unto your father."

Then Judah came near unto him, and said: "O my lord, let thy servant, I pray thee, speak a word in my lord's ears, and let not thine anger burn against thy servant, for thou art even as Pharaoh. My lord asked his servants saying, 'Have ye a father, or a brother?' And we said unto my lord, 'We have a father, an old man, and a child of his old age, a little one; and his brother is dead, and he alone is left to his mother, and his father loveth him.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Bring him down unto me, that I may set mine eyes upon him.' And we said unto my lord, 'The lad cannot leave his father; for if he should leave his father, his father would die.' And thou saidst unto thy servants, 'Except your youngest brother come down with you, ye shall see my

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face no more.' And it came to pass when we came up unto thy servant my father, we told him the words of my lord. And our father said, 'Go again, and buy us a little food.' And we said, 'We cannot go down: if our youngest brother be with us, then will we go down, for we may not see the man's face, except our youngest brother be with us.' And thy servant my father said unto us, 'Ye know that my wife bare me two sons; and the one went out from me, and I said, "Surely he is torn in pieces"; and I saw him not since; and if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Now therefore when I come to thy servant my father, and the lad be not with us; seeing that his life is bound up in the lad's life, it shall come to pass, when he seeth that the lad is not with us, that he will die, and thy servants shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant our father with sorrow to the grave. For thy servant became surety for the lad unto my father, saying, 'If I bring him not unto thee, then I shall bear the blame to my father for ever.' Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come on my father."

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, "Cause every man to go out from me." And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud; and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard.

And Joseph said unto his brethren: "I am Joseph;

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doth my father yet live?" And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto his brethren, "Come near to me, I pray you." And they came near. And he said, "I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither, for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land, and yet there are five years, in the which there shall neither be earing¹ nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God: and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt. Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, 'Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not: and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast; and there will I nourish thee; for yet there are five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty.' And, behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither."

And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck, and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. Moreover he

¹ Ploughing.

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kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them, and after that his brethren talked with him.

And the fame thereof was heard in Pharaoh's house, saying, "Joseph's brethren are come"; and it pleased Pharaoh well, and his servants.

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph: "Say unto thy brethren, 'This do ye; lade your beasts, and go, get you unto the land of Canaan; and take your father and your households, and come unto me, and I will give you the good of the land of Egypt, and ye shall eat the fat of the land.' Now thou art commanded, this do ye; take you wagons out of the land of Egypt for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come. Also regard not your stuff; for the good of all the land of Egypt is yours."

And the children of Israel did so; and Joseph gave them wagons, according to the commandment of Pharaoh, and gave them provision for the way. To all of them he gave each man changes of raiment; but to Benjamin he gave three hundred pieces of silver, and five changes of raiment. And to his father he sent after this manner; ten asses laden with the good things of Egypt, and ten she asses laden with corn and bread and meat for his father by the way. So he sent his brethren away, and they departed; and he said unto them, "See that ye fall not out by the way."

JACOB GOES DOWN INTO EGYPT

And they went up out of Egypt, and came into the land of Canaan unto Jacob their father, and told him, saying, "Joseph is yet alive, and he is governor over all the land of Egypt." And Jacob's heart fainted, for he

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believed them not. And they told him all the words of Joseph, which he had said unto them. And when he saw the wagons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob their father revived, and Israel said: "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive. I will go and see him before I die."

And Israel took his journey with all that he had, and came to Beer-sheba, and offered sacrifices unto the God of his father Isaac. And God spake unto Israel in the visions of the night, and said: "Jacob, Jacob."

And he said: "Here am I."

And he said: "I am God, the God of thy father. Fear not to go down into Egypt, for I will there make of thee a great nation; I will go down with thee into Egypt; and I will also surely bring thee up again, and Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes."

And Jacob rose up from Beer-sheba; and the sons of Israel carried Jacob their father, and their little ones, and their wives, in the wagons which Pharaoh had sent to carry him. And they took their cattle, and their goods, which they had gotten in the land of Canaan, and came into Egypt, Jacob, and all his seed with him: his sons, and his sons' sons with him, his daughters, and his sons' daughters, and all his seed brought he with him into Egypt.

And he sent Judah before him unto Joseph, to direct his face unto Goshen; and they came into the land of Goshen. And Joseph made ready his chariot, and went up to meet Israel his father, to Goshen, and presented himself unto him; and he fell on his neck, and wept on his neck a good while.

THE STORY OF JOSEPH

And Israel said unto Joseph: "Now let me die, since I have seen thy face, because thou art yet alive."

And Joseph said unto his brethren, and unto his father's house: "I will go up, and shew Pharaoh, and say unto him, 'My brethren, and my father's house, which were in the land of Canaan, are come unto me; and the men are shepherds, for their trade hath been to feed cattle; and they have brought their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have.' And it shall come to pass, when Pharaoh shall call you, and shall say, 'What is your occupation?' that ye shall say, 'Thy servants' trade hath been about cattle from our youth even until now, both we, and also our fathers': that ye may dwell in the land of Goshen; for every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians."

Then Joseph came and told Pharaoh, and said: "My father and my brethren, and their flocks, and their herds, and all that they have, are come out of the land of Canaan; and, behold, they are in the land of Goshen." And he took some of his brethren, even five men, and presented them unto Pharaoh.

And Pharaoh said unto his brethren: "What is your occupation?"

And they said unto Pharaoh: "Thy servants are shepherds, both we, and also our fathers." They said moreover unto Pharaoh, "For to sojourn in the land are we come; for thy servants have no pasture for their flocks; for the famine is sore in the land of Canaan: now therefore, we pray thee, let thy servants dwell in the land of Goshen."

And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying: "Thy father and thy brethren are come unto thee: the land of Egypt

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is before thee; in the best of the land make thy father and brethren to dwell; in the land of Goshen let them dwell; and if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle.”

And Joseph brought in Jacob his father, and set him before Pharaoh; and Jacob blessed Pharaoh.

And Pharaoh said unto Jacob: “How old art thou?”

And Jacob said unto Pharaoh: “The days of the years of my pilgrimage are an hundred and thirty years. Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage.” And Jacob blessed Pharaoh, and went out from before Pharaoh.

IN THE BRICK FIELDS

BY REV. J. H. INGRAHAM

ABOUT twenty stadia, or nearly four miles, from the city, we came suddenly upon a vast desolate field, upon which thousands of men seemed to be engaged in the occupation of making brick. As we drew near, for the royal road we were traversing passed directly through this busy multitude, I saw by their faces that the toilers were of that mysterious race, the Hebrew people.

I say "mysterious," for though I have now been six weeks in Egypt I have not yet found any of the Egyptians who can tell me whence came this nation, now in bondage to the Pharaohs! Either those whom I questioned were ignorant of their rise, or purposely refrained from talking with a foreigner upon the subject.

You will remember that I once inquired of Rameses as to their origin and present degradation, and he said he would at some other time reply to my question. Since then I have had no opportunity of introducing the subject again to him, other objects wholly absorbing our attention when we met. Yet in the interim I was forced irresistibly to notice these people and their hard tasks; for, though they were never seen in the streets mingling with the citizens (save only in palaces, where handsome Hebrew youths often serve as pages), yet where temples, and granaries, and walls, and arsenals, and treasure houses were being erected, they were to be found in vast numbers. Old and young men, women, and children,

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without distinction, were engaged in the plain across which we moved.

“Pardon me, noble prince,” I said; “permit me to linger a moment to survey this novel scene.”

Rameses drew up his horses, and from the chariot I cast my eyes over the vast level, which embraced half a square league.

“These fields, Sesostris,” said the prince, “are where the bricks are made which are to erect the walls of the treasure city, one of the towers of which you behold two miles distant. The city itself will take the years of a generation of this people to complete, if the grand design is carried out. On the left of the tower you see the old palace, for this is not a new city we are building so much as an extension of the old on a new site, and with greater magnificence. It is my mother’s pride to fill Egypt with monuments of architecture that will mark her reign as an era.”

The scene that I beheld from the height of the chariot I will attempt to describe. As far as I could see, the earth was dark with people, some stooping down and with wooden mattocks digging up the clay; others were piling it into heaps; others were chopping straw to mix with the clay; others were treading it with their feet to soften it. Some with moulds were shaping the clay into bricks. Another stood by with the queen’s mark, and stamped each brick therewith, or the one which was to be the head of a course when laid. There were also the strongest men employed in raising upon the shoulders of others a load of these bricks, which they bore to a flat, open space to be dried in the sun; and a procession of many hundreds was constantly moving, performing this

IN THE BRICK FIELDS

task. Some of the slaves carried yokes, which had cords at each end, to which bricks were fastened; and many of the young men conveyed masses of clay upon their heads to the moulders. Those who carried the brick to the smoothly swept ground where they were to be dried, delivered them to women, who, many hundreds in number, placed them side by side on the earth in rows — a lighter task than that of the men. The borders of this busy plain, where it touched the fields of stubble wheat, were thronged with women and children gathering straw for the men who mixed the clay. It was an active and busy spectacle. Yet throughout the vast arena not a voice was heard from the thousands of toilers; only the sharp authoritative tones of their taskmasters broke the stillness, or the creaking of carts with wooden wheels, as, laden with straw from the distant fields, they moved slowly over the plain.

The laborers were divided into companies or parties of from a score to one hundred persons, over whom stood, or was seated, an Egyptian officer. These taskmasters were not only distinguishable from the laborers by their linen bonnet or cap with a cape descending to the neck, but by a scarlet or striped tunic, and a rod or whip of a single thong or of small cords. These men watched closely the workmen, who, naked above the waist, with only a loin-cloth upon many of them, worked each moment in fear of the lash. The taskmasters showed no mercy; but if the laborer sunk under his burden, he was punished on the spot, and left to perish, if he were dying, and his burden transferred to the shoulders of another. So vast was the multitude of these people that the death of a score a day would not have been regarded. Indeed,

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their increase already alarms the Egyptians, and their lives, therefore, are held in little estimation.

The vast revenue, however, accruing to the crown from this enslaved nation of brick-makers, leads to regulations which in a great measure check the destructive rigor of the taskmasters; for not only are thousands building cities, but tens of thousands are dispersed all over Lower Egypt, who make brick to sell to nobles and citizens, the crown having the monopoly of this branch of labor. Interest alone has not prompted the queen to make laws regulating their treatment, and lessening the rigor of their lot; but also humanity, which is, however, an attribute, in its form of pity, little cultivated in Egypt. Under the preceding Pharaohs, for seventy years, the condition of these Hebrews was far more severe than it has been under the milder reign of the queen. I am assured that she severely punishes all unnecessary cruelty, and has lightened the tasks of the women, who also may not be punished with blows.

I surveyed this interesting and striking scene with emotions of wonder and commiseration. I could not behold, without the deepest pity, venerable and august-looking old men, with gray heads and flowing white beards, smeared with clay, stooping over the wooden moulds, coarsely clad in the blue and gray loin-cloth, which scarcely concealed their nakedness; or fine youths, bareheaded and burned red with the sun, toiling like cattle under heavy burdens, here and there upon a naked shoulder visible a fresh crimson line where the lash or the rod of an angered officer had left its mark! There were young girls, too, whose beautiful faces, though sun-burned and neglected, would have been the envy

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of fair ladies in any court. These, as well as the others of their sex, wore a sort of tight gown of coarse material tied at the neck, with short close sleeves reaching to the elbow. Their black or brown hair was tied in a knot behind, or cut short. And occasionally I saw a plain silver or other metallic ring upon a small hand, showing that even bondage has not destroyed in woman the love of jewels.

As we rode along, those Egyptians who were near the road bowed the knee to the prince, and remained stationary until he passed. We rode for a mile and a half through this brick field, when at its extremity we came upon a large, mean town of huts composed of reeds and covered with straw.

“There,” said Rameses, “are the dwellings of the laborers you have seen.”

These huts formed long streets or lanes which intersected each other in all directions. There was not a tree to shade them. The streets and doors were crowded with children, and old Hebrew women who were left to watch them while their parents were in the field. There seemed to be a dozen children to every house, and some of five and six years were playing at brick-making, one of their number acting as a taskmaster, holding a whip which he used with a willingness and frequency that showed how well the Egyptian officers had taught the lesson of severity and cruelty to the children of their victims. In these huts dwelt forty thousand Hebrews, who were engaged either in making brick, or conveying them to Raamses, close at hand, or in placing them in mortar upon the walls.

We passed through the very midst of this wretched

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village of bondmen, whose only food in their habitations is garlic, and leeks, and fish or flesh, their drink the turbid water of the Nile, unfiltered from its impurities by means of porous stone and paste of almonds — a process of art so well known to the Egyptians. On the skirts of the village was a vast burial place, without a tomb or stone; for these Hebrews are too poor and miserable to embalm their dead, even if customs of their own did not lead them to place them in the earth. The aspect of this melancholy place of sepulture was gloomy enough. It had the look of a vast ploughed plain; but infinitely desolate and hideous when the imagination pictured the corruption that lay beneath each narrow mound. I felt a sensation of relief when we left this spot behind, and drove upon a green plateau which lay between it and the treasure city of the king. The place we were crossing had once been the garden of Hermes or Iosepf, the celebrated prince who about one hundred and thirty years ago saved the inhabitants of Egypt from perishing by famine, having received from the god Osiris knowledge of a seven-years' famine to befall the kingdom, after seven years of plenty. This Prince Iosepf or Joseph was also called Hermes, though he wrote not all the books attributed to Hermes, as we in Phœnicia understand of that personage.

“Was this Joseph an Egyptian?” I asked of the Prince Rameses, as we dashed past the ruins of a palace in the midst of the gardens.

“No, a Hebrew,” he answered. “He was the favorite of the Phœnician Pharaoh who commenced the palaces of this City of Treasure.”

“A Hebrew!” I exclaimed. “Not one of the race I

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behold about me toiling toward the city with sun-dried bricks upon their heads, and whom I have seen at work on the plain of bricks?"

"Of the same," he answered.

"Your reply reminds me, O Rameses, that you have promised to relate to me the history of this remarkable people, who evidently, from their noble physiognomies, belong to a superior race."

"I will redeem my promise, my dear Sesostris," he said, smiling, "as soon as I have left the chariot by yonder ruined well, where I see the architect and his people, whom I have come hither to meet, await me with their drawings and rules."

We soon drove up to the spot, having passed several fallen columns, which had once adorned the baths of the house of this Hebrew prince, who had once been such a benefactor to Egypt; but, as he was the favorite of a Phœnician king, the present dynasty neglect his monuments, as well as deface all those which the Shepherd Kings erected to perpetuate their conquest. Hence it is I find scarcely a trace of the dominion in Lower Egypt of this race of kings.

The ruined well was a massive quadrangle of stone, and was called the "Fountain of the Strangers." It was in ruins, yet the well itself sparkled with clear water as in its ancient days. Grouped upon a stone platform, beneath the shade of three palms, stood the party of artists who awaited the prince. Their horses, and the cars in which they came, or brought their instruments, stood near, held by slaves, who were watering the animals from the fountain.

Upon the approach of the prince these persons, the

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chief of whom was attired handsomely, as a man of rank (for architects in Egypt are nobles, and are in high place at court), bowed the knee reverently before him. He alighted from his chariot, and at once began to examine their drawings. Leaving him engaged in a business which I perceived would occupy him some time, I walked about, looking at the ancient fountain. In order to obtain a view of the country, I ascended a tower at one of its angles, which elevated me sixty feet above the plain. From this height I beheld the glorious City of the Sun, a league and a half to the north, rising above its girdle of gardens in all its splendor. In the mid-distance lay the plain of brick workers, covered with its tens of thousands of busy workers in clay. Then, nearer still, stretched their squalid city of huts, and the gloomy burial place, bordering on the desert at the farther boundary.

Turning to the south, the treasure city of Raamses lay before me, the one half ancient and ruinous, but the other rising in grand outlines and vast dimensions, stretching even to the Nile, which, shining and majestic, flowed to the west of it. Farther still the pyramids of Memphis, the city itself of Apis, and the walls and temples of Jisah towered in noble perspective. The Nile was lively with galleys ascending and descending; and upon the road that followed its banks many people were moving, either on foot, in palanquins, chariots, or upon horseback. Over the whole scene the bright sun shone, giving life and brightness to all I beheld.

To the east the illimitable desert stretched far away, and I could trace the brown line of road along which the caravans travel between the Nile cities and the port of Suez, on the sea of Ezion-Geber, in order to un-

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lade there for ships from Farther Ind that are awaiting them.

Almost beneath the crumbling tower on which I stood taking in this wide view of a part of the populous valley of the Nile, wound a broad path, well trodden by thousands of naked feet. It was now crowded with Hebrew slaves, some going to the city with burdens of brick slung at the extremities of wooden yokes laid across the shoulder, or borne upon their heads, and others returning to the plain after having deposited their burdens. It was a broad path of tears and sighs, and no loitering step was permitted by the overseers; for even if one would stop to quench his thirst at the fountain, he was beaten forward, and the blows accompanied with execrations. Alas, this cruel bondage of the Hebrews is the only dark spot which I have seen in Egypt — the only shadow of evil upon the brilliant reign of Queen Amense!

I took one more survey of the wide landscape, which embraces the abodes of one million of souls; for in the valley of Egypt are fourteen thousand villages, towns, and cities, and a population of nearly seven millions. Yet the valley of the Nile is a belt of verdure only a few miles wide, bounded by the Libyan and Arabian hills. Every foot of soil seems occupied, and every acre teems with population. In the streets, in the gardens, in the public squares, in temples, and courts of palaces, in the field, or on the river, one can never be alone, for he sees human beings all about him, thronging every place, and engaged either in business or pleasure, or the enjoyment of the luxury of idleness in the shade of a column or a tree.

Descending the tower, and seeing the prince still

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engaged with his builders, pointing to the unfinished towers of Raamses, and the site of the new palace he proposed erecting near by, I went down the steps to the fountain, to quaff its cool waters. Here I beheld an old and majestic-looking man bending over a youth, a wound in whose temple he was bathing tenderly with water from the well. I perceived at a glance, from the aquiline nose and lash-shaded dark, bright eye that they were Hebrews.

The old man had one of those Abrahamic faces I have described as extant on the tomb of Eliezer of Damascus: a broad, extensive, and high forehead; a boldly shaped eagle nose; full lips; and a flowing beard, which would have been white as wool but that it was stained yellow by the sun and soil. He wore the coarse, short trousers and body cloth of the bondslave, and old sandals bound upon his feet with ropes. The young man was similarly dressed. He was pale and nearly lifeless. His beautiful head lay upon the edge of the fountain, and as the old man poured, from the palm of his hand, water upon his face, he repeated a name, perhaps the youth's. I stood fixed with interest by the scene. At this moment an Egyptian taskmaster entered, and with his rod struck the venerable man several sharp blows and ordered him to rise and go to his task. He made no reply, — regarded not the shower of blows, — but bending his eyes tearfully upon the marble face before him, with his fingers softly removed the warm drops of blood that stained the temples.

“Nay,” I said quickly, to the Egyptian, “do not beat him! See, he is old, and is caring for this poor youth!”

The Egyptian looked at me with an angry glance, as

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if he would also chastise the speaker for interfering; when seeing from my appearance that I was a man of rank, and perceiving, also, the prince through a passage in the ruined wall, he bent his forehead low, and said: —

“My lord, I did not see you, or I would have taken the idle graybeard out and beaten him.”

“But why beat him?” I asked.

“His load awaits him on the road where he dropped it, when my second officer struck down this young fellow, who stopped to gaze at a chariot!”

“What relation do they bear to each other?” said I.

“This is the old man’s youngest son. He is a weak fool, my lord, about him; and though, as you see, he can hardly carry a full load for himself, he will try and add to his own a part of the bricks the boy should bear. Come, old man, leave the boy and on to your work!”

The aged Hebrew raised to my face a look of despair trembling with mute appeal, as if he expected no interposition, yet had no other hope left.

“Leave them here,” I said. “I will be responsible for the act.”

“But I am under a chief captain who will make me account to him for every brick not delivered. The tale of bricks that leaves the plain and that which is received are taken and compared. I have a certain number of men and boys under me, and they have to make up in their loads a given tale of bricks between sun and sun. If they fail, I lose my wages!” This was spoken sullenly.

“What is thy day’s wages?” I demanded.

“A quarter of a *scarabæus*,” he answered. This is the common cheap coin, bearing the sacred beetle cut in stone, copper, lead, and even wood. Higher values are

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represented by silver, bronze, brass, and gold rings. Money in disk form I have not yet heard of in Egypt. An Egyptian's purse is a necklace of gold rings of greater or less value. The *scarabæus* is often broken in four pieces, each fraction containing a hieroglyphic. The value is about equal to a Syrian *neffir*.

I placed in his hand a copper *scarabæus*, and said: "Go thy way! This shall justify thee to thy conscience. These Hebrews are too helpless to be of further service to thee this day."

The taskmaster took the money with a smile of gratification, and at once left the court of the fountain. The old Hebrew looked at me with grateful surprise, caught my hand, pressed it to his heart, and then covered it with kisses. I smiled upon him with friendly sympathy, and, stooping down, raised the head of the young man upon my knee. By our united aid he was soon restored to sensibility.

He surveyed me with mingled fear and wonder.

"My lord is good, fear him not, Israel," said the old man. The youth looked incredulous, and, had his strength permitted, would have fled away from me. I said: —

"I am not thy taskmaster! Dread not my presence!" The tone of my voice reassured him. He smiled gently, and an expression of gladness lighted up his eyes. A drop of blood trickled down his forehead and increased the paleness of his skin.

"What is thy name?" I asked the old man, speaking in Syriac, for in that tongue I had heard him murmur the name of his son; and I have since found that all Hebrews of the older class speak this language, or rather

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Syro-Chaldaic. They also understand and speak the Egyptian vernacular.

“Ben Isaac, my lord!” he answered.

“Art thou in bondage?”

“I and my children, as my fathers were!”

“What brought thee and thy people into this servitude?”

“It is a sad history, my lord! Art thou then a stranger in Egypt, that thou art ignorant of the story of the Hebrew?”

“I am a Phœnician. I have been but a few weeks in Egypt.”

“Phœnicia! That is beyond Edom; nay, beyond Philistia,” he said musingly. “Our fathers came farther, even from Palestine.”

“Who were your fathers?”

“Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.”

“I have heard of them; three princes of Syria, many generations past!”

“Yes, my lord of Phœnicia,” said the venerable man, his eyes lighting up; “they were princes in their land! But, lo! this day behold their children in bondage! And such a servitude!” he cried, raising his withered hands heavenward. “Death, my lord, is preferable to it! How long must we groan in slavery? How long our little ones bear the yoke of Egypt?”

At this moment one of the footmen of Prince Rameses found me, and said:—

“My lord prince seeks for thee!”

I put money in the hands of the venerable Hebrew and his son, and left them amid their expressions of grateful surprise.

“LET MY PEOPLE GO”

BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER; TRANSLATED BY
AUGUSTA McC. WRIGHT

TIMOPHT, raising one hand to his head and lowering the other to the ground, now entreed the apartment.

“O king,” said he, “a mysterious person demands an audience with you. His immense beard descends to his waist; there are shiny protuberances like horns upon his bald forehead. A strange power precedes him; all the guards make way for him, and all the doors stand open. What he orders must be done; and I was obliged to come to you and disturb your happiness, even though I should suffer death for my audacity.”

“What is his name?” demanded the king.

“Moses,” replied Timopht.

The king passed into another room to receive Moses, and seated himself upon a throne with arms shaped like lions. He fastened a large pectoral about his neck, grasped his scepter, and assumed a pose of superb indifference.

Moses appeared: another Hebrew, named Aaron, accompanied him. August as Pharaoh was upon his golden throne, surrounded by his *oëris* and bearers of *flabella*, in that room with its high ceiling supported by enormous columns, and its painted walls representing his own great deeds and those of his ancestors, Moses was no less imposing: the majesty of age in this instance equaled the royal majesty. Although he was eighty

LET MY PEOPLE GO

years of age, he seemed full of manly vigor, and there was nothing about him indicating decay or senility. The lines in his forehead and cheeks were like incisions in granite, making him appear venerable without establishing his age; his brown and wrinkled neck was attached to his broad shoulders by lean but still powerful muscles, and a network of thick veins covered his hands, that did not tremble like those of an old man.

A stronger spirit than the human spirit animated his body, and his face shone, even in the shadow, with a singular light, that seemed like the reflection of an invisible sun.

Without prostrating himself, as was customary when approaching the king, Moses advanced towards Pharaoh's throne, saying,—

“Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness.”

Pharaoh replied, “Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go.”

Not intimidated by the king's answer, the stately old man repeated with great distinctness, for the hesitation that troubled him formerly had disappeared,—

“The God of the Hebrews hath met with us; let us go, we pray you, three days' journey into the desert, and sacrifice unto the Lord our God, lest he fall upon us with pestilence, or with the sword.”

Aaron bowed his head, confirming Moses' words.

“Why do you take the people from their work?” demanded Pharaoh. “Get you unto your burdens. Happily for you, I am in a clement mood to-day, or I

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should have had you beaten with rods, your noses and ears cut off, and your living bodies thrown to the crocodiles. Know, even as I now declare it to you, that there is no other god but Amon-Ra, the supreme and primordial being, at the same time male and female, his own father, and his own mother, of whom he is also the husband; from him descend all the other gods that unite heaven and earth, and that are only different forms of the two constituent principles: the wise men know it, and the priests, who have long studied the mysteries in the colleges, and within the temples consecrated to the divers representations. Do not bring forward another god of your own invention to incite the Hebrews to revolt and prevent the completion of the work they are engaged upon. Your pretext of sacrifice is transparent: you want to escape. Depart from before my face, and continue to make brick for my royal and sacerdotal buildings, for my pyramids, my palaces, and my walls. Go: I have spoken."

Moses, seeing that he could not move Pharaoh's heart, and that if he insisted he should only excite his wrath, retired in silence, followed by the dismayed Aaron.

"I have obeyed the commands of the Lord," said Moses to his companion, when they had passed out through the *pylon*; "but Pharaoh remained as insensible as if I had been addressing one of those men of granite seated on thrones at the palace gates, or those idols with the head of a dog, an ape, or a hawk, before whom the priests burn incense in the temples. What shall we say to the people when they ask us how we succeeded?"

LET MY PEOPLE GO

Pharaoh, fearing that the Israelites might take it into their heads to shake off the yoke if they should listen to Moses, made them work harder still, and refused them straw to mix with their bricks. So the children of Israel went about Egypt pulling up the stubble and cursing the taskmasters, for they were very unhappy, and they said that the schemes of Moses had only increased their misery.

One day Moses and Aaron appeared again at the palace, and once more challenged Pharaoh to suffer the Israelites to go into the desert and sacrifice to the Lord.

“How can you prove,” demanded Pharaoh, “that you are, indeed, sent by the Lord to tell me these things, and that you are not, as I suspect, only vile impostors?”

Aaron threw down his rod before Pharaoh, and the wood began to twist and writhe, to clothe itself in scales, to move the head and tail, to erect itself, and to hiss horribly.

The rod had become a serpent. Its coils rattled upon the slabs, and, dilating its throat, thrusting out its forked tongue, and rolling its red eyes about, it seemed to be looking for a victim to strike.

The *oëris* and attendants about the throne were paralyzed and speechless with fright at the sight of such a miracle. The bravest had partly drawn their swords.

But Pharaoh was not in the least disturbed; a disdainful smile flitted over his lips, and he said,—

“So this is all that you have to show me. The miracle is insignificant, and the trick commonplace. Summon my wise men, magicians, and hieroglyphists.”

They appeared: they were persons of formidable and

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mysterious aspect, with shaven heads, and papyrus sandals on their feet, wearing long linen garments, and carrying canes engraved with hieroglyphics: they were yellow and dried up like mummies, from late hours, study, and an austere manner of living; the fatigue of successive initiations had set its seal upon their countenances, no part of which seemed alive but the eyes.

They took their places in a line before Pharaoh's throne, without paying any attention to the serpent that was still writhing, stretching out its neck, and hissing.

"Can you," demanded the king, "turn your sticks into reptiles, as Aaron has just done in our presence?"

"O king, is it for this child's play," said the most venerable one of the band, "that we have been called from our cells, where, under starry ceilings, by the light of lamps, we meditate, leaning over undecipherable papyri, kneeling before obelisks with their hieroglyphics of deep and mysterious meaning, unraveling the secrets of nature, calculating the power of numbers, laying our trembling hands upon the hem of the veil of great Isis? Let us return; for life is short, and the learned has barely time to pass over to his successor the problem he has solved; suffer us to go back to our work: the first juggler, the *psylle*¹ who sounds his flute in the squares, will perform what you ask."

"Ennana, do what I have demanded," said Pharaoh to the leader of the hieroglyphists and magicians.

Old Ennana turned towards the college of sages, who stood there motionless, their minds already buried again in the abyss of meditation.

¹ *Psylle*, serpent-charmer.

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“Throw your sticks upon the ground, and pronounce the incantation.”

The canes fell from their hands upon the stone floor with a clatter, and the wise men resumed their perpendicular pose, like that of the statues leaning against the pillars of the temples; they did not even deign to glance down at their feet to see whether the miracle had been accomplished, so sure were they of the formula.

It was a strange and horrible spectacle: the canes curled up like green twigs in the fire; their extremities flattened out into heads, or tapered away in tails,—some remaining smooth, and others growing scaly, according to the kind of serpent. Here they rattled, there they rose up erect; on this side they hissed, and on that wound through themselves, making hideous knots.

They were vipers bearing the mark of an iron lance on their bruised heads, cerastes with their threatening horns, greenish and slimy hydras, asps with movable fangs, glass snakes, yellow trigonocephali, crotalidæ, with short nose and black skin, sounding their rattles, amphisbænidæ moving backward and forward, boas opening their huge jaws wide enough to swallow the bull Apis, serpents with their eyes encircled by disks like those of the owl: the floor of the room swarmed with them.

Tahoser, who was sitting beside Pharaoh upon his throne, drew her beautiful, naked feet up under her, pale with terror.

“Well,” said Pharaoh to Moses, “you see that the skill of my hieroglyphists equals or surpasses your own: their sticks have produced serpents like that of

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Aaron. Therefore, if you wish me to believe in you, perform some other miracle.”

Moses extended his hand, and Aaron's serpent sprang upon the twenty-four reptiles. The struggle did not last long; it soon swallowed the fearful animals, apparent or real creations of the Egyptian magicians; then it resumed the form of a stick.

This result seemed to astonish Ennana. He bowed his head, pondered, and finally said, like one who has weighed the subject,—

“I will discover the word and symbol. I have not interpreted aright the fourth hieroglyphic of the fifth perpendicular line where the conjuration of serpents is to be found.”

“O king, is our presence still required?” asked the chief hieroglyphist, haughtily. “I would fain resume my reading of Hermes Trismegistus, which contains secrets of a very different character from these tricks of legerdemain.”

Pharaoh made a sign to the old man that he was permitted to retire, and the silent cortège disappeared again in the depths of the palace.

The king reëntered the *gynecæum* with Tahoser.

The daughter of the priest, still frightened and trembling on account of what she had witnessed, knelt before him and besought him,—

“O Pharaoh, do you not fear to irritate by your resistance this unknown God to whom the Israelites want to celebrate a feast a three days' journey from here in the desert? Suffer Moses and his people to perform their rites, or it may be that the Lord, as he is called, will punish Egypt, and we shall die.”

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“What! has this serpent-jugglery alarmed you?” exclaimed Pharaoh; “did you not see my magicians also turn their sticks into reptiles?”

“Yes, but Aaron’s devoured them all, and it is a bad omen.”

“What does it signify? Am I not the favorite of Phré, and the beloved of Amon-Ra? Have I not the figures of the conquered upon my sandals? When it pleases me, I will sweep out of sight with a breath all this Hebrew race, and we shall see whether their God can protect them!”

“Have a care, Pharaoh,” returned Tahoser, who remembered what Poëri had said concerning the power of Jehovah: “do not let pride harden your heart. Moses and Aaron fill me with dread: to have braved your displeasure they must be supported by a very terrible God!”

“If their God were so powerful,” said Pharaoh, in answer to Tahoser’s fears, “would he leave them in bondage, humble and uncomplaining as beasts of burden under the severest tasks? Let us forget these idle miracles and dismiss all anxiety. Think only of my love for you, and believe that Pharaoh has more power than the Lord, this visionary divinity of the Hebrews.”

“Yes, I know that you are the subduer of nations, the controller of thrones, and that men are no more in your path than grains of sand blown about by the southern wind,” replied Tahoser.

“And yet I cannot make you love me,” said Pharaoh, smiling.

“The ibex is afraid of the lion, the dove dreads the hawk, the eye cannot gaze at the sun, and I am still

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bewildered and terrified in your presence; human weakness cannot accustom itself at once to the majesty of a king. A god always frightens a mortal."

"You make me regret, Tahoser, that I was not the first in your affections, whether as an *oëris*, a monarch, a priest, an agriculturist, or even something still more humble. But, if I do not know how to make a man of a king, I can make a woman a queen, and I will deck your fair brow with the golden viper. The queen will no longer fear the king."

"Even though you should place me beside you on your throne, in my thoughts I would still be kneeling at your feet. But you are so good, in spite of your supernatural beauty, your unlimited power, and the effulgence surrounding you, that perhaps my heart will take courage and dare to beat in response to yours."

It was thus that Pharaoh and Tahoser discoursed: the daughter of the priest could not forget Poëri, and sought to gain time by flattering the passion of the king with a little hope. To escape from the palace and go to rejoin the young Hebrew was an impossibility. Poëri, on the other hand, accepted her love rather than shared it. Rachel, notwithstanding her generosity, was a dangerous rival. And then Pharaoh's tenderness touched Tahoser: she would have been glad if she could have loved him, and perhaps she was not so far from it as she fancied.

Some days later, Pharaoh was driving along the shore of the Nile, standing upright in his chariot and followed by his train of attendants,— he was on his way to see what degree the river had attained, — when Moses and Aaron appeared before him, in the midst of the road,

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like phantoms. The king reined in his horses, that had already shaken the foam from their bits upon the chest of the stately and motionless old man.

Moses, with a slow and solemn voice, repeated his adjuration.

“Prove the power of your God by some miracle,” replied the king, “and I will grant what you ask.”

Turning towards Aaron, who followed him at a little distance, Moses said,—

“Take your rod, and stretch out your hand upon the waters of Egypt, upon their streams, upon their rivers, upon their ponds, and upon all their pools of water, that they may become blood; and that there may be blood throughout all the land of Egypt, both in vessels of wood and in vessels of stone.”

Aaron lifted up his rod and smote the waters that were in the river.

Pharaoh’s attendants awaited the result with anxiety. The king, who bore a heart of brass in a chest of granite, smiled scornfully, trusting to the skill of his hieroglyphists to confound these foreign magicians.

As soon as the rod of the Hebrew, that rod which had been a serpent, touched the river, the waters began to stir and seethe, their muddy appearance underwent a perceptible change: a reddish tinge manifested itself, then the whole mass became a deep crimson, and the Nile was turned into a river of blood, rolling high its scarlet waves and tossing a pink froth upon the shores. It looked as if it mirrored a tremendous conflagration, or a sky rent with lightning; but the atmosphere was calm.

Thebes was not on fire, and the unchangeable blue

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spread itself over this red stream dotted here and there with the white bellies of the dead fish. Long scaly crocodiles helped themselves up on the banks of the stream with their crooked legs, and ponderous hippopotamuses, like great blocks of red granite covered with a black leprous scum, fled through the rushes, or lifted their enormous muzzles above the surface, unable to breathe in the bloody water.

The canals, ponds, and pools were all of the same color, and the jars containing water were as red as the craters that receive the blood of victims.

Pharaoh was unmoved by this prodigy, and said to the two Hebrews, —

“This miracle may terrify a credulous and ignorant populace, but there is nothing in it that surprises me. Let Ennana and the college of hieroglyphists be summoned: they will perform the same trick.”

The hieroglyphists, led by their chief, arrived: Ennana glanced at the river with its red waves, and knew what was required of him.

“Restore everything to its former state,” said he to Moses’ companion, “that I may work the same enchantment.”

Aaron smote the stream once more, and it resumed its normal color.

Ennana made a sign of approval, like an impartial savant doing justice to the skill of a brother. He found the thing well done for one who had never had, like himself, a chance to study science in the mysterious chambers of the Labyrinth, where only a few of the initiated could enter, the tests were so severe.

“It is my turn now,” said he. And he stretched out

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his cane, engraved with hieroglyphics, over the Nile, muttering some words in a language so old that it must have been unintelligible even in the time of Menes, the first king of Egypt; a language of the sphinx, with syllables of granite.

An immense red flood spread from shore to shore instantaneously, and the Nile began once more to roll onward with its bloody waves towards the sea.

The twenty-four hieroglyphists saluted the king as if about to retire.

“Remain,” said Pharaoh.

They resumed again their impassible look.

“Have you no other proof to give of your mission but this? My wise men, as you see, imitate your enchantments without any trouble.”

Not disconcerted by the irony of the king, Moses said to him, —

“In seven days, if you do not suffer the children of Israel to go into the desert so that they may sacrifice unto the Lord according to their ceremonies, I will return and perform another miracle in your presence.”

At the end of seven days Moses returned. He repeated to his servant Aaron the words of the Almighty, —

“Stretch forth your hand with the rod over the streams, over the rivers, and over the ponds, and cause frogs to come up upon the land of Egypt.”

As soon as Aaron had stretched forth his hand, millions of frogs came up from river, canal, stream, and marsh; they covered the fields and the roads, hopped up the steps of the temples and palaces, invaded the sanctuaries and the most retired apartments; and new legions were ever following after the first: the houses

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were full of them, the kneading troughs, the ovens, the chests; one could not plant his foot anywhere without crushing one; as if on springs, they jumped between the legs, on the right, on the left, forward and back. Away in the distance you could see them plashing about, leaping, clambering over each other, for already there was scarcely room for them, and their ranks closed together, and were heaped and piled one upon another: out in the country their innumerable green backs looked like fresh and verdant meadows, in which their yellow eyes were the flowers.

The animals, horses, asses, and goats, irritated and frightened, fled across the fields, only to encounter on all sides this unclean germination.

Pharaoh, who contemplated from the threshold of his palace the rising flood of frogs, with an air of disgust and annoyance, crushed as many as he could with the end of his scepter and pushed away others with the curved toe of his sandal. Vain efforts! newcomers, springing from one could not tell where, replaced the dead,—more lively, more noisy, more unclean, more troublesome, and more daring; thrusting out their spinal columns, fixing their great round eyes upon him, spreading out their webbed feet, and wrinkling their white throats. The repulsive creatures seemed endowed with intelligence, and the layers were thicker about the king than elsewhere. The living tide rose higher and higher; on the knees of the colossi, on the cornices of the pylons, on the backs of the sphinxes and crio-sphinxes, on the entablatures of the temples, on the shoulders of the gods, on the pyramidal points of the obelisks, the hideous little beasts, with their backs

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hunched up and their toes spread out, had taken up their position. The ibises, which had rejoiced at first over this unexpected windfall, prodding them with their long beaks and swallowing them by the hundreds, now began to be alarmed at the prodigious invasion, and flew up towards the zenith, clapping their bills.

Aaron and Moses had triumphed; Ennana, being summoned, seemed to be lost in thought. With his fingers upon his bald brow and his eyes half-closed, he looked as if he were searching in his mind for some forgotten magic formula.

Pharaoh, annoyed, turned towards him.

"Well, Ennana! by dint of dreaming have you lost your mind? And is this miracle beyond your power?"

"By no means, O king; but when one measures the infinite, computes eternity, and unriddles the incomprehensible, he may happen not to have at his tongue's end the strange sentence that has power over reptiles, bringing them into existence or destroying them. Behold now! All of this vermin shall disappear."

The old hieroglyphist waved his wand, muttering a few syllables.

Immediately the fields, the squares, the quays, the streets of the city, the palace-courts, and all the rooms in every house were rid of their croaking occupants and restored to their original condition.

The king smiled, proud of the skill of his wise men.

"It is not enough to have dispelled Aaron's enchantment," said Ennana: "I am now going to repeat it."

Ennana waved his wand in an opposite direction, and pronounced a different formula in an undertone.

The frogs instantly reappeared in greater number

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than ever, jumping about and croaking; and in the twinkling of an eye the land was covered with them. But Aaron stretched out his rod and the Egyptian magician could not remove the invasion brought about by his own enchantments. It was in vain that he repeated the mysterious words, the incantation had lost its power.

The college of hieroglyphists retired, abashed and thoughtful, pursued by the vile plague. Pharaoh wore an angry frown; but he was still obdurate, and would not hearken to the prayer of Moses. His pride would hold out to the end against this unknown God of Israel.

However, not being able to rid himself of the ugly reptiles, Pharaoh promised Moses that if he would intercede for him before his God the Hebrews should be permitted to go and sacrifice in the desert.

The frogs died or returned to the water; but Pharaoh's heart grew hard again, and, in spite of Tahoser's gentle remonstrances, he did not keep his promise.

And now all manner of plagues and scourges were let loose upon Egypt; a mad struggle took place between the hieroglyphists and the two Hebrews, whose prodigies they imitated. Moses converted the dust of Egypt into insects, Ennana did likewise. Moses took two handfuls of ashes and threw them up toward heaven, as he stood before Pharaoh; and immediately a red pestilence broke out, and the skin of the Egyptian people was covered with an eruption that did not touch the Hebrews.

"Imitate this miracle," said Pharaoh, beside himself with rage, his face as red as though the flames of a furnace were shining upon it, to the chief hieroglyphist.

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“Where would be the use?” responded the old man in a discouraged tone of voice: “the finger of the Unknown is in all of this. Our vain formulas are of no avail against this mysterious force. Submit to it, and suffer us to return to our sanctuaries, that we may study this new God, this Almighty One more powerful than Amon-Ra, than Osiris, and than Typhon. The science of Egypt is surpassed; the enigma guarded by the Sphinx is meaningless, and the Great Pyramid covers but an empty void, with its enormous mystery.”

As Pharaoh still refused to let the Hebrews go, all the cattle of the Egyptians died; but the Israelities did not lose one.

A south wind rose and blew all night, and when the day dawned an immense reddish-brown cloud veiled the entire sky: through this tan-colored mist the sun glowed like a buckler in the forge, and seemed to be stripped of its rays. This cloud was different from any other cloud; it was alive, there was a rustling sound through it, and a fluttering of wings, and at last it descended upon the earth, not in great drops of rain, but in layers of pink, yellow, and green locusts, more numerous than the grains of sand in the Libyan Desert; they followed each other in whirlwinds, like straws before the tempest; the air was dark and dense with them; they filled the ditches, the ravines, the watercourses; they extinguished with their numbers the fires kindled for their destruction; where they encountered an obstacle they collected in heaps about it until they surmounted it.

If you opened your mouth, one was sure to enter; they lodged in the folds of your garment, in the hair, in the nostrils; their thick ranks drove back the chariots,

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knocked down solitary wayfarers, and soon hid them from sight. The formidable army, jumping and flying, went ^{up} and down over Egypt, from the cataracts to the Delta, covering an immense extent of land, mowing down the grass, reducing the trees to skeletons, eating up the plants to their roots, and leaving nothing behind them but the ground, bare and empty as a threshing-floor.

At the prayer of Pharaoh, Moses caused the plague to disappear; an east wind, of great violence, carried all the locusts into the Red Sea; but this stubborn heart, harder than brass, porphyry, and basalt, would not relent.

Hail, a scourge unknown to Egypt, fell from the sky, amid blinding flashes of lightning and deafening peals of thunder, its enormous stones cutting and breaking everything before them and leveling the wheat like a scythe; then a black, opaque, and frightful darkness, in which the lamps went out as they do in the depths of the tombs, where there is no air, settled down with its black clouds over the land of Egypt, so fair, so luminous, so sunny beneath its azure sky, whose night is clearer than the day in other climates. The terrified people, believing themselves already inclosed within the impenetrable darkness of the sepulcher, groped their way along, or sat down beside the propylons, moaning and rending their garments.

One night, a night of terror and gloom, a spirit passed over Egypt, entering each house whose doorway was not stained with blood, and all the first-born male children died, the son of Pharaoh as well as the son of the most miserable *parischite*. Yet the king, in spite of all these terrible signs, would not yield.

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He remained within his palace, silent and unapproachable, gazing at the body of his son extended upon the funeral bier with jackals' feet, unconscious of the tears with which Tahoser bathed his hands.

Moses loomed up on the threshold of the room without waiting to be announced, for the servants had fled in every direction, and repeated his demand with imperturbable solemnity.

"Go," said Pharaoh, at last, "and sacrifice to your God as you like."

THE VICTORY OVER THE KHITA

BY PEN-TA-UR, 1326 B.C. PUT INTO METER BY
HARDWICKE D. RAWNSLEY

[By order of Rameses, this poem was inscribed upon the walls of five temples, one of which was at Karnak. On these walls were also engraved enormous illustrations of the scenes of the poem, commemorating especially the exploits of the king.

The Editor.]

THEN the king of Khita-land,
With his warriors made a stand,
But he durst not risk his hand
In battle with our Pharaoh;
So his chariots drew away,
Unnumbered as the sand,
And they stood, three men of war
On each car;
And gathered all in force
Was the flower of his army, for the fight in full array,
But advance, he did not dare,
Foot or horse.

So in ambush there they lay,
Northwest of Kadesh town;
And while these were in their lair,
Others went forth south of Kadesh, on our midst, their
charge was thrown
With such weight, our men went down,

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For they took us unaware,
And the legion of Pra-Hormakhu gave way.

But at the western side
Of Arunatha's tide,
Near the city's northern wall, our Pharaoh had his
place.

And they came unto the king,
And they told him our disgrace;
Then Rameses uprose, like his father,¹ Month, in might,
All his weapons took in hand,
And his armor did he don,
Just like Baal, fit for fight;
And the noble pair of horses that carried Pharaoh on,
Lo! "Victory of Thebes" was their name,
And from out the royal stables of great Miamun they
came.

Then the king he lashed each horse,
And they quickened up their course,
And he dashed into the middle of the hostile, Hittite
host,
All alone, none other with him, for he counted not the
cost.

Then he looked behind, and found
That the foe were all around,
Two thousand and five hundred of their chariots of war;
And the flower of the Hittites, and their helpers, in a
ring —
Men of Masu, Keshkesh, Pidasu, Malunna, Arathu,

¹ Month, or Mentu, as one of the aspects of the sun-god Ra, was worshiped at Thebes.

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Qazauadana, Kadesh, Akerith, Leka and Khilibu —
Cut off the way behind,
Retreat he could not find;
There were three men on each car,
And they gathered all together, and closed upon the
king.

“Yea, and not one of my princes, of my chief men and
my great,
Was with me, not a captain, not a knight;
For my warriors and chariots had left me to my fate,
Not one was there to take his part in fight.”

Then spake Pharaoh, and he cried: “Father Ammon,
where art thou?

Shall a sire forget his son?
Is there aught without thy knowledge I have done?
From the judgments of thy mouth when have I gone?
Have I e'er transgressed thy word?
Disobeyed, or broke a vow?
Is it right, who rules in Egypt, Egypt's lord,
Should e'er before the foreign peoples bow,
Or own their rod?

Whate'er may be the mind of this Hittite herdsman-
horde,
Sure Ammon¹ should stand higher than the wretch who
knows no God?

Father Ammon, is it nought
That to thee I dedicated noble monuments,¹ and filled
Thy temples with the prisoners of war?
That for thee a thousand years shall stand the shrines
I dared to build?

¹ The king, probably, is here identifying himself with Ammon.

THE VICTORY OVER THE KHITA

That to thee my palace-substance I have brought,
That tribute unto thee from afar
A whole land comes to pay,
That to thee ten thousand oxen for sacrifice I fell,
And burn upon thine altars the sweetest woods that
 smell;
That all thy heart required, my hand did ne'er gainsay?
I have built for thee tall gates and wondrous works,
 beside the Nile,
I have raised thee mast on mast,
For eternity to last,
From Elephantin's isle
The obelisks for thee I have conveyed,
It is I who brought alone
The everlasting stone,
It is I who sent for thee,
The ships upon the sea,
To pour into thy coffers the wealth of foreign trade;
Is it told that such a thing
By any other king,
At any other time, was done at all?
Let the wretch be put to shame
Who refuses thy commands,
But honor to his name
Who to Ammon lifts his hands.
To the full of my endeavor,
With a willing heart forever,
I have acted unto thee,
And to thee, great God, I call;
For behold! now, Ammon, I,
In the midst of many peoples, all unknown,
Unnumbered as the sand,

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Here I stand,
All alone;
There is no one at my side,
My warriors and chariots afeared,
Have deserted me, none heard
My voice, when to the cravens I, their king, for succor,
cried.
But I find that Ammon's grace
Is better far to me
Than a million fighting men and ten thousand chariots
be.
Yea, better than ten thousand, be they brother, be they
son,
When with hearts that beat like one,
Together for to help me they are gathered in one place.
The might of men is nothing, it is Ammon who is lord,
What has happened here to me is according to thy
word,
And I will not now transgress thy command;
But alone, as here I stand,
To thee my cry I send,
Unto earth's extremest end,
Saying, 'Help me, father Ammon, against the Hittite
horde.'"

Then my voice it found an echo in Hermonthis' temple-
hall,
Ammon heard it, and he came unto my call;
And for joy I gave a shout,
From behind, his voice cried out,
"I have hastened to thee, Ramses Miamun,
Behold! I stand with thee,

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Behold! 't is I am he,
Own father thine, the great god Ra, the sun.
Lo! mine hand with thine shall fight,
And mine arm is strong above
The hundreds of ten thousands, who against thee do
unite,
Of victory am I lord, and the brave heart do I love,
I have found in thee a spirit that is right,
And my soul it doth rejoice in thy valor and thy might."

Then all this came to pass, I was changèd in my heart
Like Monthu, god of war, was I made,
With my left hand hurled the dart,
With my right I swung the blade,
Fierce as Baal in his time, before their sight.
Two thousand and five hundred pairs of horses were
around,
And I flew into the middle of their ring,
By my horse-hoofs they were dashed all in pieces to the
ground,
None raised his hand in fight,
For the courage in their breasts had sunken quite;
And their limbs were loosed for fear,
And they could not hurl the dart,
And they had not any heart
To use the spear;
And I cast them to the water,
Just as crocodiles fall in from the bank,
So they sank.
And they tumbled on their faces, one by one,
At my pleasure I made slaughter,
So that none

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E'er had time to look behind, or backward fled;
Where he fell, did each one lay
On that day,
From the dust none ever lifted up his head.

Then the wretched king of Khita, he stood still,
With his warriors and his chariots all about him in a ring,
Just to gaze upon the valor of our king
In the fray.

And the king was all alone,
Of his men and chariots none
To help him; but the Hittite of his gazing soon had fill,
For he turned his face in flight, and sped away.

Then his princes forth he sent,
To battle with our lord,
Well equipped with bow and sword
And all goodly armament,
Chiefs of Leka, Masa, Kings of Malunna, Arathu,
Qar-qa-mash, of the Dardani, of Keshkesh, Khilibu.
And the brothers of the king were all gathered in one
place,

Two thousand and five hundred pairs of horse —
And they came right on in force,
The fury of their faces to the flaming of my face.

Then, like Monthu in his might,
I rushed on them apace,
And I let them taste my hand
In a twinkling moment's space.
Then cried one unto his mate,
"This is no man, this is he,
This is Suteck, god of hate,

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With Baal in his blood;
Let us hasten, let us flee,
Let us save our souls from death,
Let us take to heel and try our lungs and breath."
And before the king's attack,
Hands fell, and limbs were slack,
They could neither aim the bow, nor thrust the spear,
But just looked at him who came
Charging on them, like a flame,
And the King was as a griffin in the rear.
(Behold thus speaks the Pharaoh, let all know),
"I struck them down, and there escaped me none.
Then I lifted up my voice, and I spake,
Ho! my warriors, charioteers,
Away with craven fears,
Halt, stand, and courage take,
Behold I am alone,
Yet Ammon is my helper, and his hand is with me now."

When my Menna, charioteer, beheld in his dismay,
How the horses swarmed around us, lo! his courage fled
away,
And terror and affright
Took possession of him quite;
And straightway he cried out to me, and said,
"Gracious lord and bravest king, savior-guard
Of Egypt in the battle, be our ward;
Behold we stand alone, in the hostile Hittite ring,
Save for us the breath of life,
Give deliverance from the strife,
Oh! protect us, Ramses Miamun! Oh! save us, mighty
King!"

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Then the King spake to his squire, "Halt! take courage,
charioteer,

As a sparrow-hawk swoops down upon his prey,

So I swoop upon the foe, and I will slay,

I will hew them into pieces, I will dash them into dust;

Have no fear,

Cast such evil thought away,

These godless men are wretches that in Ammon put no
trust."

Then the king, he hurried forward, on the Hittite host he
flew,

"For the sixth time that I charged them," says the king
— and listen well,

"Like Baal in his strength, on their rearward, lo! I fell,

And I killed them, none escaped me, and I slew, and
slew, and slew."

FINDING PHARAOH

[1886]

BY EDWARD L. WILSON

IN the neighborhood of thirty-three hundred years ago the land of Egypt, from Goshen to Thebes and beyond, was in an uproar.

The king was dead! Rameses II, the precocious youth who at the age of ten had joined his warrior-father Sethi I upon the throne; the ruler whom his people regarded as a god; the oppressor under whom the Israelites are said to have "sighed by reason of their bondage"; the great Sesostris of the Greeks, — had breathed his last.

The gay and busy life of the cities of the Delta was hushed, and the hundred gates of Thebes were only opened to those who ministered to the necessities of the living or who performed the sacred offices of the priesthood.

All street processions, minstrel-bands, and mountebanks fled appalled.

The cities which the great architect and artist-king had refounded, — Ra'amses and Pithom, — built by the forced labor of the Hebrews, were in their meridian splendor. The Ramesseum at Thebes was yet unsurpassed, and the colossal monolith which represented the enthroned king was then unbroken. The glorious quartette of Abou-Simbel, but recently finished, sat, as now, smiling at the Nubian sun.

But Rameses II, in whose honor, for whose glory, and

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by whose command all these grand creations were finished, could look upon them no more with mortal eyes.

His body was embalmed, and in due season the funeral procession followed. The mummied king was placed aboard the royal barge, and, attended by the priests and the image of the gods Horus and Isis and Hathor, was floated up the Nile to the Theban City of the Dead — to Biban el-Mulouk, the St. Denis, the Westminster Abbey of the kings, and a great lamentation went up to the skies from stricken Egypt.

As the funeral cortège journeyed slowly on, the frantic people of the cities and villages flocked to the quays to render homage to their dead ruler.

Even the despised and persecuted Hebrew suspended labor betimes because his cruel overseer had forgotten him.

The men rent their garments, the women tore their hair, and all gathered up the dust and threw it upon their heads.

Tens of thousands of funeral offerings were cast into the sacred river, and the gods were called upon to attend the dead throughout the sacred journey. It was a dire day, indeed. When the sad company had arrived at the necropolis, all the complicated funeral rites were conducted with priestly ostentation.

Then the body of Rameses was sealed in the great sarcophagus which had been cut from the limestone of Biban el-Mulouk.

The location of the tomb was well known then, because it had been the habit of the monarch to visit it frequently during its excavation.

More than once had the architect announced that the

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tomb was ready, but he was as often met with the command to excavate still other vaulted halls and longer passages and side chambers, all to be finished with stuccoed walls adorned by representations in relief of the processions of the gods, of the life and work of the king, and of the *scarabæus*, the emblem of immortality. Moreover, all were to be richly colored.

“There is plenty of time for all that and much more before I am ready,” said Rameses, and he returned to his capital.

But he died before the work was completed.

According to custom, after the burial the doorway to the tomb was walled up, and so disguised by rocks and sand as to make it impossible for any but the priests to discover its whereabouts.

And although his original tomb, that of his father Sethi I, and that of his son Menephtah, had long before been discovered, they were empty, and until July, 1881, the real hiding-place of the “Pharaoh of the Oppression” was a mighty secret. Then its door was opened, and soon after history in a measure repeated itself.

The story of its finding is more romantic than any told in Egypt since Isis gathered the scattered remains of Osiris and buried his head within the alabaster temple at Abydos.

For a number of years the acute officials of the Museum of Antiquities at Bulaq had seen funeral offerings and other antiquities brought from Thebes by returning tourists, which they knew belonged to the dynasty of Rameses II, of his father Sethi I, and of his grandfather Rameses I. Even scarabees bearing the cartouche of the great king were displayed by the

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innocent purchasers. This being so, argued the clear-headed officials, the mummies of those royal personages must have been discovered by some one. By whom?

Professor Maspero, the Director-General of the Bulaq Museum, at once organized a detective force to help him solve this conundrum.

Arrest after arrest was made, and the bastinado was applied to many a callous sole which had never felt even shoe or sandal. The women stood by and browbeat the sufferers into silence while they endured the torture, and the men refused all information.

In a line of tombs beyond the Ramesseum lived four sturdy Arabs named Abd-er-Rasoul. They supplied guides and donkeys to tourists who desired to visit the ruins of Thebes, and sold them genuine and spurious antiquities. When they found a mummy, it being forbidden by law to sell it, the head and hands and feet were wrenched off and sold on the sly, while the torso was kicked about the ruined temples until the jackals came and carried it away. I purchased a head and hand of one of the brothers amid the dark shadows of the temple at Qurneh.

Early in 1881 circumstantial evidence pointed to Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul as the one who knew more than he would tell. Professor Maspero caused his arrest, and he lay in prison at Kenh for some months. He also suffered the bastinado and the browbeating of the women repeatedly; he resisted bribes, and showed no melting mood when threatened with execution. His lips told no more than the unfound tomb — and not as much.

Finally his brother Mohammed regarded the offer of

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“bakhshish,” which Professor Maspero deemed it wise to make, as worth more to him than any sum he might hope to realize from future pillaging, and made a clean breast of the whole affair. How the four brothers ever discovered the hidden tomb has remained a “family secret.”

On July 5, 1881, the wily Arab conducted Herr Emil Brugsch Bey, curator of the Bulaq Museum, to Deir-el-Bahari and pointed out the hiding-place so long looked for.

A long climb it was up the slope of the western mountain, till, after scaling a great limestone cliff, a huge, isolated rock was found. Behind this a spot was reached where the stones appeared to an expert observer and tomb-searcher to have been arranged “by hand,” rather than scattered by some upheaval of nature.

“There,” said the sullen guide; and “there” the enterprising Emil Brugsch Bey, with more than Egyptian alacrity, soon had a staff of Arabs at work hoisting the loose stones from a well into which they had been thrown.

The shaft had been sunk into the solid limestone to the depth of about forty feet, and was about six feet square.

Before going very far, a huge palm-log was thrown across the well and a block and tackle fastened to it to help bring up the débris.

When the bottom of the shaft was reached, a subterranean passage was found which ran westward some twenty-four feet and then turned directly northward, continuing into the heart of the mountain straight, except where broken for about two hundred feet by an

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abrupt stairway. The passage terminated in a mortuary chamber about thirteen by twenty-three feet in extent, and barely six feet in height.

There was found the mummy of King Pharaoh of the Oppression, with nearly forty others of kings, queens, princes, and priests.

Not until June, 1886, was this most royal mummy released from its bandages. That event is my plea for telling now what I know of the romantic finding and the place thereof. A few months after the finding took place, accompanied by my camera I visited the Bulaq Museum and photographed the entire "find." Emil Brugsch Bey is also an amateur photographer, and we had already fraternized during the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, where the Egyptian section was in his care. Therefore at Bulaq I not only enjoyed a rare privilege at his hands, but also his friendly advice and assistance.

The photography done, we embarked upon the Khedive's steamer Beni Souef for Luxor. There we were met by Professor Maspero and Mohammed Abd-er-Rasoul, and together we visited the scene of the latest drama of the Nile.

When we reached the chamber of the dead, the rope which had hoisted the royal mummies from the tomb was made fast to our bodies, was swung over the palm-log, and we were lowered into the depths. As I dangled in mid-air and swayed from side to side, the rocky pieces which I started from their long slumber warned those who preceded me to "look out below."

At the bottom of the shaft, on the right and left wall of the entrance to the subterranean chamber, were written in black ink some curious inscriptions. By

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whom, no one can more than conjecture. It was the duty of the ancient "Inspector of Tombs" to make frequent visits to the royal dead, to repair the mummy-cases and wrappings, and, if necessary, to remove all to a safer tomb.

This handwriting on the wall may have been that of the Pharaonic tomb inspector whose duty it was to make record of every change. Professor Maspero being desirous of having photographs made of these inscriptions, the little American camera was set for the work, and succeeded in securing them even there in the bowels of the earth.

Then lighting our torches and stooping low, we proceeded to explore the long passage and the tomb at its terminus. The rough way was scattered with fragments of mummy-cases, shreds of mummy-cloth, bunches of papyrus leaf, lotus-flowers, and palm-leaf stalks, while here and there a funeral offering was found. After much stumbling we arrived at the inner chamber where, but a few weeks before, stood or reclined the coffins of so many royal dead.

The camera must have a long time for its delicate, difficult work, and so we did not need to hurry.

Seated upon a stone which for centuries had served as the pillow of priest or king while waiting for immortality, Herr Brugsch told me the whole story of his historic "find."

It was a unique interview. It made such an impression upon my mind that I can repeat the story here from memory, though I do not, of course, claim that the report is *verbatim*.

"Finding Pharaoh was an exciting experience for me,"

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said my companion. "It is true I was armed to the teeth, and my faithful rifle, full of shells, hung over my shoulder; but my assistant from Cairo, Ahmed Effendi Kemal, was the only person with me whom I could trust. Any one of the natives would have killed me willingly, had we been alone, for every one of them knew better than I did that I was about to deprive them of a great source of revenue. But I exposed no sign of fear and proceeded with the work. The well cleared out, I descended and began the exploration of the underground passage.

"Soon we came upon cases of porcelain funeral offerings, metal and alabaster vessels, draperies and trinkets, until, reaching the turn in the passage, a cluster of mummy-cases came into view in such numbers as to stagger me.

"Collecting my senses, I made the best examination of them I could by the light of my torch, and at once saw that they contained the mummies of royal personages of both sexes; and yet that was not all. Plunging on ahead of my guide, I came to the chamber where we are now seated, and there, standing against the walls, or here, lying on the floor, I found even a greater number of mummy-cases of stupendous size and weight.

"Their gold coverings and their polished surfaces so plainly reflected my own excited visage that it seemed as though I was looking into the faces of my own ancestors. The gilt face on the coffin of the amiable Queen Nofretari seemed to smile upon me like an old acquaintance.

"I took in the situation quickly, with a gasp, and hurried to the open air lest I should be overcome and the glorious prize still unrevealed be lost to science.

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“It was almost sunset then. Already the odor which arose from the tomb had cajoled a troop of slinking jackals to the neighborhood, and the howl of hyenas was heard not far distant. A long line of vultures sat upon the highest pinnacles of the cliffs near by, ready for their hateful work.

“The valley was as still as death. Nearly the whole of the night was occupied in hiring men to help remove the precious relics from their hiding-place. There was but little sleep in Luxor that night. Early the next morning three hundred Arabs were employed under my direction — each one a thief. One by one the coffins were hoisted to the surface, were securely sewed up in sail-cloth and matting, and then were carried across the plain of Thebes to the steamers awaiting them at Luxor.

“Two squads of Arabs accompanied each sarcophagus — one to carry it and a second to watch the wily carriers. When the Nile overflow, lying midway of the plain, was reached, as many more boatmen entered the service and bore the burden to the other side. Then a third took up the ancient freight and carried it to the steamers. Slow workers are these Egyptians, but after six days of hard labor under the July sun the work was finished.

“I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed when, standing at the mouth of the shaft, I watched the strange line of helpers while they carried across that historical plain the bodies of the very kings who had constructed the temples still standing, and of the very priests who had officiated in them — the Temple of Hatasou nearest; away across from it, Qurneh; farther to the right, the Ramesseum, where the great granite monolith lies face to the ground; farther south, Medinat

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Abou, a long way beyond, the Deir-el-Medineh; and there the twin Colossi, or the vocal Memnon and his companion; then, beyond all, some more of the plain, the line of the Nile, and the Arabian hills far to the east, and above all, and with all, slowly moving down the cliffs and across the plain, or in boats crossing the stream, were the sullen laborers carrying their antique burdens.

“As the Red Sea opened and allowed Israel to pass across dry-shod, so opened the silence of the Theban plain, allowed the strange funeral procession to pass, — and then all was hushed again.

“When you go up, you will see it all spread out before you — with the help of a little imagination.

“When we made our departure from Luxor, our late helpers squatted in groups upon the Theban side and silently watched us. The news had been sent down the Nile in advance of us. So, when we passed the towns, the people gathered at the quays and made the most frantic demonstrations. The *fantasia* dancers were holding their wildest orgies here and there; a strange wail went up from the men; the women were screaming and tearing their hair, and the children were so frightened I pitied them.

“A few fanatical dervishes plunged into the river and tried to reach us, but a sight of the rifle drove them back, cursing us as they swam away. At night fires were kindled and guns were fired.

“At last we arrived at Bulaq, where I soon confirmed my impressions that we had indeed recovered the mummies of the majority of the rulers of Egypt during the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-first Dynasties, including Rameses II, Rameses III, King

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Pinotem, the high priest Nebseni, and Queen Nofretari, all of which you have seen and photographed at Bulaq, arranged pretty much as I found them in their long-hidden tomb. And thus our Museum became the third and probably the final resting-place of the mummy of the great Pharaoh of the Oppression."

Thus was the story of finding Pharaoh modestly told me by my friend who had displayed such enthusiasm and tact in securing for science what had puzzled science for so long a time to discover.

When we ascended from the tomb, I grouped my companions at its mouth and once more caused the camera to secure a link of history.

Professor Maspero reclined upon the rocks at the right; Emil Brugsch Bey stood at the palm-log; and Mohammed was posed in front, holding the very rope in his hand which had served in hoisting royalty from its long-hidden resting-place.

The next day the shaft was filled up again, thus closing the door of the empty theater, for the drama was ended, and the actors were gone.

I made a long Nile journey after that and photographed many a stone-cut "permanent likeness" of "the Michael Angelo of Egypt."

The profile of the southern colossus of the Great Temple at Abou-Simbel has all these centuries retained the beautiful expression left it by the Nubian chisel, and presents a striking resemblance to the photograph of the recently unfolded mummy of the great king. Of this unfolding the world has been told by almost every newspaper in it. When I was at Bulaq, all I could catch of the Sesostris face and form was as it appeared after

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the last neat work of the Inspector of Tombs had been finished. Since the unfolding, which took place June 1, 1886, the camera of Brugsch Bey has enabled us all to "see how Pharaoh looked." Likewise, the report of Professor Maspero, giving the particulars of his removal of the wrappings, has ever since been a topic of conversation all over the wide world.

Only fifteen minutes were occupied in undoing the labor of many days by the careful embalmers. The kingly body had "reposed in peace" at least twice as long as was enjoined by the faith of Isis in order to secure immortality.

As recently as 1880 it was offered to an American traveler "for a reasonable bakhshish," but declined because its genuineness was doubted.

But no doubt now exists, for "in black ink, written upon the mummy-case by the high priest and King Pinotem, is the record testifying to the identity of the royal contents." Then "upon the outer winding-sheet of the mummy, over the region of the breast," the indisputable testimony is repeated. The coverings being all removed by the careful hands of Professor Maspero, in the presence of the Khedive and other distinguished persons, Rameses II appeared. Professor Maspero further reports:—

"The head is long and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temples there are a few sparse hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick, forming smooth, straight locks about five centimeters in length. White at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalmment. The forehead is low and narrow; the

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brow-ridge prominent; the eyebrows are thick and white; the eyes are small and close together; the nose is long, thin, arched like the noses of the Bourbons, and slightly crushed at the tip by the pressure of the bandages. The temples are sunken; the cheek-bones very prominent; the ears round, standing far out from the head, and pierced like those of a woman for the wearing of earrings. The jaw-bone is massive and strong; the chin very prominent; the mouth small, but thick-lipped, and full of some kind of black paste. This paste being partly cut away with the scissors, disclosed some much worn and very brittle teeth, which moreover, are white and well preserved. The mustache and beard are within. They seem to have been kept shaven during life, but were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness, or they may have grown after death. The hairs are white, like those of the head and eyebrows, but are harsh and bristly, and from two to three millimeters in length. The skin is of earthy brown, spotted with black. Finally, it may be said the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but even under the somewhat grotesque disguise of mummification there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. The rest of the body is as well preserved as the head; but, in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less lifelike. The neck is no thicker than the vertebral column. The chest is broad; the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna; and the wound in the left side, through which the embalmers extracted the

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viscera, is large and open. The legs and thighs are fleshless; the feet are long, slender, somewhat flat-soled, and dyed, like the hands, with henna. The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man. We know, indeed, that Rameses II reigned for sixty-seven years, and that he must have been nearly one hundred years old when he died."

On the same day that the face of the great Sesostris was unwrapped, the mummy of Rameses III was also revealed, and his identity established beyond question.

And now these old-time kings stand in the glass cases of the Bulaq Museum, in as close companionship with Pinotem and Nebseni as they were when found in their sequestered retreat.

Once kings, princes, and priests, monarchs, tyrants, and oppressors, "equal with the gods," — they now appear labeled and numbered as "antiquities," where all who desire may go and face them without fear.

When they were first borne to the tomb, their frightened subjects cried to the gods for their entrance into immortality; and one of those gods was Rameses II, represented at Pithom in red syenite, seated in an arm-chair between the two solar gods Ra and Tum.

But when they were carried back to the Delta, the folds of sand which had for centuries covered their ancient city Zoan were being unwrapped by the spade and pick of the "Egyptian Exploration Fund," and their frightened descendants cried unto Allah — the God of Israel!

GOING TO SEE PHARAOH (RAMESES II)

BY HARDWICKE D. RAWNSLEY

I WAS going to see Pharaoh, and stood in the doorway of the Salle des Momies, — nay, I was in his audience chamber now. Round me as I looked — or rather on three sides of me — lay, with their feet towards me, what might have been twelve coffins. They were in reality twelve great cases of pitch-pine, with glass lids, inside which the coffins and the mighty dead now lay. These glass coffin-containers were all covered with palls, as it seemed of drab cloth: a curious feeling of an inquest came over me, and I felt as if I were in a death-chamber, about to gaze upon twelve dead bodies; and yet a voice within me seemed to say: “They are not dead, they sleep: do not wake them.”

Neither I nor the guide spoke. What a presence-chamber it was. Beneath these shrouds, on my right, lay nearest me, Pinotem II, the fourth priest-king of the Twenty-first or Her-Hor Dynasty. Next, Makeri (Ramaka) with her little child, a pink gray bundle, at her feet — poor queen, she died in childbirth. Next, Nebseni, the famous priest-scribe of the Her-Hor Dynasty; next, Notemhit, or Netemhut, the proud mother of Her-Hor, the founder of this line of priest-kings, in whose family vault these Pharaohs of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties had been so marvelously preserved to us.

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Not one of these mummies lived before 1100 B.C., or after 1000 B.C.

Immediately in front of me lay four other illustrious dead in their glass-covered drab-palled coffin-cases: Aahmes I, or Amosis, the friend of the gallant old pug-faced admiral who bore his name, and who fought his ships of old so bravely, the "Calf," and "the North," and "The going up into Memphis"; Aahmes, the founder of the Eighteenth Dynasty, date 1700 B.C., the conqueror at Avaris and Sherohan, the warrior of a twenty-two years' war, the restorer of the rightful line of Pharaohs after the expulsion of the Shepherd Kings. Next to him, on his left as I looked, Rameses II; next to him Seti I, his father, 1366 B.C., both of the Nineteenth Dynasty; next him Thothmes II, king of the Eighteenth Dynasty, B.C. 1600. To complete the horse-shoe on the left side of the room we must name Amenophis I, who succeeded Aahmes, the second king of the Eighteenth Dynasty, 1666 B.C.

Next to him, on his left as I gazed, lay Rameses III, the founder of the Twentieth Dynasty, 1200 B.C. Next to him, Princess Nessi Chensu, of the Twenty-first Dynasty; and last, and next to her, Raskenen Tiouâquen, the man who fought and fell for liberty in the war of independence that eventually banished the Hyksos somewhere in the seventeenth century B.C.

All this was not, of course, known to me as I approached the mighty Pharaoh where he lay. I had a general idea that I was in the presence of royalty that had fallen asleep between sixteen hundred and eighty and one thousand years before Christ. The thought staggered me. "Rameses Kebeâr henak" ("Pharaoh,

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the great one, is there”), said the swarthy guide; and with a look of reverence upon his fine face, he moved the coverlet and pall a little from the glass, slowly turned it back, and let it slide, of its own weight, off the sloping frame; and there, full length within his coffin, looking up at me with his proud gaunt face that had outfaced the world, with his withered hands across his breast almost in attitude of prayer, the mighty king, in his great slumber, lay; and I knew what it was to be in the presence of him before whom Egypt trembled, and the Hittites fled, and from whom the Israelites, bowed down in bitter bondage in the brick-fields of Rameses and Pitûm, cried unto the Lord their God. There A-nakhtu, the great warrior as he was called, was taking his rest — he who had escaped from the Hittites when “he was all alone and none other was with him,” who had burst through the blazing fagots of reeds that so nigh consumed his royal tent at Pelusium that day his treacherous brother made him his guest, and would have murdered him as he slept, full of wine, — he who had faced death in so many ways was now alone, was dead; but dead, he yet defied corruption.

The coffin wherein the great Pharaoh rested, was about two inches thick, less thick and much less deep and less large than the one near it, in which his father Seti lay.

Washed with pinkish color outside, it was within painted with a yellow wash of ocher, its bottom roughly daubed with pitch. Made, as all the Osirian coffins are made, more or less to fit the body, this was no exception to the rule; but at a glance, after contrasting it with the usual elaborately ornamented and decorated insides

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of coffins of royalty, with their winged hawks, their "Uta" eyes, their emblems of the guardians of the soul, their goddess Neiths, their priests in attitude of offering, and the like, it was quite plain that this was not the original coffin in which, somewhere about the year 1300 B.C., the Pharaoh Rameses II had been laid, but one that had been made in haste, and that by appearance and shape was as late as the Twenty-first Dynasty. Two inscriptions in hieratics bear out this. First, we learn from these that the official inspectors of the tombs, in the sixth year of Her-Hor, founder of the Twenty-first Dynasty, visited the royal tomb 1100 B.C. There, for two centuries the body had probably lain undisturbed, but it is clear that about this time, as we learn from the Abbott papyrus, the tombs of the royal kings were being looted. The "Amherst" papyrus details a full confession of a tomb-breaker and body-snatcher of this date. "We found the august king," says this penitent thief, "with his divine axe beside him, and his amulets and ornaments of gold about his neck; his head was covered with gold, and his august person was entirely covered with gold; his coffin was overlaid with gold and silver within and without, and encrusted with all kinds of precious stones." What, think you, did this forerunner of the rogue Abd er-Rasûl do? Hear his own confession: "We took the gold which we found upon the sacred person of this god, as also his amulets and the ornaments which were about his neck, and the coffins in which he reposed."

It is more than probable that the tomb inspector of Her-Hor found that the coffin of Rameses II was being thus tampered with, for we find that ten years after that

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first official inspection, a commission of priests visits the coffin of Rameses II, which is no longer in his own eternal home, but in the tomb of his father Seti I. On an inscription on the coffins of Seti and Rameses II it is stated that the bodies of the kings — father and son — are unharmed, but for safety's sake they deem it expedient to move the mummies to the tomb of Queen Ansera, of the Eighteenth Dynasty. But again the robbers got wind of it. In ten years' time, in the twentieth year of Pinotem I, — that is, in about the year 1023 B.C., — this body, on which we are gazing, was removed for security's sake to the tomb of Amenophis I, the second king of the Eighteenth Dynasty, who had died 1635 B.C.

It rested here for six years, and then, as we learn from hieratics on one of the breast bandages of the royal mummy, Pharaoh was removed for the fourth time, and carried to his father's tomb in the Valley of the Kings. He was not found there, after all, but in the family vault of Her-Hor, as we know, at Dêr-el-Bahari. Is it to be wondered at, then, that this rough coffin-case, in which the great king lies, is not the original coffin, but shows signs of haste and expediency in its making?

Now, look at the mummy: he fairly fills the coffin length — yes, though he has shrunk, as all dead bodies do, as old men are shrunk before they die, he measures still more than six feet, as he lies. He must have in life been six foot two, or six foot three, at least.

A life-guardsmen in mould, in very truth he must have seemed. Withered though the muscles on his neck to his spinal column's girth be, what a length of neck it must

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have seemed! And swathed though he be in his yellow mummy-cloth shroud of well-woven linen, yet his shoulders are bare to view. What mighty shoulders they were! What breadth of chest must have been his!

I gazed upon Pharaoh. I saw him standing in his chariot once again on that glorious battle-field of Kadesh, by the river Orontes, when he arose, as the contemporary court-poet Pen-ta-ur tells us in his forcible epic, like Menthu, god of war, "and urged on his steeds, whose names were 'Triumph in Thebes,' and 'The Divine Mother.' None dared follow; he was alone, and none other with him; and lo! he was encircled by the Khetan host — twenty-five hundred chariots were around him, and countless hosts cut off the way behind."

"Not one of his friends, not one of the captains of his chariots, not one of his knights was with him; his body-guard had abandoned him." And I seemed to see the great warrior lift himself in his chariot, and hear him cry unto the lord his god in passionate prayer: "Where art thou, my Father Amen; has ever a father forgotten his son? Shall it be for nothing that I have dedicated to thee many and noble temples? My warriors have deserted me; but what are multitudes of men against me? More to me is thy power than myriads of men. On thee, Father Amen, do I call."

A light seemed again to come into the dead warrior's face as he felt his prayer was heard, in the temple of the god at Hermonthis. "Amen heard his voice, and came to his cry. He reached his hand to him, and the warrior shouted for joy. He called out to him: 'I have hastened to thee, Rameses, my well-beloved. The brave heart I love, it has my blessing; I am with thee;

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I am he, thy Father — the sun-god Ra. My hand is with thee.’”

“All this,” so sang Pen-ta-ur the bard, “came to pass”; and we, as we look upon this great king in his coffin now — we can see him, in the fury of that desperate charge, rushing on his foes like a flame of fire. See those long arms, and that powerful frame swayed in the terrible contest, and dealing the blows of a giant right and left, while the Hittites fell like chaff before the feet of his horses, and we can realize how terrible, how like a god, he must then have seemed, of whom the poet sang: —

“I was changed at the voice of Amen, being made like the God Menthu in my might. I hurled the dart with my right hand, I fought with my left; none dared to raise his hand against me. They could not shout, nor grasp the spear; their limbs gave way beneath them. I made them fall into the water, as the crocodiles fall into the stream. Each cried to his fellow, ‘It is no mortal man who is against us, it is Seti the mighty — it is the God of War.’”

I think, as one realizes the statue of Rameses II laid in his long coffin, as one looks on his face in the sleep that knows no breaking, one can imagine the awe and terror with which, when roused to passion or rebuke, this god incarnate, as he was believed to be, must have been invested, at court or camp, on throne or battle-field. Terrible as his favorite lion “Semen-Kephtu-f,” or “Tearer to Pieces,” must have seemed as it lay at his throne-steps or ramped to battle at the chariot-wheel of his royal master, more terrible must have seemed the lord of lions and the lion-city Heliopolis, the son of the

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sun, the favorite of Ammon, as with his reins girt round about his waist, to leave his great arms free for bow and spear, Rameses II rushed into battle and thundered his commands.

Let us look at his face closely. In color it is light brown, almost yellow in fairness. The head is narrow, and is what we should call *dolicho-cephalic* — that is, the head is thin and projects far backward — the length from nose to back of the skull is very considerable. There is a swelling out of the skull over the ears: I expect the believer in bumps would say that Pharaoh was probably mischievous; the forehead is high, but so far from being straight or prominent, it retreats, and must have in life taken much from the dignity of the face. The eyes are nearer than I had expected to see them — nearer together, as I found out afterwards, than his father Seti's eyes; the eyebrows, to judge by the sparse white hairs that still remain, must have been thick; certainly if we may judge from a gem which gives us the portrait of his Mesopotamian mother, Queen Tua, his eyebrows were his mother's eyebrows. Bald though he was on the crown of his head, he must have had abundance of hair, by what remains to him at the back. It is true it appears now yellow, but this is partially owing to the stains of the embalming unguents; and the old man, of near a hundred summers, must have gone to his grave with a circlet of snow-white hair, snow-white eyebrows, and a snow-white mustache upon his upper lip.

But it was not in his head that lay his strength, nor in his brow, nor in his eyes. No; Pharaoh's strength of face lay and lies in the nose, the ears, the mouth, and the

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chin. The nose, unlike his father's and his mother's, is Napoleonic — a beaked Bourbon nose. Truly the bandages of the mummy shroud have pressed upon the tip of the nose, and exaggerated the eagle-beakedness, but it must have been *the* feature of the great Pharaoh's face — this great, strong aquiline nose. The ears are large and flat — larger than were the ears of any of the royal mummies I examined; great elephant-flappers of ears, that stood out from the head. I have often seen such ears associated with love of music, and I do not believe that the poets Pen-ta-ur and Amenemaphth would have had so much encouragement given them under Rameses II had not this Pharaoh loved the sound of the harpers. The ears had been bored for jewels, but both lower lobes had been broken. The cheek-bones were high and prominent, and gave perhaps, in life, a certain haughty, overbearing strength to the less powerful upper part of the face. I was struck by the length from the nose to the lip. As for the mouth, it had once had lips full-fleshed, fuller-fleshed certainly than the lips of Seti, his father, and though the mouth was a little brutal, I should think, in life, it did not give me the impression of sensualism or want of refinement. It was a strong mouth, it was a stubborn mouth; it seemed a mouth of contempt and self-will, a mouth of pride; but not necessarily, a mouth of animalism.

The teeth were white — much worn and brittle, but wonderful teeth for a centenarian, and well-set. The strength of the face was emphasized by the chin, square, and massive, with great length from front of chin to ear, full of power and force; the pride of the face seemed doubled by the set of that chin; there were upon it slight

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traces of a beard of coarse hair, that may have grown after death. The face was worn and thin: what old man's of near a hundred years would not be? There were slight traces of wrinkles upon the brow.

The father of a hundred and nineteen children, — fifty-nine sons and sixty daughters, as the outer wall of the Temple of Abydos tells us, — he was the possessor of many concubines, and of at least four lawful wives; we might have supposed that the cares of a family would have worn his face, if the cares of all Egypt and the Egyptian court-life of sixty-seven years — for the monuments expressly tell us he did reign sixty-seven years — had not left their mark upon it. But though a side face or profile view of the great king, as obtained by a photograph, gives a look of fatigue and a certain gladness to be at rest, I could not, do what I would, see in that proud, obstinate face of the warrior-king in his shroud before me, anything that looked like a yielding to the weight of years; there was a kind of "What is all this to me? Am I not the son of the sun — Rameses, favorite of Ammon? Shall not my years endure as long as the sun shineth in his strength? Will not my sun that sets, arise in the morning?" Monsieur Maspero wrote the day he unwrapped the great Sesostris (you will find it in the "Academy" of July 3, 1886): "In fine, the mask of the mummy gives a very sufficient idea of what the king was in life: an expression not very intellectual, perhaps rather animal, but of pride and obstinacy, and with an air of sovereign majesty, still to be seen through all the grotesque appearance of the embodiment." I did not find this animalism was in the face; rather — as I note on looking at my diary of several audiences of the great

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Pharaoh in his death-chamber — I felt that there was a certain refinement about a face whose weakness lay in the forehead, whose might lay in the chin and in the eagle nose.

As for the rest of the body, still might be seen the wound in the side, whence the embalmer's hand withdrew the viscera at the time of death. The thighs and legs were thin, the feet large and flat. I was struck with the coarseness or thickness of the ankles, but got therefrom an idea of the robust strength of this Pharaoh, whose natural force was unabated when the death-hour came, and who could probably then, as he did in the Hittite battle, stand alone. His feet had been, after the fashion of the time, rubbed red with henna, and as I looked on the hands — laid peacefully across one another on his breast, the left hand over the right — I noticed what long hands and fingers they were; how neatly, too, the nails had been cut into points, the middle finger of the left hand being specially noticeable, and how carefully they also had been dyed with the rich red henna-stain before they had been packed up, finger by finger, in the swathing bands of eternity, the linen of the embalming priests.

Ah! how one wished to question the mighty monarch; but he was silent — his mouth stopped with the embalmer's black paste that was put there thirty-one hundred and eighty-seven years ago.

And this is the "Bull in the land of Rutennu," "the Hawk of the Sun," "A-nakhtu the Warrior," he who conquered Kush and led into captivity the people of Shashu, the hero of the battle against the Kheta, who washed his heart, as the poet puts it, in the blood of his

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enemies, the architect of the city of the sun Heliopolis and the temple-city Rameses, the founder of Memphis with its bull-arena and its glorious temple to Ptah or Vulcan, the beautifier of Abydos, the gold-digger in Nubia, the well-digger in the land of Kush, the brick-maker at Pitûm and canal-designer in the field of Zoan, the endower of libraries for Thebes, the mighty builder of the Ramesseum, the giver of a hundred temples to the gods in the land of Egypt. He who set up his mighty double images of limestone at Memphis, his red colossal statue on the Theban plain, who had himself painted at Abu Simbel and Abydos, and carved wonderfully at Tanis and on the façade of the Temple of Hathor at Abu Simbel, who sits on the southern colossus at the great temple of Abu Simbel, who smiles upon us from the rosy syenite that once adorned the Ramesseum, in the Egyptian court of the British Museum. The inscriber of his name and deeds upon the obelisk which stands above our London river; who calls himself thereon, boastfully but truly enough, "The guardian of Egypt, chastiser of foreign lands, dragging foreigners of the southern nations to the great sea, and the foreigners of northern nations to the four poles of heaven." The re-creator of Egypt in a very real sense, who, in his prayer to the god of Memphis, said, "I have cared for the land in order to create for thee a new Egypt," of whom the scribe at Memphis wrote, "All are as one, to celebrate the powers of this god, even of King Rameses Meri-Amen, the war-god of the world."

There in his coffin, life's battle won, life's long work done, lies the war-god and the peace-god of Egyptian history. A man who in his lifetime dared to associate

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himself with the great gods Ptah and Ammon and Horus; father of the Princess Meris, who drew Moses from the bulrushes; the oppressor of the children of Israel: we who bow the knee before the God he knew not, how can we not be impressed with the thought of such pride in such ashes now before us?

Yet he served his time, prince of learning and father of the arts, great in peace as he was great in war, for a whole generation would know him more as an acute administrator than as a warrior-king. And had this Pharaoh not lived and reigned his sixty-seven years, the world would have been the poorer. We feel what that shriveled, gaunt body in the coffin there aimed at and honored, as vital powers to kindle and restrain us still. As I gazed for the last time upon that proud forcible face, the gratitude and strength of the limestone colossus among the palms of Memphis; the gentleness and affection portrayed in the statue by the side of his wife at the right of the façade of the Temple of Hathor at Abu Simbel; the superiority and calm carelessness of might upon the face of the southern colossus at the great temple of Abu Simbel; the fire in his face in that war-chariot at the Hittite battle, as seen pictured at the Ramesseum; the thoughtfulness, mingling with scorn, of the colossal face at Tanis — all seemed to come together and live again in the withered cheeks of the tall old king. The mummy of Sesostris, at the end of his thirty-one hundred and eighty-seven years, justifies all the chief portrait-sculptors of his day as being true, and makes us, who have seen Pharaoh again in the flesh, acknowledge, at the same time, that this was indeed Rameses, the Great One.

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What a resurrection from the dead it all is! How the centuries run back upon themselves as we gaze! One of the very oars, or paddles, with which they rowed his body across the sacred lake, to his burial in the hill above the Theban plain, is there within that cabinet close by; and there too are the blue lotus flowers — their color still faint upon them — with which they garlanded the dead king, and decked him for the tomb.

V
THE GLORY WANES

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE glory of Egypt was on the wane. At one time the country was forced to pay tribute to Assyria. This was brought to an end by Psammeticus, who threw open Egyptian commerce and culture to the Greeks. Indeed, he welcomed them so warmly to places of honor in his army that an enormous number of his troops withdrew to Ethiopia and refused to return. Psammeticus's son Necho attempted to reopen the old canal between the Nile and the Red Sea which Seti had dug, and he sent Phœnician sailors around Africa — if we may trust Herodotus. He was more fortunate as an explorer than as a soldier, for he was defeated by Nebuchadnezzar and forced to pay tribute to Babylon. A century later, Egypt had become free from Babylon, but was now subject to Persia. In 332 B.C. Alexander the Great held the land, and in the following year he founded Alexandria. At his death, Ptolemy, one of his generals, became ruler of the country. He and his successors were in power until, in 30 B.C., Cleopatra committed suicide, and the proud old land of Egypt became a province of Rome. It was a quiet, submissive province, and for a long while little was heard of it. It came to the front, however, in the thirteenth century as the stronghold of Mohammedanism, and for that reason was especially aimed at by the crusaders.

WHY PHANES WAS EXILED

BY GEORG EBERS

THE doors of the supper-room now flew open. Two lovely, fair-haired boys, holding myrtle wreaths, stood on each side of the entrance, and in the middle of the room was a large, low, brilliantly polished table, surrounded by inviting purple cushions.

Rich nosegays adorned this table, and on it were placed large joints of roast meat, glasses and dishes of various shapes filled with dates, figs, pomegranates, melons and grapes, little silver beehives containing honey, and plates of embossed copper, on which lay delicate cheese from the island of Trinakria. In the midst was a silver table-ornament, something similar to an altar, from which arose fragrant clouds of incense.

At the extreme end of the table stood the glittering silver cup in which the wine was to be mixed. This was of beautiful Æginetan workmanship, its crooked handles representing two giants, who appeared ready to sink under the weight of the bowl which they sustained. Like the altar, it was enwreathed with flowers, and a garland of roses or myrtle had been twined around the goblet of each guest.

The entire floor was strewed with rose-leaves, and the room lighted by many lamps which were hung against the smooth, white, stucco walls.

No sooner were the guests reclining on their cushions than the fair-haired boys reappeared, wound garlands

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of ivy and myrtle around the heads and shoulders of the revelers, and washed their feet in silver basins. The Sybarite, though already scented with all the perfumes of Arabia, would not rest until he was completely enveloped in roses and myrtle, and continued to occupy the two boys even after the carver had removed the first joints from the table in order to cut them up; but as soon as the first course, thunny-fish with mustard-sauce, had been served, he forgot all subordinate matters and became absorbed in the enjoyment of the delicious viands.

Rhodopis, seated on a chair at the head of the table near the wine-bowl, not only led the conversation, but gave directions to the slaves in waiting.

She gazed on her cheerful guests with a kind of pride, and seemed to be devoting her attention to each exclusively, now asking the Delphian how he had succeeded in his mission, then the Sybarite whether he was content with the performances of her cook, and then listening eagerly to Ibykus, as he told how the Athenian, Phrynichus, had introduced the religious dramas of Thespis of Ikaria into common life, and was now representing entire histories from the past by means of choruses, recitative and answer.

Then she turned to the Spartan, remarking, that to him alone of all her guests, instead of an apology for the simplicity of the meal, she felt she owed one for its luxury. The next time he came her slave Knakias, who, as an escaped Helot, boasted that he could cook a delicious blood-soup (here the Sybarite shuddered), should prepare him a true Lacedæmonian repast.

When the guests had eaten sufficiently, they again

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washed their hands; the plates and dishes were removed, the floor cleansed, and wine and water poured into the bowl. At last, when Rhodopis had convinced herself that the right moment had come, she turned to Phanes, who was engaged in a discussion with the Milesians, and thus addressed him: —

“Noble friend, we have restrained our impatience so long that it must surely now be your duty to tell us what evil chance is threatening to snatch you from Egypt and from our circle. You may be able to leave us and this country with a light heart, for the gods are wont to bless you Ionians with that precious gift from your very birth, but we shall remember you long and sadly. I know of no worse loss than that of a friend tried through years; indeed, some of us have lived too long on the Nile not to have imbibed a little of the constant, unchanging Egyptian temperament. You smile, and yet I feel sure that long as you have desired to revisit your dear Hellas, you will not be able to leave us quite without regret. Ah, you admit this? Well, I knew I had not been deceived. But now tell us why you are obliged to leave Egypt, that we may consider whether it may not be possible to get the king’s decree reversed, and so keep you with us.”

Phanes smiled bitterly, and replied: “Many thanks, Rhodopis, for these flattering words, and for the kind intention either to grieve over my departure, or, if possible, to prevent it. A hundred new faces will soon help you to forget mine, for long as you have lived on the Nile, you are still a Greek from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, and may thank the gods that you have remained so. I am a great friend of constancy,

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too, but quite as great an enemy of folly, and is there one among you who would not call it folly to fret over what cannot be undone? I cannot call the Egyptian constancy a virtue, it is a delusion. The men who treasure their dead for thousands of years, and would rather lose their last loaf than allow a single bone belonging to one of their ancestors to be taken from them, are not constant, they are foolish. Can it possibly make me happy to see my friends sad? Certainly not! You must not imitate the Egyptians, who, when they lose a friend, spend months in daily repeated lamentations over him. On the contrary, if you will sometimes think of the distant, I ought to say, of the departed, friend (for as long as I live I shall never be permitted to tread Egyptian ground again), let it be with smiling faces; do not cry, 'Ah! why was Phanes forced to leave us?' but rather, 'Let us be merry, as Phanes used to be when he made one of our circle!' In this way you must celebrate my departure, as Simonides enjoined when he sang: —

'If we would only be more truly wise,
We should not waste on death our tears and sighs,
Not stand and mourn o'er cold and lifeless clay
More than one day.

For Death, alas! we have no lack of time;
But Life is gone, when scarcely at its prime,
And is e'en, when not overfill'd with care
But short and bare!'

"If we are not to weep for the dead; how much less ought we to grieve for absent friends! The former have left us forever, but to the latter we say at parting, 'Farewell, until we meet again.'"

Here the Sybarite, who had been gradually becoming more and more impatient, could not keep silent any

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longer, and called out in the most woe-begone tone: "Will you never begin your story, you malicious fellow? I cannot drink a single drop, until you leave off talking about death. I feel cold already, and I am always ill, if I only think of, nay, if I only hear the subject mentioned, that this life cannot last forever."

The whole company burst into a laugh, and Phanes began to tell his story:—

"You know that at Sais I always live in the new palace; but at Memphis, as commander of the Greek body-guard which must accompany the king everywhere, a lodging was assigned me in the left wing of the old Palace.

"Since Psamtik I, Sais has always been the royal residence, and the other palaces have in consequence become somewhat neglected. My dwelling was really splendidly situated, and beautifully furnished; it would have been first-rate, if, from the first moment of my entrance, a fearful annoyance had not made its appearance.

"In the daytime, when I was seldom at home, my rooms were all that could be wished, but at night it was impossible to sleep for the tremendous noise made by thousands of rats and mice under the old floors, and couches, and behind the hangings.

"Even in the first night an impudent mouse ran over my face.

"I was quite at a loss what to do, till an Egyptian soldier sold me two large cats, and these, in the course of many weeks, procured me some rest from my tormentors.

"Now, you are probably all aware that one of the

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charming laws of this most eccentric nation (whose culture and wisdom, you, my Milesian friends, cannot sufficiently praise) declares the cat to be a sacred animal. Divine honors are paid to these fortunate quadrupeds as well as to many other animals, and he who kills a cat is punished with the same severity as the murderer of a human being."

Till now Rhodopis had been smiling, but when she perceived that Phanes' banishment had to do with his contempt for the sacred animals, her face became more serious. She knew how many victims, how many human lives, had already been sacrificed to this Egyptian superstition, and how, only a short time before, the King Amasis himself had endeavored in vain to rescue an unfortunate Samian, who had killed a cat, from the vengeance of the enraged populace.¹

"Everything was going well," continued the officer, "when we left Memphis two years ago.

"I confided my pair of cats to the care of one of the Egyptian servants at the palace, feeling sure that these enemies of the rats would keep my dwelling clear for the

¹ The cat was probably the most sacred of all the animals worshiped by the Egyptians. While others were deified only in particular districts, the cat was an object of adoration to all the subjects of the Pharaohs. Herodotus (II, 66) tells that when a house was on fire the Egyptians never thought of extinguishing the fire until their cats were all saved, and that when a cat died, they shaved their heads in sign of mourning. Whoever killed one of these animals, whether intentionally or by accident, suffered the penalty of death, without any chance of mercy. Diodorus (I, 81) himself witnessed the murder of a Roman citizen who had killed a cat, by the Egyptian people; and this in spite of the authorities, who, in fear of the powerful Romans, endeavored to prevent the deed. The bodies of the cats were carefully embalmed and buried, and their mummies are to be found in every museum. The embalmed cat, carefully wrapped in linen bandages, is oftener to be met with than any other of the many animals thus preserved by the Egyptians.

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future; indeed, I began to feel a certain veneration for my deliverers from the plague of mice.

“Last year Amasis fell ill before the court could adjourn to Memphis, and we remained at Sais.

“At last, about six weeks ago, we set out for the city of the Pyramids. I betook me to my old quarters; not the shadow of a mouse’s tail was to be seen there, but instead, they swarmed with another race of animals not one whit dearer to me than their predecessors. The pair of cats had, during my two years’ absence, increased twelvefold. I tried all in my power to dislodge this burdensome brood of all ages and colors, but in vain; every night my sleep was disturbed by horrible choruses of four-footed animals, and feline war-cries and songs.

“Every year, at the period of the Bubastis Festival, all superfluous cats may be brought to the temple of the cat-headed goddess Pacht, where they are fed and cared for, or as I believe, when they multiply too fast, quietly put out of the way. These priests are knaves!

“Unfortunately the journey to the said temple did not occur during the time of our stay in Memphis; however, as I really could not tolerate this army of tormentors any longer, I determined at least to get rid of two families of healthy kittens with which their mothers had just presented me. My old slave Mūs, from his very name a natural enemy of cats, was told to kill the little creatures, put them into a sack and throw them into the Nile.

“This murder was necessary, as the mewling of the kittens would otherwise have betrayed the contents of the sack to the palace warders. In the twilight poor Mūs

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betook himself to the Nile through the grove of Hathor, with his perilous burden. But alas! the Egyptian attendant who was in the habit of feeding my cats, had noticed that two families of kittens were missing, and had seen through the whole plan.

“My slave took his way composedly through the great avenue of Sphinxes, and by the temple of Ptah, holding the little bag concealed under his mantle. Already in the sacred grove he noticed that he was being followed, but on seeing that the men behind him stopped before the temple of Ptah and entered into conversation with the priests, he felt perfectly reassured and went on.

“He had already reached the bank of the Nile, when he heard voices calling him and a number of people running toward him in haste; at the same moment a stone whistled close by his head.

“Müs at once perceived the danger which was threatening him. Summoning all his strength he rushed down to the Nile, flung the bag in, and then with a beating heart, but as he imagined without the slightest evidence of guilt, remained standing on the shore. A few moments later he was surrounded by at least a hundred priests.

“Even the high-priest of Ptah, my old enemy Ptahotep, had not disdained to follow the pursuers in person.

“Many of the latter, and among them the perfidious palace servant, rushed at once into the Nile, and there, to our confusion, found the bag with its twelve little corpses, hanging entirely uninjured among the papyrus reeds and bean tendrils. The cotton coffin was opened before the eyes of the high-priest, a troop of lower priests, and at least a thousand of the inhabitants of Memphis,

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who had hurried to the spot, and when the miserable contents were disclosed, there arose such fearful howls of anguish, and such horrible cries of mingled lamentation and revenge, that I heard them even in the palace.

“The furious multitude, in their wild rage, fell on my poor servant, threw him down, trampled on him and would have killed him, had not the all-powerful high-priest — designing to involve me, as the author of the crime, in the same ruin — commanded them to cease and take the wretched malefactor to prison.

“Half an hour later I was in prison, too.

“My old Mūs took all the guilt of the crime on himself, until at last, by means of the bastinado, the high-priest forced him to confess that I had ordered the killing of the kittens, and that he, as a faithful servant, had not dared to disobey.

“The supreme court of justice, whose decisions the king himself has no power to reverse, is composed of priests from Memphis, Heliopolis, and Thebes; you can, therefore, easily believe that they had no scruple in pronouncing sentence of death on poor Mūs and my own unworthy Greek self. The slave was pronounced guilty of two capital offenses: first, of the murder of the sacred animals, and, secondly, of a twelvefold pollution of the Nile through dead bodies. I was condemned as originator of this (as they termed it) four-and-twenty-fold crime. Mūs was executed on the same day. May the earth rest lightly on him! I shall never think of him again as my slave, but as a friend and benefactor! My sentence of death was read aloud in the presence of his dead body, and I was already preparing for a long

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journey into the nether world when the king sent and commanded a reprieve.

“I was taken back to prison. One of my guards, an Arcadian Taxiarch, told me that all the officers of the guard and many of the soldiers (altogether four thousand men) had threatened to send in their resignation, unless I, their commander, were pardoned.

“As it was beginning to grow dusk I was taken to the king.

“He received me graciously, confirmed the Taxiarch’s statement with his own mouth, and said how grieved he should be to lose a commander so generally beloved. I must confess that I owe Amasis no grudge for his conduct to me; on the contrary, I pity him. You should have heard how he, the powerful king, complained that he could never act according to his own wishes, that even in his most private affairs he was crossed and compromised by the priests and their influence. Had it only depended on himself he could easily have pardoned the transgression of a law, which I, as a foreigner, could not be expected to understand, and might (though unjustly) esteem as a foolish superstition. But for the sake of the priests he dared not leave me unpunished. The lightest penalty he could inflict must be banishment from Egypt.

“He concluded his complaint with these words: ‘You little know what concessions I must make to the priests in order to obtain your pardon. Why, our supreme court of justice is independent even of me, its king!’

“And thus I received my dismissal, after having taken a solemn oath to leave Memphis that very day, and Egypt, at latest, in three weeks.”

THE FOUNDING OF ALEXANDRIA

[332 B.C.]

BY PLUTARCH

WHEN he [Alexander] was master of Egypt, designing to settle a colony of Grecians there, he resolved to build a large and populous city, and give it his own name. In order to which, after he had measured and staked out the ground with the advice of the best architects, he chanced one night in his sleep to see a wonderful vision; a gray-headed old man, of a venerable aspect, appeared to stand by him, and pronounce these verses: —

“An island lies, where loud the billows roar,
Pharos they call it, on the Egyptian shore.”

Alexander upon this immediately rose up and went to Pharos, which, at that time, was an island lying a little above the Canobic mouth of the river Nile, though it has now been joined to the main land by a mole. As soon as he saw the commodious situation of the place, it being a long neck of land, stretching like an isthmus between large lagoons and shallow waters on one side, and the sea on the other, the latter at the end of it making a spacious harbor, he said Homer, besides his other excellences, was a very good architect, and ordered the plan of a city to be drawn out answerable to the place. To do which, for want of chalk, the soil being black, they laid out their lines with flour, taking in a pretty large compass of ground in a semicircular figure, and drawing into the inside of the circumference equal straight lines from

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each end, thus giving it something of the form of a cloak or cape. While he was pleasing himself with his design, on a sudden an infinite number of great birds of several kinds, rising like a black cloud out of the river and the lake, devoured every morsel of the flour that had been used in setting out the lines; at which omen even Alexander himself was troubled, till the augurs restored his confidence again by telling him, it was a sign the city he was about to build would not only abound in all things within itself, but also be the nurse and feeder of many nations. He commanded the workmen to proceed, while he went to visit the temple of Ammon.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

BY SIR LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA

(*Netherlands*. 1836-1912)

IN 43 B.C., Octavius Cæsar, Mark Antony, and Lepidus held the power of the Roman world. Brutus and Cassius, the murderers of Julius Cæsar, were pursued by Antony and Octavius to Philippi, where they were totally defeated. Antony accused Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, of aiding the conspirators, and summoned her to Tarsus, but when she arrived, her stern judge forgot the misdemeanors with which she was charged, forgot his duty to Rome, forgot everything but the charms of the fascinating Egyptian. He divorced his wife, the sister of Octavius, and presented to Cleopatra provinces of the Empire. Attacked by the Romans as an enemy to his country, and defeated in a great naval battle off Actium, he committed suicide, as did also Cleopatra.

The wiles by which Egypt's queen charmed away the anger of the Roman general and lured him to his destruction are thus described by Plutarch: "She came sailing up the River Cydnus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes, fifes, and harps. She herself lay under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like Sea-Nymphs and Graces, some steering at the rudder, some working at the ropes. The perfumes diffused themselves from the vessel to the shore, which was covered with multitudes. . . . The contact of her presence was irresistible. The attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation and the character that attended all that she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice, with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another. Plato admits four sorts of flattery, but she had a thousand. Were Antony serious or disposed to mirth, she had at any moment some new delight or charm to meet his wishes, at every turn she was upon him, and let him escape her neither by night nor by day."



THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

[30 B.C.]

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Dolabella. Where is the Queen?

Charmian. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*]

Cleopatra. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and within three days
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras: saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymers

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Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' th' posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!

Show me, my women, like a queen: go fetch
My best attires; I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony: sirrah *Iras*, go.
Now, noble Charmian, we'll dispatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave
To play till doomsday. Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore is this noise? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

Enter a Guardsman.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence:
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. [*Exit Guardsman.*]

What poor an instrument
May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

Of woman in me; now from head to foot
I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guardsman, with Clown, bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him. [*Exit Guardsman.*
Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly, I have him: but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on 't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt: truly, she makes a very good report o' th' worm; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do: but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

[*Setting down his basket.*

Cleo. Farewell.

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

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Cleo. Take thou no care; it, shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple but I know the Devil himself will not eat a woman: I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the Devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth: I wish you joy o' th' worm.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS with a robe, crown, etc.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
Immortal longings in me: now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath; husband, I come:
Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life. So; have you done?
Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*

Have I the aspic in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,
The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:
If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,
[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and dispatch. O, couldst thou speak,
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass
Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle, —
O Antony! — Nay, I will take thee too:

[Applying another asp to her arm.

What should I stay — *[Dies.*

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play.

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Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First Guard. Where is the Queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First Guard. Cæsar hath sent —

Char. Too slow a messenger.
[*Applies an asp.*]

O, come apace, dispatch! I partly feel thee.

First Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's
beguil'd.

Sec. Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar; call
him.

First Guard. What work is here! Charmian, is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier! [Dies.]

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

Sec. Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

[*Within* "A way there, a way for Cæsar!"]

Re-enter CÆSAR and all his train, marching.

Dol. O sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last,
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA

Took her own way. The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

First Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs:

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

First Guard. O Cæsar,
This Charmian liv'd but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!
If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

First Guard. This is an asp's trail: and these fig-
leaves
Have slime upon them, such as th' asp's leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died; for her physician tells me
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die. Take up her bed;
And bear her women from the monument:
She shall be buried by her Antony:
No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
A pair so famous. High events as these

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Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall
In solemn show attend this funeral;
And then to Rome. Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[Exeunt.]

VI
MODERN EGYPT

HISTORICAL NOTE

WHILE Napoleon was at war with England, at the close of the eighteenth century, he attacked Egypt in order to cut off Great Britain from her possessions in the East. He was successful in the battle of the Pyramids; but three years later, the French were driven from the country. In 1869, the Suez Canal was opened. By 1879, the public debt of Egypt had reached an amount alarming to the bankers of England and France who were financing the country. The result was the putting of the Khedive under the supervision of those two governments, and afterward under that of an English financial adviser. Three years later the Egyptian army rose against the Khedive, and in order to protect the English shareholders in the Suez Canal, Great Britain sent troops to Egypt to support his authority. The same thing was done when the Soudanese revolted against him. Generals Gordon and Wolseley were sent against them; but it was not until 1896 that the Government was restored to power. In 1911, Lord Kitchener was made British agent and consul-general in Egypt. He did much to help the rural population and improve the condition of the country by introducing systematized irrigation, expediting the administration of justice, etc. The French have no longer any power in the country.

BONAPARTE IN EGYPT

BONAPARTE IN EGYPT

BY JEAN BAPTISTE ÉDOUARD DETAILLE

(*France*. 1848)

IN 1798, Napoleon invaded Egypt with an army of thirty-five thousand men for the purpose of cutting off England's communication with India. After defeating the Egyptians at the battle of the Pyramids, he entered Cairo and commenced to reorganize the administration of the country. His ambitious plans were frustrated by the destruction of the French fleet by Lord Nelson, and his invasion of Syria was checked by the obstinate resistance of the city of Acre. Alarmed by the aspect of affairs at home, and realizing that he could accomplish nothing further in Egypt, he set sail for France on the 23d day of August, 1799. The army that he left behind him held Egypt until 1801, when it was expelled by the English and Turks and the country was restored to Ottoman rule.

In this picture, Napoleon, surrounded by his generals, is receiving battle-flags captured from the enemy. At the right is seen the famous regiment of "Dromedaries," so called because the soldiers were mounted upon these animals. In the foreground is a group of prisoners guarded by soldiers.



THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS

[1798]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

EARLY on the morning of the 6th of July, the army commenced its march over the apparently boundless plain of shifting sands. No living creature met the eye but a few Arab horsemen, who occasionally appeared and disappeared at the horizon, and who, concealing themselves behind the sand-hills, immediately murdered any stragglers who wandered from the ranks, or from sickness or exhaustion loitered behind. Four days of inconceivable suffering were occupied in crossing the desert. The soldiers, accustomed to the luxuriance, beauty, and abundance of the valleys of Italy, were plunged into the most abject depression. Even the officers found their firmness giving way, and Lannes and Murat, in paroxysms of despair, dashed their hats upon the sand, and trampled them under foot. Many fell and perished on the long and dreary route. But the dense columns toiled on, hour after hour, weary, hungry, and faint, and thirsty, the hot sun blazing down upon their unsheltered heads, and the yielding sands burning their blistered feet. At the commencement of the enterprise, Napoleon had promised to each of his soldiers seven acres of land. As they looked around upon this dreary and boundless ocean of sand, they spoke jocularly of his moderation in promising them but *seven acres*. "The young rogue," said they, "might have safely offered us as much as we

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chose to take. We certainly should not have abused his good-nature."

Nothing can show more strikingly the singular control which Napoleon had obtained over his army than the fact that, under these circumstances, no one murmured against him. He toiled along on foot at the head of the column, sharing the fatigue of the most humble soldiers. Like them, he threw himself upon the sands at night, with the sand for his pillow, and, secreting no luxuries for himself, he ate the coarse beans which afforded the only food for the army. He was ever the last to fold his cloak around him for the night, and the first to spring from the ground in the morning. The soldiers bitterly cursed the Government who had sent them to that land of barrenness and desolation. Seeing the men of science stopping to examine the antiquities, they accused them of being the authors of the expedition, and revenged themselves with witticisms. But no one uttered a word against Napoleon. His presence overawed all. He seemed to be insensible to hunger, thirst, or fatigue. It was observed that, while all others were drenched with perspiration, not a drop of moisture oozed from his brow.

Through all the hours of this dreary march, not a word or gesture escaped him which indicated the slightest embarrassment or inquietude. One day he approached a group of discontented officers, and said to them, in tones of firmness which at once brought them to their senses, "You are holding mutinous language! Beware! It is not your being six feet high which will save you from being shot in a couple of hours."

In the midst of the desert, when gloom and despondency had taken possession of all hearts, unbounded joy

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was excited by the appearance of a lake of crystal water but a few miles before them, with villages and palm trees beautifully reflected in its clear and glassy depths. The parched and panting troops rushed eagerly on to plunge into the delicious waves. Hour after hour passed, and they approached no nearer the elysium before them. Dreadful was their disappointment when they found that it was all an illusion, and that they were pursuing the mirage of the dry and dusty desert. At one time Napoleon, with one or two of his officers, wandered a little distance from the main body of his army. A troop of Arab horsemen, concealed by some sand-hills, watched his movements, but for some unknown reason, when he was entirely in their power, did not harm him. Napoleon soon perceived his peril, and escaped unmolested. Upon his return to the troops, peacefully smiling, he said, "It is not written on high that I am to perish by the hands of the Arabs."

As the army drew near the Nile, the Mameluke horsemen increased in numbers, and in the frequency and the recklessness of their attacks. Their appearance and the impetuosity of their onset was most imposing. Each one was mounted on a fleet Arabian steed, and was armed with pistol, saber, carbine, and blunderbuss. The carbine was a short gun, which threw a small bullet with great precision. The blunderbuss was also a short gun, with a large bore, capable of holding a number of balls, and of doing execution without exact aim. These fierce warriors, accustomed to the saddle almost from infancy, presented an array indescribably brilliant, as, with gay turbans, and waving plumes, and gaudy banners, and gold-spangled robes, in meteoric splendor, with the

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swiftness of the wind, they burst from behind the sand-hills. Charging like the rush of the tornado, they rent the air with their hideous yells, and discharged their carbines while in full career, and halted, wheeled, and retreated with a precision and celerity which amazed even the most accomplished horsemen of the Army of Italy.

The extended sandy plains were exactly adapted to the maneuvers of these flying herds. The least motion or the slightest breath of wind raised a cloud of dust, blinding, choking, and smothering the French, but apparently presenting no annoyance either to the Arab rider or to his horse. If a weary straggler loitered a few steps behind the toiling column, or if any soldiers ventured to leave the ranks in pursuit of the Mamelukes in their bold attacks, certain and instant death was encountered. A wild troop, enveloped in clouds of dust, like spirits from another world, dashed upon them, cut down the adventurers with their keen Damascus blades, and disappeared in the desert almost before a musket could be leveled at them.

After five days of inconceivable suffering, the long-wished-for Nile was seen, glittering through the sand-hills of the desert, and bordered by a fringe of the richest luxuriance. The scene burst upon the view of the panting soldiers like a vision of enchantment. Shouts of joy burst from the ranks. All discipline and order were instantly forgotten. The whole army of thirty thousand men, with horses and camels, rushed forward, a tumultuous throng, and plunged, in the delirium of excitement, into the waves. They luxuriated, with indescribable delight, in the cool and refreshing stream. They rolled

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over and over in the water, shouting and frolicking in wild joy. Reckless of consequences, they drank and drank again, as if they never could be satiated with the delicious beverage.

In the midst of this scene of turbulent and almost frenzied exultation, a cloud of dust was seen in the distance, the trampling of hoofs was heard, and a body of nearly a thousand Mameluke horsemen, on fleet Arabian chargers, came sweeping down upon them with fiendlike velocity, their sabers flashing in the sunlight, and rending the air with their hideous yells. The drums beat the alarm, the trumpets sounded, and the veteran soldiers, drilled to the most perfect mechanical precision, instantly formed in squares, with the artillery at the angles, to meet the foe. In a moment, the assault, like a tornado, fell upon them. But it was a tornado striking a rock. Not a line wavered. A palisade of bristling bayonets met the breasts of the horses, and they recoiled from the shock. A volcanic burst of fire, from artillery and musketry, rolled hundreds of steeds and riders together in the dust. The survivors, wheeling their unchecked chargers, disappeared with the same meteoric rapidity with which they had approached.

The flotilla now appeared in sight, having arrived at the destined spot at the precise hour designated by Napoleon. This was not accident. It was the result of that wonderful power of mind and extent of information which had enabled Napoleon perfectly to understand the difficulties of the two routes, and to give his orders in such a way that they could be and would be obeyed. It was remarked by Napoleon's generals that, during a week's residence in Egypt, he acquired apparently as

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perfect an acquaintance with the country as if it had been his native land.

The whole moral aspect of the army was now changed with the change in the aspect of the country. The versatile troops forgot their sufferings, and, rejoicing in abundance, danced and sang beneath the refreshing shade of sycamores and palm trees. The fields were waving with luxuriant harvests. Pigeons were abundant. The most delicious watermelons were brought to the camp in inexhaustible profusion; but the villages were poor and squalid, and the houses were hovels of mud. The execrations in which the soldiers had indulged in the desert now gave place to jokes and glee. For seven days they marched resolutely forward along the banks of the Nile, admiring the fertility of the country, and despising the poverty and degradation of the inhabitants. They declared that there was no such place as Cairo, but that the "Little Corporal" had suffered himself to be transported, *like a good boy*, to that miserable land, in search of a city even more unsubstantial than the mirage of the desert.

On the march, Napoleon stopped at the house of an Arab sheik. The interior presented a revolting scene of squalidness and misery. The proprietor was, however, reported to be rich. Napoleon treated the old man with great kindness, and asked, through an interpreter, why he lived in such utter destitution of all the comforts of life, assuring him that an unreserved answer should expose him to no inconvenience. He replied: "Some years ago I repaired and furnished my dwelling. Information of this was carried to Cairo, and having been thus proved to be wealthy, a large sum of money was

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demanded from me by the Mamelukes, and the bastinado was inflicted until I paid it. Look at my feet, which bear witness to what I endured. From that time I have reduced myself to the barest necessities, and no longer seek to repair anything." The poor old man was lamed for life, in consequence of the mutilation which his feet received from the terrible infliction. Such was the tyranny of the Mamelukes. The Egyptians, in abject slavery to their proud oppressors, were compelled to surrender their wives, their children, and even their own persons, to the absolute will of the despots who ruled them.

Numerous bands of Mameluke horsemen, the most formidable body of cavalry in the world, were continually hovering about the army, watching for points of exposure, and it was necessary to be constantly prepared for an attack. Nothing could have been more effective than the disposition which Napoleon made of his troops to meet this novel mode of warfare. He formed his army into five squares. The sides of each were composed of ranks six men deep. The artillery were placed at the angles. Within the squares were grenadier companies in platoons to support the points of attack. The generals, the scientific corps, and the baggage were in the center. These squares were moving masses. When on the march, all faced in one direction, the two sides marching in flank. When charged, they immediately halted and fronted on every side — the outermost rank kneeling that those behind might shoot over their heads; the whole body thus presenting a living fortress of bristling bayonets.

When they were to carry a position, the three front

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ranks were to detach themselves from the square, and to form a column of attack. The other three ranks were to remain in the rear, still forming the square, ready to rally the column. These flaming citadels of fire set at defiance all the power of the Arab horsemen. The attacks of the enemy soon became a subject of merriment to the soldiers. The scientific men, or *savans*, as they were called, had been supplied with asses to transport their persons and philosophical apparatus. As soon as the body of Mamelukes was seen in the distance, the order was given, with military precision, "*Form square, savans and asses in the center.*" This order was echoed from rank to rank with peals of laughter. The soldiers amused themselves with calling the asses *demi-savans*. Though the soldiers thus enjoyed their jokes, they cherished the highest respect for many of these *savans*, who in scenes of battle had manifested the utmost intrepidity. After a march of seven days, during which time they had many bloody skirmishes with the enemy, the army approached Cairo.

Mourad Bey had there assembled the greater part of his Mamelukes, nearly ten thousand in number, for a decisive battle. These proud and powerful horsemen were supported by twenty-four thousand foot-soldiers, strongly intrenched. Cairo is on the eastern bank of the Nile. Napoleon was marching along the western shore. On the morning of the 21st of July, Napoleon, conscious that he was near the city, set his army in motion before the break of day. Just as the sun was rising in those cloudless skies, the soldiers beheld the lofty minarets of the city upon their left gilded by its rays, and upon the right, upon the borders of the desert, the gigantic

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pyramids rising like mountains upon an apparently boundless plain.

The whole army instinctively halted, and gazed, awe-stricken, upon those monuments of antiquity. The face of Napoleon beamed with enthusiasm, "Soldiers!" he exclaimed, as he rode along the ranks, "from those summits forty centuries contemplate your actions." The ardor of the soldiers was aroused to the highest pitch. Animated by the clangor of martial bands and the gleam of flaunting banners, they advanced with impetuous steps to meet their foes. The whole plain before them, at the base of the pyramids, was filled with armed men. The glittering weapons of ten thousand horsemen, in the utmost splendor of barbaric chivalry, brilliant with plumes and arms of burnished steel and gold, presented an array inconceivably imposing. Undismayed, the French troops, marshaled in five invincible squares, pressed on. There was no other alternative. Napoleon must march upon those intrenchments, behind which twenty-four thousand men were stationed with powerful artillery and musketry to sweep his ranks, and a formidable body of ten thousand horsemen, on fleet and powerful Arabian steeds, awaiting the onset, and ready to seize upon the slightest indication of confusion to plunge, with the fury which fatalism can inspire, upon his bleeding and mangled squares.

It must have been with Napoleon a moment of intense anxiety. But as he sat upon his horse, in the center of one of the squares, and carefully examined with his telescope the disposition of the enemy, no one could discern the least trace of uneasiness. His gaze

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was long and intense. The keenness of his scrutiny detected that the enemy's guns were not mounted upon carriages, and that they could not, therefore, be turned from the direction in which they were placed. No other officer, though many of them had equally good glasses, made this important discovery. He immediately, by a lateral movement, guided his army to the right, toward the pyramids, that his squares might be out of the range of the guns, and that he might attack the enemy in flank. The moment Mourad Bey perceived this evolution, he divined its object, and, with great military sagacity, resolved instantly to charge.

"You shall see us," said the proud Bey, "cut up those dogs like gourds!"

It was, indeed, a fearful spectacle. Ten thousand horsemen, magnificently dressed, with the fleetest steeds in the world, urging their horses with bloody spurs to the most impetuous and furious onset, rending the heavens with their cries, and causing the very earth to tremble beneath the thunder of iron feet, came down upon the adamantine host. Nothing was ever seen in war more furious than this charge. Ten thousand horsemen form an enormous mass. Those longest inured to danger felt that it was an awful moment. It seemed impossible to resist such a living avalanche. The most profound silence reigned through the ranks, interrupted only by the word of command. The nerves of excitement being roused to the utmost tension, every order was executed with most marvelous rapidity and precision. The soldiers held their breath, and with bristling bayonets stood shoulder to shoulder to receive the shock.

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The moment the Mamelukes arrived within gunshot, the artillery at the angles ploughed their ranks, and platoons of musketry, volley after volley, in uninterrupted discharge, swept into their faces a pitiless tempest of destruction. Horses and riders, struck by the balls, rolled over each other by hundreds on the sand. They were trampled and crushed by the iron hoofs of the thousands of frantic steeds, enveloped in dust and smoke, composing the vast and impetuous squadrons. But the squares stood as firm as the pyramids at whose base they fought. Not one was broken; and not one wavered. The daring Mamelukes, in the frenzy of their rage and disappointment, threw away their lives with the utmost recklessness. They wheeled their horses round, and reined them back upon the ranks, that they might kick their way into those terrible fortresses of living men. Rendered furious by their inability to break the ranks, they hurled their pistols and carbines at the heads of the French. The wounded crawled along the ground, and with their scimitars cut at the legs of their indomitable foes. They displayed superhuman bravery, the only virtue which the Mamelukes possessed.

But an incessant and merciless fire from Napoleon's well-trained battalions continually thinned their ranks, and at last the Mamelukes, in the wildest disorder, broke and fled. The infantry in the intrenched camp, witnessing the utter discomfiture of the mounted troops, whom they had considered invincible, and seeing such incessant and volcanic sheets of flame bursting from the impenetrable squares, caught the panic, and joined the flight. Napoleon now, in his turn, charged with the utmost impetuosity. A scene of indescribable confusion

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and horror ensued. The extended plain was crowded with fugitives — footmen and horsemen, bewildered with terror, seeking escape from their terrible foes. Thousands plunged into the river, and endeavored to escape by swimming to the opposite shore. But a shower of bullets, like hailstones, fell upon them, and the waves of the Nile were crimsoned with their blood. Others sought the desert, a wild and rabble rout.

The victors, with their accustomed celerity, pursued, pitilessly pouring into the dense masses of their flying foes the most terrible discharges of artillery and musketry. The rout was complete, the carnage awful. The sun had hardly reached the meridian before the whole embattled host had disappeared, and the plain, as far as the eye could extend, was strewn with the dying and the dead. The camp, with all its Oriental wealth, fell into the hands of the victors, and the soldiers enriched themselves with its profusion of splendid shawls, magnificent weapons, Arabian horses, and purses filled with gold. The Mamelukes were accustomed to lavish great wealth in the decoration of their persons, and to carry with them large sums of money. The gold and the trappings found upon the body of each Mameluke were worth from twelve hundred to two thousand dollars. Besides those who were slain upon the field, more than a thousand of these formidable horsemen were drowned in the Nile. For many days the soldiers employed themselves in fishing up the rich booty, and the French camp was filled with all abundance. This most sanguinary battle cost the French scarcely one hundred men in killed and wounded. More than ten thousand of the enemy perished. Napoleon gazed with

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admiration upon the bravery which these proud horsemen displayed. "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry," said he, "I should have reckoned myself master of the world."

After the battle, Napoleon, now the undisputed conqueror of Egypt, quartered himself for the night in the country palace of Mourad Bey. The apartments of this voluptuous abode were embellished with all the appurtenances of Oriental luxury. The officers were struck with surprise in viewing the multitude of cushions and divans covered with the finest damasks and silks, and ornamented with golden fringe. Egypt was beggared to minister to the sensual indulgence of these haughty despots. Much of the night was passed in exploring this singular mansion. The garden was extensive and exceedingly magnificent. Innumerable vines were laden with the richest grapes. The vintage was soon gathered by the thousands of soldiers who filled the alleys and loitered in the arbors. Pots of preserves, of confectionery, and of sweetmeats of every kind, were quickly devoured by an army of mouths. The thousands of little elegancies which Europe, Asia, and Africa had contributed to minister to the voluptuous splendors of the regal mansion were speedily transferred to the knapsacks of the soldiers.

The "Battle of the Pyramids," as Napoleon characteristically designated it, sent a thrill of terror far and wide into the interior of Asia and Africa. These proud, merciless, licentious oppressors were execrated by the timid Egyptians, but they were deemed invincible. In an hour they had vanished like the mist before the genius of Napoleon.

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The caravans which came to Cairo circulated through the vast regions of the interior, with all the embellishments of Oriental exaggeration, glowing accounts of the destruction of those terrible squadrons which had so long tyrannized over Egypt, and the fame of whose military prowess had caused the most distant tribes to tremble. The name of Napoleon became suddenly as renowned in Asia and Africa as it had previously become in Europe. But twenty-one days had elapsed since he placed his foot upon the sands at Alexandria, and now he was sovereign of Egypt.

BONAPARTE BEFORE THE SPHINX

BONAPARTE BEFORE THE SPHINX

BY JEAN LÉON GÉRÔME

(*France. 1824-1904*)

“Now he [Gérôme] guides us into the wilderness, and shows us the encampment of the French Legions in the desert. The cloudless blue of the sky, scintillating with heat, is softened toward the horizon by smoky vapors, through which mountains are faintly outlined. Over the sandy plains masses of troops march and countermarch, so far away that clash of saber and blare of trumpet do not disturb the profound silence that envelopes, as with a mantle, the majestic figure which dominates the scene. Preserving, in spite of mutilation, a marvelous expression of grandeur and repose, the Sphinx rears its massive head, and regards, with a calmness born of absolute knowledge, the vain struggles of a pygmy world. The lesser Sphinx, on horseback, himself an incarnation of will and force, mutely demands of the oracle the secret of his future. In vain. The steady gaze passes over even *his* head; on — on — doubtless beholding the snowy steppes of Russia, reddened with blood and the light of conflagration; the wounded eagle, trailing his broken wings over the field of Waterloo; a lonely rock, at whose base the sea makes incessant moan! There is no warning, no sign! *Kismet!*”



THE STORY OF THE SUEZ CANAL

[From "All the Year Round," 1854]

ONE morning in the month of August, 1854, a French gentleman was engaged in superintending some masons, who were at work adding a story to his house at La Chênaie — a house that had once been occupied by the famous Agnès Sorel. For the last two years he had devoted himself to agriculture and country pursuits. His career would, indeed, seem to have closed, for he had led a busy, stirring life in foreign countries, having filled the various grades of consulship in Tunis, Egypt, Rotterdam, Malaga, and Barcelona; had been minister at Madrid, and, finally, at Rome. He had shown himself a man of energy and purpose, and for his successful exertions at Barcelona, in 1842, to avert a bombardment, had been presented with a gold medal by the resident French, and an address of thanks from the municipality. But his chief experience had been gained in the East, where he had made friends and connections, and, with a Frenchman's sympathy, had thoroughly identified himself with the politics and manners of Egypt. After some five-and-twenty years' service, he found that his course at Rome was not approved by his Government, on which, in 1849, he resolved, apparently in some disgust, to withdraw from the service and claim his retirement. The name of this gentleman was Count Ferdinand de Lesseps; and, as he was now about fifty years old, it might fairly be concluded that his career

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was closed, and that, beyond an occasional cast at the game of politics, — open to a Frenchman at any age, — life did not offer space for any important undertaking. But his eyes and ears were still turned fondly back to the picturesque land of Egypt; and he entertained himself with what could be no more than a dream, or a fabric as baseless, — of “piercing” the Isthmus. At the moment almost of his retirement, this project began once more to fill his thoughts; for, indeed, twenty years before, when in Egypt, he had often turned over the scheme, and seen in imagination the waters flowing through the canal, and the ships sailing along. In 1852 he had again recurred to the design, had drawn up a programme which he had translated into Arabic, and took the step of writing to an old friend, the Dutch consul-general, to know what chances there were of its acceptance by Abbas Pasha, then viceroy. The answer was unfavorable. But already the mind of the projector was beginning to be stimulated by obstacles, and to show that fertility of resource which obstacles generated. One of the Fould family was then proposing to establish a bank at Constantinople; and De Lesseps seized the opportunity to have the proposal opened to the Sultan. It was coldly declined, on the ground of its interfering with the prerogative of the viceroy. Seeing that it was hopeless, our projector laid the whole aside for the present, and, as we have seen, turned his thoughts to agriculture. And thus two years passed away.

On that morning, then, of August, 1854, when engaged with the masons, and standing on the roof of Agnès Sorel's house, the post arrived, and the letters were handed up from workman to workman till they reached

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the proprietor. In one of the newspapers he read the news of the death of Abbas Pasha and of the accession of Mohammed Said, a patron and friend of the old Egypt days. They had been, indeed, on affectionate and confidential terms. Instantly the scheme was born again in his busy soul, and his teeming brain saw the most momentous result from this change of authority. In a moment he had hurried down the ladder, and was writing congratulations, and a proposal to hurry to Egypt and renew their old acquaintance. In a few weeks came the answer, and the ardent projector had written joyfully to his old friend the Dutch consul that he would be on his way in November, expressing the delight he would have in meeting him again "in our old land in Egypt," but "there was not to be so much as a whisper to any one of the scheme for piercing the Isthmus."

On the 7th of November he landed at Alexandria, and was received with the greatest welcome by the new ruler. The viceroy was on the point of starting on a sort of military promenade to Cairo, and insisted on taking his friend with him. They started; but the judicious Frenchman determined to choose his opportunity, and waited for more than a week before opening his daring plan to his patron. It was when they had halted on their march, on a fine evening, the 15th, that he at last saw the opportunity. The viceroy was in spirits; he took his friend by the hand, which he detained for a moment in his own; then made him sit down beside him in his tent. It was an anxious moment. He felt, as he confessed, that all depended on the way the matter was put before the prince, and that he must succeed in inspiring him with some of his own enthusiasm. He accordingly proceeded

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to unfold his plan, which he did in a broad fashion, without insisting too much on petty details. He had his Arabian memoir almost by heart, so all the facts were present to his mind. The Eastern listened calmly to the end, made some difficulties, heard the answers, and then addressed his eager listener in these words: "I am satisfied; and I accept your scheme. We'll settle all the details during our journey. But understand that it is settled, and you may count upon me." Delightful assurance for the projector, whose dreams that night must have been of an enchanting kind! This was virtually the "concession" of the great canal.

But already the fair prospect was to be clouded, and at starting, opposition to so daring a scheme came from England, and from Turkey, moved by England. It is certainly not to the credit of England that from the beginning she should have persistently opposed it; not on the straightforward ground of disliking the scheme, but on the more disingenuous one of its not being feasible. She had so industriously disseminated this idea, that it was assumed that the canal was impracticable. Those wonderful French savants who went with the expedition to Egypt had announced that there was a difference of level amounting to thirty feet between the two seas, so that the communication would only lead to an inundation or a sort of permanent waterfall. Captain Chesney, passing by in 1830, declared that this was not so; but the delusion was accepted popularly up to 1847, when a commission of three engineers, English, French, and German, made precise levelings, and ascertained that it was a scientific mistake. Robert Stephenson, the English member of the party, pronounced the whole

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scheme impracticable. Articles in the "Edinburgh Review" demonstrated with minute and elaborate pains the falsity of the data on which the promoters rested. And a more amusing half-hour's entertainment could not be desired than the perusal of this "Edinburgh Review" article for January, 1856, in which it is proved triumphantly that the canal must fill up, and that no harbor or pier could be made. The article argued it all out with a formidable array of facts. Lord Palmerston's opposition is well known, but the shower of articles in the leading journal which ridiculed, prophesied, and confuted, are now well-nigh forgotten.

It was first proposed to follow a roundabout route, making two sides of a triangle, with the existing line for the third. One portion of the waterway, from Damietta to Cairo, was supplied by the Nile itself, so there remained a distance of twenty miles to be dealt with. But the Nile was in itself a difficulty — the irrigation and other works would be all interfered with, and there were enormous problems as to levels, etc. The direct course was therefore adopted. A curious scientific party, known as the Mixed Commission, formed of engineers from all the leading nations, proceeded, at the close of 1855, to make a close examination of the question on the spot; and nothing is more creditable to science than the masterly style in which every point was investigated. The result was satisfactory, and it was determined to commence the work. The route chosen was favored by many advantages; the distance, though ninety miles in length, was already canalized by various lakes, great and small, to the extent of about thirty miles or more. Roughly, the course was as fol-

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lows: Starting from the Mediterranean, the entrance is found in a strip of sand, from four to five hundred feet wide, and which forms the rim, as it were, of the bowl that holds Lake Menzaleh. Here is Port Said, the gate or doorway of the canal; then, for about thirty miles, is found the great lake just named, where there rises a slight hill, about twenty-five feet high; then a small lake, and then, for about thirty miles, a series of gradually rising hills, culminating in a rather stiff plateau. Beyond the plateau is Lake Timsch, about five miles long, where there is the halfway port, Ismailia. Then succeeds another plateau, large basins, known as the Bitter Lakes, extending about twenty miles, while the rest is land up to the Red Sea. These lakes were in some places dry. There were to be no sluices or locks, though these lakes would be greatly enlarged by the admission of the waters.

It would take long to set out the story of the opposition, coldness, and rebuffs which this intrepid projector was now to encounter. His own sovereign was indifferent; but in England the hostility was almost rancorous. It was repeated again, in and out of Parliament, that even if the canal were ever made, it would be no more than a "stagnant ditch"; and this phrase became a favorite one with the wisecracks, who knew nothing and fancied that they understood. Stephenson, in the House of Commons, renewed his condemnation of the whole scheme, and in contemptuous style repeated the favorite phrase, "stagnant ditch."

Never faltering, our projector brought out his company, and, after untiring speechifying, pamphlets, repasts, etc., opened the subscription. Nearly eight

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millions were found. In 1859 he started with the work. His faithful friend the Pasha stood by him gallantly, and supplied him with *fellahs* by the thousand, according to the custom of forced labor in the country. Unfortunately, within five years his patron died, and the present Pasha, who succeeded, had not the same admiration and faith in the projector. He presently took up a hostile attitude, and declined to supply any more forced labor. It is surprising that the blow did not at once wreck the undertaking; for the forced labor was an all-important element in the calculations. But the indomitable De Lesseps was now a force in Europe, and many eyes were following his proceedings with curiosity and sympathy. A man who had done so much against so much was not likely to be repelled by such an obstacle. He appealed to the Emperor Napoleon; and here we see, again, the good fortune that attended the brave adventurer. He was a connection of the Empress — indeed, it has been stated that he was grandson of one of the Scotch Kirkpatrick's; and this influence stood him in good stead. Further, he had wisely made the shares of his company small enough to attract the humble investor, and, as they were held largely over the kingdom, the whole country was interested in the scheme. The Emperor dared not disregard such pressure, and, agreeing to act as umpire, made an equitable decision that satisfied both: to the effect that the Pasha was to supply as much labor as was necessary, with a rearrangement of the concession. On this, the enterprise was pursued with fresh energy. The little canal, which was to convey fresh water for the workmen, had been completed; and at last, by the year 1865, a channel

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had been scraped out about the depth of a respectable duckpond, and sufficient to float a small boat through. A couple of years more, and it was deep enough to carry a vessel of thirty or forty tons. It seems incredible, but this progress only excited the derision of the leading English newspapers, who talked of "cockle-shells," and who were dull enough not to see that the problem was already solved. It was then insinuated that it was merely a *coup de théâtre* — a cleverly arranged trick to "raise the wind," and extract more money. The idea seemed, indeed, to be generally entertained in England that it was no more than the prophesied "stagnant ditch," in which it was contrived to keep some water for show. More money, however, was wanting; and still this Cagliostro seems to have induced his disciples to subscribe without difficulty; and then a system of dredging, carried out on a magnificent and original scale, was introduced. Machines were contrived on the "elevator" principle, which dredged the "stuff" from the bottom, and landed it on the banks direct. Finally, on August 15, the brilliant scene of the opening took place, in presence of the Empress, who had traveled from Paris for the purpose. The waters were admitted, and the Red and the Mediterranean Seas mingled together. A glorious day for our adventurer!

The cost of this scheme corresponded to its splendor, amounting to nearly nineteen millions sterling, including the charge of interest during the construction. It was a good deal more than double the estimate; but, as we have seen, the expense of paid-for labor had not been included. The time spent had been about sixteen years. Everything had come out as the projector had

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prophesied — even to the profits, which, as the great Samuel said on another occasion, were “rich, beyond the dreams of avarice.” All the prophecies of the ill-wishers and the critics were falsified in the most ludicrous degree. The “silting-up,” the impossibility of keeping the mouths open, the “washing” away of the banks; and, above all, the grave statement of the “Edinburgh Review,” that goods could be unloaded at one side, dispatched across the isthmus by rail, and shipped again at the other side, on just as convenient and rapid a system — all these fine-spun scientific arguments have been confuted by the event. The work remains a magnificent success.

HOW GENERAL GORDON OUTWITTED THE KING OF ABYSSINIA

[Between 1873 and 1880]

BY ALFRED EGMONT HAKE

[CHARLES GEORGE GORDON was one of the most picturesque figures of the nineteenth century. Born in 1833, he served with distinction in the Crimean War and in the English expedition to China. At thirty he was appointed by the Chinese Government to the command of the Imperial army, and within a year had stamped out the Taiping Rebellion that had long desolated the richest provinces of southern China. He held various missions in India, Mauritius, and South Africa, and served with remarkable success as governor of the Soudan and Equatorial provinces of Egypt. His method of dealing with the natives is well illustrated by the following story.

The Editor.]

WHEN Gordon Pasha¹ was taken prisoner by the Abyssinians, he completely checkmated King John. The King received his prisoner sitting on his throne, or whatever piece of furniture did duty for that exalted seat, a chair being placed for the prisoner considerably lower than the seat on which the King sat. The first thing the Pasha did was to seize this chair and place it alongside that of His Majesty, and sit down on it; the next to inform him that he met him as an equal, and would only treat him as such. This somewhat disconcerted his sable Majesty, but on recovering himself, he

¹ Pasha is a Turkish title, equivalent to "lord" or "general."

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said, "Do you know, Gordon Pasha, that I could kill you on the spot if I liked?" "I am perfectly aware of it, Your Majesty," said the Pasha. "Do so at once if it is your royal pleasure. I am ready." This disconcerted the King still more, and he exclaimed, "What! ready to be killed?" "Certainly," replied the Pasha; "I am always ready to die; and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favor on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself — you would relieve me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me." This completely staggered King John, who gasped out in despair, "Then my power has no terrors for you?" "None whatever," was the Pasha's laconic reply. His Majesty, it is needless to add, instantly collapsed.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON AT KHARTOUM

[1885]

ANONYMOUS

[IN 1882 there arose in the Soudan, a province of Upper Egypt, one Mohammed Ahmed, who called himself the Mahdi or Messiah, and invited all true believers to join in a holy war against the Christians. Thousands of wild tribesmen flocked to his banner, and in the following year he annihilated an army of eleven thousand English and Egyptians that had attempted to subdue the revolt. Rather than send more soldiers to die in the deserts of the Upper Nile, England decided to abandon the province. But first the thousands of whites who had taken refuge in Khartoum and other towns of the Soudan must be rescued from their perilous position. In this crisis the Government turned to the one man who could effect the withdrawal if it was still possible, and in January, 1884, appointed General Gordon to superintend the evacuation of the Soudan.

The Editor.]

GENERAL GORDON arrived at Khartoum on February 18, and spent his time between that date and the investment on March 12, in sending down women and children, two thousand of whom were sent safely through to Egypt, in addition to six hundred soldiers.

It was stated by Sir Evelyn Baring (English consul-general to Egypt) that there were fifteen thousand persons in Khartoum who ought to be brought back to Egypt — Europeans, civil servants, widows and

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orphans, and a garrison of one thousand men, one third of whom were disaffected. To get these people out of Khartoum was General Gordon's first duty, and the first condition of evacuation was the establishment of a stable government in the Soudan. The only man who could establish that government was Zebehr. Gordon demanded Zebehr with ever-increasing emphasis, and his request was decisively refused. He had then two alternatives — either to surrender absolutely to the Mahdi, or to hold on to Khartoum at all hazards. While Gordon was strengthening his position the Mahdi settled the question by suddenly assuming the offensive. The first step in this memorable siege was the daring march of four thousand Arabs to the Nile, by which, on March 12, they cut off the eight hundred men at Halfaya, a village to the north of Khartoum, from the city. A steamer was sent down to reconnoiter, and the moment she reached the front of the Arab position a volley was fired into her, wounding an officer and a soldier. The steamer returned the fire, killing five.

Thus hostilities began. "Our only justification for assuming the offensive," wrote General Gordon on March 13, "is the extrication of the Halfaya garrison." The Arabs, however, did not give him the chance. They cut off three companies of his troops who had gone out to cut wood, capturing eight of their boats, and killing or dispersing one hundred to one hundred and fifty men. They intrenched themselves along the Nile, and kept up a heavy rifle-fire. Retreat for the garrison was obviously impossible when the Arab force covered the river, the only line of retreat, with their fire. Twelve hundred men were put on board two grain-barges, towed by three

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steamers defended with boiler plates, and carrying mountain-guns protected by wooden mantlets; and, with the loss of only two killed, they succeeded in extricating the five hundred men left of the garrison of Halfaya, and capturing seventy camels and eighteen horses, with which they returned to Khartoum.

The Arabs, however, held Halfaya, and on March 16 Gordon tried to drive them away. Advancing from a stockaded position covering the north front of the town, two thousand troops advanced across the open in square, supported by the fire of the guns of two steamers. The Arabs were retreating, when Hassan and Seid Pashas, Gordon's black generals, rode into the wood and called back the enemy. The Egyptians, betrayed by their officers, broke and fled after firing a single volley, and were pursued to within a mile of the stockade, abandoning two mountain guns with their ammunition — "sixty horsemen defeated two thousand men" — and leaving two hundred of their number on the field. After this affair he was convinced that he could not take the offensive, but must remain quiet at Khartoum, and wait till the Nile rose.

Six days later, the black pashas were tried by court-martial, found guilty, and shot.

A very determined attack upon one of the steamers coming up from Berber, at the Salboka Pass, was beaten off with great slaughter, Gordon's men firing no fewer than fifteen thousand rounds of Remington ammunition. Meanwhile, his efforts to negotiate with the Mahdi failed.

"I will make you Sultan of Kordofan," he had said on arrival to the Mahdi.

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“I am the Mahdi,” replied Mahomet Achmet, by emissaries who were “exceedingly cheeky,” keeping their hands upon their swords, and laying a filthy, patched dervish’s coat before him. “Will you become a Mussulman?”

Gordon flung the bundle across the room, canceled the Mahdi’s sultanship, and the war was renewed. From that day to the day of the betrayal no day passed without bullets dropping into Khartoum.

Gordon now set to work in earnest to place Khartoum in a defensible position. Ten thousand of the Madhi’s sympathizers left Khartoum and joined the enemy. The steamers kept up a skirmishing fight on both Niles. All the houses on the north side of Khartoum were loop-holed. A sixteen-pounder Krupp was mounted on a barge, and wire was stretched across the front of the stockade. The houses on the northern bank of the Blue Nile were fortified and garrisoned by Bashi-Bazouks. Omdurman was held and fortified on the west and Buri on the east.

On March 25, Gordon had to disarm and disband two hundred and fifty Bashi-Bazouks who refused to occupy stockaded houses in a village on the south bank of the Blue Nile. The rebels advanced on Hadji Ali, a village to the north of the Nile, and fired into the palace. They were shelled out of their position, but constantly returned to harass the garrison. They seemed to Gordon mere rag-tag and bob-tail, but he dared not go out to meet them, for fear of the town. Five hundred brave men could have cleared out the lot, but he had not a hundred. The fighting was confined to artillery fire on one side, and desultory rifle-shooting on the other.

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This went on till the end of March. The Arabs clustered more closely round the town.

On April 19, Gordon telegraphed that he had provisions for five months, and if he only had two thousand to three thousand Turkish troops he could soon settle the rebels. Unfortunately, he received not one fighting man. Shendy fell into the hands of the Mahdi. Berber followed, and then for months no word whatever reached this country from Khartoum.

On September 29, Mr. Power's telegram, dated July 31, was received by the "Times." From that we gathered a tolerably clear notion of the way in which the war went on. Anything more utterly absurd than the accusation that Gordon forced fighting on the Mahdi cannot be conceived. He acted uniformly on the defensive, merely trying to clear his road of an attacking force, and failing because he had no fighting men to take the offensive. He found himself in a trap, out of which he could not cut his way. If he had possessed a single regiment, the front of Khartoum might have been cleared with ease; but his impotence encouraged the Arabs, and they clustered round in ever-increasing numbers, until at last they crushed his resistance. After the middle of April the rebels began to attack the palace in force, having apparently established themselves on the north bank.

The loss of life was chiefly occasioned by the explosion of mines devised by General Gordon, and so placed as to explode when trodden on by the enemy. Of all his expedients these mines were the most successful and the least open to any accusation of offensive operations. The Arabs closed in all round towards the end of April, and General Gordon surrounded himself with a formidable

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triple barrier of land torpedoes, over which wire entanglement and a formidable *chevaux-de-frise* enabled the garrison to feel somewhat secure. On April 27, Valeh Bey surrendered at Mesalimeh, a disaster by which General Gordon lost one steamer, seventy shiploads of provisions, and two thousand rifles.

General Gordon was now entirely cut off from the outside world, and compelled to rely entirely upon his his own resources. He sent out Negroes to entice the slaves of the Arabs to come over, promising them freedom and rations. This he thought would frighten the Arabs more than bullets. On April 26, he made his first issue of paper-money to the extent of £2500 redeemable in six months. By July 30, it had risen to £26,000 besides the £50,000 borrowed from merchants. On the same day he struck decorations for the defense of Khartoum —for officers in silver, silver-gilt and pewter for the private soldiers. These medals bear a crescent and a star, with words from the Koran, and the date, with an inscription, —“Siege of Khartoum,” — and a hand-grenade in the center. “School-children and women,” he wrote, “also received medals; consequently, I am very popular with the black ladies of Khartoum.”

The repeated attacks of the Mahdi's forces on Khartoum cost the Arabs many lives. On May 25, Colonel Stewart was slightly wounded in the arm, when working a mitrailleuse near the palace. All through May and June his steamers made foraging expeditions up and down the Nile, shelling the rebels when they showed in force, and bringing back much cattle to the city.

On Midsummer Day, Mr. Cuzzi, formerly Gordon's agent at Berber, but now a prisoner of the Mahdi's, was

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sent to the wells to announce the capture of Berber. It was sad news for the three Englishmen alone in the midst of a hostile Soudan. Undaunted, they continued to stand at bay, rejoicing greatly that in one, Saati Bey, they had, at least, a brave and capable officer.

Saati had charge of the steamers, and for two months he had uninterrupted success, in spite of the twisted telegraph wires which the rebels stretched across the river. Unfortunately, on July 10, Saati, with Colonel Stewart and two hundred men, after burning Kalaka and three villages, attacked Gatarnulb. Eight Arab horsemen rode at the two hundred Egyptians. The two hundred fled at once, not caring to fire their Remingtons, and poor Saati was killed. Colonel Stewart narrowly escaped a similar fate.

After July 31, there is a sudden cessation of regular communications. Power's journal breaks off then, and we are left to more or less meager references in Gordon's dispatches. On August 23, he sent a characteristic message, in which he announces that, the Nile having risen, he has sent Colonel Stewart, Mr. Power, and the French consul to take Berber, occupy it for fifteen days, burn it, and then return to Khartoum.

All the late messages from Gordon, except a long dispatch of November 4, which has never been published, were written on tissue paper no bigger than a postage-stamp, and either concealed in a quill thrust into the hair, or sewn in the waistband of the natives employed. Gordon seems to have been the most active in August and September, when the Nile was high. He had eight thousand men at Khartoum and Senaar. He sent Colonel Stewart and the troops with the steamers to recapture

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Berber. A steamer which bore a rough effigy of Gordon at the prow was said to be particularly dreaded by the rebels. On August 26, he reported that he had provisions for five months, but in the forays made by his steamer on the Southern Niles he enormously replenished his stores. On one of these raids he took with him six thousand men in thirty-four boats towed by nine steamers.

After his defeat before Omdurman, the Mahdi is said to have made a very remarkable prophecy. He retired into a cave for three days, and on his return he told his followers that Allah had revealed that for sixty days there would be a rest, and after that blood would flow like water. The Mahdi was right. Almost exactly sixty days after that prophecy there was fought the battle of Abu Klea.

Stewart had by this time been treacherously killed on his way down from Berber to Dongola. Gordon was all alone. The old men and women who had friends in the neighboring villages left the town. The uninhabited part was destroyed, the remainder was inclosed by a wall. In the center of Khartoum he had built himself a tower, from the roof of which he kept a sharp lookout with his field-glass in the daytime. At night he went the rounds of the fortifications, cheering his men and keeping them on the alert against attacks. Treachery was always his greatest dread. Many of the townsfolk sympathized with the Mahdi; he could not depend on all his troops, and he could only rely on one of his pashas, Mehemet Ali. He rejoiced exceedingly in the news of the approach of the British relieving force. He illuminated Khartoum and fired salutes in honor of the news, and he doubled his exertions to fill his granaries with grain.

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On December 14, a letter was received by one of his friends in Cairo from General Gordon, saying, "Farewell. You will never hear from me again. I fear that there will be treachery in the garrison, and all will be over by Christmas." It was this melancholy warning that led Lord Wolseley to order the dash across the Desert.

On December 16 came news that the Mahdi had again failed in his attack on Omdurman. Gordon had blown up the fort which he had built over against the town, and inflicted great loss on his assailants, who, however, invested the city closely on all sides. The Mahdi had returned to Omdurman, where he had concentrated his troops. Thence he sent fourteen thousand men to Berber to recruit the forces of Osman Digma, and it was these men, probably, that fought the English relief army at Abu Klea.

After this nothing was heard beyond the rumor that Omdurman was captured and two brief messages from Gordon, sent probably to hoodwink the enemy, by whom most of his letters were captured. The first, which arrived January 1, was as follows: "Khartoum all right. — C. G. Gordon. December 14, 1884." The second was brought by the steamers which met General Stewart at Mentemneh on January 21st: "Khartoum all right; could hold out for years. — C. G. Gordon. December 29."

On January 26, Faraz Pasha opened the gates of the city to the enemy, and one of the most famous sieges in the world's history came to a close. It had lasted from March 12 to January 26 — exactly three hundred and twenty days.

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[When Gordon awoke to find that, through the treachery of his Egyptian lieutenant, Khartoum was in the hands of the Mahdi, he set out with a few followers for the Austrian consulate. Recognized by a party of rebels, he was shot dead on the street and his head carried through the town at the end of a pike, amid the wild rejoicings of the Mahdi's followers. Two days later the English army of relief reached Khartoum.

The Mahdi and his followers ruled the Soudan until 1898, when their army was destroyed at Omdurman by an English force under General Kitchener.

The Editor.]

UP THE CATARACTS OF THE NILE

[1875]

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

AT twelve o'clock we are ready to push off. The wind is strong from the north. The cataract men swarm on board, two or three sheikhs and thirty or forty men. They take command and possession of the vessel, and our *reïs* and crew give way. We have carefully closed the windows and blinds of our boat, for the cataract men are reputed to have long arms and fingers that crook easily. The Nubians run about like cats; four are at the helm, some are on the bow, all are talking and giving orders; there is an indescribable bustle and whirl as our boat is shoved off from the sand, with the chorus of "Hā! Yālēsah. Hā! Yālēsah!" and takes the current. The great sail, shaped like a bird's wing, and a hundred feet long, is shaken out forward, and we pass swiftly on our way between the granite walls. The excited *howadji* are on deck feeling to their finger ends the thrill of expectancy.

The first thing the Nubians want is something to eat — a chronic complaint here in this land of romance. Squatting in circles all over the boat they dip their hands into the bowls of softened bread, cramming the food down their throats, and swallow all the coffee that can be made for them, with the gusto and appetite of simple men who have a stomach and no conscience.

While the Nubians are chattering and eating, we are

UP THE CATARACTS OF THE NILE

gliding up the swift stream, the granite rocks opening a passage for us; but at the end of it our way seems to be barred. The only visible opening is on the extreme left, where a small stream struggles through the boulders. While we are wondering if that can be our course, the helm is suddenly put hard about, and we then shoot to the right, finding our way, amid whirlpools and boulders of granite, past the head of Elephantine Island; and before we have recovered from this surprise we turn sharply to the left into a narrow passage, and the cataract is before us.

It is not at all what we have expected. In appearance this is a cataract without any falls and scarcely any rapids. A person brought up on Niagara or Montmorency feels himself trifled with here. The fisherman in the mountain streams of America has come upon many a scene that resembles this — a river-bed strewn with boulders. Only, this is on a grand scale. We had been led to expect at least high precipices, walls of lofty rock, between which we should sail in the midst of raging rapids and falls; and that there would be hundreds of savages on the rocks above dragging our boat with cables, and occasionally plunging into the torrent in order to carry a life-line to the top of some seagirt rock. All of this we did not see; but yet we have more respect for the cataract before we get through it than when it first came in sight.

What we see immediately before us is a basin, it may be a quarter of a mile, it may be half a mile broad, and two miles long; a wild expanse of broken granite rocks and boulders strewn haphazard, some of them showing the red of the syenite and others black and polished and

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shining in the sun; a field of rocks, none of them high, of fantastic shapes; and through this field the river breaks in a hundred twisting passages and chutes, all apparently small, but the water in them is foaming and leaping and flashing white; and the air begins to be pervaded by the multitudinous roar of rapids. On the east, the side of the land-passage between Assouan and Philæ, were high and jagged rocks in odd forms, now and then a palm tree, and here and there a mud-village. On the west the basin of the cataract is hemmed in by the desert hills, and the yellow Libyan sand drifts over them in shining waves and rifts, which in some lights have the almost maroon color that we see in Gérôme's pictures. To the south is an impassable barrier of granite and sand — mountains of them — beyond the glistening fields of rocks and water through which we are to find our way.

The difficulty of this navigation is not one cataract to be overcome by one heroic effort, but a hundred little cataracts or swift tortuous sluiceways, which are much more formidable when we get into them than they are when seen at a distance. The *dahabeahs* which attempt to wind through them are in constant danger of having holes knocked in their hulls by the rocks.

The wind is strong and we are sailing swiftly on. It is impossible to tell which one of the half-dozen equally uninviting channels we are to take. We guess, and of course point out the wrong one. We approach, with sails still set, a narrow passage through which the water pours in what is a very respectable torrent; but it is not a straight passage, it has a bend in it; if we get through it, we must make a sharp turn to the left or run upon a ridge of rocks, and even then we shall be in a

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boiling surge; and if we fail to make head against the current we shall go whirling down the cauldron, bumping on the rocks — not a pleasant thing for a *dahabeah* one hundred and twenty feet long with a cabin in it as large as a hotel. The passage of a boat of this size is evidently an event of some interest to the cataract people, for we see groups of them watching us from the rocks, and following along the shore. And we think that seeing our boat go up from the shore might be the best way of seeing it.

We draw slowly in, the boat trembling at the entrance of the swift water; it enters, nosing the current, feeling the tug of the sail, and hesitates. Oh, for a strong puff of wind! There are five watchful men at the helm; there is a moment's silence, and the boat still hesitates. At this critical instant, while we hold our breath, a naked man, whose name I am sorry I cannot give to an admiring American public, appears on the bow with a rope in his teeth; he plunges in and makes for the nearest rock. He swims hand over hand, swinging his arms from the shoulders out of water and striking them forward splashing along like a side-wheeler — the common way of swimming in the heavy water of the Nile. Two other black figures follow him and the rope is made fast to the point of the rock. We have something to hold us against the stream.

And now a terrible tumult arises on board the boat which is seen to be covered with men; one gang is hauling on the rope to draw the great sail close to its work; another gang is hauling on the rope attached to the rock, and both are singing that wild chanting chorus without which no Egyptian sailors pull an ounce or lift a pound;

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the men who are not pulling are shouting and giving orders; the sheikhs, on the upper deck where we sit with American serenity exaggerated amid the Babel, are jumping up and down in a frenzy of excitement, screaming and gesticulating. We hold our own; we gain a little; we pull forward where the danger of a smash against the rocks is increased. More men appear on the rocks, whom we take to be spectators of our passage. No; they lay hold of the rope. With the additional help we still tremble in the jaws of the pass. I walk aft, and the stern is almost upon the rocks; it grazes them; but in the nick of time the bow swings round, we turn short off into an eddy; the great wing of a sail is let go, and our cat-like sailors are aloft, crawling along the slender yard, which is a hundred feet in length, and furling the tugging canvas. We breathe more freely, for the first danger is over. The first gate is passed.

In this lull there is a confab with the sheikhs. We are at the island of Scháyí, and have accomplished what is usually the first day's journey of boats. It would be in harmony with the Oriental habit to stop here for the remainder of the day and the night. But our dragoman has in mind to accomplish, if not the impossible, what is synonymous with it in the East, the unusual. The result of the inflammatory stump-speeches on both sides is that two or three gold pieces are passed into the pliant hand of the head sheikh, and he sends for another sheikh and more men.

For some time we have been attended by increasing processions of men and boys on shore; they cheered us as we passed the first rapid; they came out from the villages, from the crevices of the rocks, their blue and white

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gowns flowing in the wind, and make a sort of holiday of our passage. Less conspicuous at first are those without gowns — they are hardly distinguishable from the black rocks amid which they move. As we lie here, with the rising roar of the rapids in our ears, we can see no further opening for our passage.

But we are preparing to go on. Ropes are carried out forward over the rocks. More men appear, to aid us. We said there were fifty. We count seventy; we count eighty; there are at least ninety. They come up by a sort of magic. From whence are they, these black forms? They seem to grow out of the rocks at the wave of the sheikh's hand; they are of the same color, shining men of granite. The swimmers and divers are simply smooth statues hewn out of the syenite or the basalt. They are not unbaked clay like the rest of us. One expects to see them disappear like stones when they jump into the water. The mode of our navigation is to draw the boat along, hugged close to the shore rocks, so closely that the current cannot get full hold of it, and thus to work it round the bends.

We are crawling slowly on in this manner, clinging to the rocks, when unexpectedly a passage opens to the left. The water before us runs like a millrace. If we enter it, nothing would seem to be able to hold the boat from dashing down amidst the breakers. But the bow is hardly let to feel the current before it is pulled short round, and we are swinging in the swift stream. Before we know it we are in the anxiety of another tug. Suppose the rope should break! In an instant the black swimmers are overboard striking out for the rocks; two ropes are sent out, and secured; and, the gangs hauling

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on them, we are working inch by inch through, everybody on board trembling with excitement. We look at our watches; it seems only fifteen minutes since we left Assouan; it is an hour and a quarter. Do we gain in the chute? It is difficult to say; the boat hangs back and strains at the cables; but just as we are in the pinch of doubt, the big sail unfurls its wing with exciting suddenness, a strong gust catches it, we feel the lift, and creep upward, amid an infernal din of singing and shouting and calling on the Prophet from the gangs who haul in the sail-rope, who tug at the cables attached to the rocks, who are pulling at the hawsers on the shore. We forge ahead and are about to dash into a boiling caldron before us, from which there appears to be no escape, when a skillful turn of the great creaking helm once more throws us to the left, and we are again in an eddy with the stream whirling by us, and the sail is let go and is furled.

The place where we lie is barely long enough to admit our boat; its stern just clears the rocks, its bow is aground on hard sand. The number of men and boys on the rocks has increased; it is over one hundred, it is one hundred and thirty; on a re-count it is one hundred and fifty. An anchor is now carried out to hold us in position when we make a new start; more ropes are taken to the shore, two hitched to the bow and one to the stern. Straight before us is a narrow passage through which the water comes in foaming ridges with extraordinary rapidity. It seems to be our way; but of course it is not. We are to turn the corner sharply, before reaching it; what will happen then we shall see.

There is a slight lull in the excitement, while the extra hawsers are got out and preparations are made for the

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next struggle. The sheikhs light their long pipes, and squatting on deck gravely wait. The men who have tobacco roll up cigarettes and smoke them. The swimmers come on board for reinforcement. The poor fellows are shivering as if they had an ague fit. The Nile may be friendly, though it does not offer a warm bath at this time of the year, but when they come out of it naked on the rocks the cold north wind sets their white teeth chattering. The dragoman brings out a bottle of brandy. It is none of your ordinary brandy, but must have cost over a dollar a gallon, and would burn a hole in a new piece of cotton cloth. He pours out a tumblerful of it, and offers it to one of the granite men. The granite man pours it down his throat in one flow, without moving an eye winker, and holds the glass out for another. His throat must be lined with zinc. A second tumblerful follows the first. It is like pouring liquor into a brazen image.

I said there was a lull, but this is only in contrast to the preceding fury. There is still noise enough, over and above the roar of the waters, in the preparations going forward, the din of a hundred people screaming together, each one giving orders, and elaborating his opinion by a rhetorical use of his hands. The waiting crowd scattered over the rocks disposes itself picturesquely, as an Arab crowd always does, and probably cannot help doing, in its blue and white gowns and white turbans. In the midst of these preparations, and unmindful of any excitement or confusion, a sheikh, standing upon a little square of sand amid the rocks, and so close to the deck of the boat that we can hear his "Alláhoo Akbar" (God is most Great), begins his kneelings and prostra-

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tions towards Mecca, and continues at his prayers, as undisturbed and as unregarded as if he were in a mosque, and wholly oblivious of the Babel around him. So common has religion become in this land of its origin! Here is a half-clad Sheikh of the desert stopping, in the midst of his contract to take the *howadji* up the cataract, to raise his forefinger and say, "I testify that there is no deity but God; and I testify that Mohammed is his servant and his apostle."

Judging by the eye, the double turn we have next to make is too short to admit our long hull. It does not seem possible that we can squeeze through; but we try. We first swing out and take the current as if we were going straight up the rapids. We are held by two ropes from the stern, while by four ropes from the bow, three on the left shore and one on an islet to the right, the cataract people are tugging to draw us up. As we watch almost breathless the strain on the ropes, look! there is a man in the tumultuous rapid before us swiftly coming down as if to his destruction. Another one follows, and then another, till there are half a dozen men and boys in this jeopardy, this situation of certain death to anybody not made of cork. And the singular thing about it is that the men are seated upright, sliding down the shining water like a boy, who has no respect for his trousers, down a snow-bank. As they dash past us, we see that each man is seated on a round log about five feet long; some of them sit upright with their legs on the log, displaying the soles of their feet, keeping the equilibrium with their hands. These are smooth slimy logs that a white man would find it difficult to sit on if they were on shore, and in this water they would turn with him

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only once — the log would go one way and the man another. But these fellows are in no fear of the rocks below; they easily guide their barks out of the rushing floods, through the whirlpools and eddies, into the slack shore-water in the rear of the boat, and stand up like men and demand *backsheesh*. These logs are popular ferryboats in the Upper Nile; I have seen a woman crossing the river on one, her clothes in a basket and the basket on her head — and the Nile is nowhere an easy stream to swim.

Far ahead of us the cataract people are seen in lines and groups, half-hidden by the rocks, pulling and stumbling along; black figures are scattered along lifting the ropes over the jagged stones, and freeing them so that we shall not be drawn back, as we slowly advance; and severe as their toil is, it is not enough to keep them warm when the chilly wind strikes them. They get bruised on the rocks also, and have time to show us their barked shins and request *backsheesh*. An Egyptian is never too busy or too much in peril to forget to prefer that request at the sight of a traveler. When we turn into the double twist I spoke of above, the bow goes sideways upon a rock, and the stern is not yet free. The punt-poles are brought into requisition; half the men are in the water; there is poling and pushing and grunting, heaving, and "Yah Mohammed, Yah Mohammed," with all which noise and outlay of brute strength, the boat moves a little on and still is held close in hand. The current runs very swiftly. We have to turn almost by a right angle to the left and then by the same angle to the right; and the question is whether the boat is not too long to turn in the space. We just scrape along the rocks, the current grow-

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ing every moment stronger, and at length get far enough to let the stern swing. I run back to see if it will go free. It is a close fit. The stern is clear; but if our boat had been four or five feet longer, her voyage would have ended then and there. There is now before us a straight pull up the swiftest and narrowest rapid we have thus far encountered.

Our *sandal* — the rowboat belonging to the *dahabeah* that becomes a *felucca* when a mast is stepped into it — which has accompanied us fitfully during the passage, appearing here and there tossing about amid the rocks, and aiding occasionally in the transport of ropes and men to one rock and another, now turns away to seek a less difficult passage. The rocks all about us are low, from three feet to ten feet high. We have one rope out ahead, fastened to a rock, upon which stand a gang of men, pulling. There is a row of men in the water under the left side of the boat, heaving at her with their broad backs, to prevent her smashing on the rocks. But our main dragging force is in the two long lines of men attached to the ropes on the left shore. They stretch out ahead of us so far that it needs an opera-glass to discover whether the leaders are pulling or only soldiering. These two long struggling lines are led and directed by a new figure who appears upon this operatic scene. It is a comical sheikh, who stands upon a high rock at one side and lines out the catch-lines of a working refrain, while the gangs howl and haul, in a surging chorus. Nothing could be wilder or more ludicrous, in the midst of this roar of rapids and strain of cordage. The sheikh holds a long staff which he swings like the baton of the leader of an orchestra, quite unconscious of the odd figure he cuts

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against the blue sky. He grows more and more excited, he swings his arms, he shrieks, but always in tune and in time with the hauling and the wilder chorus of the cataract men, he lifts up his right leg, he lifts up his left leg, he is in the very ecstasy of the musical conductor, displaying his white teeth, and raising first one leg and then the other in a delirious swinging motion, all the more picturesque on account of his flowing blue robe and his loose white cotton drawers. He lifts his leg with a gigantic pull, which is enough in itself to draw the boat onward, and every time he lifts it, the boat gains on the current. Surely such an orchestra and such a leader was never seen before. For the orchestra is scattered over half an acre of ground, swaying and pulling and singing in rhythmic show, and there is a high wind and a blue sky, and rocks and foaming torrents, and an African village with palms in the background, amid the débris of the great convulsion of nature which has resulted in this chaos. Slowly we creep up against the stiff boiling stream, the good Moslems on deck muttering prayers and telling their beads, and finally make the turn and pass the worst eddies; and as we swing round into an ox-bow channel to the right, the big sail is again let out and hauled in, and with cheers we float on some rods and come into a quiet shelter, a stage beyond the journey usually made the first day. It is now three o'clock.

We have come to the real cataract, to the stiffest pull and the most dangerous passage.

A small freight *dahabeah* obstructs the way, and while this is being hauled ahead, we prepare for the final struggle. The chief cataract is called "Bab (gate) Aboo Rabbia," from one of Mohammed Ali's captains who

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some years ago vowed that he would take his *dahabeah* up it with his own crew and without aid from the cataract people. He lost his boat. It is also sometimes called "Bab Inglese" from a young Englishman, named Cave, who attempted to swim down it early one morning, in imitation of the Nubian swimmers, and was drawn into the whirlpools, and not found for days after. For this last struggle, in addition to the other ropes, an enormous cable is bent on, not tied to the bow, but twisted round the cross-beams of the forward deck, and carried out over the rocks. From the shelter where we lie we are to push out and take the current at a sharp angle. The water of this main cataract sucks down from both sides above through a channel perhaps one hundred feet wide, very rapid and with considerable fall, and with such force as to raise a ridge in the middle. To pull up this hill of water is the tug; if the ropes let go we shall be dashed into a hundred pieces on the rocks below and be swallowed in the whirlpools. It would not be a sufficient compensation for this fate to have this rapid hereafter take our name.

The preparations are leisurely made, the lines are laid along the rocks and the men are distributed. The fastenings are carefully examined. Then we begin to move. There are now four conductors of this gigantic orchestra (the employment of which as a musical novelty I respectfully recommend to the next Boston Jubilee), each posted on a high rock, and waving a stick with a white rag tied to it. It is now four o'clock. An hour has been consumed in raising the curtain for the last act. We are now carefully under way along the rocks which are almost within reach, held tight by the side ropes, but

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pushed off and slowly urged along by a line of half-naked fellows under the left side, whose backs are against the boat and whose feet walk along the perpendicular ledge. It would take only a sag of the boat, apparently, to crush them. It does not need our eyes to tell us when the bow of the boat noses the swift water. Our *sandal* has meantime carried a line to a rock on the opposite side of the channel, and our sailors haul on this and draw us ahead. But we are held firmly by the shore lines. The boat is never suffered, as I said, to get an inch the advantage, but is always held tight in hand.

As we appear at the foot of the rapid, men come riding down it on logs as before, a sort of horseback feat in the boiling water, steering themselves round the eddies and landing below us. One of them swims round to the rock where a line is tied, and looses it as we pass; another, sitting on the slippery stick and showing the white soles of his black feet, paddles himself about amid the whirlpools. We move so slowly that we have time to enjoy all these details, to admire the deep yellow of the Libyan sand drifted over the rocks at the right, and to cheer a *sandal* bearing the American flag which is at this moment shooting the rapids in another channel beyond us, tossed about like a cork. We see the meteor flag flashing out, we lose it behind the rocks, and catch it again appearing below. "Oh, star spang" — but our own orchestra is in full swing again. The comical sheikh begins to swing his arms and his stick back and forth in an increasing measure, until his whole body is drawn into the vortex of his enthusiasm, and one leg after the other, by a sort of rhythmic hitch, goes up displaying the white and baggy cotton drawers. The other three

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conductors join in, and a deafening chorus from two hundred men goes up along the ropes, while we creep slowly on amid the suppressed excitement of those on board who anxiously watch the straining cables, and with a running fire, of "*backsheesh, backsheesh,*" from the boys on the rocks close at hand. The cable holds; the boat nags and jerks at it in vain; through all the roar and rush we go on, lifted I think perceptibly every time the sheikh lifts his leg.

At the right moment the sail is again shaken down; and the boat at once feels it. It is worth five hundred men. The ropes slacken; we are going by the wind against the current; haste is made to unbend the cable; line after line is let go until we are held by one alone; the crowd thins out, dropping away with no warning; and before we know that the play is played out, the cataract people have lost all interest in it and are scattering over the black rocks to their homes. A few stop to cheer; the chief conductor is last seen on a rock, swinging the white rag, hurraing and salaaming in grinning exultation; the last line is cast off, and we round the point and come into smooth but swift water, and glide into a calm mind. The noise, the struggle, the tense strain, the uproar of men and waves for four hours are all behind; and hours of keener excitement and enjoyment we have rarely known. At 12.20 we left Assouan; at 4.45 we swung round the rocky bend above the last and greatest rapid. I write these figures, for they will be not without a melancholy interest to those who have spent two or three days or a week in making this passage.

NORTHERN AFRICA

I

LEGENDARY HISTORY AND
THE STORY OF CARTHAGE

HISTORICAL NOTE

ACCORDING to legend one Pygmalion of Tyre murdered the husband of his sister Dido. By this crime he had expected to become master of the vast wealth of his brother-in-law; but Dido, seizing her husband's treasure, fled with many followers to northern Africa, near where Tunis now stands. She asked the natives for as much land as a *byrsa*, that is, a bull's hide, would inclose. They agreed, and the wily Phœnicians cut the hide into strips, and upon the ground which these could be stretched to inclose they built a citadel and named it Byrsa in memory of the act. This was the beginning of Carthage, which became the greatest city of northern Africa. It is thought to have been founded about 826 B.C.

While the city was yet young, Æneas and his companions, refugees from the downfall of Troy, landed on the Carthaginian coast and were received by Queen Dido with all honor. When, after enjoying her hospitality for many months, Æneas refused her hand and sailed away in search of the Hesperian Kingdom which had been promised him by the gods, Dido threw herself upon a funeral pile, and there met her death.

Such is the early story of Carthage, a mingling of fact and legend. The wonderful growth of the city is not legend, however; for it not only extended its dominions in northern Africa, but also won holdings in Sicily, Sardinia, Corsica, and Spain. Its greatness aroused the jealousy of Rome, and in 146 B.C., after three bitter wars, it was leveled with the ground. Julius Cæsar planned to restore it; and this plan was carried out by Augustus in 29 B.C. The new city became large and prosperous. In 439 A.D. it was made the capital of the kingdom of the Vandals, but was conquered by Belisarius a century later. In 647 the Arabs destroyed it, and now only a few ruins remain.

ULYSSES IN THE LAND OF THE
LOTUS-EATERS (TRIPOLI)

BY HOMER

THENCE for nine days I drifted before the deadly winds along the swarming sea; but on the tenth we touched the land of Lotus-Eaters, men who made food of flowers. So here we went ashore and drew us water, and soon by the swift ships my men prepared their dinner. Then after we had tasted food and drink, I sent some sailors forth to go and learn what men who live by bread dwelt in the land, — selecting two and joining with them a herald as a third. These straightway went and mingled with the Lotus-Eaters, and yet the Lotus-Eaters had no thought of harm against our men; indeed, they gave them lotus to taste; but whosoever of them ate the lotus' honeyed fruit wished to bring tidings back no more and never to leave the place, but with the Lotus-Eaters there desired to stay, to feed on lotus and forget his going home. These men I brought back weeping to the ships by force, and dragging them under the benches of our hollow ships I bound them fast, and bade my other trusty men to hasten and embark on the swift ships, that none of them might eat the lotus and forget his going home. Quickly they came aboard, took places at the pins, and sitting in order smote the flaming water with their oars.

ÆNEAS AT CARTHAGE

BY VIRGIL

[AFTER Troy in Asia Minor had been overthrown by the Greeks, Æneas, a Trojan prince, led a company of refugees over the Mediterranean Sea in search of a new home. They were driven by a storm upon the shores of northern Africa, where Queen Dido reigned. She had fled from Tyre and from a wicked brother who had slain her husband, and she was now making for herself a new kingdom. Æneas, by favor of his goddess mother, Venus, was hidden, together with his companion, Achates, in a mist which veiled them from the eyes of others. So says the ancient story.

The Editor.]

BUT therewithal they speed their way as led the road
along;
And now they scale a spreading hill that o'er the town is
hung,
And looking downward thereupon hath all the burg in
face.
Æneas marvels how that world was once a peasants'
place,
He marvels at the gates, the roar and rattle of the
ways.
Hot-heart the Tyrians speed the work, and some the
ramparts raise.
Some pile the burg high, some with hand roll stones up
o'er the ground;
Some choose a place for dwelling-house and draw a
trench around;

ÆNEAS AT CARTHAGE

Some choose the laws and lords of doom, the holy senate choose.

These thereaway the havens dig, and deep adown sink those

The founding of the theater walls, or cleave the living stone

In pillars huge, one day to show full fair the scene upon.
As in new summer 'neath the sun the bees are wont to speed

Their labor in the flowery fields, wherever now they lead
The well-grown offspring of their race, or when the cells they store

With flowing honey, till fulfilled of sweets they hold no more;

Or take the loads of newcomers, or as a watch well set

Drive off the lazy herd of drones that they no dwelling get;

Well speeds the work, and thymy sweet the honey's odor is.

“Well favored of the Fates are ye, whose walls arise in bliss!”

Æneas cries, a-looking o'er the housetops spread below;

Then, wonderful to tell in tale, hedged round with cloud doth go.

[The two men come to a grove within the town; and behold, on the walls of a temple standing in the grove are representations of the Trojan battles and the heroic deeds of Trojan heroes.]

The Editor.]

NORTHERN AFRICA

But while Æneas, Dardan lord, beholds the marvels
there,

And, all amazed, stands moving nought with eyes in one
set stare,

Lo cometh Dido, very queen of fairest fashion wrought,
By youths close thronging all about unto the temple
brought.

Yea, e'en as on Eurotas' rim or Cynthus' ridges high
Diana leadeth dance about, a thousand fold anigh
The following Oreads gather round, with shoulder
quiver-hung

She overbears the goddesses her swift feet fare among,
And great Latona's silent breast the joys of godhead
touch.

Lo, such was Dido; joyously she bore herself e'en such
Amidst them, eager for the work and ordered rule to
come;

Then through the goddess' door she passed, and midmost
'neath the dome,

High raised upon a throne she sat, with weapons hedged
about,

And doomed, and fashioned laws for men, and fairly
sifted out

And dealt their share of toil to them, or drew the lot as
happed.

There suddenly Æneas sees amidst a concourse wrapped
Antheus, Sergestus, and the strong Cloanthus draw
anigh,

And other Teucrians whom the whirl, wild, black, all
utterly

Had scattered into other lands afar across the sea.

Amazed he stood, nor stricken was Achates less than he

ÆNEAS AT CARTHAGE

By joy, by fear: they hungered sore hand unto hand to
set,
But doubt of dealings that might be stirred in their
hearts as yet;
So lurking, cloaked in hollow cloud, they note what
things betide
Their fellows there, and on what shore the ships they
manned may bide,
And whence they come; for chosen out of all the ships
they bear
Bidding of peace, and, crying out, thus temple-ward
they fare.

But now when they were entered in, and gained the
grace of speech,
From placid heart Ilioneus the elder 'gan beseech:
"O Queen, to whom hath Jove here given a city new to
raise,
And with thy justice to draw rein on men of wilful
ways,
We wretched Trojans, tossed about by winds o'er every
main,
Pray thee forbid it from our ships, the dreadful fiery
bane.
Spare pious folk, and look on us with favoring, kindly
eyes!
We are not come with sword to waste the Libyan fam-
ilies,
Nor drive adown unto the strand the plunder of the
strong:
No such high hearts, such might of mind to vanquished
folk belong.

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There is a place, Hesperia called of Greeks in days that
are,

An ancient land, a fruitful soil, a mighty land in war.
Ænolian folk first tilled the land, whose sons, as
rumors run,

Now call it nought but Italy from him who led them
on.

And thitherward our course was turned,
When sudden, stormy, tumbling seas, Orion rose on us,
And wholly scattered us abroad with fierce blasts from
the south,

Drave us, wind-swept, by shallows blind, to straits
with wayless mouth:

But to thy shores we few have swum, and so betake us
here.

What men among men are ye then? what country's soil
may bear

Such savage ways? ye grudge us then the welcome of
your sand,

And fall to arms, and gainsay us a tide-washed strip of
strand.

But if menfolk and wars of men ye wholly set at nought,
Yet deem the gods bear memory still of good and evil
wrought.

Æneas was the king of us; no juster was there one,
No better lover of the gods, none more in battle shone:
And if the Fates have saved that man, if earthly air he
drink,

Nor 'neath the cruel deadly shades his fallen body shrink,
Nought need we fear, nor ye repent to strive in kindly
deed

With us; we have in Sicily fair cities to our need,

ÆNEAS AT CARTHAGE

And fields we have; Acestes high of Trojan blood is
come.

Now suffer us our shattered ships in haven to bring
home,

To cut us timber in thy woods, and shave us oars anew.
Then if the Italian cruise to us, if friends and king are
due,

To Italy and Latium then full merry wend we on.

But if, dear father of our folk, hope of thy health be gone,
And thee the Libyan waters have, nor hope Iulus give,
Then the Sicanian shores at least, and seats wherein to
live,

Whence hither came we, and the King Acestes let us
seek.”

So spake he, and the others made as they the same
would speak,

The Dardan folk with murmuring mouth.

But Dido, with her head hung down, in few words an-
swer gave:

“Let fear fall from you, Teucrian men, and set your
cares aside;

Hard fortune yet constraineth me and this my realm un-
tried

To hold such heed, with guard to watch my marches up
and down.

Who knoweth not Æneas' folk? who knoweth not Troy-
town,

The valor, and the men, and all the flame of such a war?
Nay, surely nought so dull as this the souls within us
are,

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Nor turns the sun from Tyrian town, so far off yoking
steed.

So whether ye Hesperia great, and Saturn's acres need,
Or rather unto Eryx turn, and King Acestes' shore,
Safe, holpen will I send you forth, and speed you with
my store:

Yea and moreover, have ye will in this my land to
bide,

This city that I build is yours: here leave your ships to
ride:

Trojan and Tyrian no two wise at hands of me shall
fare.

And would indeed the selfsame King himself, Æneas,
with us were,

Driven by that selfsame southern gale: but sure men will
I send,

And bid them search through Libya from end to utmost
end,

Lest, cast forth anywhere, he stray by town or forest
part."

Father Æneas thereupon high lifted up his heart,
Nor stout Achates less, and both were fain the cloud to
break;

And to Æneas first of all the leal Achates spake:

"O Goddess-born, what thought hereof ariseth in thy
mind?

All safe thou seest thy ships; thy folk fair welcomed
dost thou find:

One is away, whom we ourselves saw sunken in the deep;
But all things else the promised word thy mother gave
us keep."

ÆNEAS AT CARTHAGE

Lo, even as he spake the word the cloud that wrapped
them cleaves,
And in the open space of heaven no dusk behind it
leaves;
And there Æneas stood and shone amid the daylight
clear,
With face and shoulders of a god: for loveliness of hair
His mother breathed upon her son, and purple light of
youth,
And joyful glory of the eyes: e'en as in very sooth
The hand gives ivory goodliness, or when the Parian
stone,
Or silver with the handicraft of yellow gold is done:
And therewithal unto the Queen doth he begin to speak,
Unlooked-for of all men:
 "Lo here the very man ye seek,
Trojan Æneas, caught away from Lybian seas of late!
Thou, who alone of toils of Troy hast been compassion-
ate,
Who takest us, the leavings poor of Danaan sword, out-
worn
With every hap of earth and sea, of every good forlorn,
To city and to house of thine: to thank thee to thy
worth,
Dido, my might may compass not; nay, scattered o'er
the earth,
The Dardan folk for what thou dost may never give thee
meed:
But if somewhere a godhead is the righteous man to heed,
If justice is, or any soul to note the right it wrought,
May the gods give thee due reward. What joyful ages
brought

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Thy days to birth? what mighty ones gave such an one
to day?

Now while the rivers seaward run, and while the shadows stray

O'er hollow hills, and while the pole the stars is pasturing wide,

Still shall thine honor and thy name, still shall thy praise abide,

What land soever calleth me."

Therewith his right hand sought

His very friend Ilioneus, his left Serestus caught,

And then the others, Gyas strong, Cloanthus strong in fight.

Sidonian Dido marveled much, first at the hero's sight,

Then marveled at the haps he had, and so such word did say:

"O Goddess-born, what fate is this that ever dogs thy way

With such great perils? What hath yoked thy life to this wild shore?

And art thou that Æneas then, whom holy Venus bore Unto Anchises, Trojan lord, by Phrygian Simois' wave?

Of Teucer unto Sidon come a memory yet I have,

Who, driven from out his fatherland, was seeking new abode

By Belus' help: but Belus then, my father, over-rode Cyprus the rich, and held the same as very conquering lord:

So from that tide I knew of Troy and bitter Fate's award,

ÆNEAS AT THE COURT OF DIDO

ÆNEAS AT THE COURT OF DIDO

BY PIERRE NARCISSE GUÉRIN

(*France. 1774-1833*)

THE scene here pictured is that in which Queen Dido bids Æneas tell her the story of the fall of Troy and his seven years of wandering over land and sea. All are silent and gaze upon him eagerly. "O Queen," he said, "you are bidding me revive sorrows which cannot be fully expressed. You bid me rehearse how the Greeks overwhelmed the Trojan kingdom. I saw this, I was a part of the conflict; but no Greek, not even one of the ferocious followers of Odysseus, could tell such a tale without tears. And yet, if you wish so earnestly to know my misfortunes and the last struggle of Troy, then, even though I shudder to relate them and would fain escape the suffering, I will begin."

From the terrace on which they sit may be seen the sea and the harbor of Carthage, its promontory crowned with a lighthouse, while in front is a temple of Neptune with a statue of the god bearing his trident. Dido reclines upon a couch, her arm about the young Ascanius, son of Æneas. Her sister Anna leans upon the arm of the couch, and Æneas begins his tale.



ÆNEAS AT CARTHAGE

I knew of those Pelasgian kings — yea, and I knew thy
name.

He, then, a foeman, added praise to swell the Teucrian
fame,

And oft was glad to deem himself of ancient Teucer's
line.

So hasten now to enter in 'neath roofs of me and mine.
Me too a fortune such as yours, me tossed by many a
toil,

Hath pleased to give abiding-place at last upon this soil,
Learned in illhaps full wise am I unhappy men to aid."

Such tale she told, and therewith led to house full kingly
made

Æneas, bidding therewithal the gods with gifts to grace;
Nor yet their fellows she forgot upon the sea-beat place,
But sendeth them a twenty bulls, an hundred bristling
backs

Of swine, an hundred fatted lambs, whereof his ewe
none lacks,

And gifts and gladness of the god.

Meanwhile the gleaming house within with kingly pomp
is dight,

And in the midmost of the hall a banquet they prepare:
Cloths labored o'er with handicraft, and purple proud
is there;

Great is the silver on the board, and carven out of gold
The mighty deeds of father-folk, a long-drawn tale is
told.

THE CUTTING OF THE AQUEDUCT

BY GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

[IN 241 B.C. the First Punic War came to an end. But Carthage was by no means free from her troubles. The greater part of her soldiers were barbarians, lured from distant lands by the promise of pay and of pillage. As her treasury was exhausted, she proposed to the troops that only a part of what was due them should be paid. Naturally, the mercenaries, or hired soldiers, rebelled. They chose Spendius and Matho for their commanders, and induced some of the native African tribes to join them. For a time Carthage was in extreme danger, and it was not until after three years of warfare that Hamilcar succeeded in overpowering them.

The Editor.]

THE Carthaginians rejoined their lines and entered the enormous gate, that resoundingly reclosed behind them. It did not yield; the Barbarians plunged and battered against it; and during the lapse of some minutes the entire length of the army presented an oscillation that became gentler and gentler, and at last entirely subsided.

The Carthaginians, having stationed soldiers on the aqueduct, commenced hurling stones, balls, and beams. Spendius averred that it was useless to persist; therefore they pitched their encampment at a greater distance from the walls, fully resolved to besiege Carthage.

Meanwhile the rumor of the war had traveled beyond the confines of the Punic dominion; and from the Pillars of Hercules, as far as the other side of Cyrene, the herdsmen guarding their herds dreamed of it, and the cara-

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vans talked about it at night in the starlight. This grand Carthage, Mistress of the Sea, splendid as the sun, awful as a god, had found men who dared to attack her. Even her downfall had frequently been reported, and all had believed it probable, as all were longing for it, — the subject peoples, tributary villages, allied provinces, and independent tribes: those who cursed her for her tyranny, or who were jealous of her power, or who coveted her wealth.

The bravest had very quickly joined themselves to the mercenaries. The defeat at the Macar, however, prevented all the others. Finally they regained confidence, and gradually making advances, had come nearer; and now the inhabitants of the eastern regions had posted themselves in the sand-hills of Clypea, on the other side of the gulf.

As soon as the Barbarians appeared, they showed themselves.

These were not the Libyans from the environs of Carthage, who had for a long time constituted the third army, but the Nomads from the plateau of Barca, bandits of the Cape of Phiscus and the Promontory of Derne, and those from Phazania and from Marmarica. They had crossed the desert, sustaining themselves by drinking from the brackish wells built of camels' bones: the *Zuæces*, covered with ostrich plumes, had come in their *quadrigæ*; the *Garamantes*, masked with black veils, riding far back on their painted mares; others mounted on asses, on onagers, on zebras; or on buffaloes; and some dragged the roofs of their cabins, shaped like a shallop, with their families and idols.

There were also Ammonians, whose limbs were wrin-

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kled by the hot water of the fountains; the Atarantes, who cursed the sun; the Troglodytes, who laughingly interred their dead under branches of trees; and the hideous Auseans, who ate locusts; the Achrymachidas, who ate lice; and the Gysantes, painted over with vermilion, and who ate monkeys.

All were ranged on the seacoast in a great, straight line. They advanced in succession, like whirlwinds of sand raised by the wind. In the middle of the isthmus their crowd stopped; the mercenaries established before them near the walls did not wish to move.

Then from the direction of Ariana appeared men from the west, the people of Numidia, — for, in fact, Narr' Havas only governed the Massylians; and furthermore, a custom permitting them after a reverse to abandon their king, they had reassembled on the Zainus, then at the first movement Hamilcar had made, they had crossed it. First were seen running all the hunters of the Malethut-Baal and of the Garaphos, clothed in lions' skins, and driving with the shafts of their pikes little, thin horses with long manes; following these came the Gaetulians, encased in breastplates made of serpents' skins; then the Pharusians, wearing tall crowns made of wax and resin; these were followed by the Caunians, Macares, and Tillabares, each holding two javelins and a round buckler of hippopotamus hide. They halted at the base of the Catacombs, near the first pools of the Lagoon.

But when the Libyans had moved off, on the ground that they had occupied there appeared, like a cloud, lying flat on the earth, a multitude of Negroes: they had come from White-Haroush and Black-Haroush, from

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the desert of Augila, and even from the vast country of Agazymba, which was four months' journey to the south of the Garamantes, and even more distant! In spite of their redwood ornaments, the filth on their black skins made them resemble mulberries that had been rolled a long time in the dust.

They wore breeches made from the fibers of bark, tunics of dried grass, and on their heads the muzzles of wild animals; they howled like wolves, shaking triangles ornamented with dangling rings, and brandished cow-tails on the end of a pole by way of banners.

Behind the Numidians, the Maurusians, and the Gaetulians, thronged the yellow men who were scattered over the country beyond Taggir in the cedar forest. Cat-skin quivers beat over their shoulders, and they led in leashes enormous dogs as tall as asses, which never barked.

In short, as if Africa had not sufficiently emptied itself, and in order to gather up more furies, they had even recruited the lowest races: in the rear of all the others could be seen men with profiles of animals, who laughed in an idiotic manner, wretches ravaged by hideous diseases, deformed pygmies, mulattoes of doubtful sex, albinos blinking their pink eyes in the sunlight, — all stammering unintelligible sounds, and putting a finger in their mouths to signify their hunger.

The medley of weapons was not less confused than the people, or their apparel. Not a deadly invention that could not be found here, from wooden poniards, stone battle-axes, ivory tridents, to long sabers toothed like saws, slender, and made of a pliable sheet of copper. They wielded cutlasses divided in many branches, like

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antelopes' horns; they carried billhooks attached to cords, iron triangles, clubs and stilettoes. The Ethiopians of Bambotus hid in their hair tiny poisoned darts. Many had brought stones in sacks; others, who were empty-handed, gnashed their teeth.

A continual surging swayed this multitude. Dromedaries, daubed with tar like the hulls of ships, upset the women who carried their children on their hips. Provisions were spilled out of their baskets; and in walking one stepped on morsels of rock salt, packages of gum, rotten dates, and *gourou*-nuts. Sometimes on a bosom alive with vermin could be seen, suspended from a fine cord, a diamond, a fabulous gem worth an entire empire, which satraps had coveted. The majority of these people did not know what they desired: a fascination, a curiosity impelled them: the Nomads, who had never seen a city, were frightened by the vast shadows cast by the massive walls.

Now the isthmus was obscured by this multitude of men, and the long span of tents, resembling cabins during an inundation, spread out to the first lines of the other Barbarians, who were streaming with metal, and symmetrically established on the two flanks of the aqueduct.

The Carthaginians were still in terror of those who had already arrived, when they perceived coming straight towards the city, like monsters, and like edifices, with their shafts, weapons, cordage, articulations, capitals, and carapaces — the engines sent for the siege by the Tyrian cities: sixty *carroballistas*, eighty *onagers*, thirty *scorpions*, fifty *tollenones*, twelve rams, and three gigantic catapults, with the capacity of throwing rocks weighing fifteen talents.

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Masses of men clutched at their base, pushed, pulled, and toiled to propel the engines, that quivered and shook at each step: thus they came in front of the walls. But it would still require many days to complete the preparations for the siege. The mercenaries, forewarned by their previous defeats, did not wish to risk themselves in fruitless engagements; and on neither one side nor the other was there any hurry, as all knew that a terrible action was about to ensue, which would result either in victory or complete extermination.

Carthage could hold out for a long time; her broad walls offered a series of salient and reëntering angles — an arrangement full of advantages for repelling an assault. However, on the side of the Catacombs a portion of the wall had crumbled; and during obscure nights, between the disjointed blocks could be seen the lights in the dens of Malqua. In certain places they overlooked the top of the ramparts, and here lived those who had taken for new wives the women of the mercenaries chased by Mâtho out of the camp. When the women saw again their own people, their hearts melted, and they waved from afar long scarves; then they came in the darkness to chat with the soldiers through the rift in the walls, and the Grand Council were apprised one morning that they had all taken flight. Some had crawled between the stones; others, more intrepid, had descended by ropes.

Spendius finally resolved to accomplish his cherished project.

The war, by keeping him at a distance, had, up to the present, debarred him from it; and since they had returned before Carthage, it seemed to him that the townsmen suspected his enterprise; but soon they diminished

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the sentinels on the aqueduct, as they did not possess too many guards for the defense of the *enceinte*. During many days the former slave practiced aiming arrows at the flamingoes standing on the lake shore. Then one evening, when the moon shone bright, he entreated Mâtho to have lighted during the middle of the night a huge bonfire of straw, and cause all his men simultaneously to utter shrieks; then taking Zarxas, he went off by the shore of the gulf in the direction of Tunis.

When abreast of the last arches they turned back, going straight towards the aqueduct. As the road was exposed, they advanced, creeping along up to the base of the pillars. The sentinels on the platform patrolled tranquilly.

High flames darted up; clarions were sounded. The soldiers in the watch-towers, believing that it was an assault, rushed towards Carthage.

One man remained. He appeared as a black figure against the dome of the sky; the moonlight was behind him, and his disproportionate shadow fell afar on the plain, like a moving obelisk. They waited until he was exactly in front of them. Zarxas seized his sling, but Spendius stayed him, actuated by prudence or ferocity, and whispered: "No! the whirring of the ball will make a noise! I will do it!" Then he strung his bow with all his might and supporting the end against his left instep, took aim and the fatal arrow flew.

The man did not fall. He disappeared.

"If he were wounded, we should hear him," said Spendius, and he sprang fleetly up, story after story, as he had done the first time, by the aid of the harpoon and cord, and when he reached the top, beside the corpse, he

THE CUTTING OF THE AQUEDUCT

let the cord fall. The Balearian fastened to it a pick and mallet, and returned. The trumpets no longer sounded: all had subsided into perfect quiet. Spendius had lifted one of the stones, entered the water, and replaced the stone over himself.

Estimating the distance by paces, he came exactly to the spot where he had previously noticed a slanting fissure, and for three hours—in fact, till morning—he worked in a continuous, furious way, breathing with great difficulty through the interstices of the superior stones; assailed with violent pains, twenty times he believed he was dying.

At last a cracking was heard, an enormous stone bounded on the inferior arches and rolled down to the bottom—and all at once a cataract, an entire river of great volume, fell as from the sky into the plain! The aqueduct, cut in the middle, was emptying itself. This was the death of Carthage and the victory of the Barbarians.

In an instant, the Carthaginians, aroused in terror, appeared on the walls, the housetops, and on the temples. The Barbarians gave vent to joyous shouts, danced around the vast waterfall in delirium, and in the extravagance of their delight wetted their heads in the rushing water.

At the summit of the aqueduct a man was perceived wearing a torn, brown tunic, leaning over the edge, his hands upon his hips, gazing beneath him to the very bottom, as though astonished at his own work.

Then he stood erect, traversing the horizon with a proud, impressive air, which seemed to say—“Behold! this is all my work!” Applause burst from the Bar-

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barians. At last the Carthaginians comprehended the cause of their disaster, and howled in despair. Spendius ran from end to end of the platform, distracted by pride, raising his arms, like the driver of a victorious chariot in the Olympian games.

THE FALL OF CARTHAGE

[146 B.C.]

BY REV. ALFRED J. CHURCH

[ACCORDING to legend, Carthage was founded by Queen Dido in the ninth century B.C. The city prospered, and by the middle of the fourth century before Christ, the Carthaginians ruled the northern coast of Africa from the "Pillars of Hercules," or the Straits of Gibraltar, to what is now Tripoli. Their commercial settlements stretched along this whole coast, but their special domain was that part of the shore which is nearest Sicily. Here were numerous towns and also their capital city. For many years the Romans had been jealous of the rising greatness of Carthage, and in 264 B.C. war broke out between the two countries. After more than a century of warfare, broken twice by some years of peace, Carthage was utterly destroyed.

The Editor.]

THE actual fortifications of the upper city did not offer any serious resistance to the assailants. They were of extreme antiquity, and were not only greatly decayed, but were inadequate to meet, even had they been in the best condition, the improved methods of attack which had been introduced since the time of their erection. Some attempt had been made to put them into repair within the last few months, but to very little purpose. Nothing short of a complete reconstruction would have been of any practical use. The Roman battering-rams had not been at work for a day before it became evident that several breaches would speedily be made in the walls. In fact, so many weak spots had been

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revealed, that even the most determined and powerful garrison could not have hoped to make them all good. In the course of the night the whole line was evacuated.

Still, Carthage was not to be taken without a desperate struggle. Twice already had her mother-city Tyre defended herself with fury against assailants of overwhelming strength,¹ and the world was to see a still more terrible scene of rage and madness some two centuries later, when the Hebrew people defended its last stronghold, Jerusalem, against the legions of Rome. The Carthaginians were now to show themselves not unworthy of these famous kinsfolk.

The upper city was penetrated by three streets, all of them built on steep inclines, and converging on the summit of the hill. On this the citadel stood, itself crowned by the famous Temple of Æsculapius. This was built on a rock, three sides of which displayed a sheer descent of some sixty feet, while the fourth was ascended by a long flight of steps. The three streets were built to suit the Oriental taste, perhaps we should rather say the Oriental need, which prefers shade to the circulation of air and light. They were so narrow that the inhabitants of opposite houses — the houses commonly inclined outward — could almost shake hands from their windows. The houses were not of equal height, but they were all lofty, sometimes having as many as seven or eight stories. At the back of these main thoroughfares was a wilderness of lanes and alleys, consisting for the most part of smaller houses, with now and then a paved yard or small garden.

Up these streets the Romans had to force their way.

¹ Against Nebuchadnezzar in 598 B.C., and against Alexander in 331.

THE FALL OF CARTHAGE

Almost every house was a fortress which had to be separately attacked and separately taken. The first danger that had to be encountered was a shower of tiles and bricks from the roofs and upper stories. These missiles, heavy themselves, and falling with tremendous force from the lofty buildings, would have been terribly destructive, had not the assailants protected themselves by the formation of the *testudo* or tortoise. This was made by the men ranging their shields over their heads in a close impenetrable array, under cover of which they broke down the doors of house after house. Sometimes even the *testudo* reeled under the shock of some more than usually heavy mass; more than once it was actually broken when the defending party contrived to detach and send down upon it the whole of a parapet. Whenever this happened no small loss of life was the result.

When an entrance had been forced into the house, every story became the scene of a fresh conflict. Driven at last to the roof, the defenders would sometimes prefer to hurl themselves down to the street below rather than fall into the hands of the enemy. Some would take a desperate leap across the space that separated them from the houses opposite; others crossed on bridges of planks or doors which they hastily made, or, in some cases, had prepared in anticipation.

It is needless to say that a conflict of such a kind was fought with the greatest ferocity. It was a struggle, for the most part, between a people and an army. The inhabitants, seldom, if ever, protected by armor, and furnished with the weapons that chance supplied, often, indeed, reduced to nothing more effective than sticks or

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household implements, fought desperately against well-protected, well-armed, well-disciplined men. The women were even more frenzied than the men. Driven to bay, they flew like wild cats at the Romans, and bit and scratched till they were slain or disabled. There was no question of quarter; it was not even asked. The assailants, as they slowly advanced, winning their way yard by yard, left a lifeless desolation behind them, with the dead lying as they had fallen, on every staircase and in every chamber.

This battle of the streets lasted with unabated fury for six days. The besiegers, of course, fought in relays; there were three detachments, and each had its regular time of service, four hours twice in the day, for of course no cessation of the attack was possible. One man allowed himself no rest, and this one man was Scipio. During the whole of the six days he never slept, or, at least, never composed himself to sleep, for nature would sometimes assert itself, untiring as was the spirit which dominated his physical frame, and he could not help a brief slumber as he sat at his meals. These he took as chance gave him the opportunity. They were hurried repasts of the simplest kind — a piece of dried flesh, a crust of bread, or a biscuit, with now and then a bunch of raisins. His drink was rigidly limited to water, for in battle he always acted on the principle which made Hector refuse the wine-cup which his mother proffered him in an interval of battle.¹

¹ “‘Far hence be Bacchus’ gifts,’ the chief rejoined;
‘Inflaming wine, pernicious to mankind,
Unnerves the limbs, and dulls the noble mind.’”

—*Iliad* (Pope), vi.

THE FALL OF CARTHAGE

At sunset on the sixth day the upper city was practically held by the Romans. Nothing but the citadel remained to be taken, and that was so arduous an undertaking that the attack was necessarily postponed till the troops had had some rest.

But the spirit of the Carthaginians was at last broken. Just as the troops told off for the first assault had finished mustering, and before the trumpets had sounded the signal for the advance, a procession, headed by a herald who carried a flag of truce in his hand, was seen to be descending the steps that led from the Temple of Æsculapius. Lost to sight for a short time as it came under cover of the outer wall of the citadel, it next became visible as it issued from one of the gates. Scipio, who was about to address his troops, went forward to meet the newcomers. Their leader, whose style and title were given by the herald as chief priest of the Temple of Æsculapius, addressed him, his words being interpreted by a Roman prisoner.

“Leader of the armies of Rome,” so ran the speech, “the gods have given thy country the final victory over her rival. Four centuries ago Rome felt it to be an honor to be acknowledged by Carthage as an ally on equal terms.¹ Since then there has been continued rivalry and frequent war between the two nations. More than once it has seemed likely that the Fates had decreed that the seat of empire should be in Africa rather than in Italy. But this was not their will. We have long been convinced that we were not to rule; we now perceive that we are not even to be permitted to exist. But though it is necessary for the honor, if not for the safety, of Rome,

¹ A treaty was made between Rome and Carthage in the year 509 B.C.

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that Carthage should be destroyed, it is not necessary that a multitude of innocent persons, whose sole offense is to have been born within the walls of a doomed city, should also perish. There are some, a few thousands out of many, who have, it is true, committed the offense of defending their country; these also implore your mercy. That they can resist your attack they acknowledge to be impossible; but they can at least claim this merit, that by a prompt surrender they will save the lives of some of your soldiers. Your nation, man of Rome, has been ready beyond all others to show mercy to the conquered, and your family, Scipio, has been conspicuous in this as in all other virtues. Be worthy, we beseech you, of your country, your house, and yourself."

It was without a moment's hesitation that Scipio replied to this harangue. Nor had he to use the services of an interpreter. With that indefatigable energy which distinguished him he had employed the scanty leisure allowed by his duties to learn the Carthaginian language, of which at the beginning of the siege he had been as ignorant as were the rest of his countrymen.

"I will not use many words, for time presses, and there is much to be done. The multitude of unarmed persons may come forth without fear. Their lives are assured to them. Nor do we bear any enmity against brave men who have fought against us. They shall not be harmed. I except only from my offer of mercy those who have betrayed their country by deserting it."

The answer had scarcely been spoken before a huge multitude, to whom its purport had probably been communicated by some preconcerted signal, poured out from the gates. Seldom has a more piteous sight been

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seen. With faces wan with famine, and clothed, for the most part, in squalid rags, the long lines of old men, women, and children defiled before the Roman general as he stood surrounded by his staff. True to his gentle and kindly nature, he busied himself in making provision for their immediate wants. The whole number — there were fifty thousand in all, a great crowd, it is true, but pitiably small in comparison with the supposed total of noncombatants when the siege began — was divided into companies, each of which was assigned to the commissariat department of one or other of the legions. At the same time instructions were given to the officers in charge of the stores that their immediate necessities — and many of them were actually starving — should be relieved.

The non-combatants thus disposed of, the soldiers that had surrendered followed. There may have been some six thousand in all, of whom five sixths were mercenaries, one sixth only native Carthaginians. They were in much better case than the rest of the population; in fact, as far as provisions were concerned, they had not been subjected to any hardship. The mercenaries had, for the most part, an indifferent look. It was depressing, doubtless, to have been serving for now three years an unsuccessful master, and to have missed the good pay which they might have earned elsewhere. But this was one of the chances of their profession, and they might hope to recoup themselves for their loss by another and more fortunate speculation. The Carthaginian minority were in a different temper. There was no future for them. Their country was gone, and if the love of life, which asserts itself even over the fiercest and bitterest pride,

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had bent their haughty temper to supplicate for mercy, it could do nothing more. Each man as he passed in front of the general laid down his arms upon the ground. These, again, were piled in heaps, to be carried off in due time to the stores in the Roman camp.

This business was just completed when a solitary figure was seen to issue from one of the gates in the citadel walls, and hurriedly to approach the Roman lines. As he ran he was struck by a missile from the walls. The blow leveled him to the ground, but he regained his feet in the course of one or two minutes, and hastened on, though with a somewhat limping gait. It was observed that he was dressed as a slave, and, as he came nearer, that his face was so closely muffled that his features could not be recognized. Nevertheless, his figure, which was short and corpulent, seemed to many to be familiar. Reaching the Roman lines, he threw himself at Scipio's feet, caught him by the knees, and in broken Greek begged for his life. The general, stretching forth his hand, raised him from the ground. It was Hasdrubal, the commander-in-chief of the armies of Carthage.

A murmur of disgust at his poltroonery ran through the ranks. Here and there the kinsmen or comrades of the unhappy prisoners whom he had done to death in so barbarous a fashion a few months before, gave vent to more menacing expressions of anger. Scipio silenced these manifestations of feeling by an imperative gesture of command.

"Your life is spared," he said. "See that you make a due return for the boon."

It must not be supposed that the Roman general was disposed to regard with any kind of leniency Hasdru-

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bal's baseness and barbarity. It was from policy that he spared the miserable creature's life. In the first place, it was the custom, from which it would be injudicious to depart, to make the king or chief general of a conquered people an essential part of the triumph which would celebrate the victory. Secondly, he was aware that the prisoner would be useful in many ways; that there were important matters about which he could give the best, or, it might be, the only available information.

As to the boon of life, it seemed to his own noble nature to be a very small thing indeed. For himself he felt that, had such a situation been possible, he would far sooner have died than survived to face such shame and ignominy; the craven clinging to life which dominates such mean natures as Hasdrubal's was simply incomprehensible to Scipio. But if he despised Hasdrubal while he spared him, there were others among the Carthaginian leaders for whom he felt a genuine admiration and respect, and to whom he was willing to offer honorable terms of surrender.

"Where," he asked Hasdrubal, "are your colleagues in command, and the chief magistrates?"

"They are in the Temple of Æsculapius," replied the Carthaginian.

"Think you that they will be willing to surrender? They are brave men, and have done their best, and they shall be honorably treated."

"I know not what they intend," muttered the fugitive, with as much shame as it was in his nature to feel.

"I will at least try them," said Scipio, and he advanced towards the citadel, followed by some of his

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staff. Hasdrubal, much against his will, was constrained to accompany them.

A number of figures could be seen on the roof of the temple, which, as has been explained, formed the summit of the citadel. As soon as he came within earshot of the place he bade one of the prisoners step forward and communicate his *ultimatum* to what may be called the garrison of the temple.

“Scipio offers to all free-born Carthaginian citizens, life on honorable terms. To all those who have deserted he promises a fair trial, so that if they can show any just cause for having left their country, even they may not despair of safety.”

To this appeal no answer was made. After a while, as Scipio and his attendants waited for a reply, thin curls of smoke were seen to rise from the temple. Next a woman, leading a young boy by either hand, approached the edge of the roof. She was clothed in a flowing robe of crimson, confined at the waist by a broad golden girdle. Her long hair, which streamed far below her waist, was bound round her temples by a circlet of diamonds that flashed splendidly in the sun.

“By Baal,” cried the Carthaginian prisoner who delivered Scipio’s message, “it is the Lady Salamo herself.”

“Who is it, say you?” asked Scipio.

“The Lady Salamo,” answered the man, “the wife of my lord the general.”

It was indeed the wife of Hasdrubal.

“Man of Rome,” she began in a clear, penetrating voice, which made itself heard far and wide, addressing herself to Scipio, who was conspicuous in the scarlet

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cloak worn by generals commanding armies, "man of Rome, to thee there comes no blame from gods or men. Carthage was the enemy of your country, and thou hast conquered it. But on this Hasdrubal, this traitor who hath been false to his fatherland, to his gods, to me, — whose shame it is to have been his wife, — and to his children, may the gods of Carthage wreak their vengeance! And thou, Scipio, I charge thee, fail not to be their instrument."

She then turned to Hasdrubal.

"Villain," she cried, "and liar, and coward, as for me and these children, we shall find a fit burial in this fire"; and as she spoke a great flame sprung up for a moment among the gathering clouds of smoke; "but thou, that wast the chiefest man in Carthage, what dishonorable grave wilt thou find? This only I know, that neither thy children nor I will live to see thy disgrace."

Turning from the wretched man with a gesture of contempt, she drew a dagger from her girdle and plunged it into the heart first of one and then of the other of the two children who stood at her side. Then flinging the bloody weapon from her, she leaped into the midst of the flames, which by this time were rapidly gaining the mastery over the whole building. All her companions shared her fate. The Carthaginian nobles were too proud to live under the sway of Rome; the deserters were conscious of their guilt, or distrusted the justice of a Roman tribunal. Anyhow, not a single individual out of the desperate band to which Scipio had addressed his appeal availed himself of the opportunity.

II
LIFE AND CUSTOMS IN
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HISTORICAL NOTE

CHRISTIANITY was promptly introduced into northern Africa, and for some years the country was a stronghold of the Church. Tertullian, Cyprian, and Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, were among the Christian leaders of those centuries. Here, too, it was that the first translation of the Bible into Latin was made. In the seventh century, however, the Mohammedans overran the land; and in less than a hundred years they had made converts of the greater part of the native tribes. Early in the eighth century the Moors crossed from Africa into Spain, and soon conquered that country. When finally driven out they withdrew to northern Africa and took up the business of piracy, first in revenge against the Christians, but later as a lucrative profession. Vessels passing through the Mediterranean Sea were in imminent danger of being seized and having their crews held for ransom in most revolting slavery. It had become the custom to pay tribute or redemption money, and this the United States was forced to do for some years for lack of a navy. In 1815, however, a navy had been prepared. Decatur was sent against the Dey, and soon brought him to terms and put an end to the piracy. During the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth, control of Algeria and Tunis was gradually assumed by France, and a protectorship over Morocco jointly established by France and Spain. Tripoli was a vilayet or province of the Ottoman Empire until 1911, when it was seized by Italy.

HOW THE BARBARY PIRATES LEARNED TO RESPECT THE AMERICAN FLAG

[1815]

BY JOHN BACH McMASTER

DURING seventeen years the United States had been paying an annual tribute to the Dey; but as the Moors computed time by the moon, while all Christian people reckoned it by the sun, the Moorish year was the shorter, and this difference in the course of the seventeen years amounted to some six months in favor of the Dey. According to his mode of measuring time, he was therefore entitled to twenty-seven thousand dollars more than he had received, and for this sum a demand was made, and instantly complied with by Mr. Tobias Lear, the American consul. It now became necessary to find a new cause of complaint, which the Dey accordingly did. The stores, he said, sent by the United States in place of money were bad in quality, and notified Mr. Lear to depart at once. The consul might possibly have quieted the Dey even on this point; but, unhappily, two ships loaded with cables and anchors, powder and shot, and naval stores, a present from Great Britain, reached Algiers, and the Dey sent forth his corsairs, armed and equipped by England, to prey on American commerce in the Mediterranean. There was little to be destroyed, yet they made prize of the brig *Edwin* of Salem, sold the crew of ten men into slavery, and dragged an American citizen from the deck of a Spanish vessel.

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While the war with England lasted, these outrages had to be endured; but, five days after peace was proclaimed, Madison asked that war be declared against Algiers. Congress willingly complied, and two fine squadrons, in charge of two gallant seamen, were soon assembled at Boston and New York. Captain William Bainbridge commanded that in the port of Boston. Captain Stephen Decatur commanded the fleet at New York. He was first to get under way, and with ten vessels, mounting two hundred and ten guns, put to sea on May 20. A short run across the Atlantic by way of the Azores brought the squadron off the coast of Portugal, where a sharp lookout was kept for the enemy. The foe was indeed not to be despised, for the Algerine fleet consisted of five frigates, six sloops of war, and a schooner, carrying, all told, three hundred and sixty guns. The crews were well drilled and thoroughly trained. The vessels were well equipped with every appliance of modern naval warfare and, what was quite as important, were commanded by Rais Hammida, the terror of the Mediterranean. Though every ship fell in with was spoken, nothing was heard of the enemy till June 15, when Tangier was reached, and Decatur learned from the American consul that the Algerian admiral had passed the straits two days before in the forty-six-gun frigate Mashouda. Not a moment was lost in giving chase, and that same day the fleet anchored off Gibraltar, where Decatur was told that the vessels he sought were to be found off Cape Gata. As one dispatch boat had been detected making for the cape to notify Rais Hammida of the presence of the American squadron, and another had been seen making all sail

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toward Algiers, Decatur again weighed anchor without loss of time, and, standing up the Mediterranean before a good breeze, sighted the Mashouda in the early dawn of June 17. She was lying to off the coast, and as everything about her showed that her commander had no suspicion of the character of the squadron, Decatur gave the order, "Do nothing to excite suspicion," and bore steadily down upon her. But the order was misunderstood by the officers on the Constellation, who, when about a mile from the enemy, hoisted the American flag. Every other ship instantly displayed the English colors; but the Moor was not deceived, and crowding on all sail he made for Algiers, till the Constellation, which happened to be nearest, opened fire at long range and placed several of her shot upon his deck, when he came about and headed for Cartagena. Decatur in the *Guerrière* then bore down to close with him, and, reserving fire till his ship just cleared the yardarms of the Mashouda, he poured in two broadsides in quick succession. The slaughter was dreadful. Rais Hammida was killed and the deck covered with dead and wounded. Yet the Moors would not surrender, but, putting up the helm, made every effort to escape. In doing so they crossed the path of the gun brig *Épervier*, which, though vastly inferior in size and armament, fired broadside after broadside till the Mashouda struck her flag. She was sent to Cartagena while the fleet sailed on in search of the remainder of the Algerian squadron supposed to be near at hand. No enemy was seen, however, till June 19, when a sail was descried not far from Cape Palos and chased. A hard run of three hours' duration brought the stranger into water so shallow that none but the *Torch*,

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the Spark, the Spitfire, and the Épervier could follow, and as these kept in hot pursuit, the Moors ran their brig aground and took to their boats. The prize, which was floated off and sent to Cartagena, proved to be the Estido of twenty-two guns and a crew of one hundred and eighty men, of whom eighty-three were taken prisoners.

As enough had now been done to make the Dey listen to reason, Decatur led his squadron toward Africa, and on the 28th of June sighted the glittering pile of houses which formed the city of Algiers. By the little fleet which approached it, the place would have seemed to an onlooker to be impregnable. The artificial mole which made the harbor bristled with two hundred and twenty heavy guns. Almost three hundred more were mounted on a wall of immense thickness which surrounded the city. Decatur, however, paid no attention to the dangers of the task he had to perform, but marched boldly in with a white flag at the foremast and a Swedish flag at the main, and in a few hours had the Swedish consul and the captain of the port on board. "Where," said Decatur, addressing the Algerian, "is your squadron?" "By this time," was the answer, "it is safe in some neutral port." "Not all of it," was the reply, "for we have captured the Mashouda and the Estido." At first the captain of the port would not believe it. But when the lieutenant of the Mashouda stepped forward and confirmed the news, he asked what were the terms of peace, and proposed that those charged with the duty of concluding it should land and begin negotiations. His purpose was so plainly to gain time that Decatur stoutly declared that peace must be made on the deck

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of the *Guerrière* or not at all, and the Moor went back to consult his master.

Next day he returned with full powers to negotiate, and was informed of the terms. The Dey must renounce all claims to future tribute; must set free all American prisoners without ransom; must repay in money the value of the goods and property taken from them; must pay ten thousand dollars to the owners of the *Edwin*, and guarantee that the commerce of the United States should never again be molested by Algerian corsairs. The agent of the Dey protested that the terms were too hard; declared that it was the late Dey, Hadji Ali, and not his master, Omar Pasha, who began the war; and claimed, now that Hadji Ali was dead, that Omar was not to blame. His protests and his arguments were of no avail, and, finding that Decatur would abate nothing, he asked for three hours' delay. "Not a minute," said Decatur, "not a minute"; and the captain of the port hurried ashore with the understanding that if the Dey accepted the terms he would return with a white flag in his boat.

When he had been gone about an hour, an Algerian ship of war loaded with Turkish soldiers was seen approaching the harbor. At the sight of the ship the *Guerrière* was cleared for action and was on the point of getting under way when the boat of the captain of the port was descried coming rapidly toward the *Guerrière*, with a white flag in her bow, and in a few minutes the treaty and the ten liberated prisoners, doomed to a yet more terrible fate, were on board. With as little delay as possible, the men, rejoicing in their new-found liberty, were transferred to the *Épervier*, which, with a copy of

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the treaty, sailed for the United States. Lieutenant John Templar Shubrick was in command, and on July 12 passed the Straits of Gibraltar, never to be seen again. The British West Indian fleet reported having seen a brig of her description during a very heavy gale, in which it is believed she foundered. But when and how she met her fate is still a mystery.

After the departure of the *Épervier*, Decatur sailed for Tunis and dropped anchor before the town on July 26. During the war the American privateer *Abellino* had sent prizes into Tunis, a neutral port. But the Bey had suffered the British cruiser *Lyon* to retake them, and for this Decatur demanded the payment of forty-six thousand dollars within twelve hours. The terms were accepted, the money was paid, and Decatur went on to Tripoli, which he reached August 5. Tripoli had doubly offended. The Bashaw had suffered the British cruiser *Paulina* to take out two prizes sent in by the *Abellino*, and had forced the American consul to lower his flag. Decatur therefore demanded thirty thousand dollars for the lost prizes and a salute of thirty-one guns to the flag. The Bashaw blustered, refused, gathered an army of twenty thousand men, manned the batteries, and threatened to declare war. But when he saw Decatur taking soundings, he recalled the bombardment of 1804 and made peace. The money indemnity was reduced to twenty-five thousand dollars, and in consideration of this the Bashaw released ten Christians held as slaves. Two were Danes and the others Sicilians.

As all differences with the Barbary Powers now seemed honorably settled, Decatur repaired to Gibraltar and joined the squadron under Bainbridge. Lest a with-

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drawal of all the ships should be followed by a renewal of the war while the Dey, the Bey, and the Bashaw were still smarting under their punishment, the squadron was divided. Part returned with Bainbridge and Decatur to the United States. Part wintered at Port Mahon.

The precaution proved to be a wise one. During the winter and early spring of 1816 the Dey of Algiers saw many reasons for disliking the treaty. Flatterers and agents of all sorts were very busy persuading him that it was disgraceful to so humble himself before Christian dogs. The brig *Estido*, which Decatur had promised should be returned to him, and which was actually delivered to his officers, had been seized by the Spanish authorities as a ship captured within their waters, and for this the Dey blamed the United States. But more than all was the treaty made with Lord Exmouth by which Great Britain was forced to pay four hundred thousand dollars for the liberation of twelve thousand Neapolitans and Sardinians held in captivity. Decatur had secured the release of captives without paying a dollar. When, therefore, the squadron left Port Mahon in April and anchored off the mole at Algiers, and the American consul presented the treaty duly ratified by the Senate, it was returned by the Vizier with such insolence that the consul hauled down his flag and took up his abode on the Java.

Captain John Shaw, who commanded the fleet, instantly put his ships in position to bombard the mole, arranged his boats in two flotillas to attack the land and water batteries, selected the night for the attack, and was about to move when the commander of a French frigate discovered his preparations and sent word to the

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Dey, who at once submitted. A visit to the Bey of Tunis ended the naval operations on the Mediterranean, and in October all the ships save four sailed for home. The task was thoroughly done. At last our flag was respected not merely by the Barbary Powers, but by the nations whose dominions lay along the north shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

TRADITIONS OF THE SHEIKHS OF MOROCCO

[Sixteenth century]

BY T. H. WEIR

[THE sheikhs, or mystics, were those who sought to know God directly, and not through a third person or through a book.

The Editor.]

I. THE MIRACLE OF THE PALM TREE

THE sheikh of Ibn Mubarak was a worker of miracles. On one occasion a number of tribesmen arrived at his abode (so it is related), and he ordered gruel to be cooked for them all in baskets made of palm boughs, which they placed upon the fire, for all the world as though they had been pots of iron.

When fighting broke out between the tribes and civil wars arose, Ibn Mubarak would send to them, bidding them desist and lay down their arms. And condign punishment overtook all who ventured to set at naught his commands. Moreover, he set apart three days in every month in which the carrying of arms was prohibited altogether, and a man was forbidden on them to quarrel with his neighbor.

The people called these days "the days of Ibn Mubarak," and on them a man would foregather with the murderer of his father, and with the murderer of his child, and not be able to speak with them. This was the recognized custom, both amongst the Arab and amongst the Berber tribes of the Soos, and the country towards

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the south. During these peaceful days, even the beasts of the forest were safe from the hunter. It is said that an Arab found a jerboa on one of these days, and his companions bade him, "Let it go, for this is a day of the days of the peace of our Lord Ibn Mubarak." The Arabs, however, could not desist, and shooting at the jerboa, wounded it in the foot. But at the same moment, the Arab shrieked with pain, for his own foot was broken, and he never walked upon it more.

One of the sheikhs who belonged to the great Berber tribe of the Masmoodah, to which Ibn Mubarak also belonged, used to relate the following instance of his wonder-working skill. He told it to his son, who in turn recounted it to Ibn Askar: —

"I was once," said he, "encamped in a grove of palm trees, along with thy mother, and I went aside to perform the legal ablution, leaving thy mother where she was, amid the palms. As she sat there, her eye fell upon a cluster of dates at the top of a lofty palm, far beyond her reach, so tall and straight was the palm tree trunk. Thereupon she said aloud, 'By thy leave, O my Lord Ibn Mubarak, I would to God He would send me one who would cut off for me yonder bunch of dates.'

"And thereupon she turned herself, and, behold, behind her a man, who stretched forth his hand towards the head of the palm tree, and the palm tree bowed down its head towards him; and he cut off the bunch of dates, and, casting it towards the spot where the woman was sitting, 'Eat,' said he, 'thank God, and honor thy husband.' He then vanished from her sight like a glance of the eye; and the palm tree returned as it had been before, erect and tall.

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“The mother,” continued the narrator, “remained speechless with astonishment. ‘This is a miracle which I have witnessed,’ at length she exclaimed; and when she had related to me the adventure, I asked her what manner of man he was that had appeared to her; and when she had described him, ‘It was Master Ibn Mubarak,’ I said, ‘by the Lord of the Kaabah!’ — for I knew him.”

II. THE SHEIKH WHO WAS AS GOOD AS A TIMEPIECE

The fame of more than one of the saints and sheikhs rested upon the sweet tones of the voice in the reciting of the Koran. One such was the sheikh Aboo Hafs Omar, who belonged to one of the Arab tribes of the country, but who had taken up his abode in the city of Meknes; and there also he died, about the year 1540. He was a man much given to asceticism and to seclusion from the world.

Every night he spent the interval between the two evening prayers in the recitation of the Koran, opening and closing the recital with a prayer. He would begin immediately after the sunset prayer, and complete the prescribed portion immediately before the night prayer. And so accurately did he gauge the interval that the moment he ceased reading people knew that the hour for the night prayer had come; and the next instant, the call to that prayer would ring out from the minarets. This happened not occasionally, but night after night. He never came to the end of the prescribed portion a moment too soon, nor a moment too late; for all that the call to prayers in that city of Meknes is sounded with the extreme of punctuality.

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III. THE SHEIKH WHO MUST BE OBEYED

The sheikh Aboo Rawain was one of the wonders of the age and the marvel of his generation after the way of the school of the Mulámateeyah, or Cynics. His words were the words of the covetous, and his talk the talk of the miser, yet he would rise in the morning rich and go to bed a beggar. All he had he gave to the poor, and distributed his goods to the needy. He passed his days in ecstasy and walked the world as in a dream. If he chanced to meet a prince or happened upon any of the great ones of the earth, "Buy thine office of me," he would say to him, "for so much!" And if the prince gave heed to his words and paid the price he asked, "Thou art secure," he would tell him; but if he disregarded his demand and refused his price, he would tell him, "Thou art deposed." And his word would come to pass as if by the predestination of God.

Now when the Sultan Muhammed the Sheikh had conquered the town of Meknes, and was making persistent efforts to take by storm the city of Fez, one day Aboo Rawain appeared before him and stood in his presence.

"Buy Fez of me for five hundred *déenárs*," said Aboo Rawain to the Sultan.

But the Sultan scorned his demand and refused his price. "God has never laid such a condition upon any sultan," quoth he; "neither is there anything like it in the law."

"By Allah," swore Aboo Rawain, "thou shalt not enter Fez this year!"

Weeks passed and months slipped by, and the Sultan

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made no progress with the siege of Fez, nor any advance except into deeper despair of ever taking the town.

At last the Prince Abd el Kadir gave good counsel to his father and spoke before him wise words.

“O my father,” said he, “do as the sheikh Aboo Rawain has bid thee, and pay him the price he has asked; for he is indeed a mighty sheikh and a holy one of the saints of God.” And he slacked not to urge his father, nor ceased to goad him on, until he yielded to his importunity and gave him leave to make terms with the sheikh.

“Pay the money!” was all the sheikh would say, and he abated not a *dirhem* of his price; so the Prince Abd el Kadir yielded him the bargain and paid him the money.

“By the end of the year,” said Aboo Rawain, as he received the money and closed the transaction, — “by the end of the year God will finish the matter; and my affair is in the hand of God — exalted be his name!” And forthwith the sheikh scattered the money amongst the poor and distributed it to all who were in want, and did not keep for himself so much as a *dirhem*. And from that very day the Sultan began to have the upper and not the under hand, until when the year had passed and its months had come to an end, he took possession of Fez and entered the city in triumph.

Many are the anecdotes related of Aboo Rawain and the tales told concerning him. To pick one berry from the cluster, and choose one grain out of the bushel, it is related by more than one of the fakeehs of Al Kasr how, when the government of that town was in the hand of the Kaid Abd el Wahid the Aroosee, and he shared it

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with a company of his relatives of the Benee Hameed, then Aboo Rawain arrived in the town and abode in it one night. But no sooner had he entered its gates and set his foot within its walls than he went straightway into the mosque, and gat him up to the top of the minaret. There he stood looking down upon the town, and the people in the streets could see him standing. Then he called at the pitch of his voice, and cried aloud so that all could hear: "O Benee Hameed, buy of me Al Kasr — or get you gone from it this very year!" And the people heard the sheikh's words and spoke them in the ears of the Kaid Abd el Wahid.

"If Al Kasr belonged to him," said the Kaid when he heard them, "and if the town were in his hand, he might deprive us of it or drive us forth from it. When we have no other matter to think of nor aught better to distract our attention, we will attend to the words of an imbecile and obey the commands of a madman."

The next day the sheikh left the country; and as he left he said: "The Kaid Abd el Wahid will go out of this town, and the Benee Hameed will be driven forth from it, and they will not return to it again forever"; — and the event befell as the sheikh foretold, even so it came to pass in the providence of God — whose name be exalted.

There was in Meknes a famous fakeeh and preacher, Harzooz by name, and to him the sheikh Aboo Rawain one day sent a message by a messenger. "Buy thy soul of me!" wrote Aboo Rawain; but the fakeeh Harzooz closed his ears and steeled his heart, and the sheikh's messenger returned to his master and told him.

"Go back to him once more," said Aboo Rawain,

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“and say to him, ‘Thou wilt be slaughtered like a beast, thou and thy son, and ye both will be hanged over the door of your own house in the Gharb.’”

When the fakeeh heard these words, he was seized with panic, and his heart became like wax. He girded up his skirts and ran forth, going like an ostrich; and he neither stayed to rest nor stopped to drink, until he came to the sheikh’s house, and stood before Aboo Rawain.

“O my Master,” said he, “what is this that thou sayest, and what are these ill-boding words?”

“Some error hath occurred,” quoth Aboo Rawain; but he spake in bitter jest, and the fakeeh knew it.

“O sir,” cried he, “we will do all that thou layest upon us.”

“There will not be but what has been,” answered Aboo Rawain.

Time went on until three months had passed, and the matter delayed and the sheikh’s words had not come to pass. But when three months had come and gone, the prophecy was fulfilled and the threat was executed, as we shall show when we come to the story of the fakeeh and preacher Harzooz of Meknes, if God will — exalted be His name!

To the son also of this fakeeh and preacher Harzooz did the sheikh Aboo Rawain foretell their dreadful end. For as he sat one day at the door of his house and the street before it ran with mud and mire, Aboo Rawain passed by, clad in his finest clothes and decked in his best attire, for he was on his way to the mosque, and was proceeding to the place of prayer.

Then the soul of the son of Harzooz was smitten with

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envy, and he thought to spoil the sheikh's fine raiment. "If thou love God," quoth he, "roll in this mud," and he pointed to the street before him, and indicated the flowing mire.

And Aboo Rawain rolled in that mud, even as a mule rolls in the sand, and all because the other had adjured him by the name of God.

"Art content now?" asked Aboo Rawain.

"Content," returned the son of the fakeeh Harzooz.

Then said the sheikh Aboo Rawain: "Even thus shalt thou roll, thou and thy father, in chains!" And the thing fell out as he had said, and the event occurred as he had predicted.

Many a similar story is told of the sheikh Aboo Rawain, and many a like tale is handed down concerning him.

IV. THE SHEIKH ZEETOONEE AND THE BEES

The sheikh Zeetoonnee was a great traveler and a worker of miracles. He was black of color and blind, and one whose prayers were always answered. Some of the mystics, indeed, used to call him "the blind serpent" (which does not bite those whom it stings), on account of the rapidity with which the answers to his prayers came.

He it was who escorted the caravans from the West, in the pilgrimages to the Holy House of God in Mecca and to the grave of his prophet. And even the Arabs of Angad and the Zab and of Tunis, for all their courage and rebellious spirit, dared not attack the caravans led by the sheikh Zeetoonnee, for they saw the wonderful things which God brought to pass at his hands and experienced the extent of his power.

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One of the excellent among those who traveled with him, a man of worth and veracity, gives the following description of an incident which befell their caravan and an adventure which they met with: —

“In one of the sheikh Zeetoonie’s journeys with the pilgrims,” he says, “no sooner had we alighted on one occasion in the Zab than we found ourselves surrounded by the horsemen of the wild Arabs on every side, intent on plunder, bent on spoil. In our distress, we begged the sheikh for aid and told him what had befallen us.

“‘And from which side did they come?’ he asked.

“‘From every side,’ we replied.

“The sheikh thereupon took up a handful of dust and threw it towards his right side, and then another which he threw to his left, then a third handful which he threw before him, and a fourth which he threw behind his back. And immediately there came forth from that dust as it had been an inundation of bees, which scared the horses of the Arabs, and they vanished from our sight as a mist vanishes before the sun; and the people were astonished and marveled greatly.

“When the day was over, the Arabs appeared once more on foot, bringing with them their wives and children, and driving before them herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and goats, being desirous to be reconciled to the sheikh and to obtain of him his blessing, such was their terror of those bees. And the Arabs of those parts relate how, on coming for plunder to a caravan in which the sheikh Zeetoonie was, they would find it surrounded by a wall which none could scale nor any dig through.”

The following is the sheikh Zeetoonie’s recipe for rendering an encampment impregnable, as it is given by his

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pupil Ahmad Zarrook. He would commence by saying, "I take refuge in God from Satan accursed." Next he would begin to march round the encampment, reciting as he did so the ninety-seventh chapter of the Koran, until he sealed the circuit at the point where he had begun. Then, verily, the camp would be safe and secure from robber and thief, and God would indeed build around the encampment a wall which no thief could either scale or dig through. This is of the things as to which there is no doubt, and a fact which is beyond question.

MOROCCO LAW

[Sixteenth century]

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

I HAVE discovered that one of the soldiers of the palace guard has lost his right ear, and they tell me that it was cut off legally, and in the presence of witnesses, by another soldier whom he had deprived of the corresponding ear sometime before. Such is the law of retaliation as it is interpreted in Morocco. Not only may any of the relatives of a murdered man kill the murderer on the same day of the week, at the same hour, on the spot where the crime was committed, and with the same weapon, but whoever loses one of his members by violence can inflict a similar injury upon him who did the deed. In this connection I was told by an attaché of the French legation at Mogador of a very curious incident that occurred at that place some years ago, one of the persons concerned being personally known to him. An English merchant of Mogador was returning to the city on the evening of a market day, and arrived at the gate just when a crowd of peasants were pouring through, leading their asses and camels. Although he shouted "Bal ak! Bal ak!" (Make room! Make room!) until he was tired, an old Moorish woman was thrown down by his horse, striking her face against a stone. As ill-luck would have it she knocked out the last two remaining teeth in her underjaw. For a moment she seemed dazed, but recovered herself quickly and rose to her feet in a

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furious rage. Bursting into a torrent of abuse and curses, she followed the Englishman to his house, and then went off in search of the kaid to demand, in accordance with the law of retaliation, that the Nazarene's two corresponding teeth should be knocked out. The kaid endeavored to pacify her and advised forgiveness, but finding that he could do nothing he finally dismissed her, promising to see that justice was done, hoping that little by little she would calm down and abandon her project. But at the end of three days back she came, angrier than ever, to demand her rights, and insisting that a formal sentence should be pronounced then and there upon the Christian. "Remember," said she, "you have promised." "Eh!" cried the kaid, "you must take me for a Christian, too, if you suppose that I am the slave of my word!" For three months did that old woman continue to present herself daily at the entrance to the citadel, crying out, threatening, and making such a noise generally that the kaid at last, to get rid of her, was forced to give in. Sending for the merchant, he set the matter before him, the old woman's grievance, her rights under the law, and the duty required of him by his promise, ending by begging him to put a stop to the affair by consenting to have two of his teeth drawn, any two, it made no difference which, so long as, in accordance with the law, they were incisors. But the merchant declined, not only as regarded his incisors, but his eye-teeth and his molars as well, and there was nothing for the kaid to do but send the old woman off and tell the guards not to allow her to set foot in the kasbah again. "Very well," said she; "since there are only degenerate Mussulmans left here, and Mussulman women, the

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mothers of the Sherifs can no longer get justice done them against dogs of infidels, I shall go to the Sultan, and we will soon see if the Prince of the Faithful abjures the law of the Prophet as well." True to her word she set forth on her journey, entirely alone, with an amulet in her breast, a staff in her hand, and a knapsack strapped across her shoulders, and succeeded in walking the entire hundred leagues which divide Mogador from the sacred city of the empire. On reaching Fez she demanded an interview with the Sultan, and proceeded to state her case, demanding, in accordance with her rights as laid down in the Koran, an application of the law of retaliation. The Sultan exhorted her to show forgiveness, but she persisted. He then explained to her the grave difficulties that stood in the way of satisfying her demands; — how the English consul would never give his consent, and the Government would consequently find itself involved in a serious lawsuit; how impossible it was for so trifling a cause to jeopardize the peace of the entire empire and disturb the good understanding which then existed between the Government of the Sherifs and powerful England. The old Moor remained inexorable. She was now offered, on condition that she would abandon the matter, a sum of money large enough to support her in comfort for the rest of her life. She refused. "What do I want with your money?" said she. "I am old and accustomed to poverty. What I want is two of that Christian's teeth. I want them, I have a right to them, and I demand them in the name of the Koran; and the Sultan, Prince of the Faithful, head of Islamism, father of his people, cannot refuse to render justice to a Mussulman woman." This obstinacy placed the Sultan

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in a very awkward position. The law was precise, and her rights under it incontestable, while the popular excitement had been wrought to such a pitch by her inflammatory speeches that it would be dangerous to refuse her demands. The Sultan — it was Abd-er-Rahman — wrote to the English consul, asking him as a favor to try to persuade his fellow-countryman to allow two of his teeth to be knocked out, to which the merchant replied that he would never agree. Then the Sultan wrote again, promising to concede any mercantile privilege that he might wish in return for his consent; and this time, having been approached through his pocket, the merchant gave in. The old woman left Fez blessing the name of the pious Abd-er-Rahman and returned to Mogador, where, in the presence of herself and a large gathering of witnesses, two of the Nazarene's teeth were knocked out. When she saw them fall to the ground she gave a howl of triumph and seized them with savage joy. The merchant, however, thanks to the special privileges he enjoyed, made a large fortune in less than two years and returned to England, toothless but happy.

HAWKING IN ALGERIA

HAWKING IN ALGERIA

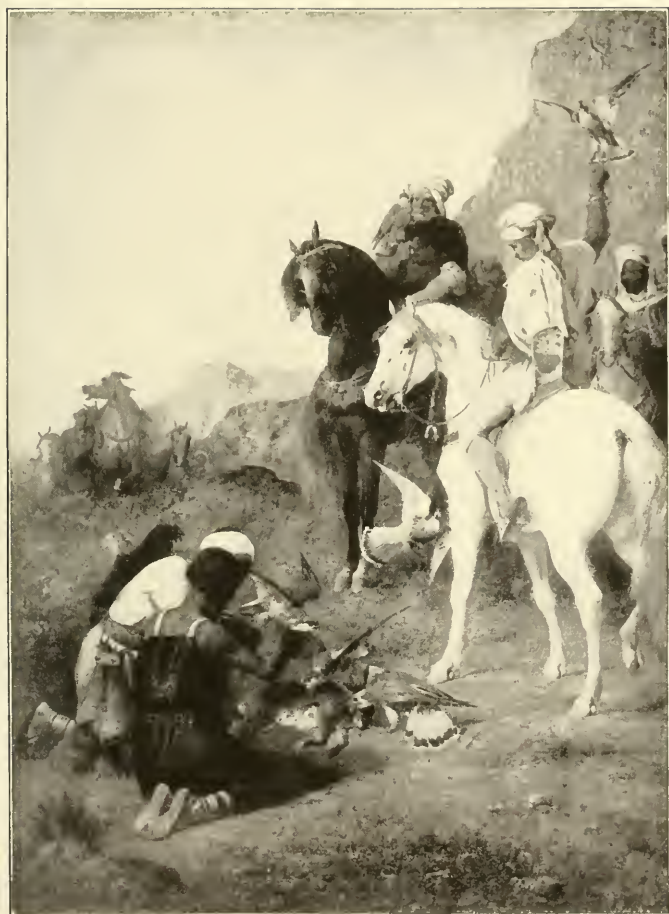
BY EUGÈNE FROMENTIN

(*French painter. 1820-1876*)

FOR hawking, or falconry, falcons are so trained that after making a capture they will surrender it to their masters. This is one of the most ancient sports, and has been practiced for many centuries. In the days of the Norman kings in England, hawking was treated as seriously as a science, and a man's rank was indicated by the character of the falcon which he bore on his wrist. Falconry has its own language. A mature hawk is a *haggard*; a young one taken in its migration is a *passage hawk*. To train these birds is called *reclaiming*; to flutter is to *bait*; to fight with one another is to *crab*; to sleep is to *jouk*; the prey is the *quarry*.

In northern Africa falconry is as much delighted in as it ever was in the earlier days. The best hunter is the female of the peregrine falcon, the fiercest of all birds of prey. The birds are always loosed with the cry, "In the name of Allah [God], the great Allah," as no animal may be lawfully eaten by Mohammedans over which these words have not been pronounced before its slaughter.

The illustration presents a characteristic hawking scene in Algeria. The Arab hunters are pausing at the foot of a rocky precipice, their falcons held aloft on their wrists. They are mounted on superb horses, the white one in the front of the picture, where every curve of his perfectly moulded figure stands out against the dark background. The two riders, and also their steeds, are giving close attention to the attendants at the left, who are caring for some small animal that has already been captured.



ONE DAY IN MOROCCO

[Nineteenth century]

BY EDMONDO DE AMICIS

WE made an early start for Zeggota, inspired by the thought that on that day we should behold the mountains of Fez in the distance. There was an autumnal freshness in the air, and a light mist obscured the surrounding country. A crowd of Arabs wrapped in their cloaks formed two wings at the entrance to the camp. The soldiers of the escort were huddled together in a close chilly group behind us, and the children of the neighboring *duars* gazed out with sleepy eyes from behind the tents and hedges. Erelong, however, all this changed, the sun came out, spectators crowded around us, the horsemen scattered in all directions, the air resounded with shouts and the rapid reports of firearms, and everything became suddenly bright, animated, full of life and color, while the autumnal cold was succeeded, as is always the case in that climate, by the burning heat of summer. Among my notes of that morning I find one which says laconically: "Grasshoppers, sample of Selam's eloquence." I remember, in fact, to have noticed a field some distance off that seemed to be in motion, an effect produced by an enormous number of green grasshoppers coming towards us in leaps. Selam, who happened to be riding beside me just then, gave me an admirably picturesque description of the incursions of those terrible insects, which I remember word for word;

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but how can I possibly render the effect of his gestures, his expression and the tones of his voice, which really told more than the words themselves. "It is frightful, signor; they come from over there," pointing to the south, "like a black cloud; the noise is heard from afar. They come, they come, and at their head their sultan, the Sultan Jeraad, who leads them on; they cover the roads, the fields, houses, *duars*, forests. The cloud grows; larger and larger, on, on, on, gnawing and consuming; over rivers, over ditches, over walls, through fire; the grass is destroyed, the flowers, the leaves, the fruit, the grain, the bark of the trees; on and on, no one can stop them, not flaming tribes, not the Sultan with his army, not all the people of Morocco assembled together. Heaps of dead grasshoppers. Forward go the living. Do ten die? A hundred are born. Do a hundred die? A thousand are born. Such sights at Tangier! streets covered, gardens covered, seashore covered, sea covered, everything green, everything in motion; living, dead, decayed, offensive; a plague, a pestilence, a curse from God!" And this is really so. The fetid odor arising from myriads of dead grasshoppers sometimes produces a contagious form of fever; and, to cite one instance, the terrible plague which in 1799 fairly depopulated both the towns and country of Bombay broke out just after one of their visitations. When the advance guard of the invading army appears the Arabs go forward to meet it, in parties of four or five hundred, with sticks, clubs, and firebrands, but only succeed in forcing the enemy to deviate somewhat from its course; and it occasionally happens that when one tribe drives them back thus from their own into the district of a neighboring tribe, the

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grasshopper war is converted into a civil war. The only thing that frees the country from this curse is a favorable wind; this blows them into the sea, where they drown and are swept up on the beach for days afterwards in great heaps. When the favorable wind still delays, the only possible consolation left the inhabitants is to eat their enemies; this they do before they have laid their eggs, boiling them and adding a seasoning of salt, pepper, and vinegar. They taste a little like sea-crabs, and as many as four hundred can be eaten in a single day.

About two miles from camp we overtook that part of the caravan which was bearing Victor Emmanuel's presents to Fez. White camels were harnessed together, two by two, in tandem fashion, by long poles attached to either side of the saddle, from which swung the cases; they were in charge of some Arabs on foot and some mounted soldiers, and at their head was a wagon drawn by two oxen, the only wagon we had seen in Morocco! It had been especially made at El Araish upon the model, I should say, of the first vehicle that ever appeared on the earth's surface; squat, heavy, ill-formed, with wheels composed of solid blocks of wood, and the most curious and absurd-looking harness that could possibly be imagined. But to the inhabitants of the *duars*, most of whom had in all probability never seen a wheeled vehicle before, it was a marvel. They ran to behold it from all directions, pointed it out to each other, followed behind and walked in front of it with visible excitement. Even our mules, unaccustomed to the sight of such objects, showed great reluctance to pass it, some planting themselves stubbornly on their fore feet and others

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wheeling completely around. Selam himself regarded it with a certain complacency, as though saying, "That was made in our country"; and this was excusable, seeing that in all Morocco there are very likely no more wagons than pianos, which, if the estimate of a French consul is correct, would reduce the number to about a dozen. There seems, indeed, to be a certain antipathy to vehicles of every kind. The Tangier authorities, for example, forbade Prince Frederick, of Hesse-Darmstadt, when he was there in 1839, to ride out in a carriage. The Prince wrote to the Sultan offering to have the principal streets paved at his own expense, provided the permission refused by the authorities were granted him. "I will grant it most willingly," replied the Sultan, "but upon one condition — that the carriage shall have no wheels, since as Protector of the Faithful I cannot permit my subjects to be exposed to the risk of being run over by a Christian." Whereupon the Prince, to turn the whole thing into ridicule, took him at his word, and there are people in Tangier now who remember seeing him going about the town in a carriage without wheels, suspended between two mules!

At last we reached that blessed hill for which for three days past the caravan had been looking with such long-impatience. After making a tedious ascent we passed through a narrow gorge called in Arabic, Ben Tinca, which we were obliged to take single file, and came out above a charming valley, flowery and solitary, into which the caravan descended in festive style, filling the air with shouts and burst of song. At the foot of the valley we came upon another body of soldiers belonging to the military colonies, come to relieve the first. There

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were a hundred of them, very old and very young, dark, long-haired, some of them mounted on enormous horses with housings of unusual splendor. Their kaid, Abou-ben-Gileli, was a sturdy old man of severe aspect and curt manner, of whom, and of his soldiers, one might have said as Don Abbondio did of the anonymous leader and the assassins: "I can well understand that to control such faces as these nothing less is needed than such a face as that." Without so much as a glance at the fields of ripening wheat and barley that lined the road on either side, the soldiers urged their horses forward, and scattering in all directions on a full gallop, began the powder play, five and ten firing at a time into the air, wheeling to left and right, turning about in their saddles in every conceivable manner, and yelling all the while like demons. One of them whirled his gun around with such rapidity that it could hardly be seen; another, as he flew by, shouted in a tremendous voice, "Here comes the thunderbolt!" a third, whose horse had swerved a little, came within a hair's breadth of landing in our midst and throwing us all to the ground with our heels in the air. At a certain point the ambassador and captain, accompanied by Hamed-ben-Kasen and a few soldiers, separated from the rest of the caravan and went off to make the ascent of a mountain a few miles away, while we continued our route. A few minutes later an incident occurred which I am not likely ever to forget.

A half-naked Arab boy, about sixteen or eighteen years old, came towards us, driving two recalcitrant oxen, by the aid of a heavy stick. The kaid, Abou-ben-Gileli, stopped his horse and called him. We learned afterwards that the oxen were to have been attached to

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the wagon which we had passed not long before, and that they were several hours behind time. The unfortunate boy approached trembling, and stood before the kaid, who put some question to him I did not understand. The lad stammered a reply, and went white as death.

"Fifty lashes," said the kaid curtly, turning to his men.

Three powerful fellows at once leaped from their horses, and the poor wretch without waiting for them to lay hold of him, without uttering a single word, or so much as raising his eyes to the countenance of his judge, threw himself flat on his face, as the custom is, with arms and legs extended. All of this had transpired in an instant; but the stick had not been lifted in the air before the commander and some of the others, dashing into the midst of the group, had made the kaid understand that they could not think of permitting such a brutal punishment to be inflicted. Abou-ben-Gileli inclined his head, and the boy arose, pale, with convulsed features, gazing alternately at his deliverers and the kaid with an expression of mingled fear and astonishment.

"Go," said the interpreter, "you are free."

"Ah!" he cried with an intonation that cannot be conveyed, and quick as lightning, disappeared.

We proceeded on our way, but I must say that, although I have seen a man killed, I have never experienced such feelings of profound horror as when I beheld that half-naked boy stretched out on the ground to receive his fifty lashes; and after the horror of the thing my blood began to boil, and I denounced the kaid, the sultan, Morocco and its inhumanity in the most violent terms. It is, however, undoubtedly better to wait for

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second thoughts. "But how about ourselves?" I presently reflected. "How many years is it since we abolished whipping? And how many since it was abolished in Austria? and in Prussia? and throughout the rest of Europe?" These thoughts had the effect of somewhat curbing my righteous indignation, and I was left with only a strong feeling of bitterness. If any one cares to know how whipping is conducted in Morocco, suffice it to say that when the operation is completed it sometimes happens that the victim is carried to the cemetery.

During the remainder of the ride to Zeggota the caravan passed over a succession of hills and valleys, the road running between fields of wheat and barley and bright green pasture, bordered with aloes, Indian figs, wild olives, dwarf oaks, ivy, strawberry trees, myrtles, and flowering shrubs. Not a tent was in sight, not a living soul to be seen. The country was as luxuriant, silent, and deserted as an enchanted garden. Once on reaching the top of a certain hill we descried the blue summits of the Fez Mountains, which, however, immediately disappeared again as though they had merely raised their heads a moment to see us pass. In the hottest part of the day we arrived at Zeggota. This was one of the most exquisite spots we saw throughout the entire trip. The camp was pitched on the mountain-side, in a great rocky cavity, shaped like an amphitheater, and worn by the successive passage back and forth of man and beast into innumerable paths, one above the other, whose more or less regular lines had the effect of graduated seats, and as a matter of fact these tiers were at that very moment crowded with Arabs, who sat on the ground in semicircles, like spectators in some actual

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amphitheater. Below us lay a wide, basin-shaped plain, whose cultivated fields made it look like a huge checker-board, with squares of green, yellow, white, red, and purple silk and velvet. Looking through field-glasses we could see on the more distant hills here a row of tents, there a *kubba* half-hidden among the aloes; in one place a camel, beyond it an Arab lying on the ground, a herd of cattle, a group of women; sluggish, infrequent signs of life, that made one feel more forcibly than their entire absence would have done the profound peacefulness of the scene. Above all this loveliness a white, blazing, blinding sky, forcing one to bow his head and half-close his eyes.

But it is not so much the beauties of nature that make Zeggota an undying memory with me as a certain experiment I made there with *kiff*.

Kiff, let me say for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with it, is the leaf of a sort of hemp called *hashish*, celebrated throughout the East for its narcotic qualities. It is much used in Morocco, and it may generally be taken for granted that those Arabs and Moors, so frequently to be seen in the towns, gazing at the passers-by with dull, unseeing eyes, or dragging themselves along like persons stunned by a blow on the head, are victims of this pernicious plant. Most people smoke the *kiff*, mixed with a little tobacco, in tiny clay pipes, or it may be eaten in a form of confectionery, called *mad-jun*, made of butter, honey, nuts, musk, and cloves. The effects are very peculiar. Dr. Miguerez, who had tried it, had often told me of his experiences, recounting, among other things, how he was seized with an irresistible desire to laugh, and how he seemed to be lifted off the

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ground, so that in passing through a doorway, about twice his own height, he had bent his head for fear of striking it against the lintel. All of this so aroused my curiosity that I several times begged him to give me a little piece of *madjun*, just enough to make me see and feel some of these curious things without absolutely losing control of myself. The worthy doctor at first excused himself, saying that it would be better to make the experiment at Fez, where we would be more conveniently situated, but on my persisting he at length, a little unwillingly, handed me at Zeggota a plate on which lay the much-desired sweetmeat. We were seated at table: if I mistake not, both Ussi and Biseo took a little at the same time, but of its effect on them I have no recollection. The *madjun* was like a bit of paste, violet-colored and smelling like pomatum. For about half an hour, from the soup, that is, to the fruit, I felt nothing at all, and began to chaff the doctor about his fears, but he only smiled and said, "Wait, wait." And sure enough, as the fruit was put on the table the first symptoms of intoxication did begin to manifest themselves. At first they took the form of great hilarity and rapid talking; then I began to laugh heartily at everything I or any one else said; every word that was uttered seemed to me the most exquisite witticism. I laughed at the servants, at the looks of my companions, at my chair as it tilted over, at the designs on the china, at the shapes of certain bottles, at the color of the cheese I was eating, until all at once, becoming conscious that I no longer had command of myself, I endeavored to think of something serious in order to regain my self-control. Remembering the boy who was to have been whipped that morning, I

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felt the greatest interest in him. I would have liked to take him back with me to Italy, to have him educated, to give him a career. I loved him like a son. And the kaid, Abou-ben-Gileli, poor old man. Kaid-Abou-ben-Gileli? Why, I loved him too, like a father. And the soldiers of the escort! They were all good fellows, ready to defend us, to risk their lives in our behalf. I loved them like brothers. And then the Algerians! I loved them as well. "Why not?" I thought. They are of the same race as the Moroccans, and after all, what race is that? Are we not all brothers, made after one pattern? We should love one another. I love people, and I am happy, and I threw one arm around the doctor's neck, whereupon he burst out laughing. From this cheerful mood I fell all at once into a state of profound melancholy. All the people whom I had ever offended rose up before me. I recalled every pang I had caused those who loved me; was oppressed by feelings of remorse and unavailing regret; voices seemed to whisper in my ear in accents of affectionate reproach. I repented, begged for pardon; furtively brushed away the great tear which I felt trembling in the corner of one eye. Then a succession of strange, disconnected memories began to course wildly through my brain; long-forgotten friends of my childhood; certain words of a dialect I had not spoken for twenty years; women's faces; my old regiment; William the Silent; Paris; the editor Barbera; a beaver hat that I had worn as a child; the Acropolis at Athens; my bill at an inn in Seville; a thousand queer fancies. I have a vague recollection of seeing the company look at me smilingly. From time to time I would close my eyes and reopen them without knowing whether I had been

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asleep or no, whether minutes or hours had elapsed in the interval. Then a clear idea came into my head at last, and I began to speak.

“Once,” I said, “I went to . . .” Where was it I went? Who went? It had all escaped me. Thoughts sparkled for an instant and expired like fireflies — crowded, mixed, confused. At one moment I saw Ussi with his head elongated, like the reflection in a bad mirror; the vice-consul with a face two feet wide; and the others tapered off, swelled out, contorted, like extravagant caricatures, making grimaces at me that were inexpressibly comic; and I laughed and wagged my head, and dozed, and thought that they were all crazy; that we were in another world; that nothing I saw was real; that I was not very well; that I did not know where I was; that it was getting strangely dark and silent — When I came to myself I was lying on my own bed in our tent, with the doctor seated beside me, holding a lighted candle and regarding me attentively.

“There,” said he, smiling, “it is over, but this must be the first and last time.”

THE GREAT MARKET OF TRIPOLI

[Latter part of nineteenth century]

BY GEORGE E. THOMPSON

It is early morning, as I walk on the wide expanse of sand extending along the shore outside the white walls of Tripoli. The sun already shines with a fervent heat from a sky of cloudless blue. It shines on a busy scene. The usually quiet shore is tenanted by hundreds of Arabs, Negroes, and their animals; camels, donkeys, and cattle. They still pour in by the various lanes leading through the orange groves and palm forest from the distant oases of the desert; and as they arrive, they settle down on the shore in groups, some close to the water's edge, — for there is scarcely any tide here, — others farther in, their place being regulated according to the nature of the produce they have for sale. A refreshing breeze blows in over the clear waters of the bay, renewing the life of the tired travelers of the night.

Everything is conducted with precision and in perfect order by this ancient people, whose manners and customs change not, who are the same now as they were centuries ago. There may be directors or policemen about, and they may have their eye upon me; but if so, I know them not. I wander down the long lines of Arabs, watching and marveling as the market grows up rapidly, here and there staying to take a photograph with my hand camera. Finding the folk pleasant and interested rather than otherwise, I rush back to my hotel for the

THE GREAT MARKET OF TRIPOLI

tripod camera, and am soon at work among the various groups. By this time the vast market has assumed the air of an industrial exhibition. It is now in full swing, and booths are erected in long rows, to shelter the occupants from the sun's rays.

Beginning at the far end, we find a fine herd of camels for sale; then come cattle: cows, sheep, and goats. Here, on the golden sands, are pictures of Arcadian, pastoral, or Old Testament life, brilliant with delicious coloring, calm, reposeful, and beautiful; long-bearded, fine-looking Arabs squatting in their *baracans* or blankets amidst a few clean sheep and goats, quietly awaiting purchasers. No push, no hurry, no noise. We leave these groups, with their delicate coloring, lights, and shadows, and pass down a narrow avenue between the booths of the fruit-sellers. Here are heaps of oranges, bananas, melons, and many a strange product of which we know nothing, laid out in long rows on the sand: no tables! The owners squat behind their goods under a small tent. The buyers swarm down the narrow path, sometimes seated on a donkey, shouting "Balek" — make way. And so we move on.

There are the blacksmiths at work, and on the sand, too; in the center of each group a small charcoal fire burns. An Arab boy works a pair of bellows looking like two concertinas, which he moves alternately. A small anvil stands in the sand, and filing is done on a large ox-bone, used as a bench.

A double row of shoemakers' tents follows. The occupants are all at work; highly colored red and yellow slippers — some of them embroidered — are being turned out by the dozen.

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The meat stalls are the only unpleasant feature of this fascinating market, for on erections of bamboo canes there are hung up, alongside good joints of meat, the most loathsome-looking entrails — yes, and it all sells too! Let us pass on and see what is the center of the crowd yonder. Another picture from Arcadia! Pan with his pipes! Arab musicians playing on double reeds! — not high-class music, but ancient, and pleasing to native ears.

Close by is the pot market; water-coolers, wine jars, oil cisterns large and small, mostly with pointed bottoms for placing in the sand. Then there are the basket-makers, many of them Negroes of the blackest hue. There are large basin-shaped baskets for fruit, round, conical-shaped dish-covers, and small wicker baskets closely made and interwoven with bits of colored cloth. The Negro women make the latter, and so closely that some of them will hold water. One woman has two little babies — ebony — with ivory teeth and eyes, fat, black, merry, India-rubber sort of babies, with little woolly heads, and a bracelet or string of red coral for clothing. One of these was frightened by the white man, and hid its face while I bought a basket from its mother. I coaxed it with a copper, and left it thinking that the white man was not so bad after all — *as* a white man.

There were touching sights, too, on the sand that day; I saw one poor Negro woman and her baby, both tired out; they lay sleeping in each other's arms in the sunshine. There were the donkeys, poor things, that had traveled many a mile in the early hours of the morning from distant hamlets; numbers of these lay on their sides, stretched out and fast asleep. Ropes are pegged

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into the sand, forming square inclosures, and the donkeys' feet are tied thereto, so that they may not stray. For the most part they looked well kept and tended.

Next we come to the oil merchants with their long, pointed earthenware jars stuck in the sand; and there are charcoal fires, where food is being prepared for the evening meal.

All goes on in a quiet and orderly fashion; no drunkenness, no unseemly rows, for these people are barbarians on the burning sands of Africa, not Christians in the slums of London or Liverpool.

I passed on among that dense crowd of Arabs, Negroes, and Turks, camera in hand, and they made way — nay, helped me! “Balek,” “Balek” — polite and kindly, for are they not barbarians and children of the Desert?

III

THE MYSTERY OF THE DESERT

HISTORICAL NOTE

ACCORDING to the notions of the early geographies, the Sahara was a broad, low-lying expanse of sand, silent save for the soft footfalls of camels bearing loads of the treasures of the East. Even within the last forty years it was supposed to be so far below the sea-level that there was serious talk of flooding the western part and changing the climate by digging a canal south of Morocco and letting in the waters of the Atlantic. Fortunately before the shovels were set to work, it was learned that the Sahara is a tableland lying from thirteen hundred to sixteen hundred feet above the ocean, and that the lowest part of the region which was to be covered by the waters of the Atlantic is five hundred feet above sea-level.

Numerous streams flow into the Desert from the Atlas Mountains through deep valleys; but generally the water sinks till it reaches a stratum which it cannot penetrate. There it remains, in mighty underground lakes, and wherever this water is brought to the surface an oasis is produced. Many caravan routes run through the desert, the camels carrying manufactured articles to the oases of the desert and returning loaded with gold, ostrich feathers, ivory, iron, and salt. This trade is made possible by the lines of wells that have been supplied with water from the underground lakes. The desert is by no means uninhabited. In the west are the Moors and Arabs, dwellers in tents, hospitable to their friends, but with no compassion upon their enemies. In the middle of the wilderness are the Tuaricks, who, in the fashion of the Barbary pirates, demand toll from all caravans crossing their country. In the east are the Tibbus, who live in fixed abodes, raise flocks and herds, and cultivate the ground. More than half of the Sahara belongs to France; the rest is held by Egypt, Morocco, Tripoli, and Spain.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER IN THE DESERT

[Latter part of nineteenth century]

BY GILBERT WATSON

LIGHTLY Biskra shook off the dreams of the tropical night. The white walls of her houses showed like blanched faces in the dawn — silent as fire-worshippers awaiting the sun. The fringe of palms facing the east stole on the sight, pale as phantoms, motionless, their drooping leaves awash with silver. Behind the town, the oasis massed itself in impenetrable obscurity. Far off, a neutral-tinted line spoke of the desert.

Day after day had this line beckoned to me, decking itself in elemental jewels like a siren seeking to please. And it was not only to the material eye that it appealed, but to that infinitely more subtle sense, the eye of imagination. That penciled line known as the horizon had been to me a daily source of wonder and speculation. Could I but reach it! Could I but see beyond it! What golden lands lost in sunlight might I not discover. A sense of mystery, almost of awe, as though one stood within the doors of some great cathedral, held anticipation breathless.

It is not that which we see in life, but that which we hope to see, that causes the heart to beat and the eyes to sparkle. To my ears the word "desert" sounded magical as did "fairyländ" when I was a child; a name to conjure with, picturing forth a land full of delightful possibilities, a world of wonder shining in a heaven of dreams. And I was to see it at last!

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Athman had proved himself an efficient organizer. I found myself master of three camels — two as mounts for my guide and myself, the third to be used exclusively for baggage. I beamed upon them with an air of happy proprietorship. To possess camels was to my mind a fall of fortune almost too good to be true. To be able to say "Come" and have three camels coming; and to be able to say "Go" and have three camels going, appeared to me the height of human bliss — envy itself could not reach higher. The only crumpled roseleaf in my bed of satisfaction lay in the fact that Abdullah, the real owner of my perambulating property, trudged in our rear, and also that the camels themselves appeared to regard me with considerable suspicion.

As we moved away, my thoughts reverted to my introduction to this new world, when on a beautiful afternoon, scarce a week ago, I had caught my first glimpse of the desert. It was an experience I was little likely to forget, and now that I was actually embarked on the high sea of sand, my memory rested on that salient moment with conscious pleasure. El-Kantara, the gateway to the desert, lay before me — the beautiful golden gate which many a traveler has delighted to extol. Behind, in the desolate valley, the hot metal of the gauge winks defiance to the African sun, — a sterile and unproductive land baring its nakedness to the day, — but in front, the semicircle of cliffs is rent in twain as though a Titan's axe had cleft their granite bones, leaving the wound a subject of marvel to all eternity. And, gazing through this giant gate over a blur of sunlit oasis, one sees the desert.

Another scene, too, connected inseparably with that

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radiant afternoon returned to me. Standing in the riverbed of the Oued-Biskra with my back towards the desert I had looked northwards. Among the boulders that mirrored themselves in the stream were two Arab boys. Overhead, a palm tree bent above the water and gazed at itself in the little pools that lay arrested among the rocks. In the background the scene opened, not with the sheer abruptness, the brusque violence, of the cleft as seen from El-Kantara, but with a gentle suavity of introduction, leading the eye along shining waterways, between lines of palms, onwards, upwards, to where, in the blue of the distance, the hills slept in a mantle of sunbeams.

Slowly we left Biskra behind us. Life was beginning to awake in the drowsy streets, — a dog crept from under a clump of aloes, a child watched us from behind a cactus hedge, — while overhead in the clear spaces of the sky a band of swallows wheeled ceaselessly.

As we passed the Negro village we met an Arab mounted on a diminutive donkey, driving two other donkeys before him. As the twelve tiny hoofs pattered along the *mane*, the dust rose in dense clouds. It obscured the distance, it veiled the bamboo hedge, it shrouded the little party in a diaphanous mist of silver. There was something extremely dainty in the diminutive animals and their dusky owner. Seen thus in the dim light, they resembled silver-point drawings, mere indications of life, silhouettes sketched with a wet and speedy brush on a background of pearl.

Silently we stalked forward. The sponge-like feet of the camels and the sandals of the Arab passed inaudibly over the dusty ground. Gradually the desert opened out

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before us. It dawned upon the sight from between faint headlands of verdure. To the right Alia and Filiah — two small oases — showed like islands of misty greenery floating in a sea of pale gray light. Volcanic rocks, suggesting the action of primeval fires, lay tossed around, interspersed with dwarf bushes powdered with silver dust. The camels avoided these obstacles with the leisurely grace of movement peculiar to them — swaying their long necks pendulously and placing their feet with care on the level ground between the ruts. The air was exquisitely cool and clear — its purity, freshness, and faint odor, as of thyme, breathed of infinite space. A sense of solemn expectancy pervaded the scene. In the far distance a herd of camels was to be observed. At times they appeared but as slowly moving dots, and at others they stood out hard and sharp against the skyline.

Once we met a family proceeding Biskra-wards. They attracted the eye from afar on account of the glint of color that focused attention. I gazed at them as we approached, gazed as we passed, turned in my saddle and gazed again as they receded into the distance. It seemed to me that I could not gaze my fill, that the time taken in the encounter was all too short to sear them upon my memory, so picturesquely did they stand out in trenchant contrast to their surroundings. Foremost came an Arab mounted on a donkey. He was clad in a burnous of a dirty gray color, the hood of which partially concealed his face. His long and naked legs dangled but a couple of inches above the dust of the road. He returned my stare with a look of utter indifference. Behind him paced a camel laden with sacks, cooking-utensils, and

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baskets. Perched high upon these family gods were two semi-naked children clutching a couple of fowls. Over the camel's body, in lieu of a saddle-cloth, trailed a parti-colored sheet of alternate red and yellow stripes. In the rear plodded a woman dressed in an orange robe, a baby bound upon her back. When we were come within a few yards of her she raised her head. Her eyes fell on us with a dull, unmeaning stare, as though she had long since ceased to take interest in objects beyond the pale of her sad and sordid life. She gave us but a fleeting glance to enable her to avoid us, then her eyes dropped again to the dust. She was unveiled and of pitiable plainness; a face old before its time, seamed with many wrinkles. She walked with a limp; one naked foot, partially covered with a bandage, showed signs of blood, and her air was the air of one both despondent and weary. The child upon her back wailed, but she had no time to still its cries, for already the steady advance of the animals had left her many yards behind. Slowly they crept into the distance, the donkey picking its way daintily among the ruts, the camel with stately motion and outstretched neck, the woman limping with bent back and downcast eyes.

The sun rose and deluged the plains with light. Barely had his upper rim showed in a line of fire above the horizon than at a cry from their master the camels came to a standstill. The man strode forward and hanging on to the neck of Athman's mount brought the animal to its knees.

"It is the hour of prayer," said Athman.

I watched them as my camel cropped the *terebinth* shrubs by the wayside — watched them with a feeling of

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alienation, conscious that from their spiritual world, from their inner life, I was indeed an outcast, destined to remain forever in an atmosphere of semi-comprehension.

Athman's love of finery revealed itself even in his devotions. He unfastened a parcel from behind his saddle which, when unrolled, proved to be a small praying-rug. This he spread on the ground — not on the track where the dust lay deep, but on the higher and firmer ground among the shrubs. Discarding his burnous and kicking off his yellow slippers, he stepped in his white socks on to the mat and stood erect. At the distance of a couple of yards, with naked feet, stood Abdullah. The contrast between them was striking. The one with dark, rough-hewn face and splendid figure, the other with fine Arab features, his weather-worn frame gaunt to emaciation — the one in a pale-mauve costume lined with crimson, his jacket stiff with embroidery and bright with rows of glass buttons, the other covered only with a gray burnous ragged and dirty beyond words.

I watched them prostrating themselves until their foreheads touched the ground, rising to their full height, prostrating themselves anew, and gave ear to the subdued sounds of prayer flowing ceaselessly from their lips.

The sun circled ever higher. His beams fell full on the two men and flung their shadows far across the dust of the track. The red lining of Athman's jacket glowed like a thing of flame. Near by, the camels waited in attitudes of inimitable patience.

There was something singularly impressive in the simplicity of their devotions. The absence of self-consciousness; the unfeigned earnestness; the force of long

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habit that concentrated attention upon a set form of words, accompanied by a set form of movements — all were calculated to strike the least observant. These men, insignificant in themselves, were yet part of a spiritual power so mighty as to ring the world with prayer.

El Islam was awake. At that selfsame hour, far beyond our vision, over leagues of untraversed space, countless voices were raised in supplication, countless eyes were turned with longing to the radiant east — the site of the Holy City, symbolized perchance within simple minds by the invariable brightness and majesty of the rising sun.

From populous cities, from obscure villages, from oases lost in the Sahara, from caravans far out in the desert — the cry was still the same, "Allah!"

"Allah!" It rose and fell. The melodiousness of the word lulled the mind. It soothed the soul. It whispered of divine protection. Was it not the angel of Hope fluttering her rainbow wings, even within the sanctuary of the Spirit?

"Allah!" It came again, stealing through the sunlight, vibrating around us in waves of sound. We were no longer alone. All the little voices of the desert awoke into praise. It was as if a thrill of gladness ran through the weary earth. There was a joyous presence in the morning that made itself felt — that stirred the heart to worship. Of their own accord my lips, too, framed the universal prayer. "Allah!" I murmured, "Allah Akbar! Allah il Allah! Yes, truly, God is great."

THE OASIS OF THE GREAT-GRANDFATHER

[Latter part of nineteenth century]

BY GILBERT WATSON

ATHMAN was in a state of high excitement. We were due to arrive at the oasis of his great-grandfather in the course of an hour.

It was the second day after our departure from Maghier. We had camped on the preceding night at Nza Ben Rzig — which, being interpreted, signifies the place where Ben Rzig died. Who the temporary possessor of this name had been, or what he had done to merit renown, Athman was unable to inform me. My charitable guide, however, was fully convinced that the deceased gentleman had passed a life of the greatest sanctity, and was in every way worthy of the candle which we presented to his tomb.

The ground over which we passed was sacred soil in the eyes of Athman. Not a hill, heaving itself out of the dun monotony, but held memories for him. Not a village, or clump of palms shimmering in the glare, but whispered to him of the past. A tiny oasis, called "The Mother of the Falcons," was pointed out to me with great pride, as belonging to a distant relative; a place where he, Athman, had spent many happy days. A well in the desert, known as "Ain Kerna," or "The Well of the Fig Tree," was hailed with ejaculations of affection, which, be it confessed, came perilously near to tears when he discovered that the familiar fig tree was no more.

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It was, however, upon his home — the oasis of Zaouiet Ribah — that Athman lavished the pent-up tenderness of his heart.

“O Sidi!” he cried, “to think that in one little hour I shall see it again — the dear oasis that I remember so well. Ah, it is beautiful — but so beautiful! Imagine to yourself the dome of the holy tomb, as it were a bubble of camel’s milk floating in the air; and behind, the fresh green of the palms. Ah, my great-grandfather’s palms —”

“You call them his still, Athman?”

“But certainly, Sidi, since they belonged to him.”

“But he has been dead so long.”

“It matters not,” he gesticulated with animation. “They are still his. Listen; I will tell you the story of them. When my great-grandfather died he left many palms, for he was rich, and this was what he said: ‘I leave all my palm trees, firstly — to the upkeep of my tomb; secondly — to give hospitality to strangers.’ Sidi, these were his very words. Oh, it is a beautiful idea — although dead, he still feeds the hungry. How kind that is! how like my great-grandfather!”

Athman’s face glowed — his voice rang with enthusiasm.

In a little while he spied the oasis. Unrest seized him. Nothing would do but that he must dismount and assist Abdullah to urge on the baggage-camel, who, it must be confessed, was inconsiderately lazy that morning. When that unaccountable animal utterly refused to quicken her steps — having no such incentive to exertion as an expectant tomb — he was all for mounting again, being convinced that were he but perched aloft

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as before, he could effectively spur the progress of the party.

Then, as though to pass the lazy-pacing time, he took to feverishly counting on his fingers.

“*Un, deux, trois,*” etc. But every time he reached the number five, he stopped and scratched his head. In answer to an inquiry, he replied: —

“My presents, Sidi, my presents. Oh, I hope I have enough!”

“Presents!” I ejaculated. “What presents?”

He turned on me a reproachful eye.

“For my relations, of course; I hope I have forgotten no one; it would be sad to forget even a little one of whose birth I knew nothing.”

He groped in the hood of his burnous, and drew from thence a parcel. Opening this, he submitted the contents to my inspection.

“Is n’t that pretty?” — He held a tiny looking-glass at arm’s-length. It was circular — set in red leather; — a flap covered the glass. I expressed unqualified approval. Athman was delighted.

“It is for my aunt,” he chuckled with gusto. “How she will cry out with joy when she raises this flap and sees her own face. And this! and this! and this!” One after another he dangled before my eyes a variety of articles; a bag of camel’s skin, covered with cheerful embroidery; a chain of beads, that absolutely winked in the morning sun; a charm for the cure of stomach-ache, wrapped in emerald green silk, of so delightfully mysterious a nature that even to see it was to be seized with longing to explore its philanthropical contents.

“Magnificent!” I cried.

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“I should think so,” he assented, nodding his head gravely. “I know they are beautiful, because I am sorry to part with them.”

We were by this time come to within a short distance of the oasis. Among the palm trees, the dome of a *marabout's* tomb was to be seen. Covered with the usual whitewash, it shone conspicuous in the sunshine. Athman had become silent, but his parted lips and active eyes told of the feelings that glowed within him.

“They are perhaps working in the fields,” he said at length; his voice scarce raised above a whisper. Even as he spoke, I caught sight of a man engaged in irrigation. A primitive hoe was in his hand; his *haïk* was kilted round his waist; his naked feet splashed in the muddy water. Athman, shielding his eyes from the sun, gazed at him intently.

“It is Aouïmer,” he cried in delight. “Hola! Aouïmer! Aouïmer!”

The man, quitting the little patch below the palms, sprang to the pathway. The hoe fell from his hands — he stared at us open-mouthed, like one who sees a ghost.

“*Alouï!*” he screamed. And without another word he wheeled where he stood, and set off running towards the village.

Athman laughed aloud.

“He is my cousin,” he explained in a voice tremulous with satisfaction. “He has gone to tell them that I am here. But how he has grown! I would not have believed it. Did you see his beard? Ah, he is a fine fellow. That is his garden! What healthy trees! Yes; he was always a worker. O Sidi! is it not all beautiful? Did not I tell you true? *Mon Dieu!* how slow these camels are! I

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long to be there. Quicker! quicker!" And leaning down he beat the animal's neck with his open palm.

Gently we swayed along the narrow pathway. On either hand we were shut in by mud walls topped with the prickly points of palm leaves. Before we had gone far, the village came into sight. At the same time cries were heard, and a crowd of men came racing to meet us. Athman was out of his saddle in a twinkling. The crowd surrounded him with glad shouts of welcome. They caught at his hands — at his burnous — and, when that fell off, at his *haïk*. Not a soul but clamored for his attention. All spoke at once — no one waited for a reply. The noise was deafening. Athman was tossed among them like a cork on an agitated sea. But — he enjoyed it. His black face turned this way and that, radiating happiness. He kissed one — embraced another — reached an enthusiastic arm over three intervening shoulders, and clasped hands with a third. Joy was universal — it was, indeed, a red-letter day for the tribe of Ben Salah.

At length we turned our steps villagewards. Athman, surrounded by relatives, walked in front. An old man leaned upon his shoulder — Aouïmer still retained possession of his hand. Hemming him in, marched others, listening open-mouthed to his words, and replying in chorus to his eager questions. Hovering upon the outskirts of the procession were children in a state of excitement and nudity. These little people listened for the sound of his voice, which, when heard, so filled them with joy that they felt themselves forced to turn somersaults in the dust. Even Abdullah joined the ranks of admirers. The camels and I followed modestly in the rear.

THE OASES OF THE GREAT-GRANDFATHER

My tent had been pitched as usual beneath palm trees on the outskirts of the village. Seated within it I awaited the return of Athman. Zaouiat Ribah had received him unto itself. The narrow lane that plunged into the labyrinth of mud huts had swallowed, not only my popular guide but the entire crowd as well. The camels and I were forgotten. These patient animals, hobbled for the night, stood disconsolately each on three legs, more than ever persuaded that times were out of joint and that the terrestrial globe was by no means a planet fitted for the habitation of camels.

The scene was deeply penetrated with the sentiment that haunts the approach of night. Across the tender spaces of sky flew flocks of little birds. They came from the desert in search of the water that lay beneath the palm trees. As they passed overhead I could hear their glad twittering and the rhythmic beating of their wings. Other sounds, too, broke upon the ear. From somewhere deep within the oasis came the noise of a camel's roar. The weird, melancholy cry stirred into consciousness strange feelings connected with far-away lands, it voiced all that was unfamiliar in my surroundings. Suddenly the beating of a drum attracted my attention. It came from the direction of the village. Feverishly it throbbed — ceased — then throbbed again. As I listened to it, a laborer passed silently on naked feet. His coarse *haïk* kilted to his knees revealed the naked brown of his limbs. The level sunlight splashed him with stains of fugitive color. For a time the scene before me was radiant with luminous green and gold, steeped in transient glory in which the stems of the many palm trees glowed like flames in a dark sanctuary of shadow. Then, all at

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once, everything grew wan and gray. A veil of mystery fell from the sky. Only on the far horizon over dim spaces of desert a thin line of light told of the sun.

The sound of flying footsteps aroused me. It was Athman. Breathlessly he burst into the tent.

"O Sidi," he panted, "come quickly."

"Where, Athman?"

"To the village, of course. There is a feast to-night in my honor."

His manner was full of self-importance.

"Come, Sidi, come," he entreated, holding the tent flap open to its widest. "I have told of your great kindness to me. My uncle desires to thank you himself. All my relations will be present, also many friends. I wish to present them to you. I have told them that you are a prince in your own country."

"A prince!" I cried aghast.

Athman chuckled at my surprise.

"But certainly, Sidi, they are ignorant people; it is necessary to impress them. They will do you much honor. Besides, if they think you are a prince, they will be very pleased that I am your guide. And, moreover, the feast— Oh, *mon Dieu!* that is worth seeing. The women and children are making *cous-cous* now. Many fowls are to be killed. Then, Sidi, there is a Negro from the South, a black man with a droll turban and a drum. It is most fortunate that he is here to-day. He will make you die of laughing, for when he beats his drum he dances and sings all at the same time. He is doing it now; we were all looking at him in the street in front of my uncle's house. Oh, please come, Sidi, he may have finished by the time we get back."

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I shook my head. Despite the heartiness of the invitation, I made up my mind to refuse. The presence of a stranger, however well intentioned, could not but impart a touch of restraint to so purely domestic a gathering. They would, I felt assured, enjoy themselves better without me.

For long Athman combated my resolution, but I was not to be persuaded. At last he desisted, and reluctantly bade me good-night.

“You have everything that you wish for, Sidi?” His eyes roamed round the tent. The firewood stood ready; my saddle-bags lay open to my hand.

“Everything, Athman. Good-night, and enjoy yourself.”

His impatience to rejoin the merry-makers was very visible; still, for a moment he lingered.

“I wish much that you would come, Sidi. The Negro is really very funny. And I shall not be able to return here when the feast is over.”

“You sleep in the village to-night, then?”

“No, no, to-night I do not sleep at all. To-night I watch and pray. Watch and pray.” He repeated the words solemnly, eyeing me at the same time as though he hoped that I was duly impressed. “Yes, Sidi, to-night I burn many candles at the holy tomb of my great-grandfather. It is an occasion I have looked forward to for many years. It may be that God will forgive my sins on account of his great holiness.”

His voice sank to a whisper of veneration; his open palm pressed his forehead — then, recovering his wonted manner, he bade me good-night and ran at full speed towards the village.

THE MUSIC OF THE DESERT

[Latter part of nineteenth century]

BY GILBERT WATSON

THE long afternoon was drawing to a close. The sun was on the point of leaving us. In half an hour it would be dark, for in these lands of the South there is but little afterglow. No lingering twilight drains the life-blood, drop by crimson drop, from out the veins of day. She is radiant, smiling, to the last golden moment — then, of a sudden, she swoons. The sun-god has her in his clutches. His burning arms are around her. In fiery haste he plunges with her behind the dark horizon. For a minute there is an agony of dying color — far continents leap into flame; then, peace; for lo! a star already twinkles in the sky.

And what is even more remarkable is the silence. In Northern lands there are so many audible indications of approaching night. But in the desert — nothing. The tyrant sun has killed all sound; beaten it down with fierce, reiterated blows until it lies as lifeless as the sand. The silence is deep — unbroken. It enters into your bones; it weighs upon your spirits; it becomes a living presence, a power to be reckoned with.

Slowly we climbed rise after rise, and wound our way into the intervening valleys. The track had ceased to be a road; the ruts of wheels had stopped at Sidi Okba, and only a stony channel such as might well be mistaken for a water-course remained to indicate our line of march.

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The monotony was unbroken, yet it was full of fascination. The sun, sinking slowly, still deluged the world with light; the wind still swept over the wide expanse; the sand still drifted like golden smoke across our track.

Suddenly I was awakened out of a brown study by the sound of Athman's flute. The dying sunlight streaming past me fell full upon him. His blue burnous, fallen from his shoulders, draped the hind-quarters of his camel. The scarlet lining of his jacket and the warm red of his fez glowed hot in the sun. His eyelids, semi-closed, revealed the dreaming blackness of his eyes. Mechanically his fingers moved over the stops.

The air which he played fascinated me. It was wild, barbaric, unfamiliar, full of unexpected turns and sudden inexplicable changes. Heard thus, as we swayed through the sunset, it unconsciously associated itself in the listener's mind, not only with the forms of things visible, but also with the influence of things unseen. There were notes of invitation, low, inarticulate calls, that were the voice of the horizon; there were breathless gasps, sound beaten down by exhaustion, that suggested weary marches over desert sands; there were passages full of dreams that whispered of longing for that which always lay beyond.

And through it all, linking sound to sound, ran a thrill of emotion, a soft but imperative call that reminded one of spring.

With a smile at my too vivid fancy, I essayed to curb my imagination, to think of the music but as an assemblage of unmeaning sounds. The effort was unsuccessful.

"What music is that?" I asked in a low voice.

"It is the music of the dancing-girls, Sidi. But not of

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Biskra; no, of the Far South — *dans le désert du grand Sahara.*”

His words chimed well with the melody. Instinctively I strained my eyes towards the south. There, where sky and desert met in a golden haze, my thoughts flew like homing birds into the unknown. How full of fascination it seemed! How impregnated with mystery! How alluring! How barbaric! Might it not be, as Athman suggested, the birthplace of passion hot and unrestrained as its sun?

“I learned it long ago, Sidi,” — he paused to jerk his camel from a bush; “I have never forgotten it. I love it for its own sake, not because it reminds me of dancing-girls. They bore me. You are surprised, Sidi? You think: ‘An Arab, and not to love dancing-girls!’ But it is true. My friend Hamel who is dead mocked me often. But, you understand, I am a poet.” He drew himself up with a gesture of much dignity. “Fatma, for example, was beautiful; but there was no imagination in her dancing, no grace — only contortions. Now this —” He played a bar with expression that was all but passionate. “This is altogether different. This excites me.”

“Did n’t Fatma dance to that air?” I asked.

“No, Sidi, never. Her music was quite ordinary; what one may hear any day in the cafés. I have never seen any one dance to this music. I sometimes think it is lost.”

“Lost?” I cried.

“But, yes, perhaps I am the only one who can play it now. Who knows? An aged man taught it to me under the palms of Zaouiat Ribah. He came from the South. Unexpectedly he came out of the desert, and unexpect-

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edly he went back to it. No one knew aught of him. He told me that this music was an old, old air, born in the sun — but long ago, when the world was young. Beautiful women have danced to it, but they are all dead. To dance as one should to this music one should have feet light as moonbeams and a soul full of melody, and, *voyez-vous* ? such a woman is difficult to find. The old man feared that it would die, it was so very old. So, finding that I could play on the flute, he taught it to me. Then one morning he went away towards the South. I watched him go with tears in my eyes. He never came back. No; I looked for him often when the sun sank behind the palms, but I never saw him again — never.”

Athman sighed. A small brown bird flew unexpectedly from under a bush. His camel raised a startled head and snarled faintly. Again Athman turned to me.

“Sidi,” he cried in a voice of enthusiasm, “how I wish you had heard him. He played! Ah, yes, he played! It was like water running in moonlight. Your soul ran with it. I, do you see, I play. I amuse myself with the flute; but it is a bagatelle — a nothing! *Pouf!*”

He blew on his bunched finger-tips as though he were blowing a feather into the air. Then becoming serious, he waved an arm towards the South.

“It is strange,” he murmured half to himself, “this music; one would say that it has a soul — the soul of the desert; not here, but there, far away, *là bas, au sud*. Yes, that is it; to me it is the Voice of the South.”

I started. How strange it seemed to hear my unspoken thoughts returning to me from Athman’s lips. His words awoke memories. I, too, had felt something of the feelings that swayed him. I, too, had heard the selfsame

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voice luring me ever farther towards the South, as though it were a living presence, a something tangible, a hand drawing one irresistibly sunwards.

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I had all but forgotten my surroundings when they snatched me back from dreamland by a strain of music. I started in amazement; yet there was no mistaking the sounds. It was the music of the Southern dancing-girls — the music that Athman loved. I listened, wondering. How often had I heard it — on the march — in the camp beneath the palms — in the night watches. It seemed strange to hear it in this café, played by other fingers, for I associated it with Athman, and had come to look upon it as peculiarly his own.

His hand clutched my arm.

“Sidi!” he cried. “You hear! You hear! My music!”

His face shone with excitement; his eyes expressed wonder and pleasure. With his disengaged hand he kept time to the melody. I turned to the orchestra. The tom-tom players were still there, but the Negro had given place to an old man. He was seated cross-legged on the dais, a little in advance of the other musicians. He had the air of a wizard. His turban and robes were black, and presented a striking contrast to his silvery hair and thin white beard. Age had set her seal on him in many wrinkles, in shrunken frame and toothless gums; but the fire of enthusiasm burned still within his eyes, deep-sunken though they were and overshadowed by eyebrows coarse and white as frosted thatch. His hands twitching on the stops of the flute resembled vultures' claws. It was plain to the least observant that his whole

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being lived and breathed in the music. At times he swayed violently in sudden jerks as though shaken by strong, invisible hands.

“*Mon dieu !* it is he!” exclaimed Athman.

“Who?” I demanded; but even as I spoke, I remembered. This could be none other than the old man who had taught Athman the melody under the palms of Zaouiat Ribah, long ago — the old man whom he had fancied dead, because he had lost sight of him during the busy days at Biskra. How strange that they should meet here, at Tougourt, after the lapse of so many years. I was about to speak again when a woman appeared in the doorway, and in the interest which she created the words died upon my lips.

She stood framed between the palm-tree logs — motionless — the light of the torches flashing upon her; the starlight, seen above and beyond, encircling her head in a faint white radiance; then as the flute screamed a wild and imperious note of invitation, she moved slowly forward. The Arabs seated in dusky rows turned to watch her. Their faces betrayed deep but dignified interest. Two chess-players ceased their game. One of them pushed the board away with his naked toes, resettled his turban upon his head, and leaned against the wall. His eyes were semi-closed, but singularly alert; they resembled the eyes of a cat watching a mouse. A spahi, seated on a bench at a little distance, paused in the act of raising his coffee-cup to his lips, and drew his comrade's attention to her with a gesture.

One man alone spoke to her. He was standing within the shadow-margin of the door, but as she passed he stepped into the light, and I knew him for a Bedouin —

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a wild-looking figure clad in rags. In spite of the dissimilarity of costume there was that in the general characteristics of both man and woman that told of a common origin, and I found myself wondering if they were members of the same desert tribe.

As she passed he spoke to her rapidly, almost with ferocity. I caught the glitter of his teeth. She answered with a gesture, of little moment, for her expression did not alter, neither did she pause. The man stood for a second motionless, petrified, gazing after her with the eyes of a dumb animal quivering under a blow. Then, tossing his arms above his head, he slunk once more into shadow.

The old man seated on the dais caught sight of her. His eyes glowed with extraordinary fire; his meager body swayed violently; his music sprang to fresh life. A number of wild notes made themselves heard, cried out, screamed with insistent clamor, passed and repassed as it were before our eyes; now singly, now together; uneasy, restless, hungering, impatient, as caged animals waiting to be fed. The tom-toms throbbed in unison, monotonous and muffled, yet quick and breathless, as though the wild music had a heart whose beating could not be stilled by the passion in its voice.

The stir of expectation increased. It passed over the spectators as a gasp of desert wind passes over sultry sand. Conversation ceased; coffee-cups were set down, and two of the dancing-girls whose voices had been raised in altercation were admonished angrily by the Negro proprietor.

The woman paused at the far end of the hall, turned to the vacant space across which she had but that

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moment moved, and raised her arms above her head in the attitude of one who listens. Her appearance evaded description. Yet, though her wild beauty baffled words, it remained in the watcher's mind — an imperishable memory. One trait alone, more definite than the others, occurs to me now — gracefulness. Every movement told of physical perfection, of faultless balance, of beautiful limbs obedient to an unerring sense of rhythm. To watch her was a pleasure akin to watching wind-blown grass, or waves dancing in the sunlight. She wore many ornaments — her slender wrists and ankles were encircled with bands of massive silver. Upon her head there rested a small golden crown, and depending from her neck were chains of golden coins. Her costume was savage in its lust for bright colors — in its scarlet, and green, and gold; yet seen thus in the yellow light against the dusky background and surrounded on all sides by silent sheeted figures, it struck home to a sense of appropriateness. Not otherwise could one imagine her; the effect was barbaric — but it was Africa.

The flute cried to her with angry impatience. She began to dance. Her movements were sinuous and slow; the flexibility of her body was remarkable. The performance was full of beauty, yet it was a beauty that verged upon the uncanny. One felt as though this gliding, undulating figure were half-snake, half-woman, holding her audience spellbound by the force of supernatural charms.

Her dancing differed wholly from that of the dancer who had preceded her. Here were no contortions, no jerking of the muscles, no posturing that offended the taste; and yet in the very refinement of her attitudes lay

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danger — a danger more subtle in that it was more cunningly veiled than that of her companion. And yet with all her powers of seduction she was no free agent, for one saw clearly that she was thrall to the music. Like the aged musician, she too lived but in this song of the South — this soul of the sun made audible. It dominated her completely; now sending her forth — now summoning her back — enmeshing her in melody — whispering to her in breathless notes — calling to her in low seductive tones irresponsible as the first echoes of desire.

Her naked feet passed inaudibly over the mud floor. Her hands riveted attention. They were small, with tapering fingers, the nails dyed bright red with henna. She held them before her at arm's-length, on a level with her eyes. They were never at rest, but turned and twisted ceaselessly, almost as though they were the hands of a swimmer cleaving deep water. At times they trembled — the fingers opening and closing convulsively; and again becoming rigid they resumed their former monotonous movements. The dancer followed them with the air of one walking in her sleep, or like one blinded by excess of light. Her face heightened the illusion. The eyes were open but were sphinx-like in their arrested expression; the features composed, the mouth quiet. It was impossible to tell her thoughts.

While she danced, the café was very still. The Arabs sat like dead men save for the gleaming of their eyes. The place was animated only by the lights, the music, and the dreaming figure that came and went silent as the shadow at its feet.

A sudden movement at my side drew my attention to Athman. He was leaning forward, his clasped hands

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pinned between his knees. The torchlight fell upon his face. It was strangely moved. His lips, slightly parted, revealed the glitter of white teeth. His eyes followed the dancer's every movement with an expression that was half wonder, half fear, yet wholly fascination. Every line of his body bespoke tense, absorbing interest. He sat like a man under a spell. One would say that he had ceased to breathe. Our companions conversed, but he heard them not.

"By the Prophet, she dances well," murmured Si-Abdelmoummen languidly.

"Ugh!" grunted Mbarka, sucking at her cigarette; her voice grated on the ear like the cry of an angry jay. "Ugh! Call you that well? That is no dancing. A child could do better. Now I —"

"Silence!" cried a voice, and a stout Arab seated near a pillar turned a reproving face in our direction. Mbarka grunted again, tossed her head in defiance, then bidding us an ostentatious farewell, waddled through the inner doorway. Again I turned to the dancer.

The music had undergone a change — more than ever before it breathed of sunlit space, of freedom, of wandering lives, of the love of desert winds and desert suns — the indelible birthmark — seared deep within the heart of desert children. And as the music beat its invisible wings against the doors of imagination there dawned within the listener's mind the possibility of understanding all — of becoming one for a time with the soul of mystery, of loneliness, and of light that lies far within the heart of the African sun.

The dancer responded to the change. Her movements became languid. Her hands, held ever at arm's-length,

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yearned towards this mirage of sound. Her naked feet essayed to follow. Her eyes were fixed on the mud and plaster walls, but she did not see them. She gazed beyond. For her this café, with its sordid entertainment, its guttering lights, its atmosphere of unwashed humanity, was as though it were not. Her eyes — her wonderful dark eyes, kohl-encircled, inscrutable, wells of sultry light, depths of dreaming shadow — rested on something which we could not see, which we could only surmise to be one with the music; something far off, lost in the great quiet night that hemmed us in with its silence and its stars.

And as the eyes followed her, one idea — vague, elusive, yet becoming every moment clearer, more insistent — grew within the watcher's mind. *The Desert!* Aye, that was it. This woman was the personification of the desert. Her dance was its mystery made visible. She suggested to the imagination all that one loved and feared in its illimitable spaces. In her one realized the existence of the same beauty, the same impassivity, the same sinister possibilities.

Abruptly the music ceased. A wave of relaxed attention, as of a taut bow-string suddenly released, passed over the café. The Arabs resettled themselves in postures of greater ease; some called for coffee, some resumed interrupted conversations, and the two chess-players turned again to their game. From the dancing-girls' bench came the sound of giggling — a shrill, inane noise. The old musician seated on the dais stared round him with wide, unseeing eyes. He had the helpless air of one snatched suddenly from dreamland. All at once he sprang to his feet, hobbled rapidly towards the door,

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and disappeared into the moonlight of the court. The voice of the Negro made itself heard above the buzz of conversation; its tones were angry and loud. He was apparently scolding a servant. The light splashed the ugly walls with great gouts of uncertain color. It gave birth to a yellow haze, through which the café and its crowd of occupants wavered like the world in a drunkard's eye. The atmosphere reeked with the fumes of torches and the fetid odor of perspiration, mingling with the subtle scent of musk that carried the imagination captive with its suggestions of far-off land.

"How like you Aïsha?" inquired the soft, languid voice of Si-Abdelmoummen. I turned to him. He had addressed the question to Athman.

"Aïsha!" said my guide. He spoke in a wondering whisper. Between his lips the Southern name sounded soft as a caress. His eyes were still riveted on the dancer who had now begun to collect money from the Arabs.

"But certainly," continued his friend, still speaking in the French language, "she is a novelty. I have seen many dancers, as thou knowest, but never one like her. She has not been here long. They tell me she comes from far south — from the Great Sahara. No one knows whence she comes, or what is the name of her tribe. She came here unexpectedly one night with a caravan of Bedouins, accompanied by an old man. But did you say you liked her?"

Athman muttered something under his breath. I did not catch the words, but his tone sounded full of suppressed impatience, as though he were annoyed with this soft, self-satisfied voice for breaking the engrossing current of his thoughts.

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The dancer came nearer. Already several pieces of silver adhered to her forehead — attached thereto, as is the Arab custom, by the saliva of the donors. The white metal glittered like stars against the warm brown of her skin. Her movements were still suggestive of the gliding sinuosities of a snake, or the stealthy grace of a panther. As she walked she swayed slightly from the hips. An air of voluptuous indolence surrounded her like an atmosphere. The long chains of golden coins depending from her neck swung to her every movement. The crown surmounting her black hair flashed in the torchlight; it gave her a regal appearance, as though she were some desert queen exacting tribute from her subjects. Against the dirty plaster of the walls and the nondescript grays of the Arabs, her bright costume glowed like a tropical flower — a thing of hot color and intoxicating perfume.

She reached Athman. Slowly she bent her head and looked him full in the eyes. With a hand that trembled visibly my guide added his offering to those already attached to her forehead.

Her face held me breathless. The music-spell had fallen from it like a discarded mask, and had given place to an alert, appraising vigilance that caused her eyes to gleam bright yet hard as sunlit steel.

It was difficult to judge this woman dispassionately. Her beauty and marvelous grace unconsciously influenced the mind in her favor. Yet as I looked into her face, admiration gave place to a feeling that was almost aversion, vague, uneasy, unaccountable, caused perchance by the utter callousness of her expression and the absence of all the softer qualities that make for feminine charm.

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We sat silent, watching her as she glided between the rows of Arabs. The scarlet and gold of her draperies receded into the yellow haze — paused an instant where the torchlight fell upon the vacant space by the doorway, then passed out into the night.

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I
UNVEILING THE DARK
CONTINENT

HISTORICAL NOTE

THERE have been three distinct periods of interest in the exploration of Africa. The first began with the efforts of Prince Henry the Navigator, of Portugal. He sent one expedition after another down the western coast, and in 1448 a Portuguese company was formed for trading in slaves and gold on the coast of Guinea. Just fifty years later, Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, sailed up the eastern coast of the great continent, then went across to India, and anchored off Calicut.

In the second half of the eighteenth century a Scotchman named James Bruce, who had been British consul at Algiers, set out to look for the source of the Nile. On reaching the head of the Blue Nile, he concluded that his quest had been successful and returned to Cairo in 1773. His story aroused much interest, and fifteen years later an association to explore Africa was formed. By this association Mungo Park was sent out to find the Niger. He succeeded, but on a second trip he was drowned.

During the third period, beginning about the middle of the nineteenth century, the exploration of Africa has been undertaken not so much for adventure or to carry on trade as to gain scientific knowledge of the land. The most famous of the explorers of this time was Livingstone, though the names of Barth, Speke, Sir Samuel Baker, Du Chaillu, and others are well known. After making numerous discoveries, Livingstone disappeared, and no one knew whether he was living or dead. The New York "Herald" sent Henry M. Stanley to search for him. The search was successful, and in 1871 the two men met. Stanley went on several other expeditions to Africa, at one time remaining five years. Since then the interior has been thoroughly explored in all directions, and a "Cape to Cairo" railroad, crossing Africa from north to south, is now under construction.

WRITING A CHARM

[About 1795]

BY MUNGO PARK

I TRAVELED by the side of the river until sunset, when I came to Koolikorro, a considerable town and a great market for salt. Here I took up my lodging at the house of a Bamarran, who had formerly been the slave of a Moor, and in that character had traveled to Aroan, Towdinni, and many other places in the Great Desert; but turning Mussulman, and his master dying at Jenne, he obtained his freedom, and settled at this place, where he carries on a considerable trade in salt, cotton cloth, etc. His knowledge of the world had not lessened that superstitious confidence in *saphies* (amulets) and charms which he had imbibed in his earlier years; for when he heard that I was a Christian, he immediately thought of procuring a *saphie*, and for this purpose brought out his *walha*, or writing-board — assuring me that he would dress me a supper of rice if I would write him a *saphie* to protect him from wicked men. The proposal was of too great consequence to me to be refused. I therefore wrote the board full, from top to bottom, on both sides; and my landlord, to be certain of having the whole force of the charm, washed the writing from the board into a calabash with a little water, and having said a few prayers over it, drank this powerful draught; after which, lest a single word should escape, he licked the board until it was quite dry. A *saphie* writer was a man

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of too great consequence to be long concealed — the important information was carried to the *dooty*, who sent his son with half a sheet of writing-paper, desiring me to write him a *naphula saphie* (a charm to procure wealth). He brought me as a present some bread and milk; and when I had finished the *saphie*, and read it to him with an audible voice, he seemed highly satisfied with his bargain, and promised to bring me in the morning some milk for my breakfast.

A ZEALOUS MISSIONARY

[About 1795]

BY MUNGO PARK

THE King of Foota-Torra, inflamed with a zeal for propagating his religion, had sent an embassy to Damel. The ambassador on the present occasion was accompanied by two of the principal *bushreens*, who carried each a large knife, fixed on the top of a long pole. As soon as he had procured admission into the presence of Damel, and announced the pleasure of his sovereign, he ordered the *bushreens* to present the emblems of his mission. The two knives were accordingly laid before Damel, and the ambassador explained himself as follows: "With this knife," said he, "Abdulkader will condescend to shave the head of Damel, if Damel will embrace the Mohammedan faith; and with this other knife, Abdulkader will cut the throat of Damel, if Damel refuses to embrace it: take your choice."

Damel coolly told the ambassador that he had no choice to make — he neither chose to have his head shaved nor his throat cut; and with this answer the ambassador was civilly dismissed. Abdulkader took his measures accordingly, and with a powerful army invaded Damel's country. The inhabitants of the towns and villages filled up their wells, destroyed their provisions, carried off their effects, and abandoned their dwellings, as he approached. By this means he was led on from place to place, until he had advanced three days' jour-

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ney into the country of the Jaloffs. He had, indeed, met with no opposition, but his army had suffered so much from the scarcity of water that several of his men had died by the way. This induced him to direct his march towards a watering-place in the woods, where his men, having quenched their thirst, and being overcome with fatigue, lay down carelessly to sleep among the bushes. In this situation they were attacked by Damel before daybreak, and completely routed. Many of them were trampled to death as they lay asleep, by the Jaloff horses; others were killed in attempting to make their escape; and a still greater number were taken prisoners.

Among the latter was Abdulkader himself. This ambitious, or rather frantic, prince, who but a month before had sent the threatening message to Damel, was now himself led into his presence as a miserable captive. The behavior of Damel on this occasion is never mentioned by the singing men but in terms of the highest approbation; and it was indeed so extraordinary in an African prince that the reader may find it difficult to give credit to the recital. When his royal prisoner was brought before him in irons, and thrown upon the ground, the magnanimous Damel, instead of setting his foot upon his neck and stabbing him with his spear, according to custom in such cases, addressed him as follows: "Abdulkader, answer me this question. If the chance of war had placed me in your situation, and you in mine, how would you have treated me?" "I would have thrust my spear into your heart," returned Abdulkader with great firmness; "and I know that a similar fate awaits me." "Not so," said Damel; "my spear is indeed red with the blood of your subjects slain in battle, and I could now give it a

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deeper stain by dipping it in your own, but this would not build up my towns, nor bring to life the thousands who fell in the woods. I will not therefore kill you in cold blood, but I will retain you as my slave, until I perceive that your presence in your own kingdom will be no longer dangerous to your neighbors; and then I will consider of the proper way of disposing of you." Abdulkader was accordingly retained, and worked as a slave for three months; at the end of which period Damel listened to the solicitations of the inhabitants of Foota-Torra, and restored to them their king. Strange as this story may appear, I have no doubt of the truth of it. It was told me at Malacotta by the Negroes; it was afterwards related to me by the Europeans on the Gambia, by some of the French at Goree, and confirmed by nine slaves who were taken prisoners along with Abdulkader by the watering-place in the woods, and carried in the same ship with me to the West Indies.

A VISIT TO KING MOSELEKATSE

[1829]

BY ANNE MANNING RATHBONE

ONE day, towards the end of 1829, Moffat¹ received two very unexpected visitors. They were chiefs from the court of a mighty king in the far east, whose name was Moselekatse. He was quite beyond the range of ordinary travelers; but the rumor of his dark and terrible deeds had extended far beyond the precincts of the countries immediately surrounding his dominions, and he had heard somewhat of the white men, and wanted to know more about them.

These visitors were entirely destitute of clothing, and were surprised to find it considered necessary; but with the good breeding that is a true mark of high birth and real politeness, were immediately willing to adopt whatever was thought seemly for them. They were shown every mark of attention, which they received with a graceful ease that showed they were the nobles of the nation to which they belonged, though they dropped no hint of it themselves. Everything calculated to interest them was shown to them: the dwellings, the walls of the folds and gardens, the water-ditch, conveying a large stream of water from the river, and the smith's forge, filled them with admiration and astonishment, not of a vulgar, unintelligent kind, but of minds capable of appreciating what was shown and explained to them for the

¹ Robert Moffat, the well-known missionary.

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first time. "You are men; we are but children to you," said they. "Moselekatse must be told of these things."

While standing in the hall of Moffat's house, looking at the strange furniture of a civilized abode, one of them observed a small looking-glass, on which he gazed with surprise and admiration. Mrs. Moffat put into his hand one which was considerably larger. He looked intently at his reflected countenance, and never having seen it before, supposed that it was one of his attendants on the other side, and abruptly put his hand behind it, telling him to be gone. But looking again at the same face, he cautiously turned it, and seeing nothing, he returned the glass with great gravity to Mrs. Moffat, saying that he could not trust it.

Nothing appeared to strike them so forcibly as the public worship in the chapel. They saw men behaving themselves with the utmost decorum, — mothers stilling their babes, or carrying them out if they cried, and children sitting perfectly still and silent. The order and fervor which pervaded the services bewildered their minds, and they were surprised that the hymns they heard sung were not war-songs.

These chiefs told Moffat that they were under considerable doubt of being able to return home in safety, as they had heard that the Bechuana tribes were plotting to waylay and destroy them; and they asked his advice. After consultation with Mrs. Moffat and Mr. Hamilton, he offered to accompany them as far as the Bahurutse country, from whence they could proceed without difficulty to their own land and people. The strangers most gratefully accepted this kind offer, their eyes glistening with delight. A wagon was hired for their accommoda-

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tion, in addition to Moffat's own. The delightful results of Christian fellowship were apparent in the friendliness and generosity of the residents at the station, in offering little gifts as keepsakes to their visitors, whom, in their unconverted state, they could only have cursed in their hearts, and perhaps with their lips.

Having obtained a sufficient number of volunteers to accompany him on what some thought a very hazardous journey, Moffat started with his grateful friends on the 9th of November. Though the road had its perils from wild beasts, there were none from the natives.

Having safely conveyed his companions to the Bahurutsi, he was then about to take leave of them; but they so earnestly begged him to add to his kindness by accompanying them to their own country, that at length he consented.

The country through which they now traveled was quite different from that which they had left. It was mountainous and wooded, and had numerous streams of excellent water; but the surrounding stillness was often broken by the lion's roar.

Having reached the outposts of Moselekatse's dominions, Moffat was again purposing to return home; but the two chiefs arose, and Umbate, the elder of them, laid his right hand on his shoulder, and his left on his own breast, and said very earnestly, "My father, you have been our guardian. We are yours; and will you leave us? Yonder dwells the great Moselekatse; and how shall we approach his presence if you are not with us? If you love us still, save us: for when we shall have told our news, he will ask why our conduct gave you pain and induced your return; and before the sun goes down, we

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shall be ordered for execution, because you are not with us. Look at me and my companion, and tell us, if you can, that you will not go, for we had better die here than in the sight of our people."

He argued, but to no effect.

"Are you afraid?" said the other.

"No," said Moffat.

"Then," pursued Umbate, "it remains with you to save our lives, and our wives and children from sorrow."

It must be owned that they were adepts in persuasion; and, in short, Moffat yielded, to their great joy as well as to that of his own attendants.

On the surface of the country through which they now traveled lay the ruins of innumerable towns, showing what disastrous wars must have raged to render them now without inhabitants. Heaps of stone and rubbish were mingled with human skulls, which told their ghastly tale. Passing over some hills to the right, they fell in, to their surprise, with Berend and a large hunting-party, — with whom had traveled a Wesleyan missionary named Archbell, who had gone on, three days before, to visit Moselekatse; who, however, had refused to see him.

On approaching the capital, one of the chiefs went forward to appear before the king, and pave the way for his companions. "There," said Umbate, pointing to the town, "dwells the great King Pezoolu (that is, King of Heaven) — the Elephant! the Lion's Paw!" with many other sounding titles.

Moffat, Mr. Archbell, and two others, mounted their horses, and rode direct to the town. On entering the great fold, which was capable of holding ten thousand

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head of cattle, they were rather taken by surprise to find it lined by eight hundred warriors, besides two hundred who were concealed on each side of the entrance, as if in ambush. They were beckoned to dismount, which they did, holding the horses' bridles in their hands. The warriors of the gate instantly rushed in with hideous yells that frightened the horses, and then fell into rank with as much order as if they had been accustomed to European tactics. All was silent as the grave, while the men were motionless as statues; eyes only were seen to move, and there was a rich display of fine white teeth.

After some minutes of profound silence, the war-song burst forth. There was harmony, it is true, but of a terrific kind, especially when they imitated the groans of the dying and the yells and hissings of the conquerors. After another profound silence, during which the missionaries still stood at pause, out marched the monarch from behind the lines, followed by a number of men bearing baskets and bowls of food. He came up to his visitors, and gave each a clumsy but hearty shake of the hand. He then turned to the food, which had been placed at their feet, and politely invited them to partake of it.

By this time the wagons appeared in the distance; and the missionaries having requested him to inform them where they should take up their quarters, he accompanied them, holding Moffat by the arm, though not in the most graceful way, yet with perfect ease and familiarity.

"The land is before you," said he heartily. "You are come to your son. You may sleep where you please."

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When the "moving houses," as he called the wagons, drew near, he grasped Moffat's arm very tightly, and though himself the terror of thousands, looked on them with fear, as doubtful whether they were not living creatures. When the oxen were unyoked, he approached the wagons with the utmost caution, still holding Moffat with one hand, and laying the other on his mouth, in token of surprise. He examined them intently, especially the wheels, and could not think how the large band of iron surrounding the felloes of the wheel came to be all in one piece. Umbate stepped forward to explain.

"My eyes saw that very hand," said he, pointing to Moffat's, "cut those bars of iron, take a piece off one end, and then join them as you see."

"Did he give medicine to the iron?" asked the king in surprise.

"No," replied Umbate; "he used nothing but fire, a hammer, and a chisel."

Moselekatse then returned to the town, where the warriors, still standing as he had left them, received him with immense bursts of applause.

Moselekatse did not fail to supply his visitors abundantly with meat, milk, and a harmless kind of beer. He seemed desirous to please, and to appear to the best advantage. The following day he treated them to a grand public ball in their honor, and asked Moffat if he had seen anything to equal it in his own country.

He afterwards said to him, "My father, you have made my heart as white as milk. I cease not to wonder at the love of a stranger. You never saw me before; but you love me more than my own people. You fed me

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when I was hungry; you clothed me when I was naked; and" — taking Moffat's right arm in his hand — "that arm shielded me from my enemies. You did it to these two men, you clothed them, you fed them, you protected them — you did it unto me."

Thus ended the Saturday of this eventful week. The following morning was marked by a melancholy display of the so-called heroism which prefers death to dishonor.

The king gave a great feast. Many oxen had been slaughtered; everybody was merry except one of his chief officers, called an Entuna. This young man had been guilty of an unpardonable crime, and was sentenced to immediate death, by being thrown from a rock into a river full of crocodiles, which would devour him in an instant. There was not a tear in his bright black eye, but he looked very sad; while Moffat begged his life of the king. The Entuna knelt before him. Moselekatse said, while everybody listened in the deepest silence: —

"You are a dead man. But I shall do to-day what I never did before: I spare your life for the sake of my friend and father" — pointing to Moffat. "I know his heart weeps at the shedding of blood. For his sake, I spare your life. He has traveled from a far country to see me, and he has made my heart white. But he tells me that to take away life is an awful thing, and can never be repaired. I wish him, when he returns to his own home, to return with a heart as white as he has made mine. I spare you for his sake; for I love him, and he has saved the lives of my people. But you must be degraded for life. You must no more associate with the nobles of the land, nor enter into the assemblies of the princes of

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the people. Go to the poor of the field; and let your companions henceforth be the inhabitants of the deserts.”

The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was accustomed to look upon and exalt in songs only applicable to One to whom belongs universal dominion. But no! Holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied:—

“O king! afflict not my heart. I have merited thy displeasure: let me be slain like the warrior. I cannot live with the poor.” And raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued: “How can I live among the dogs of the king, and disgrace these badges of honor which I won among the spears and shields of the mighty? No, I cannot live! Let me die, O Pezoolu!”

His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Moffat's exertions to save his life were in vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered; preferring to die with the honors he had won at the point of the spear, which even the act that condemned him did not tarnish. He was led forth, a man walking on each side, till he reached the top of a precipice, over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were waiting to devour him.

“THE MOUNTAIN WITH SEVERAL CAVES”

[1854]

BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE

[LIVINGSTONE brought with him to the town of Loanda a party of the tribe known as Makololo. This was their first visit to a city.

The Editor.]

EVERY one remarked the serious deportment of the Makololo. They viewed the large stone houses and churches in the vicinity of the great ocean with awe. A house with two stories was, until now, beyond their comprehension. In explanation of this strange thing, I had always been obliged to use the word for hut; and as huts are constructed by the poles being let into the earth, they never could comprehend how the poles of one hut could be founded upon the roof of another, or how men could live in the upper story, with the conical roof of the lower one in the middle. Some Makololo who had visited my little house at Kolobeng, in trying to describe it to their countrymen at Linyanti, said, “It is not a hut; it is a mountain with several caves in it.”

Commander Bedingfield and Captain Skene invited them to visit their vessels, the Pluto and Philomel. Knowing their fears, I told them that no one need go if he entertained the least suspicion of foul play. Nearly the whole party went; and when on deck, I pointed to the sailors and said, “Now, these are all my countrymen, sent by our queen for the purpose of putting down the

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trade of those that buy and sell black men." They replied, "Truly! they are just like you!" and all their fears seemed to vanish at once, for they went forward among the men, and the jolly tars, acting much as the Makololo would have done in similar circumstances, handed them a share of the bread and beef which they had for dinner. The commander allowed them to fire off a cannon; and, having the most exalted ideas of its power, they were greatly pleased when I told them, "That is what they put down the slave-trade with." The size of the brig-of-war amazed them. "It is not a canoe at all; it is a town!" The sailors' deck they named the "Kotla"; and then, as a climax to their description of this great ark, added, "And what sort of a town is it that you must climb up into with a rope?"

A MAGIC LANTERN IN AFRICA

[1854]

BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE

SHINTE was most anxious to see the pictures of the magic lantern; but fever had so weakening an effect, and I had such violent action of the heart, with buzzing in the ears, that I could not go for several days. When I did go for the purpose, he had his principal men and the same crowd of court beauties near him as at the reception. The first picture exhibited was Abraham about to slaughter his son Isaac; it was shown as large as life, and the uplifted knife was in the act of striking the lad. The Balonda men remarked that the picture was much more like a god than the things of wood or clay they worshiped. I explained that this man was the first of a race to whom God had given the Bible we now held, and that among his children our Saviour appeared. The ladies listened with silent awe; but when I moved the slide, the uplifted dagger moving toward them, they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac's. "Mother! mother!" all shouted at once, and off they rushed helter-skelter, tumbling pell-mell over each other, and over the little idol huts and tobacco bushes: we could not get one of them back again. Shinte, however, sat bravely through the whole, and afterward examined the instrument with interest.

THE ELECTRIC WIND OF THE DESERT

[1854]

BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE

OCCASIONALLY, during the very hot seasons which succeed our winter and precede our rains, a hot wind blows over the desert from north to south. It feels somewhat as if it came from an oven, and seldom blows longer at a time than three days. It resembles in its effects the *harmattan* of the north of Africa, and at the time the missionaries first settled in the country, it came loaded with fine reddish-colored sand. Though no longer accompanied by sand, it is so devoid of moisture as to cause the wood of the best-seasoned English boxes and furniture to shrink, so that every wooden article not made in the country is warped. The verls of ramrods made in England are loosened, and on returning to Europe fastened again. This wind is in such an electric state that a bunch of ostrich feathers held a few seconds against it becomes as strongly charged as if attached to a powerful electrical machine, and clasps the advancing hand with a sharp, crackling sound.

When this hot wind is blowing, and even at other times, the peculiarly strong electrical state of the atmosphere causes the movement of a native in his *kaross* to produce therein a stream of small sparks. The first time I noticed this appearance was while a chief was traveling with me in my wagon. Seeing part of the fur of his mantle, which was exposed to slight friction by the move-

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ment of the wagon, assume quite a luminous appearance, I rubbed it smartly with the hand, and found it readily gave out bright sparks, accompanied with distinct cracks. "Don't you see this?" said I. "The white men did not show us this," he replied; "we had it long before white men came into the country, we and our forefathers of old."

THE MERMAN MISSIONARY

[1854]

BY DAVID LIVINGSTONE

OUR friends informed us that Shinte would be highly honored by the presence of three white men in his town at once. Two others had sent forward notice of their approach from another quarter (the west); could it be Barth or Krapf? How pleasant to meet with Europeans in such an out-of-the-way region! The rush of thoughts made me almost forget my fever. "Are they of the same color as I am?" "Yes; exactly so." "And have the same hair?" "Is that hair? We thought it was a wig; we never saw the like before; this white man must be of the sort that lives in the sea." Henceforth my men took the hint, and always sounded my praises as a true specimen of the variety of white men who live in the sea. "Only look at his hair; it is made quite straight by the sea water!"

I explained to them again and again that, when it was said we came out of the sea, it did not mean that we came from beneath the water; but the fiction has been widely spread in the interior by the Mambari that the real white men live in the sea, and the myth was too good not to be taken advantage of by my companions; so, notwithstanding my injunctions, I believe that, when I was out of hearing, my men always represented themselves as led by a genuine merman: "Just see his hair!" If I returned from walking to a little distance, they

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would remark of some to whom they had been holding forth, "These people want to see your hair."

As the strangers had woolly hair like themselves, I had to give up the idea of meeting anything more European than two half-caste Portuguese engaged in trading for slaves, ivory, and beeswax.

HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE

[1871]

BY SIR HENRY M. STANLEY

[DAVID LIVINGSTONE was a celebrated African explorer and missionary. After many years in Africa, he was lost sight of, and it was generally believed that he was dead. James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the New York "Herald," determined to send the young reporter, who was afterwards known as Sir Henry M. Stanley, in search of him. Mr. Bennett was then in Paris. Five hours after receiving his telegram, "Come to Paris on important business," Mr. Stanley was on his way to learn what was wanted of him. He arrived at night.

The Editor.]

I WENT straight to the Grand Hotel, and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room.

"Come in," I heard a voice say.

Entering, I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"My name is Stanley," I answered.

"Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you."

After throwing over his shoulders his *robe-de-chambre*, Mr. Bennett asked, "Where do you think Livingstone is?"

"I really do not know, sir!"

"Do you think he is alive?"

"He may be and he may not be!" I answered.

"Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him."

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“What!” said I; “do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?”

“Yes; I mean that you shall go and find him, wherever you may hear that he is, and to get what news you can of him, and perhaps” — delivering himself thoughtfully and deliberately — “the old man may be in want: — take enough with you to help him should he require it. Of course, you will act according to your own plans, and do what you think best — BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE!”

Said I, wondering at the cool order of sending one to Central Africa to search for a man whom I, in common with almost all other men, believed to be dead, “Have you considered seriously the great expense you are likely to incur on account of this little journey?”

“What will it cost?” he asked abruptly.

“Burton and Speke’s journey to Central Africa cost between £3000 and £5000, and I fear it cannot be done under £2500.”

“Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now; and when you have gone through that draw another thousand, and when that is spent, draw another thousand, and so on; BUT FIND LIVINGSTONE.” Two years later, the following scene took place:—

We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, —

“Good-morning, sir!”

Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous — a man dressed in a

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long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask: —

“Who the mischief are you?”

“I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,” said he, smiling and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

“What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?”

“Yes, sir.”

“In this village?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Are you sure?”

“Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now.”

“Good-morning, sir,” said another voice.

“Hallo,” said I, “is this another one?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, what is your name?”

“My name is Chumah, sir.”

“What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And is the Doctor well?”

“Not very well, sir.”

“Where has he been so long?”

“In Manyuema.”

“Now, you Susi, run, and tell the Doctor I am coming.”

“Yes, sir,” and off he darted like a madman.

But by this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for, according to their account, we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, “How did you come from Unyan-yembe?”

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Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the Doctor that I was coming, but the Doctor was too surprised to believe him, and, when the Doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji — Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others — had gathered together before the Doctor's house, and the Doctor had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the mean time, the head of the expedition had halted, and the *kirangozi* was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim said to me, "I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard." And I — what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were well-nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him, I noticed he was pale, looked

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wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob — would have embraced him, only he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing — walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said: —

“Dr. Livingstone, I presume?”

“YES,” said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud: —

“I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.”

He answered, “I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.”

I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of “Yambos” I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we — Livingstone and I — turn our faces towards his *tembe*. He points to the veranda, or, rather, mud platform, under the broad, overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa have suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the Doctor will not yield: I must take it.

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We are seated — the Doctor and I — with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji — one just come from Manyuema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten. Oh! we mutually asked questions of one another, such as: —

“How did you come here?” and “Where have you been all this long time? — the world has believed you to be dead.” Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the Doctor himself informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot correctly report, for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me — the knowledge I had craved for so much ever since I heard the words, “Take what you want, but find Livingstone.”

II
ADVENTURES IN THE
AFRICAN JUNGLE

HISTORICAL NOTE

DU CHAILLU had an exceedingly good preparation for his work as an African explorer, for he spent his youth on the West Coast of Africa, where his father was trader and consul. When only twenty years of age, he set out on an exploration of that part of West Africa lying between 2° N. and 2° S. He knew the native languages, and with only African helpers he traveled on foot more than eight thousand miles. He was probably the first white man who ever saw gorillas, and his reports of the behavior of these animals, and of the tribes of pygmies that he had met, — indeed, of the extent of his explorations in general, — were bitterly attacked. Du Chaillu had used only a compass, and so could not prove his records of travel, but he now set to work to learn how to use a camera and various kinds of astronomical instruments. Then he started on a second trip. Meanwhile, others had followed in his footsteps, and proof of his accuracy was afforded in generous supply. Nevertheless, he made a second journey to Equatorial Africa. Later he made explorations in Scandinavia and in Russia. He died in 1903, at the age of sixty-eight.

Less is known of Africa, especially of its central portion, than of any other continent. Its value, however, is so evident that during the last quarter of a century there has been a wild scramble among the countries of Europe for African possessions. England, Germany, Portugal, France, and Italy hold either vast areas of land or "spheres of influence," that is, land which they claim the right to occupy and develop. Abyssinia and the little Republic of Liberia are the only countries of Africa which are free to carry on their own government as they choose.

THE VILLAGE OF DWARFS

[About 1870]

BY PAUL DU CHAILLU

THE day after I had done before the Ashangos the wonderful things I have described to you, as I was seated under the veranda of the king with Mokounga and a few Ashango elders, I began to talk of the country, and I said to them, "People say that there are dwarfs living in the forest. Is it so, Ashangos? How far are they from Niembouai?" "At no great distance from this spot," said the chief, "there is a village of them; but, Oguizi, if you want to see them you must not go to them with a large number of attendants. You must go in a small party. Take one of your Commi men, and I will give you my nephew, who knows the dwarfs, to go with you. You must walk as cautiously as possible in the forest, for those dwarfs are like antelopes and gazelles; they are shy and easily frightened. To see them you must take them by surprise. No entreaty of ours could induce them to stay in their settlements if they knew you were coming. If you are careful, to-morrow we shall see them, for as sure as I live there are dwarfs in the forest, and they are called Obongos."

Early the next morning the Ashango chief called one of his nephews and another Ashango, and ordered them to show me the way to the country of the dwarfs. So we got ready to start, I taking three of my Commi men with me — Rebouka, Igalo, and Macondai. I had put on

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a pair of light India-rubber boots in order not to make any noise in the forest. Before leaving I gave a large bunch of beads to one of the Ashango men, and told him as soon as we made our appearance in the village to shout, "Obongos, do not run away. Look here at the beads which the Spirit brings to you. The Spirit is your friend; do not be afraid; he comes only to see you."

After leaving Niembouai we walked through the forest in the most cautious manner, and as we approached the settlement the Ashango man who was in the lead turned his head toward us, put a finger on his lips for us to be silent, and made a sign for us to walk very carefully, and we advanced with more circumspection than ever. After a while we came to the settlement of the dwarfs. Over a small area the undergrowth had been partially cut away, and there stood twelve queer little houses, which were the habitations of these strange people, but not a dwarf was to be seen. They had all gone. "Nobody here," shouted the Ashangos, and the echo of their voices alone disturbed the stillness of the forest. I looked around at this strange little settlement of living dwarfs. There was no mistake about it. The fires were lighted, the smoke ascended from the interior of their little shelters; on a bed of charcoal embers there was a piece of snake roasting; before another were two rats cooking; on the ground there were several baskets of nuts, and one of berries, with some large wild fruits that had been gathered by the dwarfs in the woods; while near by stood several calabashes filled with water, and some bundles of dried fish.

There was, indeed, no mistake: the huts I had seen on my way to Niembouai were the same as these, and had

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been made surely by the same race of dwarfs. The Ishogos had told me no idle stories. I wish you could have seen the faces of Rebouka, Igalo, and Macondai. "Oh! oh! oh!" they exclaimed. "Chally, what are we not going to see in the wild countries you bring us to? These people must be *niamas* (beasts); for, look," said they, pointing to their huts, "the shelters of the *nshiego-mbouvé* are quite as good."

I lingered a long while in the hope that the dwarfs would return, but they did not. We called for them, but our voices were lost; we followed some of their tracks, but it was of no use. "You cannot overtake them," said the Ashangos, "for they can run through the jungle as fast as the gazelle and as silently as a snake, and they are far off now. They are afraid of you." Before leaving their settlement I hung on the lower branches of trees surrounding their village strings of beads of bright colors which I carried with me in my hunting-bag, for I always had some ready to give away whenever I wanted to do so. I had red, white, and yellow beads with me that day, and the trees looked gay with these strings hanging from them. We had taken goat-meat for the dwarfs, and I hung up three legs of goats also, and several plantains, and I put a little salt on a leaf near a hut, and we departed. So I hoped that the dwarfs, seeing what we had left behind us, would become emboldened, and see that we did not desire to do them harm, and that the next time they would not be afraid of us.

I was pleased to perceive on our arrival in the evening at Niembouai that the Ashangos seemed glad to see us again, though the chief was quite disappointed that we had not seen the little Obongos.

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That evening the Ashangos clustered around me, and wanted me to talk to them, not in their own language, but in the language of the Oguizis (spirits). So I talked to them, and their wonder was great, and I read to them from a book, all of them listening the while with their mouths wide open. Then I took my journal, and read to them aloud in English, and after reading the part which related to what I had done in the Ishogo village of Mokenga, I translated it to them, to the great delight of the Ishogos. The part I read related to my arrival in Mokenga; how the people were afraid of me, and what warm friends we became, and how the villagers said I had moved the big boulder of granite. At this there was a tremendous shout. Then I said, "Ashangos, the Oguizis do not forget any thing. What I write will always be remembered. Now I will read you something we have from an Oguizi who wrote about Dwarfs. The name of that Oguizi was Herodotus." "And yours," shouted the Ishogos, "is Chally!"

"That Oguizi, Herodotus," I continued, "wrote about what he heard and what he saw, just as I do. Long, long ago, before any tree of the forest round you had come out of the ground" (I could not count in their language, and say about 2300 years ago), "that Oguizi, Herodotus, traveled just as I am traveling to-day" — "*Oh! oh!*" shouted the Ashangos. "*Mamo! mamo!*" shouted the Ishogos. "Listen! listen!" said my Commi men in English, for they all now could talk a little English — "and he writes: —

"I did hear, indeed, what I will now relate, from certain natives of Cyrene. Once upon a time, when they were on a visit to the oracular shrine of Ammon, when

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it chanced in the course of conversation with Etearchus, the Ammonian king, the talk fell upon the Nile — how that its source was unknown to all men. Etearchus, upon this, mentioned that some Nasamonians had come to his court, and, when asked if they could give any information concerning the uninhabited parts of Libya, had told the following tale (the Nasamonians are a Libyan race who occupy the Syrtes and a tract of no great size toward the east). They said there had grown up among them some wild young men, the sons of certain chiefs, who, when they came to man's estate, indulged in all manner of extravagances, and, among other things, drew lots for five of their number to go and explore the desert parts of Libya, and try if they could not penetrate farther than any had done previously. (The coast of Libya, along the sea, which washes it to the north throughout its entire length from Egypt to Cape Soloeis, which is its farthest point, is inhabited by Libyans of many distinct tribes, who possess the whole tract except certain portions which belong to the Phœnicians and the Greeks.) Above the coast-line and the country inhabited by the maritime tribes, Libya is full of wild beasts, while beyond the wild-beast region there is a tract which is wholly sand and very scant of water, and utterly and entirely a desert. The young men, therefore, dispatched on this errand by their comrades, with a plentiful supply of water and provisions, traveled at first through the inhabited region, passing which they came to the wild-beast tract, whence they finally entered upon the desert, which they proceeded to cross in a direction from east to west. After journeying for many days over a wide extent of land, they came at last to a plain where they observed

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trees growing: approaching them and seeing fruit on them, they proceeded to gather it; while they were thus engaged there came upon them some *dwarfish men under the middle height*, who seized them and carried them off. The Nasamonians did not understand a word of their language, nor had they any acquaintance with the language of the Nasamonians. They were carried across extensive marshes, and finally came to a city in which all the men were of the height of their conductors, and dark complexioned. A great river flowed by the city, running from west to east, and containing crocodiles. Etearchus conjectured this river to be the Nile, and reason favors this idea.”

“Oh! oh!” shouted my Commi men. “It is no wonder that the white man forgets nothing. Chally, will what you write about the strange things we see be remembered in the same manner with what that man Herodotus wrote?”

“I do not know,” said I. “If the white people think that what we saw is worthy of preservation, it will be remembered; if not, it will be forgotten. But never mind,” I said; “let us see for ourselves, and what a tale we shall have to tell to our people on our return; for what we see no other men have ever seen before us.”

After my story of Herodotus the shades of evening had come, and a great Ashango dance took place. How wild, how strange the dancing was in the temple or house of the *mbuiti* (idol)! The idol was a huge representation of a woman, and it stood at the end of the temple which was about fifty feet in length, and only ten feet broad. The extremity of the building, where the *mbuiti* was kept, was also dark, and looked weird by the light of the

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torches as I entered. It was painted in red, white, and black.

Along the walls on each side were Ashango men seated on the ground, each having a lighted torch before him. In the center were two *mbuiti*-men (doctor, priest) dressed with fibers of trees round their waist; each had one side of his face painted white and the other side red. Down the middle of the breast they had a broad yellow stripe, and the hollow of the eye was painted yellow. They make these different colors from different woods, the coloring matter of which they mix with clay. All the Ashangos were also streaked and daubed with various colors, and by the light of their torches they looked like a troop of devils assembled on the earth to celebrate some diabolical rite. Round their legs were bound sharp-pointed white leaves from the heart of the palm tree; some wore feathers, others had leaves behind their ears, and all had a bundle of palm leaves in their hands. They did not stir when I came in. I told them not to stop; that I came only to look at them.

They began by making all kinds of contortions, and set up a deafening howl of wild songs. There was an orchestra of instrumental performers near the idol, consisting of three drummers beating as hard as they could with their sticks on two *ngomas* (tam-tams), one harper, and another man strumming with all his might on a sounding-board. The two *mbuiti*-men danced in a most fantastic manner, jumping and twisting their bodies into all sorts of shapes and contortions. Every time the *mbuiti*-men opened their mouths to speak a dead silence ensued. Now and then the men would all come and dance round the *mbuiti*-men, and then they would all

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face the idol, dance before it, and sing songs of praise to it.

I could not stand this noise long, so I left my Ashangos to enjoy themselves, and, as usual before retiring, ordered my men to keep their watch in a proper manner.

“Don't be disheartened,” said the chief of Niembouai to me after my unsuccessful attempt to see the dwarfs. “I told you before that the little Obongos were as shy as the antelopes and gazelles of the woods. You have seen for yourself now that what I said was true. If you are careful when you go again to their settlement, you will probably surprise them, only don't wait long before going again, for they may move away.”

Before sunrise the next morning we started again for the settlement of the little dwarfs. We were still more cautious than before in going through the jungle. This time we took another direction to reach them, lest perhaps they might be watching the path by which we had come before.

After a while I thought I saw through the trunks of the trees ahead of us several little houses of the dwarfs. I kept still, and immediately gave a sign to make my guides maintain silence. They obeyed me on the instant, and we lay motionless on the ground, hardly daring to breathe. There was no mistake about it; we could see, as we peeped through the trees, the houses of the dwarfs, but there seemed to be no life there, no Obongos. We kept watching for more than half an hour in breathless silence, when lo! Rebouka gave a tremendous sneeze. I looked at him. I wish you had seen his face. Another sneeze was coming, and he was trying hard to prevent it, and made all sorts of faces, but the look I gave him was

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enough, I suppose, and the second sneeze was suppressed. Then we got up and entered the little settlement of the dwarfs. There was not one of them there. The village had been abandoned. The leaves over the little houses were dry, and, while we were looking all round, suddenly our bodies were covered with swarms of fleas, which drove us out faster than we came. It was awful, for they did bite savagely, as if they had not had anything to feed upon for a whole month.

We continued to walk very carefully, and after a while we came near another settlement of the dwarfs, which was situated in the densest part of the forest. I see the huts; we cross the little stream from which the dwarfs drew their water to drink. How careful we are as we walk toward their habitations, our bodies bent almost double, in order not to be easily discovered. I am excited — oh, I would give so much to see the dwarfs, to speak to them! How craftily we advance! how cautious we are for fear of alarming the shy inmates! My Ashango guides hold bunches of beads. I see that the beads we had hung to the trees have been taken away.

All our caution was in vain. The dwarfs saw us, and ran away in the woods. We rushed, but it was too late; they had gone. But as we came into the settlement I thought I saw three creatures lying flat on the ground, and crawling through their small doors into their houses. When we were in the very midst of the settlement I shouted, "Is there anybody here?" No answer. The Ashangos shouted, "Is there anybody here?" No answer. I said to the Ashangos, "I am certain that I have seen some of the dwarfs go into their huts." Then they shouted again, "Is there anybody here?" The same

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silence. Turning toward me, my guides said, "Oguizi. your eyes have deceived you; there is no one here; they have all fled. They are afraid of you." "I am not mistaken," I answered. I went with one Ashango toward one of the huts where I thought I had seen one of the dwarfs go inside to hide, and as I came to the little door I shouted again, "Is there anybody here?" No answer. The Ashango shouted, "Is there anybody inside?" No answer. "I told you, Oguizi, that they have all run away." It did seem queer to me that I should have suffered an optical delusion. I was perfectly sure that I had seen three dwarfs get inside of their huts. "Perhaps they have broken through the back part, and have escaped," said I; so I walked round their little houses, but everything was right — nothing had gone outside through the walls.

In order to make sure, I came again to the door, and shouted, "Nobody here?" The same silence. I lay flat on the ground, put my head inside of the door, and again shouted, "Nobody here?" It was so dark inside that, coming from the light, I could not see, so I extended my arm in order to feel if there was any one within. Sweeping my arm from left to right, at first I touched an empty bed, composed of three sticks; then, feeling carefully, I moved my arm gradually toward the right, when — hallo! what do I feel? A leg! which I immediately grabbed above the ankle, and a piercing shriek startled me. It was the leg of a human being, and that human being a dwarf! I had got hold of a dwarf!

"Don't be afraid; the Spirit will do you no harm," said my Ashango guide.

"Don't be afraid," I said, in the Ashango language,

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and I immediately pulled the creature I had seized by the leg through the door, in the midst of great excitement among my Commi men.

“A dwarf!” I shouted, as the little creature came out. “A woman!” I shouted again — “a pygmy!” The little creature shrieked, looking at me. “*Nchendé ! nchendé ! nchendé !*” said she. “Oh! oh! oh! *Yo ! yo ! yo !*” and her piercing wail rent the air.

What a sight! I had never seen the like. “What!” said I, “now I do see the dwarfs of Equatorial Africa — the dwarfs of Homer, Herodotus — the dwarfs of the ancients.”

How queer the little old woman looked! How frightened she was! she trembled all over. She was neither white nor black; she was of a yellow, or mulatto color. “What a little head! what a little body! what a little hand! what a little foot!” I exclaimed. “Oh, what queer-looking hair!” said I, bewildered. The hair grew on the head in little tufts apart from each other, and the face was as wrinkled as a baked apple. I cannot tell you how delighted I was at my discovery.

So, giving my little prize to one of the Ashangos, and ordering my Commi men to catch her if she tried to run away, I went to the other little dwelling where I thought I had seen another of the dwarfs hide himself. The two little huts stood close together. I shouted, “Nobody here?” No answer. Then I did what I had done before, and, getting my head inside of the hut through the door, again shouted, “Nobody here?” No answer. I moved my right hand to see if I could feel anybody, when, lo! I seized a leg, and immediately heard a shriek. I pulled another strange little dwarf out of the door. It was also

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a woman, not quite so old as the first, but having exactly the same appearance.

The two dwarf-women looked at each other, and began to cry and sing mournful songs, as if they expected to be killed. I said to them, "Be not frightened!"

Then the Ashangos called to the last dwarf who had hid to come out; that it was no use, I had seen them all. They had hardly spoken when I saw a little head peeping out of the door, and my Ashangos made the creature come out. It was a woman also, who began crying, and the trio shrieked and cried, and cried and shrieked, wringing their hands, till they got tired. They thought their last day had come.

"Don't be afraid," said the Ashangos; "the Oguizi is a good Oguizi." "Don't be afraid," said my Commi men.

After a while they stopped crying, and began to look at me more quietly.

For the first time I was able to look carefully at these little dwarfs. They were yellow, their faces being exactly of the same color as the chimpanzee; the palms of their hands were almost as white as those of white people; they seemed well-proportioned, but their eyes had an untamable wildness that struck me at once; they had thick lips and flat noses, like the Negroes; their foreheads were low and narrow, and their cheek-bones prominent; and their hair, which grew in little, short tufts, was black, with a reddish tinge.

After a while I thought I heard a rustling in one of the little houses, so I went there, and, looking inside, saw it filled with the tiniest children. They were exceedingly shy. When they saw me they hid their heads just as

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young dogs or kittens would do, and got into a huddle, and kept still. These were the little dwarfish children who had remained in the village under the care of the three women, while the dwarfs had gone into the forest to collect their evening meal — that is to say, nuts, fruits, and berries — and to see if the traps they had set had caught any game.

I immediately put beads around the necks of the women, gave them a leg of wild boar and some plantains, and told them to tell their people to remain, and not to be afraid. I gave some meat to the little children, who, as soon as I showed it to them, seized it just in the same manner that Fighting Joe or Ugly Tom would have done, only, instead of fighting, they ran away immediately.

Very queer specimens these little children seemed to be. They were, if anything, lighter in color than the older people, and they were such little bits of things that they reminded me — I could not help it — of the chimpanzees and *nshiego-mbouvé*s I had captured at different times, though their heads were much larger.

I waited in vain — the other inhabitants did not come back; they were afraid of me. I told the women that the next day I should return and bring them meat (for they are said to be very fond of it), and plenty of beads.

After several visits to the settlement of the dwarfs we became friends, but it took time. My great friend among them was Misounda, an old woman, the first one I had seen, and whom I pulled out of her own house; but I had some trouble before I could tame friend Misounda.

One day I thought I would surprise the dwarfs, and

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come on them unawares, without having told my friend Misounda I was coming. When I made my appearance I just caught a glimpse of her feet as she was running into her house. That was all I saw of Misounda. At all the other huts little branches of trees had been stuck up in front to show that the inmates were out, and that their doors were shut, and that nobody could get in. These were, indeed, queer doors. I had never seen the like. They were of little use except for keeping out the dogs and wild beasts. When I went in Misounda's hut and got hold of her, she pretended to have been asleep. "So, after all, these little dwarfs," said I, "know how to lie and how to deceive just as well as other people."

Upon one of my visits to the village I saw two other women, a man, and two children; all the other Obongos had gone. So I made friends with them by giving them meat and beads. I saw that the women were not the mothers of the children. I looked at the doors of all the huts; they all had branches put at the entrance to signify that the owner was out. I do not know why, but I began to suspect that the mother of the children was in the settlement, and close by where they stood. I had my eyes upon one of the little houses as the one where she was hiding; so I put aside the branches at the entrance, and, putting half of my body into the hut, I succeeded in discovering in the dark something which I recognized after a while as a human being.

"Don't be afraid," I said. "Don't be afraid," repeated my Ashango guides. The creature was a woman. She came out with a sad countenance, and began to weep. She had over her forehead a broad stripe of yellow

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ocher. She was a widow, and had buried her husband only a few days before.

“Where is the burial-ground of the dwarfs?” I asked of my Ashango guides. “Ask her,” said I to them.

“No, Spirit,” said they, “for if you ask them such a question, these dwarfs will fear you more than ever, and you will never see them any more. They will flee far away into the thickest part of the forest. We Ashango people do not know even where they bury their dead. They have no regular burial-ground. How could they?” added my guide; “for they roam in the forest like the gorilla, the *nshiego-mbouvé*, the *kooloo-kamba*, and the *nshiego*. I believe,” said the Ashango, “that all these dwarfs have come from the same father and the same mother long, long ago.”

Another time I came to the village of the Obongos with two legs of goats, a leg of wild boar, ten house-rats which had been trapped, a large dead snake, and two land turtles, which I intended to give as a feast to the Obongos. Rebouka, Macondai, and Igalo were with me, and several Ashango women accompanied us. We had several bunches of plantain, for I had resolved to give them a regular banquet, and we had set out to have a good time in their settlement. I had brought beads, a looking-glass, some spoons, knives, forks, and one of my little Geneva musical boxes. Guns were also to be fired, for I was going to show the dwarfs what the Oguizi could do. When they saw us with food they received us with great joy. “What a queer language,” I thought, “these dwarfs have!” There was a wild dwarf hurra, “*Ya ! ye ! yo ! Oua ! oua ! Ké ! ki-ke-ki !*” when they saw the good things that were to be eaten.

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Nearly all the dwarfs were here; very few of them were absent. Misounda, who was my friend, and who seemed to be less afraid of me than anybody else, stood by me, and kept her eyes upon the meat. There were fifty-nine dwarfs all told, including men, women, children, and babies. What little things the babies were! Smoke came out of every hut, fires were lighted all round, nuts were roasting, berries and fruits had been collected in great abundance, and snake-flesh was plentiful, for the dwarfs had been the day before on a feeding excursion. Rats and mice had also been trapped.

“Obongos,” said I, “we have come to have a good time. First I am going to give to every one of you beads.” Then the Ashangos brought before them a basket containing the beads, and I asked who was the chief. I could not find him, and they would not tell me. Among them were several old people.

The dwarfs were now eager for beads, and surrounded me, and, though I am a man of short stature, I seemed a giant in the midst of them; and as for Rebouka and Igalo, they appeared to be colossal. “*Ya ! ya ! yo ! yo ! ye ! qui ! quo ! oh ! ah ! ri ! ri ! ké ! ki ! ké ! ki !*” seemed to be the only sounds they could make in their excitement. Their appearance was singular, indeed, the larger number of them being of a dirty yellow color. A few of them were not more than four feet in height; others were from four feet two inches to four feet seven inches in height. But if they were short in size, they were stoutly built; like chimpanzees, they had big, broad chests, and, though their legs were small, they were muscular and strong. Their arms were also strong in proportion to their size. There were gray-headed men, and

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gray-headed, wrinkled old women among them, and very hideous the old dwarfs were. Their features resembled very closely the features of a young chimpanzee. Some had gray, others hazel eyes, while the eyes of a few were black.

As I have said before, their hair was not like that of the Negroes and Ashangos among whom the dwarfs live, but grew in little short tufts apart from each other, and the hair, after attaining a certain length, could not grow longer. These little tufts looked like so many little balls of wool. Many of the men had their chest and legs covered with these little tufts of woolly hair. The women's hair was no longer than that of the men, and it grew exactly in the same manner.

I could not keep my eyes from the tiny babies. They were ridiculously small, and much lighter in color than the older people. Their mothers had a broad string of leather hanging from their shoulders to carry them in.

There was great excitement among them as I distributed the beads, and they would shout, "Look at his *djivie* (nose); look at his *mouna* (mouth); look at his *diarou* (head); look at his *nchouié* (hair); look at his *mishou* (beard)!" and, in spite of my big mustache, they would shout, "Is he a *bagala oguizi* (man spirit), or an *oguizi mokasho* (woman spirit)?" Some declared that I was a *mokasho*, others that I was a *bagala*. I did not forget my friend Misounda.

After I had given them beads I took out a large looking-glass which I had hidden, and put it in front of them. Immediately they trembled with fright, and said, "Spirit, don't kill us!" and turned their heads from the looking-glass. Then the musical box was shown, and

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when I had set it playing the dwarfs lay down on the ground, frightened by the brilliant, sparkling music of the mechanism, and by turns looked at me and at the box. Some of them ran away into their little huts. After their fears were allayed I showed them a string of six little bells, which I shook, whereat their little eyes brightened, and their joy was unbounded when I gave them the bells. One, of course, was for friend Misounda, who hung it by a cord to her waist, and shook her body in order to make it ring.

After this I ordered Igalo to bring me the meat, and taking from my sheath my big, bright, sharp hunting-knife, I cut it and distributed it among the dwarfs. Then I gave them the plantains, and told them to eat. I wish you had seen the twisting of their mouths; it would have made you laugh. Immediately the little dwarfs scattered round their fires, and roasted the food I had given them, and it was no sooner cooked than it was eaten, they seemed to be so fond of flesh.

When they had finished eating, the Obongos seemed more sociable than I had ever seen them before. I seated myself on a dead limb of a tree, and they came round me and asked me to talk to them as the spirits talk. So I took my journal, and read to them in English what I had written the day before. After speaking to them in the language of the Oguizis, I said, "Now talk to me in the language of the dwarfs"; and, pointing to my fingers, I gave them to understand that I wanted to know how they counted. So a dwarf, taking hold of his hand, and then one finger after another, counted, one, *moï*; two, *beï*; three, *metato*; four, *djimabongo*; five, *djio*; six, *samouna*; seven, *nchima*; eight, *misamouno*; nine, *nchouma*;

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ten, *mbò-ta*; and then raised his hands, intimating that he could not count beyond ten.

One of them asked me if I lived in the *soungui* (moon), then another if I lived in a *niechi* (star), another if I had been long in the forest. Did I make the fine things I gave them during the night?

"Now, Obongos," I said to them, "I want you to sing and to dance the dwarf dance for me." An old dwarf went out, and took out of his hut a *ngoma* (tam-tam), and began to beat it; then the people struck up a chant, and what queer singing it was! what shrill voices they had! After a while they got excited, and began to dance, all the while gesticulating wildly, leaping up, and kicking backwards and forwards, and shaking their heads.

Then I fired two guns, the noise of which seemed to stun them and fill them with fear. I gave them to understand that when I saw an elephant, a leopard, a gorilla, or any living thing, by making that noise I could kill them, and to show them I could do it I brought down a bird perched on a high tree near their settlement. How astonished they seemed to be!

"After all," I said to myself, "though low in the scale of intelligence, like their more civilized fellow-men, these little creatures can dance and sing."

"Now, Obongos, that you have asked me about the Oguizis," I said to them, "tell me about yourselves. Why do you not build villages as other people do?"

"Oh," said they, "we do not build villages, for we never like to remain long in the same place, for if we did we should soon starve. When we have gathered all the fruits, nuts, and berries around the place where we have been living for a time, and trapped all the game there is

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in the region, and food is becoming scarce, we move off to some other part of the forest. We love to move; we hate to tarry long at the same spot. We love to be free, like the antelopes and gazelles."

"Why don't you plant for food, as other people do?" I asked them.

"Why should we work," said they, "when there are plenty of fruits, berries, and nuts around us? when there is game in the woods, and fish in the rivers, and snakes, rats, and mice are plentiful? We love the berries, the nuts, and the fruits which grow wild much better than the fruits the *big people* raise on their plantations. And if we had villages," they said, "the strong and tall people who live in the country might come and make war upon us, kill us, and capture us."

"They do not desire to kill you," I said to them. "See how friendly they are with you! When you trap much game you exchange it for plantains with them. Why don't you wear clothing?"

"Why," said they, "the fire is our means of keeping warm, and then the *big people* give us their grass-cloth when they have done wearing it."

"Why don't you work iron, and make spears and battle-axes, so that you might be able to defend yourselves, and be not afraid of war?"

"We do not know how to work iron; it takes too much time; it is too hard work. We can make bows, and we make arrows with hard wood, and can poison them. We know how to make traps to trap game, and we trap game in far greater number than we can kill it when we go hunting; and we love to go hunting."

"Why don't you make bigger cabins?"

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“We do not want to make bigger cabins; it would be too much trouble, and we do not know how. These are good enough for us; they keep the rain from us, and we build them so rapidly.”

“Don’t the leopards sometimes come and eat some of you?”

“Yes, they do!” they exclaimed. “Then we move off far away, several days’ journey from where the leopards have come to eat some of us; and often we make traps to catch them. We hate the leopards!” the Obongos shouted with one voice.

“How do you make your fires? tell me.” And I could not help thinking that, however wild a man was, even though he might be apparently little above the chimpanzee, he had always a fire, and knew how to make it.

They showed me flint-stones, and a species of oakum coming from the palm tree, and said they knocked these stones against each other, and the sparks gave them fire.

Then, to astonish them, I took a match from my match-box and lighted it. As soon as they saw the flame a wild shout rang through the settlement.

“Obongos, tell me,” said I, “how you get your wives, for your settlements are far apart and you have no paths leading through the forest from one to another. You never know how far the next settlement of the dwarfs may be from yours.”

“It is true,” said they, “that sometimes we do not know where the next encampment of the Obongos may be, and we do not wish to know, for sometimes we fight among ourselves, and if we lived near together we should become too numerous, and find it difficult to procure berries and game. Our people never leave one settle-

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ment for another. Generation after generation we have lived among ourselves, and married among ourselves. It is but seldom we permit a stranger from another Obongo settlement to come among us."

"How far," said I, pointing to the east, "do you meet Obongos?"

"Far, far away," they answered, "toward where the sun rises, Obongos are found scattered in the great forest. We love the woods, for there we live, and if we were to live anywhere else we should starve."

"As you wander through the forest," I asked, "don't you sometimes come to prairies?"

"Yes," said they, and here an old Obongo addressed himself to my Ashango interpreter. "When I was a boy, we had our settlement for a long time in the forest not far from a big prairie, and farther off there was a big river. Since then," said the old Obongo, "as we moved, we have turned our backs upon where the sun rises, and marched in the direction where the sun sets [which meant that they had been migrating from the east toward the west]. . . ."

As the time of our departure from Niembouai had arrived, I said to the dwarfs that I must bid them good-bye, for I was going away toward where the sun rises. "Now, you see," said I, "you have always been afraid of me. Tell me, have I done harm to any one of you?"

"No, no," they exclaimed; "no, no," said my friend Misounda.

So I shook hands with them, and they said to me in parting, "You will see more little dwarfs in the countries where you are going. Be kind to them, as you have been to us."

CROSSING AN AFRICAN BRIDGE

[About 1868]

BY PAUL DU CHAILLU

TOWARD noon we approached the Ovigui River, a mountain torrent which had now swollen into a river, and before reaching its natural banks we had to pass through a swamp in the forest for half an hour. The torrent had overflowed, and its waters were running swiftly down among the trees. I began to wonder how we were to cross the bridge. The Ashiras had been speaking of that bridge, and, in fact, we had delayed our start two or three days because they said the waters were too high.

At last we came to a spot where the ground was dry, and a little way farther I could see the swift waters of the Ovigui gliding down with great speed through the forest. I saw at once that even an expert swimmer would be helpless here, and would be dashed to pieces against the fallen trees which jutted out in every direction. Not being a very good swimmer, I did not enjoy the sight. There was one consolation, no crocodile could stand this current, and these pleasant "gentlemen" had therefore retired to parts unknown.

I wanted all the time to get a glimpse of the bridge, but had not succeeded in doing so. I called Minsho, who pointed out to me a queer structure which he called the bridge. It was nothing but a creeper stretched from one side to the other.

Then Minsho told me that some years before the bed

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of the river was not where we stood, but some hundred yards over the other side. "This," he said, "is one of the tricks of the Ovigui." I found that several other of these mountain streams have the same trick. Of course Minsho said that there was a *muiiri* (a spirit) who took the river and changed its course, for nothing else could do it but a spirit. The deep channel of the Ovigui seemed to me about thirty yards wide. Now in this new bed stood certain trees which native ingenuity saw could be used as "piers" for a bridge. At this point in the stream there were two trees opposite each other, and about seven or eight yards distant from each shore. Other trees on the banks were so cut as to fall upon these, which might have been called the piers. So a gap had been filled on each side. It now remained to unite the still open space in the center, between the two "piers," and here came the tug. Unable to transport heavy pieces of timber, they had thrown across this chasm a long, slender, bending limb, which they fastened securely to the "piers." Of course no one could walk on this without assistance, so a couple of strong vines (*lianas*) had been strung across for balustrades. These were about three or four feet above the bridge, and about one foot higher up the stream.

I could barely see the vine, and my heart failed me as I stood looking at this breakneck or drowning concern. To add to the pleasurable excitement, Minsho told me that, on a bridge below, half a dozen people had been drowned the year before by tumbling into the river. "They were careless in crossing," added Minsho, "or some person had bewitched them." The waters of the Ovigui ran down so fast that looking at them for any

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length of time made my head dizzy. I was in a pretty fix. I could certainly not back out. I preferred to run the risk of being drowned rather than to show these Ashira I was afraid, and to tell them that we had better go back. I think I should never have dared to look them in the face afterward. The whole country would have known that I had been afraid. The Oguizi would have then been nowhere. A coward I should have been called by the savages. Rather die, I thought, than to have such a reputation.

I am sure all the boys who read this book would have had the same feelings, and that girls could never look at a boy who is not possessed of courage.

The party had got ready, and put their loads as high on their backs as they could, and in such a manner that these loads should slip into the river if an accident were to happen. The crossing began, and I watched them carefully. They did not look straight across, but faced the current, which was tremendous. The water reached to their waists, and the current was so swift that their bodies could not remain erect, but were bent in two. They held on to the creeper and advanced slowly sideways, never raising their feet from the bridge, for if they had done otherwise the current would have carried them off the structure.

One of the men slipped when midway, but luckily recovered himself. He dropped his load, among the articles in which were two pairs of shoes; but he held on to the rope and finished the "journey" by crossing one arm over the other. It was a curious sight. We shouted, "Hold on fast to the rope! hold on fast!" The noise and shouting we did was enough to make one deaf.

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Another, carrying one of my guns, so narrowly escaped falling as to drop that, which was also swept off and lost. Meantime I wondered if I should follow in the wake of my shoes and gun. At any rate, I was bound to show the Ashira that I was not afraid to cross the bridge, even, as I have said, at the risk of being drowned. It would have been a pretty thing to have these people believe that I was susceptible of fear. The next thing would have been that I should have been plundered, then murdered. These fellows had a great advantage over me. Their garments did not trouble them.

At last all were across but Minsho, Adouma, and myself. I had stripped to my shirt and trousers, and set out on my trial, followed by Minsho, who had a vague idea that if I slipped he *might* catch me. Adouma went ahead. Before reaching the bridge I had to wade in the muddy water. Then I went upon it and marched slowly against the tide, never raising my feet, till at last I came to the tree. There the current was tremendous. I thought it would carry my legs off the bridge, which was now three feet under the water. I felt the water beating against my legs and waist. I advanced carefully, feeling my way and slipping my feet along without raising them. The current was so strong that my arms were extended to their utmost length, and the water, as it struck against my body, bent it. The water was really cold, but, despite of that, perspiration fell from my face, I was so excited. I managed to drag myself to the other side, holding fast to the creeper, having made up my mind never to let go as long as I should have strength to hold on. Should my feet give way, I intended to do like the other man, and get over by crossing one arm over the other.

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At last, weak and pale with excitement, but outwardly calm, I reached the other side, vowing that I would never try such navigation again. I would rather have faced several gorillas, lions, elephants, and leopards, than cross the Ovigui bridge.

Putting ourselves in walking order again, we plunged into the great forest, which was full of ebony, barwood, India-rubber, and other strange trees. About two miles from the Ovigui we reached a little prairie, some miles long and a few hundred yards wide, which the natives called Odjiolo. It seemed like a little island incased in that great sea of trees.

What a nice little spot it would have been to build a camp under some of the tall, long-spread branches of trees which bordered it! But there was no time for camping. There were to be no stops during the daytime till we reached the Apingi country.

A few miles after leaving the Odjiolo prairie we came to a steep hill called Mount Oconcou. As we ascended we had to lay hold of the branches in order to help ourselves in the ascent, and we had to stop several times in order to get our breath. We finally reached a plateau from which we could see Nkoumou-Nabouali Mountains. Then we surmounted the other hills, with intervening plains and valleys, all covered with dense forest, and at last found ourselves on the banks of a most beautiful little purling mountain brook, which skirted the base of our last hill. This nice little stream was called the Aloumy or Oloumy. Here we lit our fires, built shelters, and camped for the night, all feeling perfectly tired out, and I, for one, thankful for the nice camp we had succeeded in building, for I needed a good night's rest.

CONSULTING THE MAN IN THE MOON

[About 1868]

BY PAUL DU CHAILLU

THE people declared they must find some means of ascertaining the cause of the king's sufferings. Quengueza had sent word himself that his people must try to find out from Ilogo why he was sick, and what he must do for his recovery.

Ilogo is believed by the people to be a spirit living in the moon — a mighty spirit, who looks down upon the inhabitants of the earth — a spirit to whom the black man can talk. "Yes," they said, "Ilogo's face can be seen; look at it." Then they pointed out to me the spots on the moon which we can see with our naked eye. These spots were the indistinct features of the spirit.

One fine evening, at full moon (for, to consult Ilogo, the moon must be full, or nearly so), the women of the village assembled in front of the king's house. Clustered close together, and seated on the ground, with their faces turned toward the moon, they sang songs. They were surrounded by the men of the village. I shall not soon forget that wild scene. The sky was clear and beautiful; the moon shone in its brightness, eclipsing by its light that of the stars, except those of the first magnitude; the air was calm and serene, and the shadows of the tall trees upon the earth appeared like queer phantoms.

The songs of the women were to and in praise of Ilogo, the spirit that lived in *ogouayli* (the moon). Presently

CONSULTING THE MAN IN THE MOON

a woman seated herself in the center of the circle of singers and began a solo, gazing steadfastly at the moon, the people every now and then singing in chorus with her. She was to be inspired by the spirit Ilogo to utter prophecies.

At last she gave up singing, for she could not get into a trance. Then another woman took her place, in the midst of the most vociferous singing that could be done by human lips. After a while the second woman gave place to a third — a little woman, wiry and nervous. She seated herself like the others, and looked steadily at the moon, crying out that she could see Ilogo, and then the singing redoubled in fury. The excitement of the people had at that time become very great; the drums beat furiously, the drummers using all their strength, until covered with perspiration; the outsiders shouted madly, and seemed to be almost out of their senses, for their faces were wrinkled in nervous excitement, their eyes perfectly wild, and the contortions they made with their bodies indescribable.

The excitement was now intense, and the noise horrible. The songs to Ilogo were not for a moment discontinued, but the pitch of their voices was so great and so hoarse that the words at last seemed to come with difficulty. The medium, the women, and the men all sang with one accord: —

“Ilogo, we ask thee,
Tell who has bewitched the king!
Ilogo, we ask thee,
What shall we do to cure the king?
The forests are thine, Ilogo!
The rivers are thine, Ilogo!
The moon is thine!

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O moon! O moon! O moon!
Thou art the home of Ilogo!
Shall the king die? O Ilogo!
O Ilogo! O moon! O moon!"

These words were repeated over and over, the people getting more terribly excited as they went on. The woman who was the medium, and who had been singing violently, looked toward the moon, and began to tremble. Her nerves twitched, her face was contorted, her muscles swelled, and at last her limbs straightened out. At this time the wildest of all wild excitement possessed the people. I myself looked on with intense curiosity. She fell on her back on the ground, insensible, her face turned up to the moon. She looked as if she had died in a fit.

The song to Ilogo continued with more noise than ever; but at last comparative quiet followed, compelled, I believe, by sheer exhaustion from excitement. But the people were all gazing intently on the woman's face.

I shall not forget that scene by moonlight, nor the corpse-like face of that woman, so still and calm. How wild it all looked! The woman, who lay apparently dead before the savages, was expected at this time to see things in the world of Ilogo — that is to say, the moon — to see the great spirit Ilogo himself; and, as she lay insensible, she was supposed to be holding intercourse with him. Then, after she had conversed with the great spirit Ilogo, she would awake, and tell the people all she saw and all that Ilogo had said to her.

For my part, I thought she really was dead. I approached her, and touched her pulse. It was weak, but there was life. After about half an hour of insensibility

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she came to her senses, but she was much prostrated. She seated herself without rising, looking round as if stupefied. She remained quite silent for a while, and then began to speak.

“I have seen Ilogo, I have spoken to Ilogo. Ilogo has told me that Quengueza, our king, shall not die; that Quengueza is going to live a long time; that Quengueza was not bewitched, and that a remedy prepared from such a plant [I forget the name] would cure him. Then,” she added, “I went to sleep, and when I awoke Ilogo was gone, and now I find myself in the midst of you.”

The people then quietly separated, as by that time it was late, and all retired to their huts, I myself going to mine, thinking of the wild scene I had just witnessed, and feeling that, the longer I remained in that strange country, the more strange the customs of the people appeared to me. Soon all became silent, and nothing but the barking of the watchful little native dogs broke the stillness of the night. The moon continued to shine over that village, the inhabitants of which had run so wild with superstition.

DU CHAILLU THE FIRST, KING OF THE
APINGI

[About 1868]

BY PAUL DU CHAILLU

THE village was crowded with strangers once more. All the chiefs of the tribe had arrived. What did it all mean?

They had the wildest notions regarding me. I was the most wonderful of creatures — a mighty spirit. I could work wonders — turn wood into iron, leaves of trees into cloth, earth into beads, the waters of the Rembo Apingi into palm wine or plantain wine. I could make fire, the matches I lighted being proof of it.

What had that immense crowd come for? They had met to make me their king. A *kendo*, the insignia of chieftainship here, had been procured from the Shimba people, from whose country the *kendo* comes.

The drums beat early this morning; it seemed as if a fête-day was coming, for every one appeared joyous. I was quite unprepared for the ceremony that was to take place, for I knew nothing about it; no one had breathed a word concerning it to me. When the hour arrived I was called out of my hut. Wild shouts rang through the air as I made my appearance — “*Yo! yo! yo!*” The chiefs of the tribe, headed by Remandji, advanced toward me in line, each chief being armed with a spear, the heads of which they held pointed at me. In rear of the chiefs were hundreds of Apingi warriors, also armed

DU CHAILLU KING OF THE APINGI

with spears. Were they to spear me? They stopped, while the drummers beat their tam-tams furiously. Then Remandji, holding a *kendo* in his hand, came forward in the midst of the greatest excitement and wild shouts of "The Oguizi is to be made our king! the Oguizi is to be made our king!"

When Remandji stood about a yard from me a dead silence took place. The king advanced another step, and then with his right hand put the *kendo* on my left shoulder, saying, "You are the spirit whom we have never seen before. We are but poor people when we see you. You are one of those of whom we have heard, who came from nobody knows where, and whom we never expected to see. You are our king. We make you our king. Stay with us always, for we love you!" Whereupon shouts as wild as the country around came from the multitude. They shouted, "Spirit, we do not want you to go away — we want you forever!"

Immense quantities of palm wine contained in calabashes were drunk, and a general jollification took place in the orthodox fashion of a coronation.

From that day, therefore, I may call myself Du Chaillu the First, King of the Apingi. Just fancy, I am an African king! Of all the wild castles I ever built when I was a boy, I never dreamed that I should one day be made king over a wild tribe of Negroes dwelling in the mountains of Equatorial Africa.

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HISTORICAL NOTE

THE Transvaal was settled chiefly by the Dutch. Their descendants are known as Boers, or farmers. They came at first to Cape Colony. In the Napoleonic wars, Cape Colony fell into the hands of the English. The Boers were not pleased with British rule and made the "Grand Trek," first to Natal, then to the Orange Free State, then still farther into the wilderness, to the Transvaal, or across the Vaal. For a quarter of a century there was peace; but in 1877 some of the people of the Transvaal asked England for help in their wars against the natives. Thereupon England planted her flag in the Transvaal. The Boers rebelled, and in several battles the British were defeated, noticeably at Majuba Hill, where they met with a terrible slaughter. The Boer republic was restored, but England retained all control in foreign affairs.

Before this time, both gold and diamonds had been discovered in this region, and foreign miners and traders flocked into the country. Soon these foreigners greatly outnumbered the Dutchmen. The Boers were not pleased. They laid heavy taxes upon the unwelcome "Outlanders," and refused them political rights. The mutual dissatisfaction resulted in war. England sent larger armies than she had ever before put into the field, but it was not until 1902 that, after three years of most determined warfare, the little republic was subdued.

THE LAST TREK

THE LAST TREK

BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS

(*English painter. 1829-1896*)

THIS picture symbolizes the indomitable pioneer spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race, the spirit that has driven them forth to conquer the waste places of the world and has given England a chain of territorial possessions encircling the earth.

An Englishman has ventured into the great upland plain of South Africa, a region given over until recently to savages and wild beasts. He had set out to find a home in the wilderness, but has been overtaken on the way by sickness, and has lain down on the lonely veldt to die. Friends and family are far away, but two natives, his sole companions, sit beside him waiting patiently for the end.

The life's journey of this pioneer is over, but others are ready to step forward and take his place in the vanguard of civilization. Such were the men that conquered and cleared the land, opened up its great mineral wealth, and turned the African wilderness into a prosperous English commonwealth.



THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF SOUTH AFRICA

[About 1870]

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

THE first known finding of a diamond in South Africa was as recent as 1867, and this diamond was found by accident and could not for a time obtain any credence. It is first known to have been seen at the house of a Dutch farmer named Jacobs, in the northern limits of the Cape Colony, and south of the Orange River. It had probably been brought from the bed of the stream or from the other side of the river. The "other side" would be in Griqualand West, the land of diamonds. As far as I can learn, there is no idea that diamonds have been deposited by nature in the soil of the Cape Colony proper. At Jacobs's house it was seen in the hands of one of the children by another Boer named Van Niekerk, who observing that it was brighter and also heavier than other stones, and thinking it to be too valuable for a plaything, offered to buy it. But the child's mother would not sell such a trifle and gave it to Van Niekerk. From Van Niekerk it was passed on to one O'Reilly, who seems to have been the first to imagine it to be a diamond. He took it to Capetown, where he could get no faith for his stone, and thence back to Colesberg on the northern extremity of the Colony, where it was again encountered with ridicule. But it became matter of discussion, and was at last sent to Dr. Atherstone, of Grahamstown, who was known to be a geologist

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and a man of science. He surprised the world of South Africa by declaring the stone to be an undoubted diamond. It weighed over 21 carats and was sold to Sir P. Wodehouse, the then Governor of the Colony, for £500.

In 1868 and 1869 various diamonds were found, and the search for them was no doubt instigated by Van Niekerk's and O'Reilly's success; but nothing great was done nor did the belief prevail that South Africa was a country richer in precious stones than any other region yet discovered. Those which were brought to light during these two years may I believe yet be numbered, and no general belief had been created. But some searching by individuals was continued. The same Van Niekerk who had received the first diamond from the child not unnaturally had his imagination fired by his success. Either in 1868 or 1869 he heard of a large stone which was then in the hands of a Kafir witch-doctor from whom he succeeded in buying it, giving for it as the story goes all his sheep and all his horses. But the purchase was a good one, — for a Dutchman's flocks are not often very numerous or very valuable, — and he sold the diamond to merchants in the neighborhood for £11,200. It weighed 83 carats, and is said to be perfect in all its appointments as to water, shape, and whiteness. It became known among diamonds and was christened the "Star of South Africa." After a lawsuit, during which an interdict was pronounced forbidding its exportation or sale, it made its way to the establishment of Messrs. Hunt and Rosskill from whom it was purchased for the delight of a lovely British countess.

Even then the question whether this part of South Africa was diamondiferous had not been settled to the

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satisfaction of persons who concern themselves in the produce and distribution of diamonds. There seems to have been almost an Anti-South African party in the diamond market, as though it was too much to expect that from a spot so insignificant as this corner of the Orange and Vaal Rivers should be found a rival to the time-honored glories of Brazil and India. It was too good to believe, — or to some perhaps too bad, — that there should suddenly come a plethora of diamonds from among the Hottentots.

It was in 1870 that the question seems to have got itself so settled that some portion of the speculative energy of the world was enabled to fix itself on the new Diamond Fields. In that year various white men set themselves seriously to work in searching the banks of the Vaal up and down between Hebron and Klipdrift, — or Barkly as it is now called, — and many small parcels of stones were bought from natives who had been instigated to search by what they had already heard. The operations of those times are now called the “river diggings” in distinction to the “dry diggings,” which are works of much greater magnitude, carried on in a much more scientific manner away from the river, — and which certainly are in all respects “dry” enough. But at first the searchers confined themselves chiefly to the river bed and to the small confluents of the river, scraping up into their mining cradles the shingles and dirt they had collected, and shaking and washing away the grit and mud, till they could see by turning the remaining stones over with a bit of slate on a board whether Fortune had sent on that morning a peculiar sparkle among the lot.

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I was taken up to Barkly "on a picnic" as people say; and a very nice picnic it was, — one of the pleasantest days I had in South Africa. The object was to show me the Vaal River, and the little town which had been the capital of the diamond country before the grand discovery at Colesberg Kopje had made the town of Kimberley. There is nothing peculiar about Barkly as a South African town, except that it is already half deserted. There may be perhaps a score of houses there, most of which are much better built than those at Kimberley. They are made of rough stone, or of mud and whitewash; and, if I do not mistake, one of them had two stories. There was a hotel, — quite full, although the place is deserted, — and clustering round it were six or seven idle gentlemen, all of whom were or had been connected with diamonds. I am often struck by the amount of idleness which persons can allow themselves whose occupations have diverged from the common work of the world.

When at Barkly we got ourselves and our provisions into a boat so that we might have our picnic properly, under the trees at the other side of the river, — for opposite to Barkly is to be found the luxury of trees. As we were rowed down the river we saw a white man with two Kafirs poking about his stones and gravel on a miner's ricketty table under a little tent on the beach. He was a digger who had still clung to the "river" business; a Frenchman who had come to try his luck there a few days since. On the Monday previous, — we were told, — he had found a 13 carat white stone without a flaw. This would be enough, perhaps, to keep him going and almost to satisfy him for a month. Had he missed

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that one stone he would probably have left the place after a week. Now he would go on through days and days without finding another sparkle. I can conceive no occupation on earth more dreary—hardly any more demoralizing—than this of perpetually turning over dirt in quest of a peculiar little stone which may turn up once a week or may not. I could not but think, as I watched the man, of the comparative nobility of the work of a shoemaker who by every pull at his thread is helping to keep some person's foot dry.

After our dinner we walked along the bank and found another "river" digger, though this man's claim might perhaps be removed a couple of hundred yards from the water. He was an Englishman, and we stood awhile and talked to him. He had one Kafir with him to whom he paid 7s. a week and his food, and he too had found one or more stones which he showed us,—just enough to make the place tenable. He had got upon an old digging which he was clearing out lower. He had, however, in one place reached the hard stone at the bottom, in, or below which there could be no diamonds. There was, however, a certain quantity of diamondiferous matter left, and as he had already found stones he thought that it might pay him to work through the remainder. He was a most good-humored, well-mannered man, with a pleasant fund of humor. When I asked him of his fortune generally at the diggings, he told us among other things that he had broken his shoulder bone at the diggings, which he displayed to us in order that we might see how badly the surgeon had used him. He had no pain to complain of,—or weakness; but his shoulder had not been made beautiful. "And who did it?" said the gentle-

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man who was our Amphytrion at the picnic and is himself one of the leading practitioners of the Fields. "I think it was one Dr ——," said the digger, naming our friend whom no doubt he knew. I need not say that the doctor loudly disclaimed ever having had previous acquaintance with the shoulder.

The Kafir was washing the dirt in a rough cradle, separating the stones from the dust, and the owner, as each sievelful was brought to him, threw out the stones on his table and sorted them through with the eternal bit of slate or iron formed into the shape of a trowel. For the chance of a sievelful one of our party offered him half a crown, — which he took. I was glad to see it all inspected without a diamond, as had there been anything good the poor fellow's disappointment must have been great. That halfcrown was probably all that he would earn during the week, — all that he would earn perhaps for a month. Then there might come three or four stones in one day. I should think that the tedious despair of the vacant days could hardly be compensated by the triumph of the lucky minute. These "river" diggers have this in their favor, — that the stones found near the river are more likely to be white and pure than those which are extracted from the mines. The Vaal itself in the neighborhood of Barkly is pretty, — with rocks in its bed and islands and trees on its banks. But the country around, and from thence to Kimberley, which is twenty-four miles distant, is as ugly as flatness, barrenness, and sand together can make the face of the earth.

The commencement of diamond-digging as a settled industry was in 1872. It was then that dry-digging was

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commenced, which consists of the regulated removal of ground found to be diamondiferous and of the washing and examination of every fraction of the soil. The district which we as yet know to be so specially gifted extends up and down the Vaal River from the confluence of the Modder to Hebron, about seventy-five miles, and includes a small district on the east side of the river. Here, within twelve miles of the river, and within a circle, of which the diameter is about two and a half miles, are contained all the mines, — or dry diggings, — from which have come the real wealth of the country. I should have said that the most precious diamond yet produced, one of 288 carats, was found close to the river about twelve miles from Barkly. This prize was made in 1872.

It is of the dry diggings that the future student of the Diamond Fields of South Africa will have to take chief account. The river diggings were only the prospecting work which led up to the real mining operations, — as the washing of the gullies in Australia led to the crushing of quartz and to the sinking of deep mines in search of alluvial gold. Of these dry diggings there are now four, Du Toit's Pan, Bultfontein, Old De Beers, — and Colesberg Kopje, or the great Kimberley mine, which though last in the Field has thrown all the other diamond mines into the shade. The first working at the three first of these was so nearly simultaneous, that they may almost be said to have been commenced at once. I believe, however, that they were in fact opened in the order I have given.

Bultfontein and Du Toit's Pan were on two separate Boer Farms, of which the former was bought first, —

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as early as 1869, — by a firm who had even then had dealings in diamonds and who no doubt purchased the land with reference to diamonds. Here some few stones were picked from the surface, but the affair was not thought to be hopeful. The diamond searchers still believed that the river was the place. But the Dutch farmer at Du Toit's Pan, one Van Wyk, finding that precious stones were found on his neighbor's land, let out mining licenses on his own land, binding the miners to give him one fourth of the value of what they found. This, however, did not answer, and the miners resolved to pay some small monthly sum for a license, or to "jump" the two farms altogether. Now "jumping" in South African language means open stealing. A man "jumps" a thing when he takes what does not belong to him with a tacit declaration that might makes right. Appeal was then made to the authorities of the Orange Free State for protection; — and something was done. But the diggers were too strong, and the proprietors of the farms were obliged to throw open their lands to the miners on the terms which the men dictated.

The English came, — at the end of 1871, — just as the system of dry-digging had formed itself at these two mines, and from that time to this Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein have been worked as regular diamond mines. I did not find them especially interesting to a visitor. Each of them is about two miles distant from Kimberley town, and the center of the one can hardly be more than a mile distant from the center of the other. They are under the inspection of the same Government officer, and might be supposed to be part of one and the same enterprise were it not that there is a Mining Board

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at Du Toit's Pan, whereas the shareholders at Bultfontein have abstained from troubling themselves with such an apparatus. They trust the adjustment of any disputes which may arise to the discretion of the Government Inspector.

At each place there is a little village, very melancholy to look at, consisting of hotels or drinking-bars, and the small shops of the diamond dealers. Everything is made of corrugated iron and the whole is very mean to the eye. There had been no rain for some months when I was there, and as I rode into Du Toit's Pan the thermometer showed over 90° in the shade, and over 150° in the sun. While I was at Kimberley it rose to 96° and 161° . There is not a blade of grass in the place, and I seemed to breathe dust rather than air. At both these places there seemed to be a "mighty maze," — in which they differ altogether from the Kimberley mine which I will attempt to describe presently. Out of the dry dusty ground, which looked so parched and ugly that one was driven to think that it had never yet rained in those parts, were dug in all directions pits and walls and roadways, from which and by means of which the dry dusty soil is taken out to some place where it is washed and the débris examined. Carts are going hither and thither, each with a couple of horses, and Kafirs above and below, — not very much above or very much below, — are working for 10s. a week and their diet without any feature of interest. What is done at Du Toit's Pan is again done at Bultfontein.

At Du Toit's Pan there are 1441 mining claims which are possessed by 214 claimholders. The area within the reef — that is, within the wall of rocky and earthy mat-

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ter containing the diamondiferous soil — is thirty-one acres. This gives a revenue to the Griqualand Government of something over £2000 for every three months. About 1700 Kafirs are employed in the mine and on the stuff taken out of it at wages of 10s. a week and their diet, — which, at the exceptionally high price of provisions prevailing when I was in the country, costs about 10s. a week more. The wages paid to white men can hardly be estimated, as they are only employed in what I may call superintending work. They may perhaps be given as ranging from three to six pounds a week. The interesting feature in the labor question is the Kafir. This black man, whose body is only partially and most grotesquely clad, and who is what we mean when we speak of a Savage, earns more than the average rural laborer in England. Over and beyond his board and lodging he carries away with him every Saturday night 10s. a week in hard money, with which he has nothing to do but to amuse himself if it so pleases him.

At Bultfontein there are 1026 claims belonging to 153 claimholders. The area producing diamonds is twenty-two acres. The revenue derived is £6000 a year, more or less. About 1300 Kafirs are employed under circumstances as given above. The two diggings have been and are still successful, though they have never reached the honor and glory and wealth and grandeur achieved by that most remarkable spot on the earth's surface called the Colesberg Kopje, the New Rush, or the Kimberley mine.

I did not myself make any special visit to the Old De Beers mine. De Beers was the farmer who possessed the lands called Vooruitzuit, of the purchase of which I have

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already spoken, and he himself, with his sons, for a while occupied himself in the business; — but he soon found it expedient to sell his land, — the Old De Beers mine being then established. As the sale was progressing, a lady on the top of a little hill called the Colesberg Kopje poked up a diamond with her parasol. Dr. Atherstone who had visited the locality had previously said that if new diamond ground were found it would probably be on this spot. In September, 1872, the territory of Griqualand West became a British Colony, and at that time miners from the whole district were congregating themselves at the hill, and that which was at once called the “New Rush” was established. In Australia where gold was found here or there the miners would hurry off to the spot and the place would be called this or that “Rush.”

The New Rush, the Colesberg Kopje, — pronounced Cobby, — and the Kimberley mine are one and the same place. It is now within the town of Kimberley, — which has in fact got itself built around the hill to supply the wants of the mining population. Kimberley has in this way become the capital and seat of Government for the Province. As the mine is one of the most remarkable spots on the face of the earth, I will endeavor to explain it with some minuteness.

The Colesberg Hill is in fact hardly a hill at all, — what little summit may once have entitled it to the name having been cut off. On reaching the spot by one of the streets from the square you see no hill, but are called upon to rise over a mound, which is circular and looks to be no more than the débris of the mine, though it is in fact the remainder of the slight natural ascent. It is but

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a few feet high, and on getting to the top you look down into a huge hole. This is the Kimberley mine. You immediately feel that it is the largest and most complete hole ever made by human agency.

At Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein the works are scattered. Here everything is so gathered together and collected that it is not at first easy to understand that the hole should contain the operations of a large number of separate speculators. It is so completely one that you are driven at first to think that it must be the property of one firm, — or at any rate be entrusted to the management of one director. It is very far from being so. In the pit beneath your feet, hard as it is at first to your imagination to separate it into various enterprises, the persons making or marring their fortunes have as little connection with each other as have the different banking firms in Lombard Street. There, too, the neighborhood is very close, and common precautions have to be taken as to roadway, fires, and general convenience.

You are told that the pit has a surface area of nine acres; but for your purposes, as you will care little for diamondiferous or non-diamondiferous soil, the aperture really occupies twelve acres. The slope of the reef around the diamond soil has forced itself back over an increased surface as the mine has become deeper. The diamond claims cover nine acres.

You stand upon the marge and there, suddenly, beneath your feet lies the entirety of the Kimberley mine, so open, so manifest, and so uncovered that if your eyes were good enough you might examine the separate operations of each of the three or four thousand human beings who are at work there. It looks to be so steep

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down that there can be no way to the bottom other than the aërial contrivances which I will presently endeavor to explain. It is as though you were looking into a vast bowl, the sides of which are smooth as should be the sides of a bowl, while round the bottom are various marvelous incrustations, among which ants are working with all the usual energy of the ant-tribe. And these incrustations are not simply at the bottom, but come up the curves and slopes of the bowl irregularly, — halfway up, perhaps, in one place, while on another side they are confined quite to the lower deep. The pit is 230 feet deep, nearly circular, though after a while the eye becomes aware of the fact that it is oblong. At the top the diameter is about 300 yards, of which 250 cover what is technically called "blue," — meaning diamondiferous soil. Near the surface and for some way down, the sides are light brown, and as blue is the recognized diamond color, you will at first suppose that no diamonds were found near the surface; — but the light brown has been in all respects the same as the blue, the color of the soil to a certain depth having been affected by a mixture of iron. Below this everything is blue, all the constructions in the pit having been made out of some blue matter which at first sight would seem to have been carried down for the purpose. But there are other colors on the wall which give a peculiar picturesqueness to the mines. The top edge as you look at it with your back to the setting sun is red with the gravel of the upper reef, while, below, in places, the beating of the rain and running of water has produced peculiar hues, all of which are a delight to the eye.

As you stand at the edge you will find large, high-

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raised boxes at your right hand and at your left, and you will see all round the margin crowds of such erections, each box being as big as a little house and higher than most of the houses in Kimberley. These are the first recipients for the stuff that is brought up out of the mine. And behind these, so that you will often find that you have walked between them, are the whims by means of which the stuff is raised, each whim being worked by two horses. Originally the operation was done by hand-windlasses which were turned by Kafirs, and the practice is continued at some of the smaller enterprises; — but the horse whims are now so general that there is a world of them round the claim. The stuff is raised on aërial tramways, — and the method of an aërial tramway is as follows. Wires are stretched taut from the wooden boxes slanting down to the claims at the bottom, — never less than four wires for each box, two for the ascending and two for the descending bucket. As one bucket runs down empty on one set of wires, another comes up full on the other set. The ascending bucket is, of course, full of “blue.” The buckets were at first simply leathern bags. Now they have increased in size and importance of construction, — to half-barrels and so upwards to large iron cylinders which sit easily upon wheels running in the wires as they ascend and descend and bring up their loads, half a cart-load at each journey.

As this is going on round the entire circle it follows that there are wires starting everywhere from the rim and converging to a center at the bottom, on which the buckets are always scudding through the air. They drop down and creep up not altogether noiselessly, but

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with a gentle trembling sound which mixes itself pleasantly with the murmur from the voices below. And the wires seem to be the strings of some wonderful harp, — aërial or perhaps infernal, — from which the beholder expects that a louder twang will soon be heard. The wires are there always, of course, but by some lights they are hardly visible. The mine is seen best in the afternoon and the visitor looking at it should stand with his back to the setting sun; — but as he so stands and so looks he will hardly be aware that there is a wire at all if his visit be made, say on a Saturday afternoon, when the works are stopped and the mine is mute.

When the world below is busy there are about 3500 Kafirs at work, — some small proportion upon the reef which has to be got into order so that it shall neither tumble in nor impede the work, nor overlay the diamondiferous soil as it still does in some places; but by far the greater number are employed in digging. Their task is to pick up the earth and shovel it into the buckets and iron receptacles. Much of it is loosened for them by blasting, which is done after the Kafirs have left the mine at 6 o'clock. You look down and see the swarm of black ants busy at every hole and corner with their picks moving and shoveling the loose blue soil.

But the most peculiar phase of the mine, as you gaze into its large pit, is the subdivision into claims and portions. Could a person see the sight without having heard any word of explanation it would be impossible, I think, to conceive the meaning of all those straight cut narrow dikes, of those mud walls at right angles to each other, of those square separate pits, and again of those square upstanding blocks, looking like houses without doors or

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windows. You can see that nothing on earth was ever less level than the bottom of the bowl, — and that the black ants in traversing it, as they are always doing, go up and down almost at every step, jumping here on to a narrow wall and skipping there across a deep dividing channel as though some diabolically ingenious architect had contrived a house with five hundred rooms, not one of which should be on the same floor, and to and from none of which should there be a pair of stairs or a door or a window. In addition to this, it must be imagined that the architect had omitted the roof in order that the wires of the harp above described might be brought into every chamber. The house has then been furnished with picks, shovels, planks, and a few barrels, populated with its black legions, and there it is for you to look at.

At first the bottom of the bowl seems small. You know the size of it as you look, — and that it is nine acres, enough to make a moderate field, — but it looks like no more than a bowl. Gradually it becomes enormously large, as your eye dwells for a while on the energetic business going on in one part, and then travels away over an infinity of subdivided claims to the work in some other portion. It seems at last to be growing under you and that soon there will be no limit to the variety of partitions on which you have to look. You will, of course, be anxious to descend, and if you be no better than a man there is nothing to prevent you. Should you be a lady I would advise you to stay where you are. The work of going up and down is hard, everything is dirty, and the place below is not nearly so interesting as it is above. One firm at the mine, Messrs. Baring Gould, Atkins & Company, have gone to the

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expense of sinking a perpendicular shaft with a tunnel below from the shaft to the mine, — so as to avoid the use of the aerial tramway; and by Mr. Gould's kindness I descended through his shaft. Nevertheless there was some trouble in getting into the mine, and when I was there the labor in clambering about from one chamber to another in that marvelously broken house was considerable and was not lessened by the fact that the heat of the sun was about 140° . The division of the claims, however, became apparent to me, and I could see how one was being worked, and another left without any present digging till the claim-owner's convenience should be suited. But there is a regulation compelling a man to work if the standing of his "blue" should become either prejudicial or dangerous to his neighbors. There is one shaft, — that belonging to the firm I have mentioned; and one tramway has been cut down by another firm through the reef and circumjacent soil so as to make an inclined plane up and down to the mine.

The ground was originally divided into 801 claims with some few double numbers to claims at the east end of the mine; — but in truth nearly half of those have never been of value, consisting entirely of reef, the diamondiferous matter, the extent of which has now been ascertained, not having traveled so far. There are in truth 408 existing claims; but there are subdivisions in regard to property very much more minute. There are shares held by individuals as small as one sixteenth of a claim. The total property is in fact divided into 514 portions, the amount of which of course varies extremely. Every master miner pays 10s. a month to the Government for the privilege of working, whether he

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own a claim or only a portion of a claim. In working this the number of men employed differs very much from time to time. When I was there the mine was very full, and there were probably almost 4000 men in it and as many more employed above on the stuff. When the "blue" has come up and been deposited in the great wooden boxes at the top, it is then lowered by its own weight into carts, and carried off to the "ground" of the proprietor. Every diamond digger is obliged to have a space of ground somewhere round the town, — as near his whim as he can get it, — to which his stuff is carted and then laid out to crumble and decompose. This may occupy weeks, but the time depends on what may be the fall of rain. If there be no rain, it must be watered, — at a very considerable expense. It is then brought to the washing, and is first put into a round puddling-trough, where it is broken up and converted into mud by stationary rakes which work upon the stuff as the trough goes round. The stones, of course, fall to the bottom, and as diamonds are the heaviest of stones they fall with the others. The mud is examined and thrown away, — and then the stones are washed, and rewashed, and sifted, and examined. The greater number of diamonds are found during this operation; — but the large gems and those therefore of by far the greatest value are generally discovered while the stuff is being knocked about and put into the buckets in the mine.

It need hardly be said that in such an operation as I have described the greatest care is necessary to prevent stealing, and that no care will prevent it. The Kafirs are the great thieves, — to such an extent of superexcellence that white superintendence is spoken of as being

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the only safeguard. The honesty of the white man may perhaps be indifferent, but such as it is it has to be used at every point to prevent, as far as it may be prevented, the systematized stealing in which the Kafirs take an individual and national pride. The Kafirs are not only most willing but most astute thieves, feeling a glory in their theft, and thinking that every stone stolen from a white man is a duty done to their chief and their tribe. I think it may be taken as certain that no Kafir would feel the slightest pang of conscience at stealing a diamond, or that any disgrace would be held to attach to him among other Kafirs for such a performance. They come to the Fields instructed by their chiefs to steal diamonds, and they obey the orders like loyal subjects. Many of the Kafir chiefs are said to have large quantities of diamonds, which have been brought to them by their men returning from the diggings; — but most of those which are stolen no doubt find their way into the hands of illicit dealers. I have been told that the thefts perpetrated by the Kafirs amount to twenty-five per cent on the total amount found; — but this I do not believe.

The opportunities for stealing are of hourly occurrence and are of such a nature as to make prevention impossible. These men are sharp-sighted as birds, and know and see a diamond much quicker than a white man. They will pick up stones with their toes and secrete them even under the eyes of those who are watching them. I was told that a man will so hide a diamond in his mouth that no examination will force him to disclose it. They are punished when discovered with lashes and imprisonment, — in accordance with the law

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on the matter. No employer is now allowed to flog his man at his own pleasure. And the white men who buy diamonds from Kafirs are also punished, when convicted, by fine and imprisonment for the simple offense of buying from a Kafir, but with flogging also if convicted of having instigated a Kafir to steal. Nevertheless, a lucrative business of this nature is carried on, and the Kafirs know well where to dispose of their plunder, though of course but for a small proportion of its value.

Ten shillings a week and their food were the regular wages here as well as elsewhere. This I found to be very fluctuating, but the money paid had rarely gone lower for any considerable number of men than the above-named rate. The lowest amount paid has been 7*s.* 6*d.* a week. Sometimes it had been as high as 20*s.* and even 30*s.* a week. A good deal of the work is supplied by contract, certain middlemen undertaking to provide men with all expenses paid at £1 a week. When mealies have become dear from drought, — there being no grass for oxen on the route, — no money can be made in this way. Such was the case when I was in Griqualand West. It is stated by Mr. Oats, an engineer, in his evidence given to the Committee on the Griqualand West Annexation Bill, in June, 1877, — that the annual amount of wages paid at Kimberley had varied from £600,000 to £1,600,000 a year. Nearly the whole of this had gone into the hands of the Kafirs.

Perhaps the most interesting sight at the mine is the escaping of the men from their labor at six o'clock. Then, at the sound of some welcome gong, they begin to swarm up the sides close at each other's heels, apparently altogether indifferent as to whether there be a path

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or no. They come as flies come up a wall, only capering as flies never caper, — and shouting as they come. In endless strings, as ants follow each other, they move, passing along ways which seem to offer no hold to a human foot. Then it is that one can best observe their costume, in which a pair of trousers rarely forms a portion. A soldier's red jacket or a soldier's blue jacket has more charms than any other vestment. They seem always to be good-humored, always well-behaved, — but then they are always thieves. And yet how grand a thing it is that so large a number of these men should have been brought in so short a space of time to the habit of receiving wages and to the capacity of bargaining as to the wages for which they will work. I shall not, however, think it so grand a thing if any one addresses them as the free and independent electors of Kimberley before they have got trousers to cover their nakedness.

I must add also that a visitor to Kimberley should if possible take an opportunity of looking down upon the mine by moonlight. It is a weird and wonderful sight, and may almost be called sublime in its peculiar strangeness.

A MODERN BATTLEFIELD

[About 1898]

BY JULIAN RALPH

THE pictures of our battles which are produced in illustrated papers are not at all like real scenes at the front.

Art cannot keep pace with the quick advances of science, and illustrators find that for effect they must still put as much smoke and confusion in their battle studies as went with the old pictures of Waterloo. If this were left out, the public would be disappointed, and unable to tell a battlefield from a parade.

Lately a picture in one of our leading papers, by a very capable artist, showed the British storming a Boer position. In the middle distance was a Boer battery, and the only gunner left alive was standing up with a bandage round his head, while smoke and flame and flying fragments of shells filled the air in his vicinity. In the rush of the instant he must have been bandaged by the same shot that struck him, and as for the smoke and flying débris, there was more of this in a corner of that picture than was to be seen in all the four battles we have fought!

What, then, is a modern battle — how does it look and sound?

Really, the field of operations is so extensive, and the range of modern guns is so great, that fighting conditions have altered, until there is no longer any general “noise of battle hurtled in the air,” no possibility of

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grasping or viewing an engagement from any single point.

You may hear one of our big guns loosed three miles over on the right and another two miles on the left. If you are near they make a tremendous noise, yet I have not heard any explosion so loud as a good strong clap of thunder. The guns of the enemy cough far in front of you, and their shells burst within your lines with a louder sound — but with no real crash or deafening roar.

Our guns at their muzzles create but little smoke, though our Lyddite shells throw up clouds of dust and smoke where they fall miles away. Because the Boers are using old-fashioned powder in their cannon there is a small white cloud wherever one is fired, and a spurt of red sand where their shells dig into the veldt. The smoke of war, therefore, and the so-called roar of battle are nowadays occasional, scattered, inconsiderable.

Rifle-firing has been the principal feature of our fights. It sounds like the frying of fat, or like the crackling and snapping of green wood in a bonfire. If you are within two miles of the front, you are apt to be under fire, and then you hear the music of individual bullets. Their song is like the magnified note of a mosquito. “Z—z—z—z—z” — they go over your head; “z—z—z—z—p” — they finish as they bury themselves in the ground. This is a sound only to be heard when the bullets fly very close. You pick up your heels and run a hundred, or even fifty, yards, and you hear nothing but the general crackle of rifle-fire in and before the trenches.

The “putt-putt,” or Vickers-Nordenfeldt gun, is able to interest you at a distance of three miles. Its explo-

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sions are best described by the nickname given to the gun by one regiment: "The blooming door-knocker." Its bullets or shells are as big as the bowl of a large brier-root pipe, and they tear and slit the air with a terrible sound, exploding when they strike. The firing of this gun was heard all over the largest of our battlefields, and the sound of exploding shells carried far, because they were apt to fall on the quiet, outer edge of the field. The whizz that even these missiles make in flying, however, is like the whispered answers of a maid in love, only to be heard by the favored individual who is especially addressed.

Thus the many separate sounds are not loud enough to blend. The crowning, all-pervading noises are those of the guns and of the rifle-fire, and on the vast veldt, spread over a double line of five to seven miles in length, only those that are very near are very loud.

The scene of battle — the general view — is exceedingly orderly. There may be a desperate scrimmage where a company or two are storming a Kopje, but level your glass on yonder hill, and what do you see — a fringe of tiny jets of fire from the top where the Boers are, and our men in Khaki rising, and reclining, and occasionally firing, as they win their way upward.

The general view displays an arrangement as methodical as a chessboard. There are several battalions flat on their faces in two or three long lines. Over here is a battery in perfect order, with its limber of horses at rest near by. Another battery, equally well arranged, as if to have its photograph taken, is to be seen in the middle field; a third is on the farther side. The cavalry is sweeping across the veldt in perfect rank and alignment.

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There is no confusion anywhere — nothing is helter-skelter or slap-dash.

I remember only two momentary disturbances of this stern, steady discipline. One was in the afternoon, during the Modder River fight, when a large band of mounted Boers made a flank movement on our extreme right, and fired a volley at our immense mass of transport and ambulance wagons, water-carts, and ammunition trains.

The drivers were taken by surprise, and fell to lashing their mule teams and horses, generally to the accompaniment of high-keyed Kafir yells. The rout lasted but five minutes or less, and was comical beyond description, because the leading mules climbed over the wheelers, and the faster the bullets fell the louder the Kafirs yelled, and the more they plied their enormous whips.

The bravery of our stretcher-bearers is as much beyond question as it is beyond praise. All historians who tell of the dash and valor of the generals, colonels, majors, captains, and "Tommies" of the army, in common justice must also describe how the chaplains, doctors, and stretcher-bearers went in and out of the most hellish fire, not once or twice, but all through every battle.

It is just outside the range of fire that you see and realize the horrors of war. It is there that the wounded crawl and stagger by you; it is there that they spend their final output of energy, and fall down to lie until assistance comes; it is there that you see stretchers laden with their mangled freight, and sound soldiers bearing the wounded on their backs and in their arms.

More certainly to know the brutality and woe of war, happen upon a kopje that has just been stormed, or a

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trench that has been carried. Go to such a place to-day, twenty centuries after Christ came with his message of peace on earth and good will to men, and behold what you shall see.

“Here,” said I to a photographer in such a place — I think it was Belmont — “snap this scene. Look at the wounded all over the ground. Quick! out with your camera.”

“Oh, I can’t,” said he; “it’s too horrible!”

“As you please,” I said. “But it’s what the public wants.”

You read, in the writings of those who know nothing of war, about the writhing of the wounded, and the groaning on the battlefield. There is no writhing, and the groans are few and faint. There was one man who was simply cut to pieces by a shell at Maaghersfontein, and his sufferings must have been awful. He kept crying, “Doctor, can’t you do anything?” Another begged to be killed, and the first wounded man I saw kept saying, poor fellow, in ever so low a voice, “Oh, dear, dear, dear! Oh, dear, dear, dear!” But there is much less groaning than you would imagine — very little in proportion to the sufferings.

Two things are so common with the wounded as to be almost like rules of behavior. They all beg for water (it used to be cigarettes that they asked for on the Turkish side in the last war in Europe), and they seem always to be made gentle by their wounds. Men of the roughest speech, profane by second nature, cease to offend when stricken down.

“Well, mate,” said one, whose leg was shattered, “you never know when your turn will come, do you?”

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And another simply cried, "Oh, dear!"

Now and then you heard, "For God's sake, get me taken to an ambulance!" — but no profanity was intended there.

Many may wonder how it feels to be wounded. All who had bones shattered by expanding bullets used nearly the same language to describe the sensation.

"You feel," they said, "exactly as if you had received a powerful shock from an electric battery, and then comes a blow as if your foot" (or arm, or whatever part it might be) "was crushed by a stroke with a tremendous mallet." It is much the same in a lesser degree if a bone is struck by a Mauser bullet; but if the smooth, slender, clean little shot merely pierces the flesh, a burning or stinging sensation is the instantaneous result.

"Lying six hours in the broiling sun was pretty bad," said one whose arm-bone was smashed; "but the really awful experience was the jolting over rocks when I was carried off in an ambulance."

Another man, an officer, whose foot was smashed by an explosive bullet, said, "Look at my pipe. That's what I did to keep from saying anything." He had bitten off an inch of the hardened rubber mouthpiece. That was before his wound was dressed. The relief that is given by the dressing of a wound must be exquisite, for you hear next to no groans or moans after a doctor has given this first attention.

In the army of Lord Methuen the great majority of wounds were in the arms and feet; but other points and experiences in war are more remarkable. The chances of receiving a wound seem not to have greatly increased with the improvements in modern death-dealing im-

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plements. There were more than a million shots fired at Modder River, and yet only about eight hundred men were hit; while the number of bullets that hit water-bottles, haversacks, ration-tins, and coat-sleeves was astonishing. The damage to life and limb by the excessive artillery fire was next to nothing.

On a typical field of battle the armies oppose one another with orderly masses. Staff officers ride hither and thither. Batteries rumble to and fro at long intervals, as they are ordered to take new positions, and in the same way the cavalry appear and reappear on the edges of the field. Stretcher-bearers bring the wounded out of the zone of danger, and ambulances roll up, get their loads, and roll away again, all day continually as in a ceaseless train.

Brave privates bring out the wounded, and work their way back into fire again, now running forward, now dropping flat upon the veldt. Skulkers work back to the edge of the field in the same way — a few only — and are gathered up and sent forward in batches by the officers who come upon them. At last the cheer of British victory is heard, and the whole force rushes forward, or darkness falls upon an unfinished fight, and we grope about the veldt, seeking our camps, and the food and drink that most of us have gone without too long.

IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN ARMY

[1903-1904]

BY GUSTAV FRENSEN

[FROM the general scramble of the Powers for territory in Africa, Germany emerged with an extensive tract in the Southwest. She has made vigorous efforts to develop it as a colony, spending much blood and money in her attempts to subdue the natives and turn the country into a promising field for German emigration. This story is from a book supposed to be written by a soldier in the German army telling of his experiences in the campaign against the natives in 1903-04.]

The Editor.]

WE were to surround the enemy in an arc to the north and corner them, just as one runs in a circle and corners a colt so that it runs back where the boy is waiting with a halter in his hand. We were to make forced marches with fewer and lighter wagons, which meant smaller and lighter rations, and with less and lighter clothing. We were about three hundred men, — marines, sailors, and the home guards, who were leading us.

The troop of old Africans again went on ahead, officers and common soldiers, all mounted. Then came the old major with one officer; then we foot-soldiers in a long, thin line veiled in dust. Here and there in our line were the thirty great Cape wagons loaded with the light field-pieces and each drawn by from ten to twenty-four long-horned oxen, which were driven, with much shouting, by Negroes. On both sides of the way was more or less

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dense, grayish green thorn-bush, the wood of which is as hard as bone, and which grows to the height of a man, and sometimes twice that height, and has curved thorns as long as one's finger. In such wise and through such country we now traveled day after day and week after week. And day by day and week by week our progress became more painful. For soon came the time when we began to suffer from hunger and want, when the oxen began to fall from exhaustion, and when some of the clumsily rumbling wagons were full of the distress of the wounded or very sick.

When the sun mounted high over us, almost to the zenith, and the sand was scorching, and eyes and throats were burning, the van would halt at a clearing where there ought to have been water, but the water was not always there. Then suffering terribly from thirst, we had to dig holes to see if we could find a little water slowly filtering through. Often it was salt or milky from lime, or smelled vile; and oftener we did n't find even this miserable, loathsome water, and we had to go on again thirsty, far into the night. If we did find water, we would make a barricade of thorn-bush around us. Then each mess division would get its meager supply of food; a little meat from a freshly killed ox which had fallen exhausted, a little flour, and a little rice. The meat or flour we stirred up in a kettle with the bad water, and set it over the fire, calling it meat soup, or bouillon with rice, or pancakes, which they called "Plinsen." The cooking utensils were cleaned with sand. After that we lay for an hour in the shade of the wagons or of a canvas that had been set up, and then started on again.

Weary and indifferent, we marched on till evening

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and often into the night, and I don't know that in those weeks we ever sang. The moonlight lay wonderfully pale, like bright spider webs, over the broad, bushy land, and the unfamiliar stars gleamed strangely confused and restless. The gun-straps pressed on our shoulders, our feet stumbled in the uneven track, and our thoughts were slow and dull. When we had reached water in the night and had had dealt out to us one or two, or, if it was more plenty, even three cook-pan covers full of the miserable stuff, we were too tired to cook properly. We stirred up together a little of whatever we got and ate it half cooked. We had orders to bring the water to the boiling-point before we took it; but I have seen the officers, and for that matter even the physicians themselves, drink it just as it was. We were too tired and apathetic.

So it went on every day for four weeks. The country was always flat and bushy. We did n't see a single house and we did n't meet a human being.

It was bad that we could n't take provisions enough with us. If we had been able to, many more would have seen their homes again. We did n't notice it ourselves, but the doctors and officers probably saw that we were gradually getting flabby and weak. If we had even had time and inclination to cook properly, it would have been better; but the water was often so repulsive that it was no pleasure, and we had to use it so sparingly that our utensils got foul. I rubbed them with sand and I rubbed them with grass, but they did not get clean. And it was bad that we had only thin Khaki uniforms. In the morning we marched up to our knees in wet grass, at noon in hot sand, and all day through thorny brush, so that the lower part of our trousers fringed out and soon hung

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in shreds. When, as sometimes happened, a thunder-storm or a shower came up and then night came on, we were horribly cold. There were some very cold nights.

Thus it had to come about that we soon became very weak, even though we did not notice it ourselves. I used to think sometimes with surprise, "There was so much talk and squabbling among us on shipboard, and so many jokes among us! Where are they, and why don't we sing? How pale and yellow and thin Behrens has grown! How sunken and feverish our under officer's eyes look! What awfully thin beards we young men have!" There were many among us not yet twenty.

Once we came upon a great covered wagon left deserted on the road. A farmer or a trader had wanted to escape and had packed his most valuable possessions in the wagon, harnessed his oxen to it, and driven the rest of his flocks before it. He had come as far as this. His bones lay eaten by beasts, his goods were stolen, and round about the wagon were strewn the only things which the enemy could n't use, his letters and books. We buried the bones in the bush, tied a cross together with string and set it on the grave, and took some letters and remnants of books, read them, and threw them away.

Another day we discovered, hidden in the bush, on a hill by the way, many deserted huts of the enemy. They were like great beehives made of a skeleton of branches and twigs plastered over with cow-dung. Although we were so tired, we took the time to set fire to these, and afterwards stood on a rise in our road and looked back. The glow dyed the evening sky for a great distance.

Besides this I don't know that anything special hap-

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pened to us. We marched continually along the sandy road in a cloud of dust, on both sides of us brush that from time to time was thinner, or that yielded to make a majestic clearing.

Our horsemen, the old Africans and the officers, rode often an hour in advance of us and tried to spy out the enemy. When they came back the news would often spread through the ranks or at night from fire to fire: "We are close to the enemy now; to-morrow or the day after we shall meet them." Then we rejoiced and each man sat and looked over his gun and examined his cartridge-belt. But a new day came and still another, and we grew weaker and more exhausted, and we saw nothing of the enemy.

So it went on for four weeks, further and further. It was bad that we never had our clothes off and could never wash ourselves, and seldom, and then not thoroughly, even our faces and hands; but what was worse, we could never get enough to eat any more. They had given to me the task of getting the rations for our mess. I brought less and less to the cooking-hole; a little rice, a little flour, a little canned meat, and a little coffee. There was no more sugar, and one day I came back from the wagon with no salt. Then I baked pancakes made of dirty water and flour. The water we drank with our food tasted disgustingly of Glaubersalz; often it was as yellow as pea soup and smelled vile. The nights were cold.

I cannot say that we were cast down. We did n't grumble, either. We perceived that it could n't go any other way and that the officers endured all that we did. We were very quiet and sober, though. We held ourselves together with the thought: "We shall soon now

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come upon the enemy and beat them and finish up the campaign, and then, oh! then, we shall go back to the capital and get new clothes and have a bath. We'll spring into the water, and we'll get a new handkerchief, a really clean, red-checked one, and a great lot of good meat and a handful of white salt, and a great, great mug of clean, crystal-clear water — how it will glisten! And we'll have a long, long drink and hold out the empty mug, and again the water will pour into it, and we'll drink and drink. And then after a few days we'll travel back to the coast and we'll start for home! What shan't we have to tell about this monkey-land!"

Our boots fell apart; our trousers were nothing but shreds and rags at the bottom; our jackets got full of great holes from the thorns and were horribly greasy because we wiped everything off on them; our hands were full of inflamed places because we often had to seize the thorns with them.

Our lieutenant often talked to us. "Keep up your courage," he would say; "we shall have a fight and throw the rascals back to the west into the jaws of the main division. And in July we'll be at home again." I marveled at him, that he, though not much older than we, and suffering all the hardships that we did, was always uniformly calm, while we were often good-for-nothing and got angry and grumbled. It was n't because he had learned more than we; I think it came from the fact that he was at heart a cultivated man; that is, he had his soul and mind in control so that he could value justly, and could make allowance for the things about him. His will would have it so, and it came to pass. And I have noticed that will power is worth ten

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times more than mere knowing. We never said a word of how much we thought of him and watched him. He was a small man and rode a strong East Prussian horse, and always wore his felt hat a little over the left ear with the brim tilted up on the left side.

The old major came sometimes and addressed us. While doing so he looked at each man as closely as though he wanted to find out if he were having any sort of trouble. We all felt that he was a wise and wide-awake man and that he had a gentle, sympathetic heart. We felt, therefore, safe under him, and we knew it could not be any different from what it was or he would have changed it; and we would run like so many rabbits if we could do any little service for him. When any one had run that way, we used to jeer at him and say: "Are you trying to burst yourself, man?" But when the turn came to any one else he would run just the same.

Sometimes when we were all sitting about our fire-holes, I would take myself off over to the old Africans, who always had their fire by one of the wagons which Sergeant Hansen conducted. Then Hansen would motion to me, for he liked me since I had talked to him in the courtyard of the fort. They always sat by themselves, not entirely out of pride, but also because they were mostly from five to twenty years older than we were. Some of them had been already ten years or more in the country.

I used to sit down quietly with them and listen with great eagerness to their talk. Sometimes they talked of the wild fifteen years' struggles in the colony, in all or part of which they had shared, and of the fighting in the last three months. They recalled the scene of many a

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brave deed, and named many a valiant man, dead or living. I was surprised that so many hard undertakings, of which I had never heard or read so much as a word, had been carried through by Germans, and that already so much German blood had been lavishly spilled in this hot, barren land. They touched, too, upon the causes of the uprising; and one of the older men, who had been long in the country, said: "Children, how should it be otherwise? They were ranchmen and proprietors, and we were there to make them landless workingmen; and they rose up in revolt. They acted in just the same way that North Germany did in 1813. This is their struggle for independence." "But the cruelty?" said some one else, and the first speaker replied indifferently: "Do you suppose that if our whole people should rise in revolt against foreign oppressors it would take place without cruelty? And are we not cruel toward them?" They discussed, too, what the Germans really wanted here. They thought we ought to make that point clear. "The matter stood this way: there were missionaries here who said: 'You are our dear brothers in the Lord and we want to bring you these benefits; namely, Faith, Love, and Hope.' And there were soldiers, farmers, and traders, and they said: 'We want to take your cattle and your land gradually away from you and make you slaves without legal rights.' Those two things did n't go side by side. It is a ridiculous and crazy project. Either it is right to colonize, that is, to deprive others of their rights, to rob and to make slaves, or it is just and right to Christianize, that is, to proclaim and live up to brotherly love. One must clearly desire the one and despise the other; one must wish to rule or to love, to be for or against

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Jesus. The missionaries used to preach to them, 'Ye are our brothers,' and that turned their heads. They are not our brothers, but our slaves, whom we must treat humanely but strictly. These ought to be our brothers? They may become that after a century or two. They must first learn what we ourselves have discovered, — to stem water and to make wells, to dig and to plant corn, to build houses and to weave clothing. After that they may well become our brothers. One does n't take any one into a partnership till he has paid up his share."

One old freight-carrier, who mixed many English and Dutch words in his speech, said it would be better if the colony were sold to the English. "The Germans are probably useful as soldiers and farmers," he said, "but they understand nothing about the government of colonies. They want this and they want that." A younger man, who had been in the country only three years, said, in answer: "There'll have to be a thousand or two German graves in this country before that happens, and perhaps they'll be dug this year."

Over these conversations it got to be late at night; the fires still glowed a little, and in the uncertain light I saw the faces that had become browned and weatherbeaten from the burning of the African sun.

In these hard, hot days of marching and cold, moonlight nights, when we were advancing painfully, but still not without courage, one week after another, through the wild, bushy land, — there was not a house, not a ditch, not a tree, not a boundary in the burning sun by day or the pale moonlight of the clear nights; when I was plodding along, hungry and dirty and weary by the sandy, uneven wagon track, my gun on my shoulder;

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when I lay in the noon hour in the shadow of the great Cape wagons, and in the bitter cold nights, hungry and restless, in a thin blanket on the bare earth, and the strange stars shone in the beautiful blue heavens, — then, I believe, even then, in those painful weeks, I learned to love that wonderful, endless country.

ADVANCING UPON THE ENEMY

[1903-1904]

BY GUSTAV FRENSEN

BEFORE midnight we advanced toward the enemy. It was said that our division would come upon them about morning. The Witt-boys rode on ahead as spies. Then came our company. One part was detached to ride at the side of the road in the bush; the other part was to keep on riding in the road. I was in the third platoon. Behind me in compact array came the artillery. We marched as quietly as possible, but still there were all sorts of noises: snorting of horses, jolting of wheels, an impatient, angry shout, or a blow with a whip. I was very cold in the saddle, and, in order not to have stiff fingers later, when I had to shoot, I laid the reins over my cartridge-belt and put my hands in my pockets.

At last morning broke, and delicate, rosy stripes of light soon shot up toward the zenith. The colors grew rapidly deeper, brighter, and stronger. The red was glorious in its fullness and the blue beautiful in its purity. The light mounted and extended itself, ascending like a new world a thousand times more beautiful than the old one. Then came the sun, big and clear, looking like a great, placid, wide-open eye. Although like a good soldier I had all my thoughts fixed on what was before me, on the enemy, and the bad hours I should probably meet with, yet I saw the splendor of the sky.

Near me rode a fellow from Hamburg, a fresh, quiet

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boy. He said once to me: "You see, one has to have experienced something, or how shall one become a serious, capable man? That's why I came here." He was to enter his father's business later. He was riding just as I was, his reins over his cartridge-belt and his hands in his pockets; he was frowning this morning, and kept a sharp lookout before him. Diagonally behind me rode the former officer.

About this time of day, according to the predictions of our scouts, we ought to reach the enemy, but they were not to be seen. Then I thought, as did many others, that again there would be no fighting, and I was annoyed. Shortly after this, however, we heard the thunder of cannon coming from our right.

It got to be eight o'clock, and nine. The bush was so dense that the parties sent into it could not advance. They came out and marched together along the road. The sun was steadily mounting; it was getting to be a hot day. It began to be warm riding, and the horses were growing tired. A little thin lieutenant with a drawn face and sharp eyes rode up alongside of me and said, in a suppressed voice: "We are n't a mile and a half from the water-holes." Several times in the last few days he had made dangerous excursions into this region, and he knew every bush.

Then the first shot fell ahead. With a quick swing we were out of our saddles and had thrown the reins over our horses' necks. Those who were to hold the horses seized them. Our company was only ninety strong, and, as we left ten with the horses, only eighty men went into the thick bush. The enemy were firing vigorously and letting out short, wild cries. I saw one of our men

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wounded. He stooped and examined a wound in his leg. Still, I saw nothing of the enemy. Then just for a second I saw a piece of an arm in a grayish brown cord coat, and I shot at it. Then I lay down to spy out another target. Lively firing was being exchanged. When one of us thought he had hit his mark, he would announce it with a loud voice: "That one won't get up again! I got him in the middle of the breast!" The third man at my right, who was lying by a bush in front of me, twitched convulsively. A derisive voice on the other side shouted: "Had enough, Dutchman?" My comrade said, in a quiet voice: "I have a bullet in my shoulder," and he crawled back on all fours.

I could hear through all our own shooting that we were getting fired upon from the left. This fire now became heavier. They were coming nearer. In close ranks they came, creeping and shouting and screaming. Two of my neighbors were not shouting any more. We crawled back once or twice our length. The enemy shouted: "Look out, Dutchman, look out!" and laughed wildly. Others shouted: "Hurrah! hurrah!" The bush was swarming with men. I thought they would now break loose upon us in a wild storm and that it would be all up with us. On account of our wounded men I was fearfully anxious lest we should have to retreat. I was firmly resolved if the command should come, to shout loudly: "Take along the wounded!" But when I had just decided on this plan, a subordinate officer came up with several men and cheered us on with the words, "Hold your position! I am sending aid!" Soon afterwards I heard something slipping and grating behind me, and a quiet, soft voice said: "Move a little to the side."

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The nozzle of a machine gun was pushed forward near my face, and immediately began to crackle away. The grape shot hissed furiously into the bushes, rattling and whizzing. How good it sounded! How surely and quietly I shot! "Did I hit? Did you see? Shoot, man, there! there!" Cannon, too, upon a slope behind us were now thundering over our heads. Then it grew a little more quiet on the other side, and the command of "Forward, double quick!" reached us. We sprang up and plunged forward, but a horrible volley of grape shot was poured against us and threw us back again.

In front of me an under officer had got a ball in the body, and blood was streaming from the wound. He was crouching and trying to stem the flow of blood with a handkerchief, and was calling for help. He was a light-complexioned, fine-looking man. Just then the former officer, the one who was under the official ban, came up from the side, seized the wounded man by the shoulders, and dragged him back, while balls were falling around him and the barrel of his gun was hit so that it flew rattling to one side. He then quietly lay down in his place again. On the other side, in the bush, they were shouting in wild zeal and shrieking for very rage.

We did not advance. I don't know how long we lay there firing. It was probably hours. I wondered once why no officer was to be seen with us, and I forgot it again. Sweat ran like water over my entire body. Not merely my tongue, but my throat, my whole body, cried out for a swallow of cool water. At one side a hospital aid was trying to bind a rubber bandage around the bleeding leg of a wounded man who begged him in South

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German dialect: "Take me back a little, can you?" Then the aid dragged him back panting.

The fire from the other side was getting weaker. A voice commanded us: "Fire more slowly." From the other side we heard it jeeringly mimicked: "Fire more slowly." A wounded man cried aloud for water.

We lay and waited, our guns pointed. Word passed from mouth to mouth: "The captain is dead; the first lieutenant, too — all the officers — and almost all the under officers." Propping my gun in position, I took my field flask with my left hand and swallowed the little draught I had saved up for the greatest emergency. As I set the flask aside, I thought that perhaps it would be my last drink, and I thought of my parents. I believed that the enemy would get breath and then make another assault.

But that did not happen. A lieutenant who belonged to the staff came stooping along our ranks. When he was behind me, he knelt there, touched my boot lightly, and said: "Go to the general and report that according to my reckoning we are about half a mile distant from the last water-holes."

I got cautiously up on my knees, and then ducking down ran back to the road. Near an ant-hill, which was certainly three yards high, a surgeon and a hospital aid were endeavoring to save a man from bleeding to death; but I believe they came too late, for he lay like dead on his dark red blanket. Then I saw the balloon not far in front of me and I ran across the clearing to it.

The long rows of oxen, standing in harness in front of their wagons, raised their open mouths and bellowed hoarsely, for they scented the water-holes and panted

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for water. The soldiers at the wagons and horses called to me with dry voices: "Get ahead, you fellows up forward! Are we coming to water soon? Are we going on?" They looked at me with deep, dry eyes. Those who held the horses had a great deal of trouble with the thirsty creatures, which were standing crowded together, swarmed over and tortured by insects. The sun scorched down. A thick, horribly dry, dust-filled air lay over the whole camp.

The surgeons in white cloaks stood in front of the hospital wagon around a table on which some one was lying. I wondered how many were lying in the shade of the wagon; five or six of them were dead, among them our captain. A wounded officer, I think it was a lieutenant, was giving water with his well hand to the severely wounded; his other arm was bleeding badly.

At the general's wagon a man was standing by the heliograph. The general was near by with officers and orderlies around him, all of them on foot. I reported and heard some one say: "The animals can't hold out any longer and the men are simply dying of thirst." The next moment, just as I had turned to run to the front, there came from behind from two or three directions wild shouting and volleys from the bush.

The outposts, who were lying and kneeling on the ground all around, moved in immediately. The voice of an officer rang out sharp and clear: "Disperse and charge in knots." I ran, and saw as I ran that a hailstorm of bullets was riddling the hospital wagon, that the doctors were seizing their guns, and that one of them was wounded. I even heard one say: "We'll take off our white cloaks, though." Then I lay down by a bush and

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shot at the enemy, who with wild shouts continued their onset through the bushes. Secretaries, orderlies, drivers, guard, and officers all rushed forward, lay down near one another, and protected their skins. The artillery turned while firing and shot away over us. Excited by my run and the sudden attack, I began a violent, rapid fire. A voice near me said: "Shoot more calmly." I did fire more calmly, thinking, "Who said that?" and as I seized my cartridge-belt and looked to the side, there lay the general two men from me, shooting coolly as becomes an old soldier. The enemy were pressing on in close ranks through the bush, shouting and firing. But we lay quietly and shot well. Then it got more quiet. The officers stood up and returned to the center of the camp again. Immediately after that came the order that the whole camp should advance two hundred yards. In running by I saw them lifting the dead and wounded into wagons. Then I ran forward again to my place in the line of defense.

Now as I lay there I felt how very parched I was. Begging and complaining and teasing for water went through the ranks. From behind we heard the hoarse lowing of the thirsty oxen. I believe that at this time, four in the afternoon, there was not a drop of water in the whole camp except for the wounded.

Then everything was moved to the front, — soldiers, artillery, and machine guns. A terrific fire rattled against the enemy, who were growing weary. Then word passed from man to man: "We are going to charge." Now the battle-cry told. I shall never forget it. With fierce yells, with distorted faces, with dry and burning eyes, we sprang to our feet and hurled ourselves forward.

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The enemy leaped, fired, and dispersed with loud outcries. We ran without interference, shouting, cursing, and shooting, to the good-sized clearing where the ardently desired water-holes were, and across it to the farther edge, where the bush began again.

The entire camp — the heavy wagons with their long teams of oxen; the hundreds of horses; the hospital wagons with the surgeons, the dead and the wounded; the headquarters, everything — followed in a rush and encamped in the clearing. But we lay around it at the edge of the bush to keep back the enemy, who now here and now there would break through the thick bushes in wild, loudly shouting parties. Behind us our men were now climbing down with army kettles into the water-holes, which were ten yards deep, and were filling buckets let down on reins and were beginning to water man and beast. When about ten animals had had a little, the hole was empty. There were about ten or twelve holes at this place.

The sun went down. Some of us slipped out, cut brush with our side-arms, and made a stockade in front of us. The artillerymen set up the cannon and machine guns behind us and knelt near them. Some of the soldiers were detailed to creep from man to man and give each a little water. In the camp further back of us, the restlessly crowding animals were being watered in the dark. By the hospital wagons nurses were going about, lanterns in their hands, bending over each patient. Meanwhile the enemy kept up their firing, which continually flashed out of the dark bush all around the camp. Not until about midnight did it become more quiet. We passed a little zwieback from hand to hand. Then com-

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plete darkness settled upon us and the shooting at last ceased.

What plan had the enemy in mind? Here we lay in the dark night, four hundred men, worn out, and half dead with thirst; and in front of us and all around us a savage, furious people numbering sixty thousand. We knew and heard nothing of the other German divisions. Perhaps they had been slaughtered and the sixty thousand were now collecting themselves to fall upon us. Through the quiet night we heard in the distance the lowing of enormous herds of thirsty cattle and a dull confused sound like the movement of a whole people. To the east there was a gigantic glow of fire. I lay stretched at full length with my gun ready, and cheered my utterly exhausted comrades to keep awake.

Thus morning gradually came on. Then some scouts went out cautiously and we learned to our great amazement that the enemy had withdrawn, and indeed in wild flight. We should have liked to follow them up, but we had no news yet from the other divisions. Moreover, both men and beasts had reached the limit of their strength. So we rested on that day, ate a little poor food, and cleansed and repaired our guns and other equipment; for we looked like people who had battered and bruised and soiled themselves in an attack of frenzy. The madness still showed in our frowning brows and in our eyes. Our dead lay in the midst of us in the shade of a tree.

We had a great deal of trouble to keep our animals from dying. We could not give them anywhere near enough water to satisfy them, and we could not give them any fodder at all, because the entire region had been eaten as bare by the enemy's cattle as if rats and

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mice had gnawed it clean. The men and the animals had even grubbed into the earth in search of roots. It was a miserable day. The sun glared down, and an odor of old manure filled the whole land to suffocation.

At noon there came at last some news from the other divisions. Two reported that they had beaten the enemy, the third that it had saved itself with great difficulty and distress. The enemy had fled to the east with their whole enormous mass, — women, children, and herds.

Toward evening we buried our dead under the tree.

ARABIA

I

EARLY HISTORY

HISTORICAL NOTE

LITTLE is known of the early history of Arabia, save that it was the home of many tribes, some with fixed abodes, but most of them wandering about as the mood seized them or some fancied advantage occurred to them. They had no permanent government, no laws, and no settled religion. Some worshiped the stars, some angels or heavenly spirits. When they came in contact with a nation, they usually borrowed some of its religious customs. They made images of their various deities and paid them great reverence. Persecuted Christians sometimes fled to Arabia, and by the end of the sixth century, a vague and inaccurate knowledge of Christianity had spread through much of the country.

In the early part of the seventh century, Mohammed began to teach, and before many years he had gained a large number of followers. "There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet," was the main tenet of his preaching. The Arabs accepted his faith, and this brought about their union, not only in religion, but also in government.

After the death of Mohammed, his followers pressed on in their warfare, and by preaching and fighting they overran Syria and Persia and Central Asia. Their faith was adopted by the Turks; Egypt and northern Africa yielded to their arms. They conquered Spain so completely that in the greater part of the country the customs, dress, and language as well as religion became that of Arabia. Europe seemed about to fall into their hands, but in 732, exactly a century after the death of Mohammed, the Mohammedans were met at Tours by Charles Martel and were overcome. Had the invaders been the victors, no one can estimate the length of time that the civilization of Europe would have been retarded.

THE LEGEND OF THE ARABS

BY ALPHONSE MARIE LOUIS DE LAMARTINE

[TRADITION says that Nimrod, the fabulous King of Babylon, heard a prophecy that a child should be born who would become greater than himself and all the rest of mankind. To prevent this, he forbade marriage. Nevertheless, the father of Abraham took to himself a wife. When the child was born, his parents in order to save his life hid him in a cave outside the city, and thither the angels came and cared for him.

The Editor.]

ABRAHAM, nursed by the angels, grew in strength and intellect in his cavern. His first egression from it was by night. The firmament of Chaldea, filled with luminous creatures that floated in the ether, revealed to him God. Only he was not yet able to distinguish him from his works. A star resplendent beyond the others first arrested his dazzled eyes: "There is my God," exclaimed he to himself. Presently the star descended and disappeared in the horizon. "No," said he, "that cannot be the God whom I adore." So with several other constellations. Afterwards the moon arose: "There is my God," cried he. And it set. "No, it is not my God." In fine, the sun rose majestically in the East, at the border of the forest. "Here, truly, is my God," said he; "it is large and dazzling beyond all others." The sun accomplished his career, and went down in the horizon, leaving the mantle of night upon the earth. "That is not still the God I look for to adore," muttered pensively the infant destined for the adoration of the divinity invisible,

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immovable, and eternal. He returned to his cavern to seek his God in his own soul.

Having left at length his cave and been presented to Nimrod as a young man born long before the interdiction of the marriages, Abraham began revealing to the Babylonians the immaterial God, exhorting them to worship in spirit and in truth, and to eject the idols from the temples. . . . The priests of Babylon led the profaner of the idols before Nimrod to have him punished. "Who, then, is your God?" demanded the king of the young prophet. — "My God," said Abraham, "is he who giveth life and death." — "It is I who give life and death," rejoined Nimrod. To prove it, he ordered into his presence, from the prisons of Babylon, two criminals condemned to death and who were awaiting execution. He cut off the head of one, he gave pardon to the other, and supposed his interlocutor confounded. But Abraham, at first perplexed how to refute this sophism in action, soon recovered himself and offered the king a challenge of omnipotence. "Very well," said he, "my God is he who makes the sun to rise in the east; do you make it rise in the west." Nimrod replied, as embarrassed tyrants do, by fire. He had the youthful prophet thrown into a burning pyre; "*but the fire became cold,*" says the history. Abraham retired into the deserts of Mesopotamia with his family, his slaves, and his flocks.

There commence the Hebrews — the Arabs of the Bible and of Jerusalem, the sons of Isaac. Let us turn to those of the desert and of Mecca, the sons of Ishmael.

It was upon the future site of this city — a site then without inhabitants and without water — that Abraham, in deference to the jealousy of his wife, Sarah,

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abandoned his slave Hagar and the child he had by her, Ishmael.

Scarce had the unfortunate Hagar exhausted the provisions of dates and water which Abraham had left her for herself and her son, than she felt the torments of thirst and ran desperately through the valleys and parched ravines of Safa, asking them in vain for a single drop of water or the oozing moisture of a rock to wet the lips of her infant. During this absence of his mother, Ishmael cried with impatience and thirst, and striking in his anger with his heel upon the sand, there issued thence a fountain of cool and pure water. Hagar hastened back to the wailings of her son. She saw the water, and fearing lest it should evaporate in the sun or disappear in the sand, she set to kneading the moistened earth in her hands, and shaped it into a basin to retain the treasure. This miraculous water, which flows still at the present day, is the source of the famous wells of Zem-zem of Mecca, which have the virtue of sanctifying the drinkers.

Some Arab shepherds of a wandering tribe were pasturing their camels on the sides of Mount Arafat, in the neighborhood. They saw some eagles fighting overhead the site where the prodigy had just taken place. Suspecting that the birds had smelt the moisture, they hastened thither. They found the spring, the young mother, and the child. "Who are you, and what is this child?" asked they of Hagar; "whence comes this water? We have never before seen it during these many years that we traversed these solitudes." Hagar related to them her abandonment; they took compassion on her. The child, for whom the earth seemed to have opened

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like a mother's breast, appeared to them a being predestined for celestial benedictions. They announced this prodigy to their tribe, who came to dwell upon the spot. Ishmael grew up in the midst of this people; he married one of their daughters, named Amara.

Abraham made them two visits with the permission of Sarah. Sarah, still jealous, had exacted as condition that Abraham should not dismount from his horse at the lodgings of Hagar.

The first time Abraham visited Mecca he stopped at the door of Ishmael and called him by his name. Amara, the wife of Ishmael, came to the door. "Where is Ishmael?" inquired the patriarch without dismounting. "He is hunting," replied Amara. "Have you nothing to give me to eat? for I cannot come down." "I have nothing," said Amara; "this country is a desert." "Very well," rejoined Abraham, "say to your husband that you have seen a stranger, describe to him my figure and tell him that I recommend him to change the threshold of his door." Amara, on the return of Ishmael, acquitted herself of the message. Her husband, offended that she had refused his father hospitality, repudiated her and married a woman of another tribe, named Sayda.

Abraham returned some time after to visit his son. He was absent. A young, slim, and graceful woman came to the threshold of the door to make reply to the stranger. "Have you some nourishment to give me?" asked Abraham of his daughter-in-law, without making himself known or dismounting from his horse. "Yes," said she in an instant. And going into the house, she returned soon after, presenting to the traveler some cooked

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venison, milk, and dates. Abraham tasted the edibles, then blessed them in saying: "May God multiply in this country these three species of nutriment."

After the repast, Sayda said to the old man: "Dismount from your horse that I may bathe your head and your beard." "I cannot," replied the patriarch; "I am under oath not to quit the saddle." And merely setting one foot upon a large stone beside the door, while the other leg continued astride on the saddle, he in this way stooped his head within reach of the young woman, who laved away the dust wherewith his eyes and beard were soiled.

"When your husband returns," said the patriarch on departing, "describe to him my figure and say to him from me that the threshold of his door is alike beautiful and solid, and that he take good care not to change it."

Ishmael, upon hearing this recital and these words, said to Sayda: "He whom you have seen is my father, and he orders me in this wise to keep you carefully forever." . . .

In a third visit to his son, Abraham built conjointly with him, at Mecca, a temple, or house of God, called *Kaaba*. This temple, which is still at this day the temple of Mecca, was a small and shapeless structure without window or door or roof, constructed of unhewn blocks of stone. Abraham did the mason-work, and his son Ishmael quarried the stones. They inserted in one of the walls the famous "black stone," which an angel was supposed to have conveyed direct from heaven to sanctify the house of the Deity. They instituted pilgrimages, rites, and processions around the edifice, which have made subsequently of Mecca the religious capital

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of Arabia, and which Mohammed was obliged to retain, with a change of spirit, after his reform.

But be it as it may with these mythological traditions, Mecca became, through the processions of the Kaaba, the object of the pilgrimages and the center of the superstitions of all the Arabs who were not adorers of Jehovah. An idolatry . . . dethroned the pure worship of Abraham, and peopled the Kaaba with idols.

MOHAMMED

[About 570-632]

BY EVA MARCH TAPPAN

MOHAMMED was born in Mecca in Arabia, and he became so famous when a man that the people who knew him as a boy came to believe in many wonderful things as having happened to him when he was small. It was said that the sheep bowed to him as he passed by, and that even the moon stooped from her place in the heavens to do him honor. While he was in the house of his nurse, so the legend says, her well never dried and her pastures were always fresh and green.

The little boy soon lost both father and mother, and was brought up in the house of his uncle. He must have been a most lovable boy, for every one seems to have been kind to him. This uncle held an office of great honor, — he was guardian of a certain black stone which, it was said, the angel Gabriel had given to Abraham. The stone was built into the outer wall of the Kaaba, a little square temple which the Arabians looked upon as especially holy. Most of them were worshipers of idols, and the Kaaba was the home of enough idols to provide a different one for every day in the year. Throngs of pilgrims journeyed to Mecca to kiss the stone and worship in the Kaaba; and the boy must have heard marvelous tales of the strange places from which they came. His uncle was a merchant and used to go with caravans to Syria and elsewhere to get goods. When Mohammed

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was twelve years old, he begged earnestly to be allowed to go with him. The uncle said "No." Then the boy pleaded, "But, my uncle, who will take care of me when you are gone?" The tender-hearted man could not refuse any longer, and Mohammed went on his first journey.

After this, he always traveled with his uncle, and when the uncle went out to help his tribe fight another one, he became the uncle's armor-bearer. He learned about life in a caravan, and about buying and selling goods, and while he was hardly more than a boy, he was often employed by merchants to go on such trips as their agent. At length he was engaged by a wealthy widow named Kadajah to manage the large business which the death of her husband had left in her charge. She became more and more pleased with the young man, and after a while she sent a trusty slave to offer him her hand. He was surprised, but not at all unwilling, and soon there was a generous wedding feast with music and dancing. The house was open to all who chose to come, and a camel was killed that its flesh might be given to the poor.

Mohammed thought much about religious questions. He came to believe that his people were wrong in worshipping idols, and that there was only one true God. He used to go to a cavern a few miles from Mecca to pray and meditate. One month in every year he gave up entirely to this. After a while, he began to have strange dreams and visions. In one of these he thought the angel Gabriel held before him a silken cloth on which there was golden writing and bade him read it. "But I do not know how to read," replied Mohammed. "Read, in the name of the Most High," said the angel; and

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suddenly the power to read the letters came to him, and he found the writings were commands of God. Then the angel declared, "Thou art the prophet of God."

Mohammed told Kadijah of his vision, and she believed that the angel had really come to him. After a little, he began to preach wherever people would listen. A few believed in him, but most people only laughed at his story. Still he kept on preaching, and after a while, although he had but few followers in Mecca, there were many in Medina who had come to believe that he was the prophet of God. He decided that it was best for him to go to them, and in the year 622 he and a few friends escaped from their enemies in Mecca and went to Medina. This is called the Hegira, or flight. To this day Mohammedans do not count the years from the birth of Christ, but from the Hegira.

As soon as the prophet was in Medina, his followers began to build a mosque, or place for prayer, in which he might preach. They made the walls of earth and brick. The pillars were the trunks of palm trees, and the roof was formed of their branches with a thatch of leaves. He decided that his disciples should be called to prayer five times a day, and after all these centuries the call, or muezzin, is still heard in the East from some minaret of each mosque, — "God is great. There is no God but God. Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to prayers." At dawn the crier adds, "Prayer is better than sleep." Every true Mussulman, as followers of Mohammed are called, is bound to obey this rule of prayer, and as he prays, he must turn his face toward Mecca. He is also commanded to make at least one pilgrimage to Mecca before he dies, and to kiss the

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sacred "Black Stone." It is still in the wall of the Kaaba, but the Kaaba itself is now within a mosque so large that it will hold 35,000 persons.

It is probable that Mohammed never learned to read or write, but his followers jotted down his words on bits of palm leaves or skins or even the shoulder-blades of animals, and many of them they learned by heart. After the death of the prophet, the califs, as his successors were called, collected these sayings and arranged them in a book called the Koran, which is the sacred volume of the Mussulmans.

For a long while, Mohammed preached peace and gentleness and charity, and he won many followers. Then he came to believe that if people would not obey his teachings, it was right to make war upon them. He marched against Mecca with a large army of his disciples, and soon captured it. After a time, either by preaching or by fighting, the Mohammedans, or Mussulmans, became the rulers of all Arabia. After the death of their prophet, they continued their conquests. They overcame Syria, Persia, Egypt, northern Africa, and Spain. A little later they swarmed over the Pyrenees Mountains, and pushed on as far north as Tours. In 732, just one hundred years after the death of Mohammed, the Mohammedans and the Franks met in battle on the plain of Tours, and after a terrible combat the Mohammedans were so completely overwhelmed that they retreated toward Spain and never again tried to conquer the land of the Franks.

A READING FROM THE KORAN

A READING FROM THE KORAN

BY WILHELM KARL GENTZ

(*Germany.* 1822-1890)

GOOD Moslems believe that in the beginning a tablet rested beside the throne of God, and that upon this tablet the Koran was written by rays of light. Portions of its teachings were, according to Mohammedan faith, revealed to Mohammed from time to time. The utmost reverence is always shown to any copy of the book, and no one may even touch it without ceremonial purification.

In the teachings of the Koran there is little that is original. It demands belief in one God and in Mohammed as his prophet. Charity and kindness to others are enjoined. The good Mohammedan must drink no spirituous liquor, he must pray five times a day, with his face turned toward Mecca, and at some time in his life he must, if possible, make a pilgrimage to the holy city. The language of the Koran is regarded as the purest Arabic.

The picture represents one of the Mohammedan priests explaining the sacred book to the little audience who have come together to listen to him in the shade of the old stone portico. All wear the flowing robes of the East, but have, as is the custom, removed their shoes on entering the building. The palm at the right hand makes a graceful frame for the scene; pigeons, but little disturbed by the coming of people, are fluttering about the shelf of rock. Beside the expounder lies a cat, who, in perfect confidence in these friendly folk, does not trouble herself even to keep a watchful eye upon them. She is introduced in memory of the time when Mohammed cut off the loose sleeve of his robe rather than disturb a cat who had chosen it as the place for her siesta.



THE "SQUARE HOUSE," OR KABAH

BY HADJI KHAN AND WILFRID SPARROY

THE "Square House," or Kabah, stands almost in the center of the Harem,¹ rather nearer to the west than to the east. The ground whereon it lies is accounted holy, since it was here that Adam, after his 'expulsion from the Garden of Eden, first worshiped his Creator, a tent being sent down from heaven for the purpose. This act of grace on the part of the heavenly hosts was the compassionate result of a conference over which the arch-angel Gabriel had presided. There was substituted for the tent by Adam's son Seth a structure of clay and stone which was rebuilt at a later period, under the superintendence of Abraham and Ishmael his son. So much for the legendary history of the house. The task of restoring the sacred edifice, in the time of Ignorance, fell to the lot of the four chief tribes of Arabia. It was rebuilt by the Kuraish, a few years after Mohammed's birth, and was destroyed by the torrents thirty-five years after its completion. Then ensued a tribal war, each of the clans claiming for itself a complete side of the house which should face its tents, till the cause of strife was settled by an agreement among the contending tribes to accept the arbitration of Abu-Amid, the chief of the Kuraish. The decision of Abu-Amid was that the tribes should abide by the determination of the man who, on the following Friday afternoon, should be the

¹ "Harem" here means courtyard of the mosque.

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first to leave the mosque. So haphazard an arrangement was bound to appeal to the sportsmanlike instinct of a race that has ever been wont to test the wisdom of its actions by the arbitrament of chance. The warriors sheathed their swords, and when the fateful day arrived not a single murmur was raised against the man who, being the first to reach the open air, set about planning the building as it now appears. This man, it is said, was Mohammed. The Kabah, which was certainly reconstructed in the year 1627, — the successive Sherifs and Sultans adding to its interior decorations, — is said to have been destroyed and restored twelve times since the death of the Prophet.

In shape the Kabah is an almost solid square, having from outside a length of fourteen yards, and being eleven yards broad and sixteen yards high. From afar it has the look of an immense block of dark-colored granite. The double roof is supported from within by pillars of aloe-wood. The gateway, which fills a considerable portion of the eastern wall, is raised about six feet from the ground, and measures in height some four yards, as far as I could gauge. The door itself is made of aloe-wood, and is covered over with plates of solid silver, and studded with heavy silver nails. The precious metal was presented to the house, in 959 of the Hegira, by the generous Sultan Solyman. Inlaid in the eastern end of the southern wall of the Kabah is the famous "Black Stone," which might be said to be the center of the pilgrims' circling aspirations, and the pivot of their circumambulations round the sacred precincts. Another stone, marking the sepulcher of Ishmael, lies at the base of the northern wall, and from the roof above there pro-

THE SQUARE HOUSE, OR KABAH

jects a horizontal semicircular rainspout which, including the end fixed in the wall, is five yards long, measures twenty-four inches in width, and is made of massive gold. The water flows from the lip of the split pipe to the floor of the harem below. The tomb of Abraham, the legendary builder of the temple, is situated close by, to the east, not far from the Gate of Beni Shaibeh.

The Prophet's faithful followers, when they say their prayers, must turn their faces in the direction of the Kabah, no matter where they may be. This ascertaining of the exact position of the House of God, which is the center of the Holy City, is called "taking the Kiblah" or Outlook. Thus the Mohammedans of Syria, and those beyond it to the north, having fixed the Kiblah, are face to face with the northern wall, sacred to the Stone of Ishmael and the gold rainspout: their prayers are therefore sure to be heard. Those of Persia, Turkestan, northern India, Sind, and a part of China, look in the direction of the northeastern angle, called the Rokné-Araghi, which is an equally blessed outlook, since the door of the house is on the eastern side and rather more to the north than the south thereof. The faces of the Muslims of Aden, of southern India, of Madagascar, and of Australia, are turned to the eastern wall, or the southeastern corner of it, while those of the faithful of Constantinople, as well as those of the Mohammedans of some parts of Russia, are opposite to the western wall of the sacred building. The Boers believe themselves to be the "chosen people." It is a pity they are not Mohammedans. For, if they were, they would be considered now the chosen people of Islam for the simple reason that they would face the southern wall of the Kabah,

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wherein is laid the Black Stone of immemorial sanctity. But the prayers the most acceptable to God, when all is said and done, are the prayers raised from any quarter within the harem of the House of Allah on earth.

The interior of the Kabah is far more impressive than the exterior. The silver threshold is reached by means of a staircase running on wheels. There the pilgrim must prostrate himself, asking God to grant him his heart's desire. He must be careful to maintain the correct demeanor, closing his eyes and lifting up his hands, inasmuch as the angels, who are believed to keep watch over the entrance, are quick to resent the slightest breach in the prescribed ceremony. The guide who accompanied me assured me of the fact. He was good enough to see that I had forgotten neither my rosary of ninety-nine beads corresponding with the wondrous names of God used in prayer, nor yet the lamp of clay (called *mohre*) whereon are stamped the selfsame names, together with those of the twelve Imans and the Prophet. It was on the clay that I bowed my head in contrition when I fell on my knees. My guide, who had also prostrated himself, expressed the conviction, on rising, that the angels were on his side. I was also about to declare myself to be on the side of the angels when a couple of sturdy pilgrims, in their impatience to behold the Light of their eyes, wedged me tight between their bulky forms and then hustled me to the ground, adding insult to injury by being obviously unconscious of the presence of my humble body. They were "absent-minded beggars" with a vengeance. . . . When I had crossed the doorsill I was overcome by a sense of my own unworthiness, so that I pardoned the men who had offended me. I raised

THE SQUARE HOUSE, OR KABAHI

my eyes. The ceiling was flat, and supported on three columns of aloe-wood, and from it hung vases of great beauty on delicate gold chains. The walls were covered with red velvet, save where in white squares were written in Arabic characters the words "Allah-Jal-Jelalah!" (Praise to God the Almighty!) The velvet is said to have been a gift from Sultan Abdul Aziz. In the corner formed by the northern and eastern walls there is a door leading to the roof. This door, which is called the Door of Repentance, is closed to the public; but a prayer said on the hither side of the threshold meets with a gracious response, and the pilgrim is clean-washed of his sins if he but touch the wood with his hand. The floor is now flagged with marble — the work of some twenty years ago.

II

STORIES OF THE CALIPHS OF
BAGDAD

HISTORICAL NOTE

MOHAMMED was succeeded by a line of caliphs, who, theoretically at least, were at the head of both religion and state. The greatest of these caliphs was Haroun al Rashid, who ruled from 786 to 809, the hero of the "Arabian Nights." Arabia was now in its most glorious days. Its caliph loved science and literature, and he had the works of numerous Greek and Latin authors translated into Arabic. Poetry flourished, and the court of the caliph was the home of education as well as of luxury. He had diplomatic relations with Charlemagne, and historians delight in describing the splendors of the embassy which he sent to that monarch and the superb presents which they carried. Among them was a magnificent tent, a water-clock, and an elephant. Of more value than these, however, were the keys of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, for this gift carried with it freedom for European pilgrims to visit the sacred place. From the eighth to the thirteenth centuries the Arabs ruled nearly all the lands that had accepted Mohammedanism. One by one these countries were lost to their control, and in the sixteenth century the caliphate passed for a time into the hands of the Ottoman Turks.

AL MANSUR, BUILDER OF BAGDAD,
AND THE POET

[Eighth century A.D.]

ADAPTED FROM THE ARABIC BY CLAUDE FIELD

AL MANSUR, the third caliph of the House of Abbas, succeeded his brother Es-Saffâh ("the blood-shedder") A.D. 754. He was a prince of great prudence, integrity, and discretion; but these good qualities were sullied by his extraordinary covetousness and occasional cruelty. He patronized poets and learned men, and was endowed with a remarkable memory. It is said that he could remember a poem after having only once heard it. He also had a slave who could commit to memory anything that he had heard twice, and a slave-girl who could do the same with what she had heard three times.

One day there came to him a poet bringing a congratulatory ode, and Al Mansur said to him: "If it appears that anybody knows it by heart, or that any one composed it, — that is to say, that it was brought here by some other person before thee, — we will give thee no recompense for it; but if no one knows it, we will give thee the weight in money of that upon which it is written."

So the poet repeated his poem, and the caliph at once committed it to memory, although it contained a thousand lines. Then he said to the poet: "Listen to it from me," and he recited it perfectly. Then he added: "And this slave, too, knows it by heart." This was the case, as he had heard it twice, once from the poet and once

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from the caliph. Then the caliph said: "And this slave-girl, who is concealed by the curtain, she also recollects it." So she repeated every letter of it, and the poet went away unrewarded.

Another poet, El Asmaïy, was among the intimate friends and table companions of the caliph. He composed some very difficult verses, and scratched them upon a fragment of a marble pillar, which he wrapped in a cloak and placed on the back of a camel. Then he disguised himself like a foreign Arab, and fastened on a face-cloth, so that nothing was visible but his eyes, and came to the caliph and said: "Verily I have lauded the Commander of the Faithful in a 'Kasidah'" (ode).

Then said Al Mansur: "O brother of the Arabs! if the poem has been brought by any one beside thee, we will give thee no recompense for it; otherwise we will bestow on thee the weight in money of that upon which it is written." So El Asmaïy recited the "Kasidah," which, as it was extraordinarily intricate and difficult, the caliph could not commit to memory. He looked toward the slave and the girl, but they had neither of them learnt it. So he cried: "O brother of the Arabs! Bring hither that whereon it is written, that we may give thee its weight."

Then said the seeming Arab: "O my Lord! of a truth I could find no paper to write it upon; but I had amongst the things left me at my father's death a piece of a marble column which had been thrown aside as useless, so I scratched the 'Kasidah' upon that."

Then the caliph had no help for it but to give him its weight in gold, and this nearly exhausted his treasury. The poet took it and departed.

AL MANSUR REBUKED

[Eighth century A.D.]

ADAPTED FROM THE ARABIC BY CLAUDE FIELD

TERRIBLE as was the wrath of Al Mansur when roused, there were not wanting on occasion those among his subjects who had the courage to rebuke him. Once the caliph was addressing an audience at Damascus, and said: "O ye people! it is incumbent on you to give praise to the Most High that He has sent me to reign over you. For verily since I began to reign over you, He has taken away the plague which had come amongst you." But a certain Arab cried out to him: "Of a truth Allah is too merciful to give us both thee and the plague at one time!" On another occasion the theologian Malik Ibn Anas relates the following: "One day the caliph Mansur sent for me and my friend Ibn Taous, against whom he was known to entertain a grudge. When we entered the presence-chamber, we beheld the executioner with his sword drawn and the leather carpet spread, on which it was customary to behead criminals. The caliph signed to us to seat ourselves, and when we had done so he remained a long time with his head bent in meditation. He then raised it, and turning to Ibn Taous, said: 'Recite me a saying of the Prophet, on whom be peace.' Ibn Taous replied: 'The Prophet of God has said, "The worst punished criminals in the Day of Judgment will be those to whom God has entrusted authority and who have abused it."' The caliph

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was silent, and there was a pause. I trembled, and drew my garments close round me, lest any of the blood of Ibn Taous, whom I expected to see instantly executed, should spirt upon them. Then the caliph said to Ibn Taous: 'Hand me that ink-pot.' But he never stirred. 'Why don't you hand it?' asked the caliph. 'Because,' he said, 'I fear you may write some wrong order, and I do not wish to share the responsibility.' 'Get up and go,' the caliph growled. 'Precisely what we were desiring,' answered Ibn Taous, of whose courage and coolness I from that day formed a high opinion."

AL MAHDI AND THE TWO WISHES

[Eighth century A.D.]

ADAPTED FROM THE ARABIC BY CLAUDE FIELD

AL MAHDI, the third caliph of the Abbasside Dynasty, succeeded his father, Abu Jafar al Mansur, A.D. 774. He was as prodigal as his father was avaricious, and rapidly squandered his vast inheritance. Al Mansur had appointed as his instructor, before he succeeded to the throne, Sharki Ibn Kotami, who was learned in all the lore and traditions of the Arabs. One evening Al Mahdi asked his preceptor to divert him with some amusing anecdote.

“I obey, Prince. May God protect you,” answered Sharki. “They relate that a certain King of Hirah had two courtiers whom he loved equally with himself. They never quitted his society night or day, in the palace or on a journey. He took no decision without consulting them, and his wishes coincided with theirs. Thus they lived together a long time; but one evening the king, having drunk to excess, drew his sword from the sheath, and, rushing upon his two friends, killed them; then he fell into a drunken slumber.

“The next morning, when told of what he had done, he cast himself upon the earth, biting it in his fury, weeping for his friends, and bewailing the loss of them. He fasted for some days, and swore that for the rest of his life he would abstain from the beverage which had deprived him of reason. Then he had them buried, and

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erected a shrine over their remains, to which he gave the title, 'El-Ghareiain' (The Two Effigies). He commanded, in addition, that no persons should pass this monument without prostrating themselves.

"Now, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, every custom set up by a King of Hirah could not be changed, but became a hard-and-fast tradition, handed on from generation to generation. The command, therefore, of the king was rigidly obeyed: his subjects, of low and high degree, never passed before the double tomb without prostrating themselves. This usage gradually acquired the binding force of a religious rite. The king had ordered that any one who refused to conform to it should be punished with death after expressing two wishes, which would be granted, no matter what they were.

"One day a fuller passed, bearing on his back a bundle of clothes and a mallet. The guardians of the mausoleum ordered him to kneel down. He refused. They threatened him with death. He persisted in his refusal. They brought him before the king, whom they informed of the matter. 'Why did you refuse to bow down?' asked the king. 'I did bow down,' answered the man; 'they are lying.' 'No, you are the liar!' said the king. 'Express two wishes; they shall be granted, and then you will die.' 'Nothing, then, can save me from death after those men have accused me?' asked the fuller. 'Nothing.' 'Very well,' replied the fuller, 'here is my wish: I wish to strike the king on the head with this mallet.' 'Fool!' answered the king, 'it were better worth your while to let me enrich those whom you leave behind you.' 'No,' said the fuller; 'I only wish to strike the king on the back of his head.'

AL MAHDI AND THE TWO WISHES

“The king then addressed his ministers: ‘What do you think,’ he said to them, ‘of the wish of this madman?’ ‘Your Majesty,’ they answered, ‘you yourself have instituted this law: Your Majesty knows better than any one else that the violation of law is a shame, a calamity, a crime which involves damnation. Besides, after having violated one law, you will violate a second, then a third; your successors will do the same, and all our laws will be profaned.’ The king replied: ‘Get this man to ask anything he likes; provided he lets me off, I am ready to grant all his requests, even to the half of my kingdom.’

“They laid these proposals before the fuller, but in vain; he declared that he had no other wish but to strike the king. The latter, seeing that the man was thoroughly resolved, convoked a public assembly. The fuller was introduced. He took his mallet and struck the king on the back of his head so violent a blow that he fell from his throne and lay stretched on the ground unconscious. Subsequently he lay ill with fever for six months, and was so severely injured that he could only drink a drop at a time. At last he got well, recovered the use of his tongue, and could eat and drink. He asked for news of the fuller. On being told that he was in prison, he summoned him and said: ‘There is still a wish remaining to you: express it, so that I may order your death according to law.’ ‘Since it is absolutely necessary that I must die,’ replied the fuller, ‘I wish to strike you another blow on the head.’ At these words the king was seized with dismay and exclaimed that it was all over with him. At last he said to the fuller: ‘Wretch! renounce a claim which is profitless to you. What advantage have

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you reaped from your first wish? Ask for something else, and whatever it is, I will grant it.' 'No,' said the man, 'I only demand my right — the right to strike you once more.'

"The king again consulted his ministers, who answered that the best thing for him was to resign himself to death, in obedience to the law. 'But,' said the king, 'if he strikes me again, I shall never be able to drink any more; I know what I have already suffered.' 'We cannot help that, Your Majesty,' answered the ministers.

"Finding himself in this extremity, the king said to the fuller: 'Answer, fellow! that day when you were brought hither by the guardians of the mausoleum, did not I hear you declare that you had prostrated yourself and that they had slandered you?' 'Yes, I did say so,' answered the fuller, 'but you would not believe me.' The king jumped from his seat, embraced the fuller, and exclaimed: 'I swear that you are more truthful than these rascals, and that they have lied at your expense. I give you their place, and authorize you to inflict upon them the punishment they have deserved.'"

Al Mahdi laughed heartily on hearing this story, complimented the narrator, and rewarded him generously.

HAROUN AL RASHID AND THE MUSICIAN

[Eighth century A.D.]

ADAPTED FROM THE ARABIC BY CLAUDE FIELD

IBRAHIM MOUSELI relates the following story: "Rashid one day summoned all his musicians. I and Meskin of Medina were among the performers. Rashid had partaken freely of wine, and wished to hear performed an air which had suddenly occurred to his mind. The officer stationed before the curtain which concealed the caliph told Ibn Jami to sing this piece. The latter obeyed, but did not succeed in pleasing the caliph. Each of the singers present attempted it, but were no more successful than Ibn Jami. Then the officer, addressing Meskin, said: 'The Commander of the Faithful orders you to sing this air if you can do it properly.'

"Meskin commenced at once to sing, to the great surprise of the audience, who could not understand how a musician like him had the courage to attempt before us an air which none of us had been able to render to the satisfaction of the caliph. As soon as he had finished, I heard Rashid raise his voice and ask to hear it a second time. Meskin recommenced with a skill and spirit which won him everybody's applause. The caliph congratulated and praised him to the skies; then he had the curtain behind which he had been sitting drawn aside.

"'Prince of the Believers,' then said Meskin to him, 'a strange story attaches to this piece'; and at the invitation of the caliph he narrated it in these words: 'I was

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formerly a slave of a member of the family of Zobeir, and carried on the trade of a tailor. My master claimed from me a tax of two dirhems daily, after paying which I was free to do what I liked. I was passionately fond of singing. One day a descendant of Ali, for whom I had just completed a tunic, paid me two dirhems for it, kept me to eat with him, and made me drink generously. As I left him I met a Negress carrying her pitcher on her shoulder, and singing the song you have just heard. I was so delighted at it that, forgetting everything else, I said to her: "By the Prophet, I adjure thee to teach me that air." "By the Prophet," she answered, "I will not teach it unless you pay me two dirhems."

"Then, Prince of Believers, I took out the two dirhems, with which I had intended to pay my daily tax, and gave them to the Negress. She, setting her pitcher down, sat on the ground and, keeping time with her fingers on the pitcher, sang the piece, and repeated it till it was well impressed on my memory.

"I then proceeded to my master. As soon as he saw me he demanded his two dirhems, and I related my adventure to him. "Scoundrel!" he said. "Have I not warned you that I will take no excuse, even if a farthing is missing?" Saying this, he laid me on the ground and, with the utmost vigor of his arm, gave me fifty strokes of a rod, and, as an additional disgrace, caused my head and chin to be shaved. Verily, O Prince, I passed a melancholy night. The severe punishment I had undergone made me forget the piece I had learnt, and this was the saddest of all. In the morning, wrapping my head in a cloak, I hid my large tailor's scissors in my sleeve, and directed my steps to the spot where I had met the Ne-

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gress. I waited there in perplexity, not knowing her name nor her abode. All at once I saw her coming; the sight of her dispersed all my cares. I approached her, and she said to me: "By the Lord of the Kaaba, you have forgotten the song!" "Yes, I have," I answered. I told her how my head and chin had been shaved, and offered her a reward if she would sing her song again. "By the prophet," she answered, "I will not for less than two dirhems."

"I took out my scissors and ran and pawned them for two dirhems, which I gave her. She put down her pitcher, and began to sing as she had done the evening before; but as soon as she began, I said: "Give me back the two dirhems; I don't need your song." "By Allah," she said, "you shall not see them again; don't think it." Then she added: "I am certain that the four dirhems you have spent will be worth to you four thousand dinars from the hand of the caliph." Then she resumed her song, accompanying herself, as before, on her pitcher, and did not cease repeating it till I had got it by heart.

"We separated. I returned to my master, but in a state of great apprehension. When he saw me he demanded his daily due, while I stammered out excuses. "Beast!" he shouted, "was not yesterday's lesson enough for you?" "I wish to speak to you frankly and without falsehood," I answered. "Yesterday's and today's dirhems went in payment for a song"; and I began to sing it to him. "What!" he exclaimed, "you have known an air like that for two days and told me nothing of it? May my wife be divorced if it is not true that I would have let you go yesterday if you had sung it to me! Your head and chin have been shaved, — I cannot

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help that, — but I let you off your tax till your hair grows again.””

“Hearing this recital, Rashid laughed heartily, and said to the musician: ‘I don’t know which is better, your song or your story; I will see in my turn that the forecast of the Negress is verified.’ So Meskin went out from the caliph’s presence richer by four thousand dinars.”

THE CALIPH AND THE POET OF THE BARMEKS

[Eighth century A.D.]

BY E. H. PALMER

AFTER the fall of the Barmek family, Haroun forbade the poets to write elegies upon them, imposing severe penalties upon any one who should act contrary to this regulation. It so happened that some of the night watch were passing by one of the ruined palaces which had formerly belonged to the unfortunate family, when they came upon a man with a strip of paper in his hand containing an elegy upon the Barmeks, which he was reciting, weeping as he did so. The watch arrested him, and took him before Alraschid, to whom he at once acknowledged the fact. "Did you not know of my prohibition?" said the caliph. "I'll make an example of you; I'll —" "If Your Majesty will hear my story first," said the prisoner, "you may do what you please." "Go on," said Haroun. "Formerly," commenced the poet, "I was one of the least of Yahya 'bn Khalid's clerks. One day the vizier said to me, 'I wish you to entertain me at your house some time or other.' I replied, 'O my lord! I am not deserving of such an honor, and my house is quite unfit for you.' And as he would take no denial, I asked for a year's delay, that I might make fitting preparations; but he would not allow me more than a few months. So I set about my preparations, and as soon as they were completed to the best of my ability, I informed the

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minister that I was ready to receive him. The next day he came to me with his two sons, Jaafer and El Fadhl, and a few of his private suite. Then he stopped his horse at my door and alighted. 'Now, then,' said he, 'I am hungry. Make haste and get me something to eat.' And his son El Fadhl whispered, 'He likes roast fowl; bring whatever you have got as soon as possible.' So I went in and got the dinner ready. When the vizier had finished eating, he got up and walked about the place, and then said suddenly, 'Now, then, sir, show me all over your house.' I answered, 'This *is* my house, my lord; I have no other.' 'Oh, yes, you have,' said he; 'you have another.' I assured him that it was the only one I possessed, whereupon he called for some masons, and when they appeared, he commanded them to break open a door in the wall. In this I remonstrated, and said, 'O my lord, how can I break into my neighbor's house, when God has commanded us to respect our neighbors' rights?' 'Never mind,' said he; and when the door was made, we all went through it, and came into a beautiful garden well planted with fruit and flowers, with fountains bubbling up, and summer-houses, and dwellings, and everything that could delight the eye. The house itself was beautifully furnished, and filled with servants and slave girls — everything on a most magnificent scale. 'This house,' said the vizier, 'and all belonging to it is yours.' Then I kissed his hands, and prayed for blessings on him, and he turned to his son Jaafer and said, 'How is he to keep up this establishment, my boy?' and Jaafer said, 'I will give him such and such an estate, and make out the conveyance of it to him immediately.' Then Yahya turned to El Fadhl and said, 'What is he

THE CALIPH AND POET OF THE BARMEKS

to do, my boy, for ready money until he receives the revenues of his estate?' 'Oh,' said El Fahdl, 'I will give him ten thousand dinars, and bring them to him myself.' 'Well, make haste, then,' said their father, 'both of you.' They were as good as their word, and I entered into possession of the house and the estate, and received the ready cash, and have made a large fortune with it over and above what they gave me, and I enjoy it now; and, God knows, O Prince of the Faithful, I have never lost an opportunity of showing my gratitude to them, although I can never repay the obligations I owe them; and if you like to kill me for that, you can; so do as you like!"

Al Rashid was touched at the man's story, and had the common humanity to let him go; he also from that day removed his prohibition, and allowed the poets to write elegies on the beloved but unfortunate family.

THE DIVISION OF THE REWARD

[Eighth century. A.D.]

BY E. H. PALMER

HAROUN AL RASHID suffered much from sleeplessness, and, to divert himself, would either walk *incognito* through the streets of Bagdad, accompanied by his trusty companions, Jaafer and Mesrur, or he would recline and listen to amusing stories or sentimental poetry. This furnishes really the motive for a great part of the tales of the "Arabian Nights," many of the histories there related being told to soothe the caliph in his restless moods.

During one of these fits, he said to Jaafer, "I am sleepless to-night, and my heart is contracted, and I know not what to do." On this, Mesrur, who was standing by, burst out laughing, and Haroun sharply asked, "Dost thou laugh at me, or art thou mad?" "No, by Allah! O Commander of the Faithful!" said the attendant; "by thy relationship to the Chief of the Apostles, I could not help it. It was the sudden recollection of a man, named Ibn el Karibee, whom I saw yesterday amusing a crowd on the banks of the Tigris, which made me laugh, for which I humbly beg Your Majesty's pardon." "Bring him here at once," said Al Rashid; and Mesrur, having found the wag, brought him to the palace; but, before admitting him, bargained with him that he should give him two thirds of whatever he might receive from the caliph. To this Ibn el Karibee agreed after much wran-

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gling, and the two were ushered into the imperial presence.

After the usual ceremonious greeting, the caliph said, "If you do not make me laugh, I will beat you three times with this leathern bag," pointing to one which lay beside him. The fellow, who was not without experience of correction from more formidable-looking instruments, — having, indeed, more than once brought himself into personal communication with the bastinado, — thought but little of three blows with a leathern bag, and put forth all his strength to divert the sovereign, uttering drolleries enough to make a melancholy madman laugh; but not a muscle of the caliph's face was seen to move. "Now," said the Commander of the Faithful, "you have deserved the beating"; and taking up the leathern bag, struck the jester one blow therewith, eliciting a howl, for the bag was filled with large pebbles, and caused no trifling pain. Begging for a moment's respite, he told Haroun of the bargain between himself and Mesrur, and begged that the two remaining blows might be given to the attendant as his share, according to agreement. Mesrur was then called in, and on receiving the first installment cried out, "O Prince of the Faithful! the third is enough for me, give him the two thirds!" This restored the caliph's good temper, and, laughing heartily, he rewarded them both.

THE CALIPH AND "THE MAN WITH THE STEW"

[Eighth century A.D.]

BY E. H. PALMER

IBRAHIM EL MOSILI relates that he went out one day to take the air and get rid of the effects of a too heavy drinking-bout, when he perceived a smell of cooking that aroused his appetite. Having ordered his servant to find out from which house the odor proceeded, he presented himself at the door, and requested the girl who opened it to allow him to partake of the meal that was being prepared. The girl went to her mistress, and at once returned with permission for them to enter. She then tasted the contents of a pot that was upon the fire, and set a dish of it before the visitors. Ibrahim found it very savory, ate heartily, and was about to take his departure when the lady of the house sent word out to say that she regretted the absence of her husband, who would, she was sure, have been pleased to entertain them further, and to drink with them. As he was leaving, he passed a man riding upon an ass, who turned out to be the master himself. He, having learned from the girl what had happened, rode after Ibrahim and insisted on bringing him back to the house, where, taking him into the best apartment, he set before his guest an elegant dessert and some excellent wine, and the two kept up the carousal until the evening.

CALIPH AND THE MAN WITH THE STEW

The next day Ibrahim was told that the caliph had over and over again sent for him during his absence, so he hurried to the palace, and by way of making his excuses told his adventures, and waxed eloquent upon the savory nature of the stew he had tasted. The caliph was amused and said, "Did he not ask you who you were?" "No," replied Ibrahim, "we had plenty else to do." Haroun wished to taste the dish for himself, and ordered Ibrahim to procure an invitation for them both without acquainting their host with their names and rank. This was easily arranged for the next night, Ibrahim telling the hospitable stranger that his friend was deeply in debt, and dared not show himself by day for fear of his creditors.

So the caliph and his companion mounted two asses and rode to the house, where they were cordially received and entertained. The caliph declared he had never tasted anything like the stew, was charmed with all he saw and heard, and asked his host about his circumstances. "My father," said he, "left me a large property, and I dissipated the greater part of it; but I retrenched in time, and, thank Allah, now I want for nothing." Presently the fumes of the wine and the songs of the singing-girls who were present so expanded the caliph's heart that he told Ibrahim to take their host aside and tell him who he was. So Ibrahim said, "Do you know who your guest is?" "No," said he. "Why, he is the Commander of the Faithful himself." The man, on hearing this, laughed till he rolled over on his back, and kept calling out, "O, what a wonderfully good thing! O you wag!" At this the caliph laughed immoderately, too, and the man called out to his wife, "What do you

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think of our guests? They have got drunk, and repay my hospitality by making fun of me, and one of them declares he is the Prince of the Faithful"; then, offering a glass with mock humility to Al Rashid, he said, "Drink, Commander of the Faithful"; and Haroun laughed the more. "But," said Ibrahim, "it is really the Commander of the Faithful!" "Pray stop your drunken jokes," said the other; "you have only drunk a couple of glasses, and have turned this fellow into the Commander of the Faithful; in another half an hour you will make him out to be the Prophet himself!" When daylight began to appear, the party broke up. Ibrahim, failing to convince his host of the truth of his communication, told him to ask his neighbors in the morning after El Malik [the King], and after Ibrahim el Mosili, and, when asked his name, to reply that he was "the man with the stew." In the morning his neighbors said to him, "What a noisy party you had last night; who were your two guests?" When he had told them all, one of the neighbors said, "Tell me what they were like"; and on hearing the description, declared his conviction that it was really the caliph. So the man went off to the house of Ibrahim el Mosili, and sent word in that "the man with the stew" had called. Ibrahim at once admitted him, rode with him to the palace, and presented him to Al Rashid, who insisted on his repeating his sarcastic observations of the previous night, which he did, to Haroun's great delight. The caliph ordered an immense sum of money to be given to him, and bade him tell him the receipt for the celebrated stew. "No, Commander of the Faithful," said he; "if I were to give away a thing that has proved so valuable to me, I

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should have no advantage left in it. I shall be happy to cook it for the Commander of the Faithful whenever he pleases." Haroun was content with the reply, and the lucky host was ever afterwards known as "the man with the stew."

THE POET AND THE JESTER

[Eighth century A.D.]

BY E. H. PALMER

ZOBEIDEH [wife of Haroun al Rashid] never ceased to urge upon her husband the claims of her son Emin to the entire succession, as belonging to the pure Hashemi race on both parents' side, and she was exceedingly jealous of Haroun's other son, Mamun, whom she hated not only as the child of a rival, but as having Persian blood in his veins, and more particularly because of the much more brilliant intellect which he displayed. This subject was the cause of many stormy scenes between the royal pair, several of which are related by the Arab historians on the authority of eyewitnesses. On one occasion, the story goes, the fond mother asserted that Emin was an excellent poet, and induced him to submit some of his verses to Abu Nawwas's [the court jester] criticism. When the latter pointed out some gross violation of the rules of prosody in one of the lines, the young prince flew into a passion, and caused Abu Nawwas to be imprisoned. Sometime after, Haroun al Rashid sent for the poet, was surprised to learn of his incarceration and the reason of it, and severely reproved his son. Emin asked to be allowed to read some other verses in the presence of his father as well as of Abu Nawwas, and the caliph acceded to his request. As soon as Abu Nawwas had heard the first few lines, he started up to leave the room. "Where are you going?" asked Haroun. "Back to prison!" was the reply.

III
STORIES OF MODERN ARABIA

HISTORICAL NOTE

THE world owes much to the Arabians or Saracens for preserving and increasing its knowledge of science and literature through the Dark Ages. They were students and investigators, and the results of their work they gave to others by establishing schools in their principal cities. Some of this culture was imbibed by the crusaders, and on their return was spread throughout Europe, where it was a potent factor in bringing to an end the ignorance and brutality of the Dark Ages.

Unfortunately for the caliphate, dissensions arose among the Moslems. Numerous lesser chiefs of Arabia, while willing to acknowledge the ruling caliph as head of their faith, refused to accept his sway in temporal matters. In the middle of the eighteenth century one Wahhabi arose, a religious reformer who did not object to holding temporal sway. His power increased, and early in the nineteenth century even Mecca came under the rule of his successors. Warfare with Egypt led to the downfall of the Wahhabi rule; but about the middle of the century they succeeded in again establishing their control. A wide strip of land along the coast, including Mecca, is in the hands of Turkey. Aden has since 1839 been held by Great Britain. The region of Nejd and the deserts in the southeast are under Arab control.

JUSTICE IN ARABIA

[Nineteenth century]

BY COLONEL L. DU COURET

AFTER the evening prayer, I took my way to the Tower, calling by the way on Seid-Ahmed, with whom in our late ramble I had arranged for an early meeting.

“Sidi,” said I, addressing him, “I was going to avail myself this evening of your invitation to visit you whenever convenient to myself; but Seid-Abd’ el-Rahman having sent word that he expects me after the evening prayer, I called to say that I must defer that pleasure until another time.”

“It so happens,” rejoined Seid-Ahmed, “that I, too, am going to the Tower; for to-night the Nagib sits there in judgment. Every second night after the last prayer, the Nagib dispenses justice to the Marebeys, and this is an evening for the session of a *messhouar*” [tribunal].

I proceeded with him to the Tower, where we found the Nagib seated upon his cushions at the door of the vestibule. There, surrounded by his chiefs and a crowd of retainers, he rendered important decisions while smoking his chicha.

The audience was a large one, for Seid-Abd’ el-Rahman was very popular with his people, owing in great measure, to his accessibility to all. Mussulman, Sabian, or Jew, provided only he was of the country, enjoyed the privilege of access to him at all times to state his case,

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on which the Nagib at once rendered justice by a decree based upon equity as well as common sense.

Seid-Ahmed took the place reserved for him among the members of the tribunal, while for myself, after the interchange of the usual compliments, the Nagib ordered a chibouque to be brought, which he lighted and presented to me with his own hands.

Curious to witness an example of the justice of the country, I took up the most convenient position for seeing and hearing, as the audience commenced.

There were women who complained of ill treatment on the part of their husbands; men who accused their wives of frailty; divisions of inheritance to adjust; thefts and frauds to punish; among all which cases there were two particularly remarkable for the judgments rendered upon them.

The first of these cases was one between a *katib* and a *fellah*, — that is, a writer and a peasant, — the wife of the latter having been taken away from him by the former, who maintained that he had a claim upon her. The woman declined to acknowledge either the one or the other of them as her husband, or, rather, she acknowledged them both — a view of the case which rendered it decidedly embarrassing.

Having heard both sides and reflected a moment, the Nagib said, addressing the claimants, “Leave this woman here, and return in half an hour”; on which the *katib* and *fellah* made their salutations and retired.

The second case was between a *fekai* and a *zibdai*, or, in other words, a fruiterer and a butter merchant — the latter very much besmeared with butter; the former clean.

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The fruiterer said, "I had been to buy some butter from this man, and drew out my purse full of money to pay for the butter he had put in my *goulla*, when, tempted by the sight of the coins, he seized me by the wrist. I cried 'Thief!' but he would not let me go; and thus have we come before you — I squeezing my money in my hand, and he grasping my wrist with his. And now, by Mohammed, our great Prophet, I swear that this man lies in saying that I have stolen his money, for that money is truly mine."

The butter merchant said, "This man came to buy a *goulla* of butter from me, and when I had filled it he said, 'Hast thou change of an *abumathfa* [Spanish piaster]?' I searched my pocket, from which I drew out my hand full of money, which I placed upon the sill of my shop, from which he snatched it, and was going off with my butter and my money, when I seized him by the wrist and cried, 'Thief!' but in spite of my cries, he refused to return my property to me, and I have brought him hither in order that you may judge between us. And now, by Mohammed, our great Prophet, I swear that this man lies in saying that I have stolen his money, for that money is truly mine."

The Nagib caused the complainants to repeat their charges twice, but neither of them varied from his first statement. Then said he, after a moment's reflection, "Leave this money here and return in half an hour"; on which the fruiterer, who had all along kept his hold of the money, deposited it in a wooden bowl, brought by one of the guard — and both complainants, having made their salutations, retired.

When they were gone, the Nagib quitted his seat at

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the door of the vestibule and went up into the fourth story of the tower, taking with him the woman and money in dispute. At the appointed moment he returned with them, and went calmly back to his seat. The parties interested were all present, and the *katib* and *fellah* were called up.

“Here,” said the Nagib, addressing the *katib*, “take thy wife and lead her away, for she is thine truly.”

Then, turning to his guards and pointing to the *fellah*, he said, “Give this man fifty blows of a *courbash* on the soles of his feet.”

The *katib* walked off with his wife, and the guards gave the *fellah* fifty blows of a *courbash* on the soles of his feet.

Next came the fruiterer and the butter merchant in their turn.

“Here,” said the Nagib to the fruiterer, “here is thy money; verily didst thou take it from thine own purse, and never did it belong to him by whom thou art accused.”

Then, turning to his guards and pointing to the butter merchant, he said, “Give this man fifty blows of a *courbash* on the soles of his feet.”

The fruiterer walked off with his money, and the guards gave the butter merchant fifty blows of a *courbash* on the soles of his feet.

When the court had risen, I asked the Nagib how he ascertained that the woman was the wife of the *katib*, and the money the property of the fruiterer.

“Nothing more simple,” replied he. “You saw how I went up into the fourth story with the woman and the money. Well, when we arrived there, I ordered her sud-

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denly to clean my inkhorn, when, like one accustomed to that work, she at once took it, drew out the cotton from it, washed it properly, replaced it on the stand, and filled it with fresh ink. Then said I to myself, 'If you were the wife of the *fellah*, you never could have cleaned an inkhorn like that; you must be the wife of the *katib*.'"

"Good!" said I, bowing in token of assent. "So much for the woman. And how about the money?"

"The money was quite another business," replied the Nagib, smiling with a self-satisfied expression, as he leered at me with a look full of artfulness and craft. "You must have remarked how buttery the butter merchant was and how greasy his hands were in particular. Well, I put the money into a vessel of hot water, and upon examining the water carefully I could not find that a single particle of grease had come to the surface. Then said I to myself, 'This money belongs to the fruiterer, and not to the butter merchant; for, had it belonged to the latter, it must have been greasy, and the grease would have shown on the surface of the water.'"

At this I bowed very low, indeed, and said: "In good faith I doubt whether the great King Solomon himself could have rendered a decision with more sagacity and wisdom."

Until then I had always looked upon the tales related to us in the "Arabian Nights" as mere fictions; but on witnessing the delivery of these two judgments, I felt convinced that some of them at least were founded on facts. Of course they are worked up into romances, but they have a basis of reality.

WIT FROM ARABIA

BY COLONEL L. DU COURET

I

ONE morning, Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi ascended into his pulpit to preach, and addressing his hearers said: —

“O believers, know ye what I am going to talk to you about?”

They replied that they did not.

“Well, then,” rejoined he, “since you do not know, do you suppose that I am going to tell you?”

Another morning he again appeared in the pulpit and said: —

“O believers, know ye not what I am going to tell you?”

They replied that they did.

“If you know it, then,” said he, “I need not tell it to you”; and he descended from the pulpit and went his way.

His auditors, puzzled what to do, at length agreed that, if he again made his appearance, some of them would say that they knew, others that they did not.

And again Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi mounted into the pulpit and said: —

“O Mussulmans, know ye what I am going to say to you?”

To which some replied, “We know”; others, “We know not.”

“Good!” returned he. “Let those who know tell those who do not.”

WIT FROM ARABIA

II

A *fellah* came in from the country one morning, bringing a gazelle to Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, who received it very graciously, and invited the donor to dine with him.

A week afterwards, the same man again came to see him; but Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, having forgotten him, asked him who he was.

"I am he who brought you the gazelle," replied the man: upon which Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi welcomed him as before.

Some days after this, certain strangers having come to claim his hospitality, he asked them who they were.

"We are the neighbors of him who brought you the gazelle," answered they; and he received them as his guests.

Shortly after, yet others presented themselves, who on being asked by him who they were, replied: "We are the neighbors of the neighbors of the man who brought you the gazelle."

And Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, bidding them welcome, placed before them a cup of cold water only, saying, "Drink; it is the broth of the broth of the gazelle."

III

One evening, Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi borrowed a pot from one of his neighbors, and, having finished cooking with it, he put a stew-pan inside it and returned it to the owner.

The latter, seeing the stew-pan, asked Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi what it was.

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“The pot has had a young one,” replied the latter, and went his way.

Another time, he again borrowed the pot, took it home with him and did not return it.

Five days after, the owner of the pot, surprised at its not having been returned, went to Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi and asked him for it.

“Allah be merciful to you!” exclaimed the latter, “your pot is dead.”

“What!” cried the other, “do pots die?”

“Come, now,” retorted Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi, “you were ready enough to believe that pots can bring forth young ones; why, then, should they not die?”

IV

One day a beggar knocked at the door of Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi.

“What do you want here?” asked the latter.

“Come down,” said the beggar-man.

Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi came down, and again asked him what he wanted.

“I seek for alms,” said the beggar-man.

“Good!” exclaimed Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi. “Go upstairs.”

The beggar-man went up, and then Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi said to him:—

“The blessing of Allah be upon you!”

“But why did you not say that while I was below, O Sidi?” asked the beggar-man.

“Why, yourself?” retorted Nassr-Eddyn-Effendi; “when I was upstairs, why did you ask me to come down?”

ARABIAN HORSEMEN IN BATTLE

ARABIAN HORSEMEN IN BATTLE

BY ADOLF SCHREYER

(*German painter. 1828.*)

THE sky is deep blue and cloudy, the ground rocky and broken. Far away at the horizon on the left the smoke from the guns of the enemy may be seen. Galloping rapidly into the foreground of the picture come a troop of Arabs. A shell has just exploded, and the chief's horse, a magnificent dapple gray, springs forward in a moment's alarm. The white horse of the standard-bearer swerves to the right. This is the moment of the picture.

The famous horses of Arabia are distinguished by their broad foreheads, expressive eyes, and tapering muzzles. On a slender fare of barley, dates, and camel's milk, they will make a daily journey of sixty or eighty miles for many days in succession. They share the tent of their master and are his comrades and playmates. He treats them like petted children, and they respond with a rare docility and intelligence. An Arab will almost as soon sell his child as his beloved horse.



A PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA

BY SIR RICHARD F. BURTON

[IN 1853, Captain Richard F. Burton determined to make the pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. He had an Eastern cast of countenance, and could speak Arabic and Persian with ease. He spent some time in familiarizing himself with Mohammedan ways — prayers, ablutions, and prostrations — and at Suez joined a company of pilgrims. How well he carried out his assumed character may be known from the fact that his attendant had no idea that he was not a fellow-Mohammedan.

The Editor.]

HAVING resolved to perform the Mecca pilgrimage, I spent a few months at Cairo, and on the 22d of May embarked in a small steamer at Suez with the *mahmil*, or litter, and its military escort, conveying the *kiswah*, or covering for the *kābah*. On the 25th the man at the wheel informed us that we were about to pass the vilage of Rābikh, on the Arabian coast, and that the time had consequently arrived for changing our usual habiliments for the *ihram*, or pilgrim-costume of two towels, and for taking the various interdictory vows involved in its assumption: such as not to tie knots in any portion of our dress, not to oil the body, and not to cut our nails or hair, nor to improve the tints of the latter with the coppery hue of henna. Transgression of these and other ceremonial exactments is expiated either by animal sacrifice, or gifts of fruit or cereals to the poor.

After a complete ablution and assuming the *ihram*,

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we performed two prayer-flections, and recited the meritorious sentences beginning with the words, "Labbaik Allah, huma labbaik!" "Here I am, O God, here I am! Here I am, O Unassociated One, here I am, for unto Thee belong praise, grace, and empire, O Unassociated One!"

This prayer was repeated so often, people not unfrequently rushing up to their friends and shrieking the sacred sentence into their ears, that at last it became a signal for merriment rather than an indication of piety.

On the 26th we reached Jeddah, where the utter sterility of Arabia, with its dunes and rocky hills, becomes apparent. The town, however, viewed from the sea, is not unpicturesque. Many European vessels were at anchor off the coast: and as we entered the port, innumerable small fishing-boats darting in all directions, their sails no longer white, but emerald green from the intense luster of the water, crowded around us on all sides, and reminded one by their dazzling colors and rapidity of motion of the shoals of porpoises so often seen on a voyage round the Cape.

On disembarking we were accosted by several *mutawwafs*, or circuit-men, so termed in Arabic, because, besides serving as religious guides in general, their special duty is to lead the pilgrim in his seven obligatory circuits around the Kābah. We encamped outside the town, and having visited the tomb of "our Mother Eve," mounted our camels for Mecca.

After a journey of twenty hours across the Desert, we passed the barriers which mark the outermost limit of the sacred city, and, ascending some giant steps, pitched

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our tents on a plain, or rather plateau, surrounded by barren rock, some of which, distant but a few yards, mask from view the birthplace of the Prophet. It was midnight; a few drops of rain were falling, and lightning played around us. Day after day we had watched its brightness from the sea, and many a faithful *hāji* had pointed out to his companions those fires which were Heaven's witness to the sanctity of the spot. "Al ḥamdu Lillah!" Thanks be to God! we were now at length to gaze upon the *Kiblah*, to which every Mussulman has turned in prayer since the days of Muhammad, and which for long ages before the birth of Christianity was revered by the Patriarchs of the East. Soon after dawn arose from our midst the shout of "Labbaik! Labbaik!" and passing between the rocks, we found ourselves in the main street of Mecca, and approached the "Gateway of Salvation," one of the thirty-nine portals of the "Temple of Salvation."

On crossing the threshold we entered a vast unroofed quadrangle, a mighty amplification of the Palais Royal, having on each side of its four sides a broad colonnade, divided into three aisles by a multitude of slender columns, and rising to the height of about thirty feet. Surmounting each arch of the colonnade is a small dome: in all there are a hundred and twenty, and at different points arise seven minarets, dating from various epochs, and of somewhat varying altitudes and architecture. The numerous pigeons which have their home within the temple have been believed never to alight upon any portion of its roof, thus miraculously testifying to the holiness of the building. This marvel, however, of late years having been suspended, many discern another omen of

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the approach of the long-predicted period when unbelievers shall desecrate the hallowed soil.

In the center of the square area rises the far-famed Kābah, the funereal shade of which contrasts vividly with the sunlit walls and precipices of the town. It is a cubical structure of massive stone, the upper two-thirds of which are mantled by a black cloth embroidered with silver, and the lower portion hung with white linen. At a distance of several yards it is surrounded by a balustrade provided with lamps, which are lighted in the evening, and the space thus inclosed is the circuit-ground along which, day and night, crowds of pilgrims, performing the circular ceremony of Tawāf, realize the idea of perpetual motion. We at once advanced to the black stone embedded in an angle of the Kābah, kissed it, and exclaimed, "Bismillah wa Allahu Akbar," — "In God's name, and God is greatest." Then we commenced the usual seven rounds, three at a walking pace, and four at a brisk trot. Next followed two prayer-reflections at the tomb of Abraham, after which we drank of the water of Zamzam, said to be the same which quenched the thirst of Hagar's exhausted son.

Besides the Kābah, eight minor structures adorn the quadrangle, the well of Zamzam, the library, the clock-room, the triangular staircase, and four ornamental resting-places for the orthodox sects of Hanafī, Shāfī, Mālikī, and Hanbalī.

We terminated our morning duties by walking and running seven times along the streets of Safā and Marwā, so named from the flight of seven steps at each of its extremities.

After a few days spent in visiting various places of

A PILGRIMAGE TO MECCA

interest, such as the slave-market and forts, and the houses of the Prophet and the Caliphs 'Ali and Abūbakr, we started on our six hours' journey to the mountain of 'Arifāt, an hour's sojourn at which, even in a state of insensibility, confers the rank of *ḥāji*. It is a mountain spur of about a hundred and fifty feet in height, presenting an artificial appearance from the wall encircling it and the terrace on its slope, from which the *iman* delivers a sermon before the departure of his congregation for Mecca. His auditors were, indeed, numerous, their tents being scattered over two or three miles of the country. A great number of their inmates were fellow-subjects of ours from India.¹ I surprised some of my Mecca friends by informing them that Queen Victoria numbers nearly twenty millions of Mohammedans among her subjects.

On the 5th of June, at sunset, commencing our return, we slept at the village of Muzdalifah, and there gathered and washed seven pebbles of the size of peas, to be flung at three piles of whitewashed masonry known as the Shaitans [Satans] of Munā. We acquitted ourselves satisfactorily of this duty on the festival of the 6th of June, the 10th day of the Arabian month Zu'lhijah. Each of us then sacrificed a sheep, had his hair and nails cut, exchanged the *ikrām* for his best apparel, and embracing his friends, paid them the compliments of the season. The two following days the Great, the Middle, and the Little Satan were again pelted, and, bequeathing to the unfortunate inhabitants of Munā the unburied and odorous remains of nearly a hundred thousand animals, we returned, eighty thousand strong, to Mecca. A week

¹ Sir Richard posed as a native of Afghanistan.

ARABIA

later, having helped to insult the tumulus of stones which marks, according to popular belief, the burial-place of Abulaḥab, the unbeliever, who we learn from the Koran, has descended into hell with his wife, gatherer of sticks, I was not sorry to relinquish a shade temperature of 120° and wend my way to Jeddah *en route* for England, after delegating to my brethren the recital of a prayer in my behalf at the Tomb of the Prophet at Medina.

In penning these lines I am anxious to encourage other Englishmen, especially those from India, to perform the pilgrimage, without being deterred by exaggerated reports concerning the perils of the enterprise. It must, however, be understood that it is absolutely indispensable to be a Mussulman (at least externally), and to have an Arabic name. Neither the Koran nor the Sultan enjoins the killing of intrusive Jews or Christians; nevertheless, two years ago, an *incognito* Jew, who refused to repeat the creed, was crucified by the Mecca populace, and in the event of a pilgrim again declaring himself to be an unbeliever the authorities would be almost powerless to protect his life.

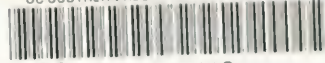
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