

The World's Story

Egypt

Volume Eight

Eva March Tappan

The World's Story

A History of the World in Story, Song and Art

Volume 8
Egypt

Edited by Eva March Tappan

Libraries of Hope

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A History of the World
In Story, Song and Art

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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

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

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.

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

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  *tahen*. 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.

t a h [e] n

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

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

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 eleborate head-dresses, were all treated with exquisite minuteness, and in the same flat tint.

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 "âkhonûîti," were entirely separate, but they communi-

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

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

approached to the dignity of the priesthood; for was not the *urœus*, 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

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

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

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.

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 *dâmeh*, 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.

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

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,

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

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

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

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

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

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 herdsmen 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

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.

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.

"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 cubits[1] deep in the middle, reached now to twenty-four cubits after he turned it. And he spake,

[1] About twenty feet, six inches.

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

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 cubits [1] 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.

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

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.

"'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

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

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-amenaa; 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 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

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

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

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

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

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

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,

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

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

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

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

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 archæologist. 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

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 *Nemtzowee* [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?"

"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-

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

thought of the young ladies who sat lunching 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.

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.

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.



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.

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

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.

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

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.

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

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.

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.

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

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

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

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-

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

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

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

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

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

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.



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.

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-

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

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.

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 hands[1] 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.

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

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

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 cubits[2] 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.

had either from his servants or lifeguard, who were all still overloaden 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

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.



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

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

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

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.

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

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."

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-

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 forgat 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 fatfleshed; 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

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:

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."

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,

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 Potipherah 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.

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

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

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."

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;

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

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 firstborn 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

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

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

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;

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 earing [1] 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.

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

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.

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

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,

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

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,

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

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

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

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

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-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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?"

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

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.

"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

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."

"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

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,

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

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

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

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 criosphinxes, 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

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

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.

"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,

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.

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,

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, Pidasa, Malunna, Arathu,

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

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 Ammon[1] should stand higher than the wretch who knows no God?
Father Ammon, is it nought
That to thee I dedicated noble monuments, 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.

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,

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 trangress 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,

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

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,

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!"

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

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

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 Abydus.

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

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 Keneh 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

"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

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

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,"

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.

"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

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

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

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

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

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 armchair 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.

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 Tiouâ-quen, 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 Kebeêr henak" ("Pharaoh,

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

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

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-guardsman 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

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;

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

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

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 Amenemapht 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

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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,

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

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

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.

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 Müs, 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 mewing of the kittens would otherwise have betrayed the contents of the sack to the palace warders. In the twilight poor Müs

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,

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 Müs 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 Müs 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. Müs 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

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

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

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

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

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.

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,

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 intrinsicate
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.

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,

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 aspic's trail: and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as th' aspic 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

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



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.

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 necessaries, 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

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

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

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.

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

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.

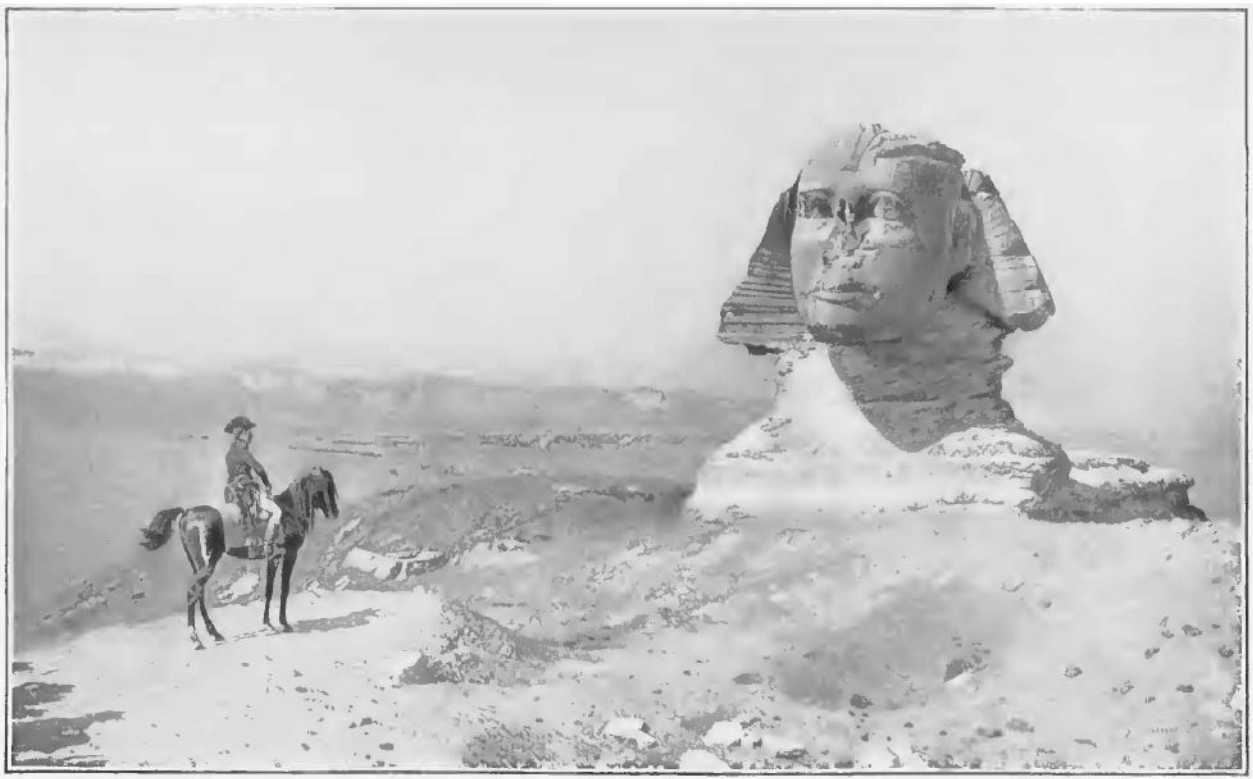
The victors, with their accustomed celerity, pursued, pitilessly pouring into the dense masses of their flying foes the most terrible discharges of artillery and musketry. The rout was complete, the carnage awful. The sun had hardly reached the meridian before the whole embattled host had disappeared, 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

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.

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

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

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

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

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

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-

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 Timseh, 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 wiseacres, 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 speechifyings, pamphlets, repasts, etc., opened the subscription. Nearly eight

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 Kirkpatricks; 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

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

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 Pasha [1] 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."

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

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

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.

"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 loopholed. 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.

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

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

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

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.

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.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL GORDON

[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

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

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

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;

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 Sehâyl, 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

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

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

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-

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

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 Moham*med*, Yah Moham*med*," 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-

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

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

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

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

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, hurrahing 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.