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in Arabia Felix, and was built by Abd-Shems, descended from Joktan, who was the son of Eber. † Jones, in his Discourse on the Arabs, says, it is “the people of Yemen very soon fell into the common error of ADORING THE SUN and the firmament; the third from Yoktan (or Joktan), who was consequently as Nahor, took the surname Abdu-Shams (as abdu, servant of the sun.)”

The compilers of the Universal History, and C inform us, “The Sabei were possessed of a very extensive territory in the Southern and best part of the Arabian Peninsula. Saba, its CAPITAL, according to the ancient geographers, was situated upon a hill at no very considerable distance from the Red Sea.”





**bildung  
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**Mit einem  
Bild Glasers**



**TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.**

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As there is much diversity in the way of spelling Arabian proper names, I have followed, wherever possible, the spelling given in Rand & McNally's "Indexed Atlas of the World."

In the original article there were several diagrams, that have necessarily been omitted.

Eduard Glaser had the special capability of finding himself in the wrong spot at the wrong moment. It is for this reason that his life has been a continuous lesson. Just for him. Here we will follow a scattered account of his findings and what happened in those spots, it could look like an attempt to give a “right reading” of what went down to history as “wrong moments”.

Eduard didn't really went down to history. Scarce traces of his life and deeds are scattered in Europe and maybe elsewhere. Few postcards and a note in a majestic but hardly accessible library in the very heart of Paris, ruined white sheets of paper and coded diaries in Vienna, manuscripts in Berlin, a couple of books here and there, a tomb in Munich. Apparently some stones he brought from Yemen are stored in some museums as well.

Since we have been told that life - as much as history - is a line, we will try to follow Eduard's line even if at some points it looks tortuous, or looping in lazy ways, even pointless some other times.

To build the book you are holding in your hands, I had to choose between two different methods. The first one, which at a first glance looks safer, is the anastylosis.

**Anastylosis** is an archaeological term for a reconstruction technique whereby a ruined building is re-

stored using the original architectural elements to the greatest degree possible. Anastylosis is what happened to most of the classical temples found and restored by Europeans throughout the end of the nineteenth and the twentieth century. It is a desperate attempt to bridge a remote past, to erase the years passed in between the time when those temples were in fruition and the present time of the archaeologist. Even worse, since the ideas of the Classical Era at that time were heavily distorted by a whitewashing process started more than a century before, the ideal the archaeologists were applying was at least partial - if not romantic and racist. But this is what we get whenever we visit one of these monuments scattered on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

An anastylosis of Eduard Glaser's life could even look nice but would result meagre and disturbing to a second look. I then went for a fatter spolia.

**Spolia**, repurposed building stone for new construction, or decorative sculpture reused in new monuments, is the result of an ancient and widespread practice whereby stone that has been quarried, cut, and used in a built structure, is carried away to be used elsewhere. Spolia is building in the way you build accordingly to your time - without hiding it - and at the same time integrating pieces from the past you find here and there. Spolia was all over the place before the European scientific method decided to better divide, label and isolate anything you look at in order to understand it. Spolia is to be stingy, not wanting to trash anything, is to cherish old useless stuff, is to be ecological and wanting to recycle pieces of rubble. Spolia is to be aware of the past and try to pass it on in a sustainable way. While you try to enjoy the present.


When he was already old, Eduard was asked where his interest in his subject of studies came from. He told the following story: I must have been sixteen or seventeen. I remember I was in Prague and I haven't started to study the Arabic language yet. I had one of these vivid dreams you remember all your life. I was in the middle of nowhere in front of a bonfire. It was night, I wasn't able to see anything but the flames that warmed up my face in a very gentle way. It took me a long time to realise that I must have been in the middle of a desert.

From that time on, that place has been the only place of my dreams. It is the place where the Crone comes to see me, the place where she reveals her secrets to me.

It is the only desert.

Apart from some cracking of the fire, nothing was heard. There was just a light in front of me — immersed in a complete darkness. Everything was still and peaceful, the sky starless.

Then I felt a presence at my side. A man older than me sitting quietly. He was concentrated on the fire exactly like me. Some time passed.



- Where do you come from?

- I come from Ksar Rhilane.

- What is your name?

- My name is Mohammad A'ladj.

- What did you come here for?

[He smiles and nods]

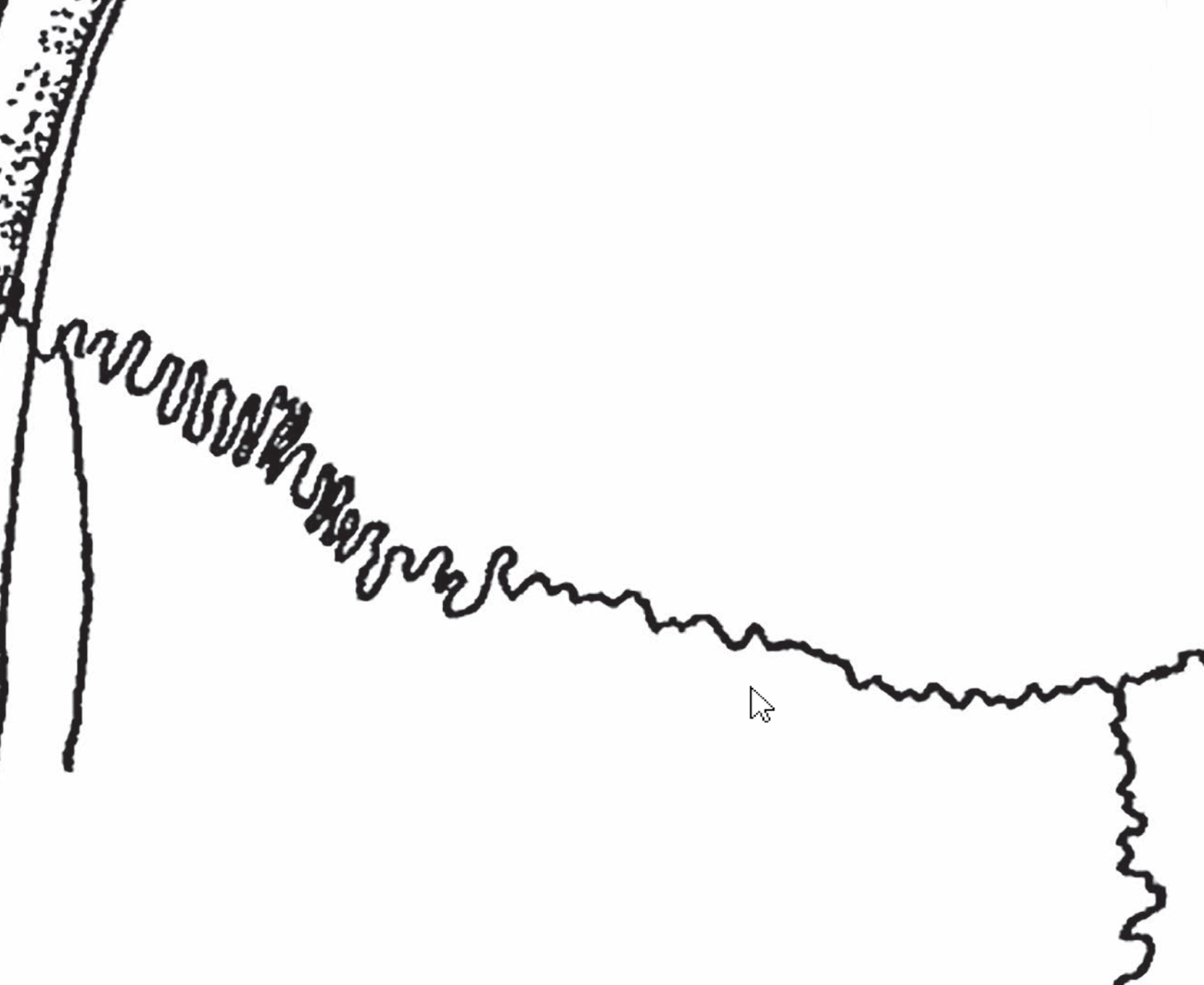
- To stop the latinisation of the Arabic language.

A fermare la latinizzazione  
della lingua araba - شكراً



☞ Frame from **Voglio vederti danzare** (I want to see you as a dancer, directed by Luca Volpatti in 1982), an Italian short film about Eduard Glaser's expedition in Southern Arabia starring Franco Battiato (Ionia, 1945) who then became globally famous acting in **Echoes of Sufi Dances** (1985) and **The concert of Baghdad** (1992).





## Chapter VI

### Sun Worship

THE pre-eminence of the Sun, as the fountain-head of life and man's well-being, must have rendered it at a date almost contemporaneous with the birth of the race, the chief object of man's worship.

"It was," says Kames,<sup>1</sup> "of all the different objects of idolatry the most excusable, for upon the sun depend health, vigour, and cheerfulness, and during its retirement all is dark and disconsolate." Hence, as we shall see, the chief masculine deity of every nation which was the chief object of their idolatrous worship, is in every case to be identified with the sun.

The Abbé Banier wrote in like vein:<sup>2</sup> "Nothing was more capable of seducing men than the Heavenly Bodies, and the sun especially. His beauty, the bright splendour of his beams, the rapidity of his course, *exultavit ut Gigus ad currendam viam,*

<sup>1</sup> *History of Man*, Hon. Henry Home of Kames.

<sup>2</sup> *The Mythology and Fables of the Ancients*, Abbé Banier.

his regularity in enlightening the whole earth by turns, and in diffusing Light and Fertility all around, essential characters of the Divinity who is Himself the light and source of everything that exists, all these were but too capable of impressing the gross minds of men with a belief that there was no other God but the sun, and that this splendid luminary was the throne of the Divinity. God had fixed his habitation in the heavens, and they saw nothing that bore more marks of Divinity than the sun." In the words of Diodorus Siculus: "Men in earlier times struck with the beauty of the Universe, with the splendour and regularity which everywhere were in evidence, made no doubt that there was some Divinity who therein presided, and they adored the sun as expressing the likeness of the Deity."

The worship of the sun was inevitable, and its deification was the source of all idolatry in every part of the world. It was sunrise that inspired the first prayers uttered by man, calling him to acts of devotion, bidding him raise an altar and kindle sacrificial flames.

Before the Sun's all-glorious shrine the first men knelt and raised their voices in praise and supplication, fully confirmed in the belief that their prayers were heard and answered.

Nothing proves so much the antiquity of solar

idolatry as the care Moses took to prohibit it. "Take care," said he to the Israelites, "lest when you lift up your eyes to Heaven and see the sun, the moon, and all the stars, you be seduced and drawn away to pay worship and adoration to the creatures which the Lord your God has made for the service of all the nations under Heaven." Then we have the mention of Josiah taking away the horses that the king of Judah had given to the sun, and burning the chariot of the sun with fire. These references agree perfectly with the recognition in Palmyra of the Lord Sun, Baal Shemesh, and with the identification of the Assyrian Bel, and the Tyrian Baal with the sun.

Again, we have good evidence of the antiquity of Sun worship in the fact that the earliest authentic date that has been handed down to us was inscribed on the foundation stone of the temple of the Sun-God at Sippara in Babylon by Naram-Sin, son of Sargon. There has also been recovered an ancient tablet, an inscribed memorial of the reign of one of the early kings of Babylon, on which is sculptured a representation of the worship of the Sun-God by the king and his attendants. In the sculpture, the Sun-God appears seated on a throne beneath an open canopy shrine. He has a long beard and streaming hair, like most conceptions of the Sun-God, and in his hand he holds a ring, the

nei giorni 14, 15, 16, 17 Maggio 1882 da P. Tacchini.

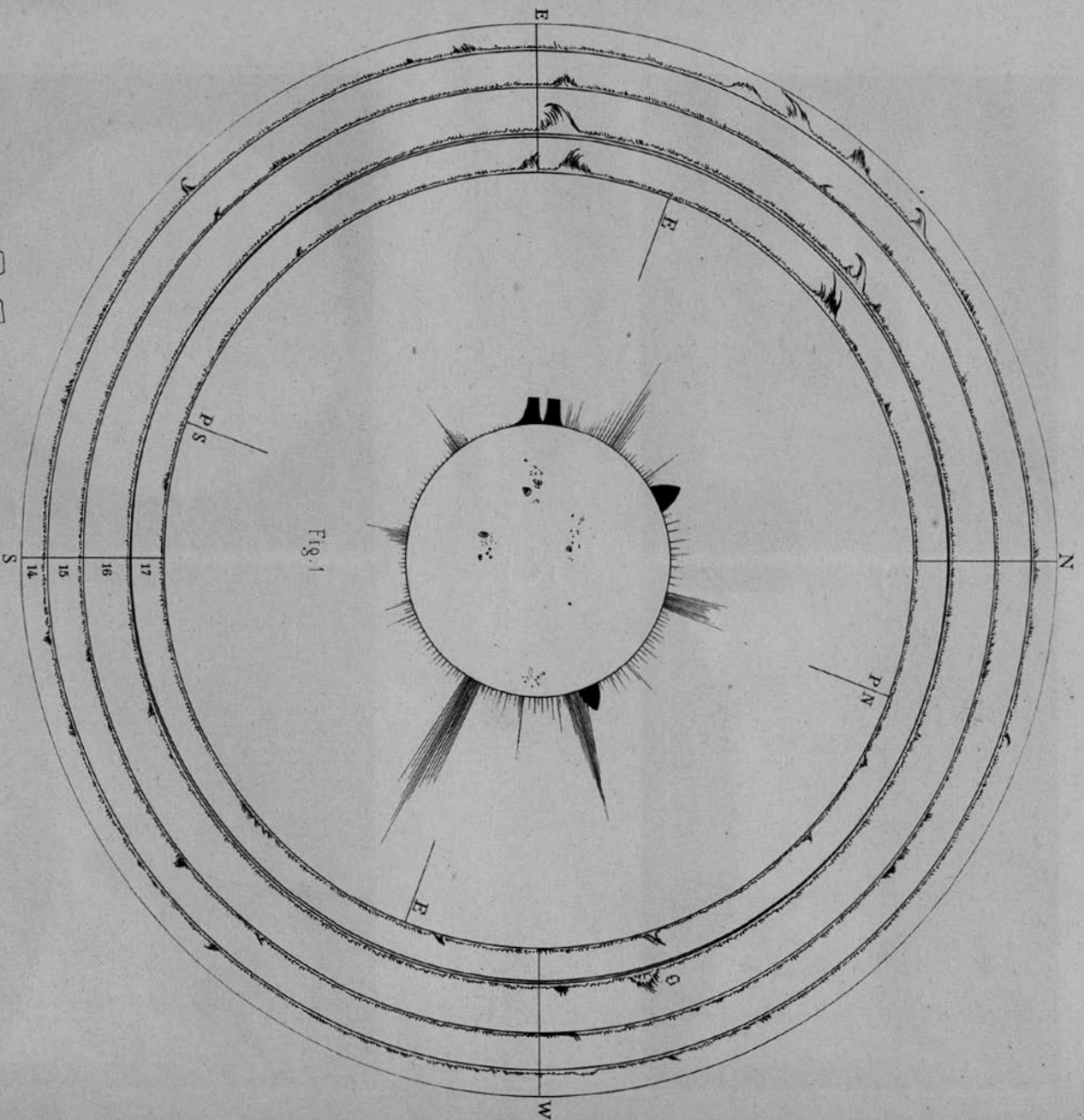


Fig. 1



Fig. 2



Fig. 3.

## 1. Ausländer

Eduard was a quite robust fellow. He used to argue about everything. Eduard was that kind of young man that often preferred to encounter in a book people dead centuries before than living persons. Of course, he became aware of that only several years after, as he stated:

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In all my life objects had been gladder to me than persons, and ideas than objects. So the duty of succeeding with men, of disposing them to any purpose, would be doubly hard to me. They were not my medium: I was not practised in that technique.

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This sort of misanthropy is maybe the reason why he liked **Das Ausland**: it wasn't an alien, a person coming from outside of the land, it wasn't a person at all, it was just a magazine published in the newborn Germany, not so far from where Eduard was born. That was **Deutsch-Rust**, a city that no longer exists. Its name to-day is **Podbořanský Rohozec** and it is located in the Czech Republic. As for January 2017 it counted 143 inhabitants, but in the middle of the nineteenth century population was almost doubled and half of it was Jewish.

☞ **Orientarsi senza bussola** (Orienteering without a compass) was part of an handbook for Italian military to help them to orient themselves in desert regions such as Northern Africa.

Because his father's small farm was often pillaged, since the age of seven Eduard had to mount the night guards on the fields visited by the neighbours. During the winter these nights were long. Sometimes shaken by an icy wind, sometimes annoyed by undistinguishable noises, often tortured by cold rains, Eduard spent his guard shifts looking towards East, waiting for the first sunbeams to show and warm him up gently. He started thinking that if he could have gone to the East, the Sun would have risen before and his awaiting shortened. He was oriented.

At the beginning it was just about looking at it, then his orientation evolved. One day of July, his father found him at noon laying in the middle of the rape field totally bare. When asked, he answered that he was "receiving the Sun". Tanning at that time was a completely ignored practice, but even if it was, Eduard's father must have thought that his son was going to put himself in a strange predicament. It started to look like an addiction. As a young boy attracted by an unbridgeable star rather than the girls of his village, he started to worry his whole family. His older sisters were worried in a different way than his father, but attention was seldom lent to their voices.

Right after his Bar Mitzva, Eduard moved to Prague. As much as his village, Prague was at that time part of the Austro-Hungarian empire. It was the closest city where to send such a special young boy. At the end, maybe his father listened to his sisters worried about the suspicions he generated in the village. Or maybe he just wanted to get that puzzling fellow of his son out of his sight.

In Prague he was broke and hungry. This is where he first encountered **Das Ausland**. He was hungry because he was broke but he also had another particular

hunger. An inextinguishable one. He craved knowledge. The first books he encountered in **Deutsch-Rust** were of course the Bible and the Torah. They had an undetectable influence over him but the knowledge he actually coveted was a peculiar mix of scientific classification and personal adventure. **Das Ausland** was what he was longing for.

**Overview of the latest research in the field of natural history, geography and ethnology.** An image of the whole world. As if someone was floating in the outer space and weekly describing what he saw. Needless to say, he was a white European. A thorough representation of practically everything existed and wasn't at his reach. Or a description of what was at his disposal because of the oppression he exerted. The latter description was never formulated at that time.

Eduard didn't care. For a thirteen years old curious person, **Das Ausland** was just astounding. It didn't matter if he wasn't able to afford to cross the ocean, Eduard became aware of mesmerizing things such as the existence of volcanic islands in the middle of the Pacific Ocean; the foundation of the city of Baghdad in the shape of a perfect circle by the Caliph Al-Mansur ( أبو جعفر عبدالله بن محمد المنصور ); the discovery of pyramids in Mexico; Chinese medicine as an effective technique; the proportion of linguistic minorities in every country all over central and eastern Europe; previous attempts to dig the Suez canal dating centuries before... The more stranger the subject the more interested Eduard. Once read, he loved to recount stories like the following.

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The primitive natives of the Malay peninsula believed that the firmament was solid. They imagined that the sky was a great pot held over the earth by



# Das Ausland

## Ueberschau der ne dem Gebiete der Natu

Redigirt von Fried

Sechsendvierzig

Stuttgart, 1

: 1. Ein neues Gemälde von Aegypten. — 2. Neue  
. — 4. Das heutige Venezuela. — 5. Türkisch-Ge  
fenschaftliche Ausbeute in Chiwa. — 8. Berichtigung

a slender cord, and if this was ever broken the earth would be destroyed. They regarded the Sun and Moon as women, and the stars as the Moon's children. A legend relates that the Sun had as many children as the Moon, in ancient times, and fearing that mankind could not bear so much brightness and heat, the Sun and Moon agreed to devour their children. The Moon pretended to thus dispose of hers, and hid them instead; but the Sun kept faith, and made way with all her children. When they were all devoured, the Moon brought hers out from their hiding-place. When the Sun saw them she was very angry, and pursued the Moon to kill her, and the chase is a perpetual one. Sometimes the Sun comes near enough to bite the Moon, and then men say there is an eclipse. The Sun still devours her children, the stars, at dawn, and the Moon hides hers during the daytime, when the Sun is near, only revealing them at night when her pursuer is far away.

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As its name pointed out, *Das Ausland* treated chiefly of the outside of the own land. After he got affectionate to it, Eduard realised that the in-land the magazine was talking about wasn't really his. First of all, the magazine was published in what soon will be called Germany and Eduard was nominally a subject of another monarch: the King and Emperor of Austria-Hungary. Besides these administrative trifles, Eduard was really not sure where to place himself. Of course he spoke German, he did that as much as he spoke Czech or Yiddish. He had several languages and none of them were his.

There was more than that. And this he really grasped only decades after, but what was in motion in Europe at that time was a sensitive shifting of cultur-

al paradigms. As we saw, the first paradigm was the scientific one that justified the extraction, exploitation and categorisation of the world by white male Europeans on most of the planet for the sake of science - or its applied version: progress. If there should be a motto about this would be "preserve for science by killing". It was this dividing and immobilising idea of science with tendencies to freeze and define that invested any possible field of knowledge.

The second paradigm was the ruler. And the ruler was of course developed Europe. A recurrent grammatical structure already patent in its title, it is the building of the opposition between **us** and **them**. Regardless to his orientation, Eduard was located in Europe. Yet, there were several reasons for him to not be quite part of **us**. An ongoing theoretical construction was indeed separating the idea of Europe from any links it actually shared with Semitic cultures: the Hellenism with its whitewashing attitude to separate Ancient Greek culture from its Egyptian and Semitic forefathers, the rise of the Indo-European studies in linguistics, the sheer anti-Semitism towards Jews growing fast across the continent. The more Eduard was learning about "his place", the more he was told that he didn't belong to it. This is maybe why he was always looking East. Feeling uprooted is a sensation more common that we could think of. Population movements often bring to frictions between minorities and monolithic representations of a country. Eduard was then an **Ausländer** in Prague.

Being part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Prague was influenced by its capital, Vienna, and since almost a century have seen flourishing the kaffeehaus culture. Because of its vicinity to the Ottoman Empire, Vienna has been one of the first places in Europe to discover coffee. This now-believed-Italian-beverage,

# Lusland.

neuesten Forschungen

r-, Erd- und Völkerkunde

Dr. v. Hellwald.

5ter Jahrgang.

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5. September

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culturgegeschichtliche Forschungen. V. — 3. Beiträge zur  
orgien. — 6. Bleek über die Sprache der Buschmänn

has been around Arabia and then the Islamic world for centuries before being adopted by Europeans. In Vienna, since the end of the seventeenth century some "houses of coffee" opened in order to offer such an exotic drink to the Viennese populace. The time going on, the kaffeehaus culture became strong and rooted in the city to the point to become a UNESCO labelled cultural heritage to-day. Viennese kaffeehaus is a place where time and space are consumed, but only the coffee is found on the bill. Perfect for Eduard. Other than coffee, plenty of magazines were always available for the loiterers. Since he didn't have much to bite on, Eduard literarily alimented himself with anything he could read. He spent all his summer days in the coffee houses beside the large windows reading under the sun.

Almost as a game, Eduard started to learn Arabic as an autodidact. He was pleased how easy it came to him, maybe because of the remote roots shared with Yiddish. But no-one was taking that bizarre occupation nothing more seriously than a hobby. And Eduard himself didn't think of it much. It was a playful game to train his mind. What really interested him was the sky. Astronomy was his passion. Again, he was studying as a self-taught-person but while expressing his interest on that subject matter, attention was lent to him. It seemed a respectable occupation. It didn't sound like an odd interest out of nowhere: somewhat, being interested in celestial bodies sounded more meaningful than learning a language spoken by millions of people just besides them.

where. If you enter almost any coffee-house in Tunis, and offer to pay a few pence for a pipeful, the host will at once produce a kind of gourd-shaped bulb with a long stem, fill it with hashish, light it with a few strong puffs, and hand it round to the company. If they are unaccustomed to it, the only result will be to make them cough until they nearly choke. If taken seriously, however, it often has the strangest effects, giving all kinds of wild ideas and exaggerating the simplest sensations. Two Englishmen, who visited a hashish den in Tunis, told me that they found long rows of men squatting round the walls buried in thought and silence. Their guide told them that it might be dangerous to disturb the smokers, and led them off to a far corner, where they were provided with pipes. One of them was seized with the idea that he was kept down by a great weight, and it took several hours before he could be persuaded to get up and go home. The other did nothing but laugh stupidly, and developed a mania for roaming. He had to be chased half round the Arab quarter before he could be taken back to his hotel, and on arriving there, he developed a tendency to roam into other people's rooms. Hashish induces a kind of temporary lunacy, with sensations which are sometimes highly agreeable, and sometimes very much the reverse.

The Arabs of Tunis give their children a great deal of opium, to prevent their crying. It has been calculated that each child consumes on an average an infusion of one poppy-head every evening of his life up to the age of two years. Yet he seems to thrive on it.

of Learning  
Arabic.

Beginners are often alarmed by the strangeness of the Arab as of the Russian character.



AFTER BLOOD-LETTING.

But the Russian may be learned in a few hours, and the Arab character by a few days' application. Some sounds are hard to pronounce, particularly by French

throats, but Germans soon master them, and the British have no cause for despair. My teacher told me with pride how he enabled a French officer to circumvent the guttural k by inducing him to practise it with a paper-knife laid across his tongue. Still more perplexing is the gasping letter 'ain, and my teacher often exclaimed impatiently: "Try to fancy that you are being sea-sick—thus shall you accomplish it easily."

For all difficulties there is, however, full compensation in the charming turns of phrase which a study of Arabic reveals to the astonished student. He may express as much as Lord Burleigh with almost equal brevity. Is a beggar importunate, the sole word "*Iftah*" is understood to mean, "May Allah open to thee the gates of good, for I have nothing to give thee." Does an unwelcome stranger enter, it is enough to look up and sourly exclaim, "*Bismillah!*"—the expression used at every hour of the day as an incantation against evil spirits—and your intruder will understand you to mean, "Who is this ugly Jinn come hither to torment us?" Does a merchant in the bazaars fix a monstrous price, the correct course is to raise the hands towards heaven and ejaculate: "There is neither strength nor power save in Allah, the high, the great, the Master of Worlds." The merchant will not fail to understand that his price has seemed to surpass all human possibilities. Other pious phrases have sometimes a humorous turn. Thus you may tell a merchant: "*Inshallah* (if it please Allah), I will return and buy another day," but you and he know full well that the pleasure of Allah will not bring this about.



Arabic scholars, who come from Syria, or even Egypt, have considerable difficulty in making themselves understood, and are often tempted to vow impatiently that the Tunisians cannot be real Arabs at all, but must be some mongrel Berber race. There is also a marked difference between the accent of Tunisia and that of Algeria, still more of Morocco, but it is a difference not in the construction of the language so much as in the use of distinct words which are understood all over Tunisia but nowhere else. Classical Arabic is of course intelligible only to the learned, and would be of very little assistance to a traveller in asking his way.

**Greetings.** As a general rule, particularly in the town of Tunis, where few people are fanatical, it is safe to use the ordinary salutation, "*Selam d'alek*, the peace (of Allah and his Prophet) be with thee"; but a very strict Moslem may resent it and think to himself, "Who is this infidel dog, who ventures to offer me blessings from Allah and the Prophet, in whom he does not believe?" Nor will he himself waste such blessings upon an infidel. But the Arabic language is so very rich in salutations and compliments that he need be at no loss to find plenty which will not hurt his conscience to use or to accept. Beside the usual compliments of the time of day, every sort of inquiry about your health and the health of all your family is customary on the part of an Arab. When two Arabs meet in the street or elsewhere after a long separation, there seems no end to the string of inquiries which they

*After he ended his military service, Eduard moved from Prague to Vienna. That was 1877. The capital of Kakanien resonated strongly with his previous experience in Paris. Even though Austria - or we maybe should call it Kakania - had a slightly different tone.*

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There, in Kakania, that state since vanished that no one understood, in many ways an exemplary state, though unappreciated, there was a tempo too, but not too much tempo. Whenever one thought of that country from someplace abroad, the memory that hovered before one's eyes was of white, wide, prosperous-looking roads dating from the era of foot marches and mail coaches, roads that crisscrossed the country in every direction like rivers of order, like ribbons of bright military twill, the paper-white arm of the administration holding all the provinces in its embrace. And what provinces they were! Glaciers and sea, Karst limestone and Bohemian fields of grain, nights on the Adriatic chirping with restless cicadas, and Slovakian villages where the smoke rose from chimneys as from upturned nostrils while the village cowered between two small hills as if the earth had parted its lips to warm its child between them. Of course cars rolled on these roads too, but not too many! The conquest of the air was being prepared here too, but not too intensively. A ship would now and then be sent off to South America or East Asia, but not too often. There was no ambition for world markets or world power. Here at the very center of Europe, where the world's old axes crossed, words such as "colony" and "overseas" sounded like something quite untried and remote. There was some show of luxury, but by no means as in such overrefined ways as the French.

People went in for sports, but not as fanatically as the English. Ruinous sums of money were spent on the army, but only just enough to secure its position as the second-weakest among the great powers. The capital, too, was somewhat smaller than all the other biggest cities of the world, but considerably bigger than a mere big city. And the country's administration was conducted in an enlightened, unobtrusive manner, with all sharp edges cautiously smoothed over, by the best bureaucracy in Europe, which could be faulted only in that it regarded genius, and any brilliant individual initiative not backed by noble birth or official status, as insolent and presumptuous. But then, who welcomes interference from unqualified outsiders? And in Kakania, at least, it would only happen that a genius would be regarded as a lout, but never was a mere lout taken - as happens elsewhere - for a genius.

All in all, how many amazing things might be said about this vanished Kakania! Everything and every person in it, for instance, bore the label of *kaiserlich-königlich* (Imperial-Royal) or *kaiserlich und königlich* (Imperial and Royal), abbreviated as "k.k." or "k.&k.," but to be sure which institutions and which persons were to be designated by "k.k." and which by "k.&k." required the mastery of a secret science. On paper it was called the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, but in conversation it was called Austria, a name solemnly abjured officially while stubbornly retained emotionally, just to show that feelings are quite as important as constitutional law and that regulations are one thing but real life is something else entirely. Liberal in its constitution, it was administered clerically. The government was clerical, but everyday life was liberal. All citizens were equal before the law, but not everyone was a citizen. There was a Parliament, which

asserted its freedom so forcefully that it was usually kept shut; there was also an Emergency Powers Act that enabled the government to get along without Parliament, but then, when everyone had happily settled for absolutism, the Crown decreed that it was time to go back to parliamentary rule. The country was full of such goings-on, among them the sort of nationalist movements that rightly attracted so much attention in Europe and are so thoroughly misunderstood today. They were so violent that they jammed the machinery of government and brought it to a dead stop several times a year, but in the intervals and during the deadlocks people got along perfectly well and acted as if nothing *had* happened. And in fact, nothing really had happened. It was only that everyone's natural resentment of everyone else's efforts to get ahead, a resentment we all feel nowadays, had crystallized earlier in Kakania, where it can be said to have assumed the form of a sublimated ceremonial rite, which could have had a great future had its development not been cut prematurely short by a catastrophe.

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*It was at his elected headquarters - another kaffeehaus - that he met Edmund Weiss, who just took the role of director at the Observatory from Karl Ludwig Edler von Littrow. Karl Littrow was still pressing hard-ly Weiss because he knew he was close to his end. He only wanted to see the completion of the gigantic dome of the observatory, a construction that his father Joseph planned but was never able to obtain. It was going to be the biggest dome for astronomic observation in the world, a reason of pride in the whole K. und K. He told him while was trying to hire the young man. At his age, Eduard was quite prone to fascination about*

arguments like “being at the forefront of scientific research” or “pioneering into the field of spectrophotometry”. He’d buy almost anything was dressed as science. For instance, at eighteen he imbued himself in a treaty of the then young science of Phrenology with authentic enthusiasm. Being established by Franz Josef Gall in Vienna at the beginning of the century, at that time Phrenology was at its apex. Leaning towards giving a scientific appearance to obscure and arbitrary generalisations, Phrenology could be noted among the disciplines that few decades afterwards were called as testimony for hideous racial theories that brought to the attempt to erase from earth any Jewish people. Of course Eduard, even though was a pretty smart young man, was not that foreseeing.

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Uninitiated observers have mistaken this for charm, or even for a weakness of what they thought to be the Austrian character. But they were wrong; it is always wrong to explain what happens in a country by the character of its inhabitants. For the inhabitant of a country has at least nine characters: a professional, a national, a civic, a class, a geographic, a sexual, a conscious, an unconscious, and possibly even a private character to boot. He unites them in himself, but they dissolve him, so that he is really nothing more than a small basin hollowed out by these many streamlets that trickle into it and drain out of it again, to join other such rills in filling some other basin. Which is why every inhabitant of the earth also has a tenth character that is nothing else than the passive fantasy of spaces yet unfilled. This permits a person all but one thing; to take seriously what his at least nine other characters do and what happens to them; in

other words, it prevents precisely what should be his true fulfilment. This interior space – admittedly hard to describe – is of a different shade and shape in Italy from what it is in England, because everything that stands out in relief against it is of a different shade and shape. And yet it is in both places the same: an empty, invisible space, with reality standing inside it like a child’s toy town deserted by the imagination.

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He already heard of **Klosterneuburg** from some of his friends. Besides the bombastic projects for making it the new Viennese Escorial, the monastery had a rather old cloister dating back to the middle ages. More interestingly, it has a particular chapel that bears a six points star on the top of the entrance and hosts a gigantic Menorah coming from Northern Italy. The chapel is called the Brunnenhaus (Well house). Eduard wanted to go see it. Still, at his time the monastery was run by the monks whose main activity was to produce excellent local wine and drink it. Nonetheless, Eduard has been warned to not declare his religion if he really wanted to see the chapel. That was easier than he thought. He managed to see the seven branches candelabrum but it was by another vision that he got mesmerised.

Dating back to the end of the twelfth century, Klosterneuburg host the rest of the **Verdun Altar**, a composition of several enamelled plates depicting scenes of the bible. It is a large gleaming panel, fascinating by its luminosity. Particular importance is given to the Old Testament but one panel captured Eduard’s attention: the encounter of King Salomon with the Queen of Saba. He wasn’t able to say why such episode monopolised his mind. A tall elegant black woman, slender and se-



cure, dominates the centre of the panel. She points towards Salomon, being in the act of giving orders to the servants bringing presents to the monarch. The King is squatting his throne but looks quite unstable, restless. His face fails to conceal a sort of disappointment. His left hand holds his sceptre in a self assuring fashion while his right hand rises to cover his chest, some could say to protect it. The King's eyeballs look bloated and tense, they are entranced by the Queen as much as the servants' ones. "So there she is." — Must have though Eduard remembering some remote story he once heard at the synagogue. His feelings were mixed, a radical reversion process was going on in his head: the image in front of him, this small splendid plate, presented a stark contrast with the image he had built of the legendary King of Israel. Where the ruler of the whole world - humans, animals and plants - was gone? What about the wise man that has got the answer to any possible riddle? Where is he? Is he the centre of the world, still? Where his majesty has gone? The servants bring him gifts, but they have eyes only for the Sun worshipper Queen. Now the Queen is radiant and charming and the King is under her influence. The enamelled plates constrained Eduard to keep on moving: the more he got closer, the more the light reflections were dazzling him. He was unable to establish from which part of the figure of the Queen such a powerful glare was emitted. He wasn't blinded but a confused state of vision took hold on him. Again, the strength of the Sun, its light, stroke Eduard.

**Saba.** Sheba. Where this place is? Is there any trace left of the mythical Queen? A new ton of questions took

Karl Drexler and Thomas Strommer, *Der Verduner Altar. Ein Emailwerk des XII. Jahrhunderts im Stifte Klosterneuburg bei Wien*, Vienna 1903, pl. 12.





place in Eduard's mind. They met with those about the Sun, about his orientation. He had to go there.

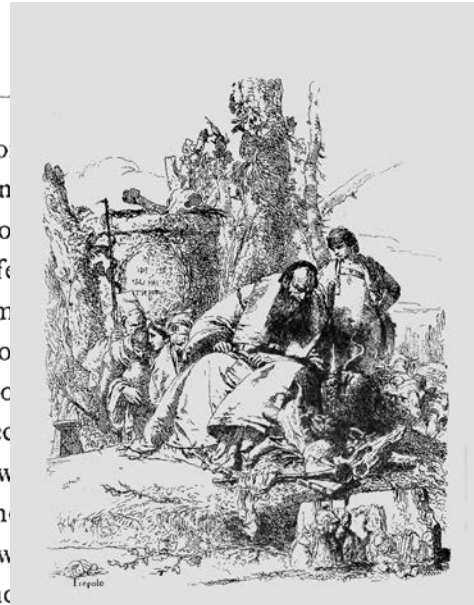
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- In its common concept, autobiographical anamnesis presupposes identification. And precisely not identity. No, an identity is never given, received, or attained; only the interminable and indefinitely phantasmatic process of identification endures. Whatever the story of a return to oneself or to one's home [chez-soi], into the "hut" ["case"] of one's home (chez is the casa), no matter what an odyssey or bildungsroman it might be, in whatever manner one invents the story of a construction of the self, the autos, or the ipse, it is always imagined that the one who writes should know how to say I. At any rate, the identificatory modality must already or henceforth be assured: assured of language and in its language.

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Melk is a village at around eighty kilometres from Vienna. It is known for its majestic monastery of the order of Saint Benedict. This kind of monastery - and the monks inhabiting it as well - is rather different from a monastic life could represent in our mind. This is not a life of prayer, poverty and privation like it could be for a Franciscan monk. The ranks of the order of Saint Benedict were often filled with noble gentlemen that happened to be born after their siblings: they would never be heirs of the family but they could exercise a fair amount of power and influence from the monastery. Several accounts of lechery, corruption and coercion emanate from venerated places like the Benediktterkloster **Stift Melk**. This particular monas-

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ization because it is founded on a practice coeval with their history.

Lastly, Semitic thought is a strong leaven which everywhere pervades the minds of nations, aliens though they be, who have once admitted it; and it will not easily be cast out. We have seen in Europe, even in England, a land never brought physically into contact with Arabia, how long Arabian thought, filtered as it was through France and Spain to our shores, has dominated our ideas. Chivalry, a notion purely Bedouin, is hardly yet extinct among us. Romance, the offspring of pre-Islamic Arabia, is still a common motive of our action, and our poets express it still, to the neglect

of classic models, in the rhymed verse of Yemen. The mass of our people still pray to the God of Abraham, and turn eastwards towards that land which is Arabia's half-sister, the Holy Land of the Jews.

If then we, who are mere aliens, find it impossible to escape this subtle influence, what must it be for those races wholly or half Arabian who have for centuries been impregnated with Islam, the quintessence of Arabian thought? Who shall fix the term of its power, and say that it cannot renew itself and live? "Send forth," says a famous English writer, who was also a famous English statesman, "a great thought, as you have done before, from Mount Sinai, from the villages of Galilee, from the deserts of Arabia, and you may again remodel all men's institutions, change their principles of action, and breathe a new spirit into the scope of their existence."

But I must not lose myself in generalities or forget that it is for practical Englishmen that I am writing. To be precise, I see two ways in which it is probable that Islam will attempt to renew her spiritual life, and two distinct lines of thought which according to external circumstances she may be expected to follow—the first a violent

and hardly a permanent one, the second the true solution of her destiny.

Among the popular beliefs of Islam—and it is one common to every sect, Shiite and Abadite, as well as Sunite—is this one, that in the latter days of the world, when the power of God's worshippers shall have grown weak and their faith corrupted, a leader shall arise who shall restore the fortunes of the true believers. He shall begin by purging the earth of injustice, fighting against oppressors wherever he shall find them, Mohammedan as well as Infidel, and he shall teach the people a perfect law which they shall have forgotten, and he shall reign over Islam in place of their Khalifeh, being called the M<sup>o</sup>hdy, or guide. To this some add that he will arise of a sudden in some distant corner of the earth, and that he will march towards Mecca, and that everywhere the blood of Moslems shall be shed like water, and that he shall enter Mecca when the streets shall run with blood. In support of this coming of the M<sup>o</sup>hdy many traditions exist which are held to be authentic by the Ulema. Thus it is related on the authority of Abdallah ibn Messaoud that he heard the Prophet say, "When there shall remain but one day of the days of the earth, God shall prolong

that day, and shall send forth from my house a man bearing my name and the name of my father (Mohammed ibn Abdallah), and he shall purify the earth from injustice and fill it with that which is right." The same was heard also by Ali Ibn Abu Taleb, the Prophet's son-in-law, and by Hadhifat Ibn el Yaman, who relates that this

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unjustly shed of the Imams; and they cite in support of this a tradition of Ali ibn Abu Taleb, who thus addressed his son, Huseyn, the same who was afterwards martyred at Kerbela, "I swear to



thee, O my son," he said, "I swear by my soul, and by my offspring, and by Kerbela, and by its temple, that the day shall come in which our beards shall be dyed with blood. And I swear that afterwards God shall raise up a man, the Móhdy, who shall stand in our place, the lord of mankind. He it is who shall avenge us, nay, he shall avenge thy blood also, O Huseyn. Therefore have patience. For the blood of one man he shall shed the blood of a thousand; and he will not spare them who have helped our enemies."

The Shiites say also that this Móhdy will be no new personage, but that he lives already in the flesh, being no other than the twelfth and last of their recognized Imams, who was born in the year 260 of the Hejira, and whose name was Mohammed ibn El Hassan, Abul Kassem, El Móhdy, Lord of the Command and Lord of Time; and who, while yet a child, disappeared from the world, retaining nevertheless his authority. This Móhdy they expect *when the Turkish rule is in decay*. After accomplishing his vengeance and re-establishing justice he shall rule for an undetermined period, when Jesus the Son of Mary also shall come, and the Apostle Mohammed, an

apparition which will announce the end of the world.<sup>1</sup>

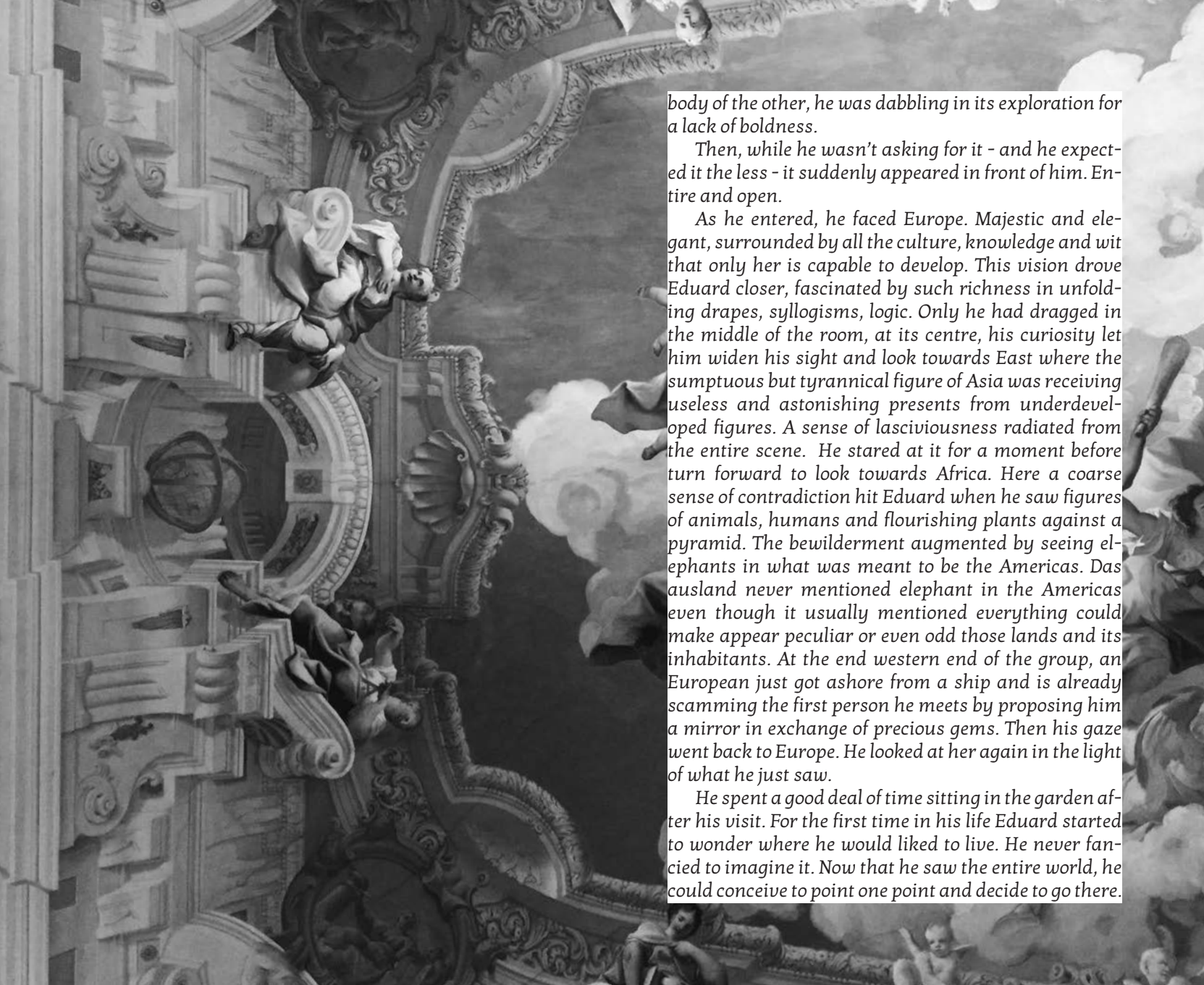
It would seem, therefore, exceedingly probable that out of the religious ferment which we now see agitating Africa some enthusiast will arise who will announce himself as this Mólhdy, and head an active movement of reform. Already, indeed, two such personages have made their appearance, one in Tripoli, of whom I heard much talk a year ago, and who is now said to be marching to join the defenders of Keruan; and a second quite recently in Soudan. It is not difficult to imagine the kind of reformation such an inspired Guide would preach. Indeed his rôle is marked out for him in the prophecies just quoted. He would purge the earth of injustice with the sword, and, breaking with all authority but that of the Koran he would seek to renew a kingdom of heaven on the model of Islam militant. It would be a repetition, but on a grander scale, of the Wahhabite

<sup>1</sup> A remarkable coincidence of prediction, Christian and Mohammedan, has been pointed out to me in Rohrbacher's History of the Church, published in 1845, where by an elaborate calculation based on the Old Testament prophecies he arrives at the conclusion that the Turkish Empire will fall in 1882, the date assigned it also by the Mohammedan prediction quoted in my last chapter—that is to say A. H. 1300.

tery is famous for its rich library which hosts thousands of manuscripts. It is told that it has been one of the source of inspiration for Umberto Eco while almost a century afterwards he was writing his novel *Il nome della rosa* (The name of the rose). Being an High Middle Age building only made of rough instead of a lavish Rococo shrine, the library in the novel is the pivotal space of the narrative. Dispatched towards the four cardinal points, the rooms that compose it are clearly an image of the whole world - from a point of view of a medieval European. Everything starts at the Oriens, even though the peoples and texts dwelling in that part of the world are seldom to be trusted. Then the Septentrio and the Occidens are composed of known folks, precious but dimly boring. Meridies contains the key of the mystery of the book and - to spicing up an otherwise quite flat narration - the dangers that come along.

*Hic sunt leones* (Here be lions) is an extremely rare expression found in European medieval maps to indicate danger in the Northern coasts of Africa of Asia. It also exist in the variation with dragons but bear the same function of labelling a space as forbidden, savage and dangerous. A conception close to *Hic sunt leones* is also what probably inspired Johann Baptist Wenzel Bergl while he was decorating the Garden Pavilion of the monastery in Melk. The first image of the whole world that attained Eduard in the most direct way. What he experienced when he entered this oval space was fundamentally different from any experience he could have had before. Reading a minute description of an Egyptian temple in a news paper was giving him hints on what the world could be. He was peeping out at it through *Das auslander* and the other readings he indulged himself in. It was a puberty discovery of the





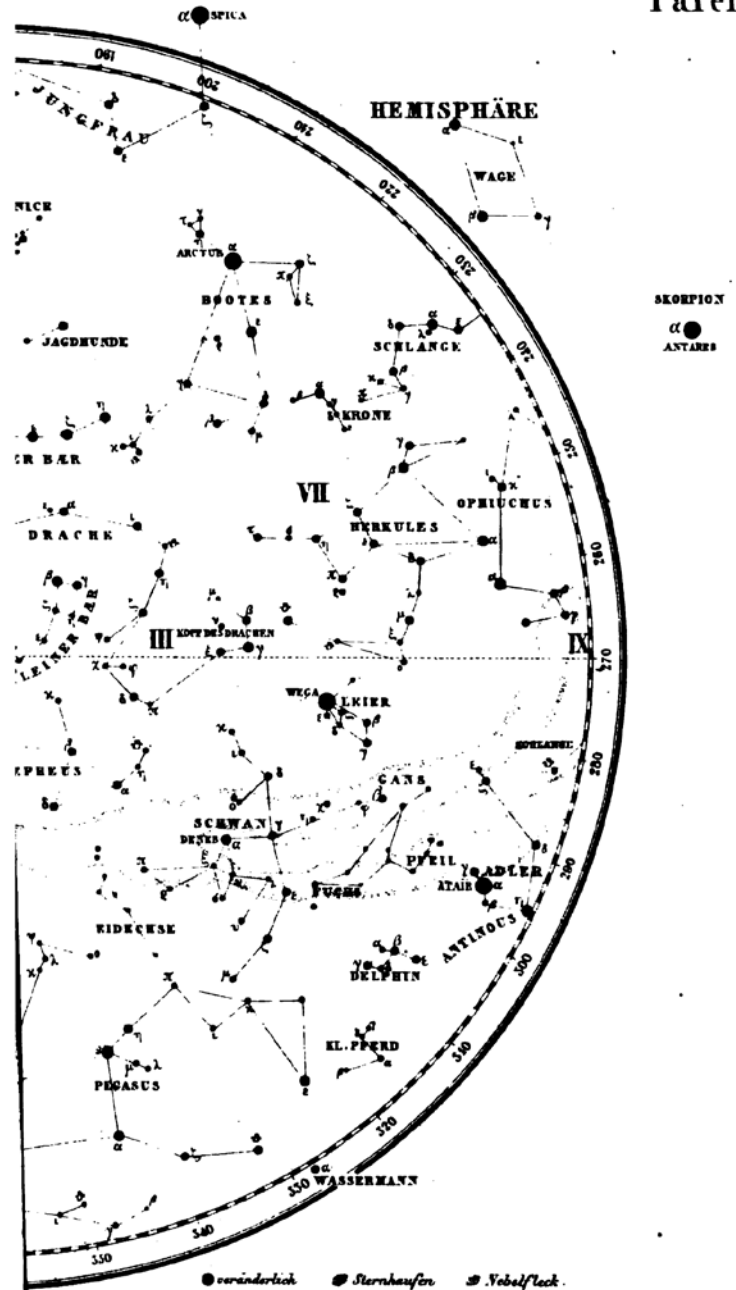
body of the other, he was dabbling in its exploration for a lack of boldness.

Then, while he wasn't asking for it - and he expected it the less - it suddenly appeared in front of him. Entire and open.

As he entered, he faced Europe. Majestic and elegant, surrounded by all the culture, knowledge and wit that only her is capable to develop. This vision drove Eduard closer, fascinated by such richness in unfolding drapes, syllogisms, logic. Only he had dragged in the middle of the room, at its centre, his curiosity let him widen his sight and look towards East where the sumptuous but tyrannical figure of Asia was receiving useless and astonishing presents from underdeveloped figures. A sense of lasciviousness radiated from the entire scene. He stared at it for a moment before turn forward to look towards Africa. Here a coarse sense of contradiction hit Eduard when he saw figures of animals, humans and flourishing plants against a pyramid. The bewilderment augmented by seeing elephants in what was meant to be the Americas. Das ausland never mentioned elephant in the Americas even though it usually mentioned everything could make appear peculiar or even odd those lands and its inhabitants. At the end western end of the group, an European just got ashore from a ship and is already scamming the first person he meets by proposing him a mirror in exchange of precious gems. Then his gaze went back to Europe. He looked at her again in the light of what he just saw.

He spent a good deal of time sitting in the garden after his visit. For the first time in his life Eduard started to wonder where he would liked to live. He never fancied to imagine it. Now that he saw the entire world, he could conceive to point one point and decide to go there.

But where to go? Nowadays a United-States-Oriented-Person would wonder to move to Los Angeles, New York, maybe San Francisco. In Eduard's time it would rather be London, Paris, Berlin. Still, he was keeping his eyes on a way more distant time. His reveries lingered between Jerusalem, Alexandria, Damascus, Baghdad. He didn't have any problem with the fact that it didn't last much of what made these cities such legends.



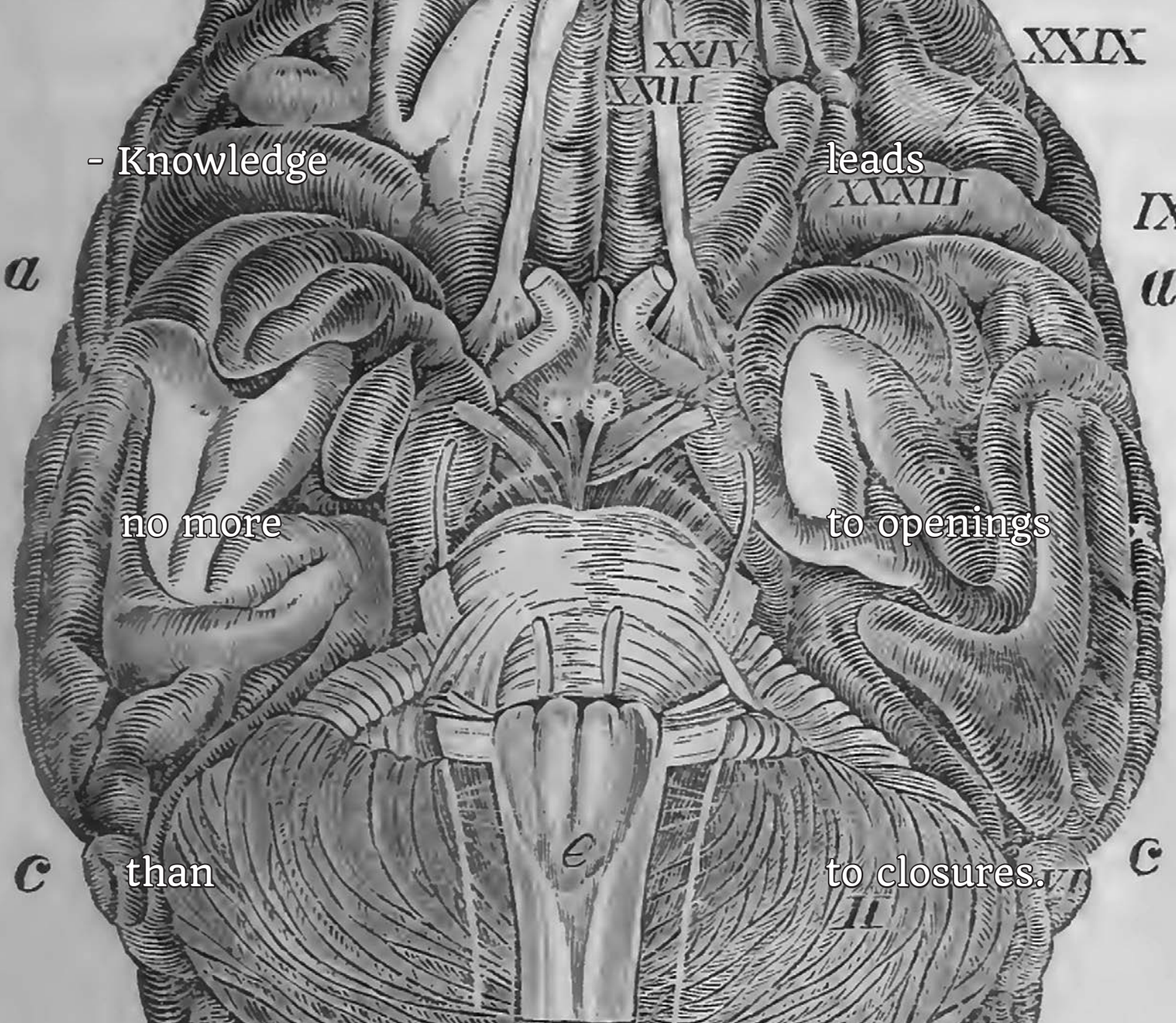
The first time the Crone visited him has been the shortest encounter.

The old man was gone, the bonfire extinguished. He was facing the black sky alone and the harder he looked at it the more stars he would notice, for it is just an exercise of the pupil to look out at the universe. A little chain there, a bright glare here, everything around him was gleaming in the night.

A heat wave came, then the tepid wind. The giant Crone slowly sat in front of him, her encroached legs looked to him twisted in a irreversible way.

It was an appalling sight, yet Eduard surprised himself, for he was holding himself still and calm. Veiled as it was by the rough white hair, he wasn't able to see the Crone's face. He wondered for a moment if she actually had one. That though was tossed away from his mind when the Crone started her indistinguishable mumbling. As a being able to produce such sounds, it must had a face, though he. He concentrated himself: before she disappeared, he only understood one sentence:





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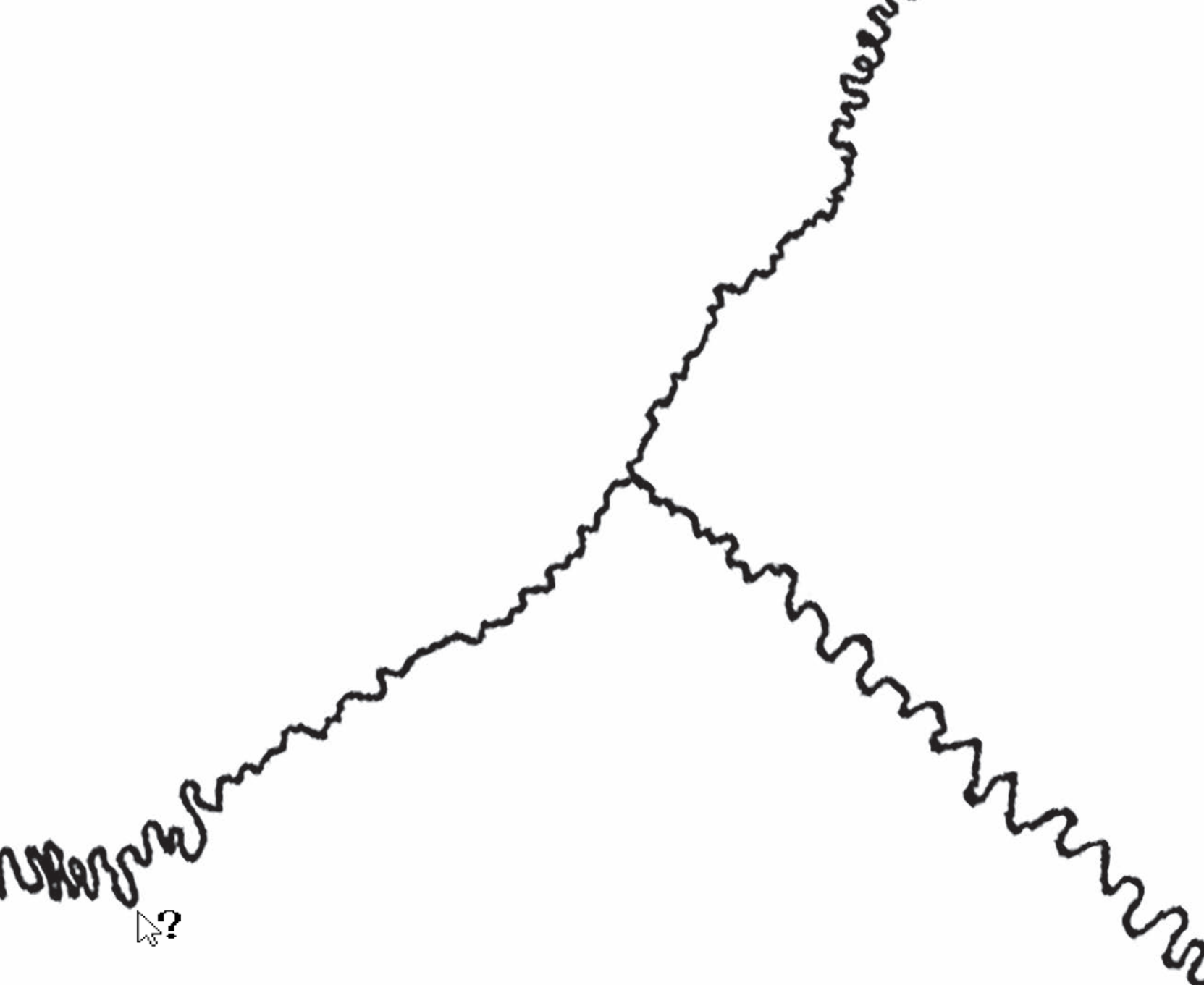
to closures.



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| Vogt      | Praefectus  | פְּקִיד        | בוקט   |
| Iud       | Iudaeus     | יְהוּדִי       | יוד    |
| Christ    | Christianus | כְּרִיסְטִי    | קרישט  |
| Türck     | Turca       | תוּרְכִי       | טורק   |
| Araber    | Arabs       | עֲרָבִי        | האייד  |
| Mor       | Aethiops    | כּוּשִׁי       | מור    |
| Griech    | Graecus     | יוֹנִי         | קריד   |
| Erantzof  | Gallus      | גַּלְיִי       | סרבנות |
| Hispanier | Hispanus    | סְפַרְדִּי     | שפניו  |
| walch     | Italus      | לוּעִז         | וואלך  |
| Teutscher | Germanus    | אַשְׁכְּנַזִּי | טיידשר |
| Vnger     | Vngarus     | הַגָּרִי       | אונגר  |
| Tarter    | Tartarus    | קֶדְרִי        | טארטר  |
| Zegeiner  | Paganus     | כּוּדִי        | בניינה |

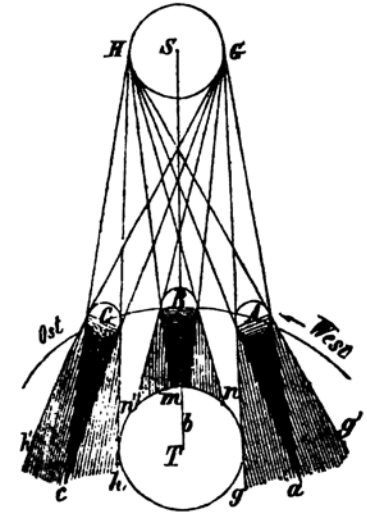
📖 **Shemot Devarim, Nomenclatura Ebraica**, published by Elijah Levita in 1542, is a Yiddish - Hebrew - Latin - Proto-German dictionary. The title could be translated into “The name of things”.





gnée par le temps et que les tons aient beaucoup perdu de leur pureté. Au centre, Apollon, les dieux, les déesses, les héros, les divinités, les figures de l'espace, les uns assis, les autres debout, dans diverses manières, d'attitudes diverses, d'élégantes poses, d'élégantes manières, en un raccourci d'une scène, d'un tableau, d'un bouclier et une lance ; Neptune brandit son trident ; on aperçoit Diane, Minerve, Mars, et Jupiter est parmi les épis, Flore, son sablier, et Vulcain, le forgeron, bronzé, a la main appuyée sur son anvil ; Ganymède s'envole dans son char de destrier. En haut, dans un médaillon, de larges touches comme de la cello, tenant sur un nuage, tenant dans sa main droite, Hébé, une coupe d'ambrosie ; les trois Parques ; les fleuves portent divers animaux ; Éole est entouré d'un cercle de belles figures de femmes ; entre les nuages dansent des chœurs de nymphes et d'amours et volent des oiseaux.

Fig. 37.



L'énorme fresque, où se déploie une certaine mise en scène un peu théâtrale et comme chorégraphique, est encadrée par les quatre parties du monde, peintes sur la cimaise avec une fantaisie qui n'est pas toujours domptée par l'art. Heureusement l'iconologie, cette fois, sera simple et le sens des figures symboliques fort clair.

En montant l'escalier, on a devant soi l'Europe.

Figurée par une femme majestueuse, vêtue d'une robe tirant sur le vert, s'étalant en plis magnifiques, et d'un manteau doré à reflets roux, l'Europe est assise sur un trône de marbre, la main sur la tête du taureau symbolique. Les Sciences et les Arts l'entourent. Dans le groupe qui représente la Guerre, un cavalier du

XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, — tricorne bordé d'argent, habit rouge à parements bleus et à brandebourgs blancs, justaucorps et culottes jaunes, — tient par le mors un fougueux cheval noir. Derrière lui, un soldat avec un tambour, et, dans le fond, d'autres hommes et deux drapeaux, l'un blanc, l'autre rose.

Au premier plan, la Peinture, une palette à la main, en robe blanche et rouge, et la Géographie auprès du globe terrestre. Devant l'Europe, les insignes de l'Église, la mitre et la croix pastorale, sont portés par deux pages, un page blanc et un page rouge ; à côté, on voit le groupe de la Musique : deux femmes, l'une en robe rouge et l'autre en robe jaune, chantent accompagnées par un joueur de flûte et par un violoniste, tous deux habillés de blanc. Puis, drapé dans un vaste manteau tirant sur le jaune, vient un gentilhomme qui figure la Politique ; plus loin, l'Histoire est représentée sous les traits d'un vieillard qui, la tête appuyée sur la main, déchiffre un grand livre. Il se trouve assurément, parmi ces personnages, de nombreux portraits de contemporains, et il est curieux de reconnaître dans le nombre celui de Balthasar Neumann, qui représente l'Art de la Guerre. L'architecte du palais de Würzburg, qui avait été soldat et s'était battu contre les Turcs, apparaît, assis sur un canon, en uniforme de colonel d'artillerie, tunique violette à brandebourgs d'argent et perruque blanche. Dans le fond du tableau, on aperçoit un mur avec une grande porte au milieu, des colonnes en construction et des échafaudages ; c'est là une claire allusion au palais épiscopal, qui se précise encore quand on regarde à gauche la coupole, qui se profile sur le ciel, et dont la forme répond à celle des coupoles des deux tours qui flanquent le palais. Dans le coin le plus éloigné, à gauche du spectateur, le portrait du peintre par lui-même et ceux de ses deux fils.

En face de l'Europe, l'Amérique.

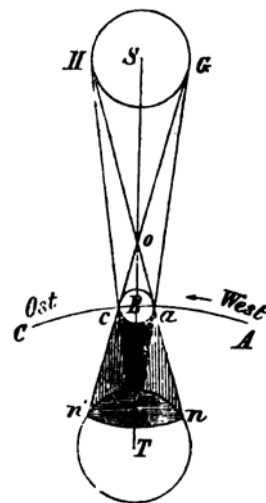
Une belle Indienne nue, au teint jaune roux, la tête ornée de plumes, un collier d'or et de perles au cou, un arc pendu à l'épaule, est assise sur le dos d'un crocodile énorme ; elle se tourne

vers un groupe d'hommes qui préparent un repas primitif, et de son bras levé fait un geste de commandement à trois sauvages qui sont à sa droite. Ces trois sauvages, à la peau d'un brun foncé, ont des attitudes diverses. Le premier, un étrange turban sur la tête, le carquois aux épaules et le casse-tête à la main, a l'air de reposer ; le second, dont le torse est d'un admirable modelé, est assis, les mains posées sur les genoux levés

d'abondance ; le troisième ouvre un cerf mort ; sur la gauche, trois belles femmes à la peau noire et la tête ornée de plumes, l'une à la main, l'une une torche, l'autre qui est clair, froid et transparent, les autres, brunes de visage et des plumes dans cette partie de la fresque, mette et dorée des nuages et de la triple arête dans le plafond de l'Olympe. De même de l'Europe, pour donner plus d'intensité monte les groupes de Jupiter et de l'allégorie du prince-évêque d'une couleur chauds et roux. C'est là, dans

l'effet d'une sorte de séduction secrète, spectateur la pureté, la couleur, l'architecture, c'est là qu'est le secret de la technique de Tiepolo et la source profonde de l'enchantement qui nous captive en présence de ces vastes allégories. Derrière l'Amérique, une femme au teint presque blanc, éclairée par une vive lumière, choque des cymbales, au milieu d'étranges vieillards aux chapeaux en entonnoir. A terre gisent des têtes coupées. Plus loin, deux sauvages à la peau brune portent, l'un un fagot, l'autre un petit crocodile mort, dont le ventre argenté met une note vive dans cette partie de la fresque aux tons passablement morts. Ils se dirigent vers un feu au-dessus duquel est une broche que surveille un adolescent brun. Une belle

Fig. 36.



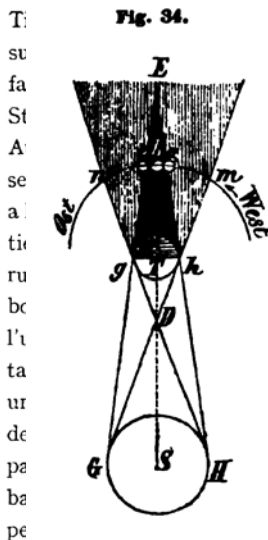
femme, vêtue de blanches étoffes, s'avance vers le feu, portant sur la tête une amphore, et trois sauvages bruns interrompent leurs occupations pour la regarder. Dans l'ombre, au premier plan, et comme pour mettre une note comique dans le tableau, le peintre nous montre un Européen, en veste rouge et chausses blanches, blotti parmi les branches et caché par une table, qui regarde les Indiens à la dérobée avec une amusante expression de peur mêlée de curiosité. Sur toute la scène, se profilant sur le ciel, se dressent des étendards, des feuillages d'arbres, des trompes d'éléphants, des ramures de cerfs; dans le fond, des montagnes qui offrent plus de ressemblance avec les collines de Vénétie, douces au souvenir du peintre, qu'avec les sommets rocheux des Cordillères des Andes.

Les deux autres murs du grand escalier ont une largeur double, et au-dessus de chaque corniche, les compositions, représentant l'Asie et l'Afrique, se déroulent avec un plus grand développement en deux tableaux d'un bel effet pittoresque.

A droite en montant apparaît l'Asie.

Le tableau commence par un palmier qui est sur le bord d'un fleuve. A la rive est amarrée une barque, où trois hommes à la peau bronzée, au visage terrifié, se défendent avec leurs rames contre une lionne. La mâts de la barque, sans voile, se dresse derrière deux esclaves nus, dont l'un a les mains liées et l'autre les mains jointes en un geste de supplication. Plus loin, un gros éléphant porte sur son dos, couchée plutôt qu'assise, l'Asie représentée par une superbe femme à la peau foncée, vêtue d'une robe jaune et d'un manteau bleu, qui de la main droite tient un sceptre et lève la main gauche d'un air de commandement. A la tête de l'éléphant, un vieillard à turban, du type européen, avec une barbe blanche, tient un marteau dans sa main levée et fait faire place à la souveraine qui s'avance au milieu d'une foule orientale et multicolore, parmi un étalage de cadeaux précieux, d'amphores, de coffrets. Viennent ensuite deux hommes à genoux, prostrés à terre et vêtus d'une sorte de grande robe, qu'on ne voit que de dos,

et deux autres Orientaux debout, également vus de dos: l'un avec un turban qui finit en pointe, s'appuie sur un bâton noueux; l'autre s'enveloppe d'un manteau à raies transversales noires et jaunes. Dans le fond se profile le Calvaire avec les croix, pour rappeler que la terre d'Asie fut baignée du sang du Rédempteur; et le tableau se termine par une pyramide d'Égypte, car, à l'époque de



l'Égypte comme une partie de l'Asie, ments de l'antiquité, où Hérodote ie sorte de presque asiatique, et où ie limite entre les deux continents. bole de l'Égypte, le peintre a repré- es traits d'une femme très belle, qui rte les atours des nobles dames véni- obe jaune brodée et relevée de four- un blond adolescent, appuyé sur un uprès de deux blocs de marbre, dont caractères hiéroglyphiques de fan- e d'un admirable modelé, portant e champignon, une sorte de tunique eau à raies roses et bleues, tient le esclave, courbé, lève sa tête entur- bre aux étranges hiéroglyphes, une n *G. Btta. Tiepolo. 1753.*

Et voici, enfin, l'Afrique.

En partant de la gauche, on peut voir un portefaix noir au repos; il porte un bonnet rouge, et son torse nu est protégé par un morceau d'étoffe d'un jaune roux; un autre, à la peau bronzée, s'agit au milieu des ballots de marchandise, et l'on aperçoit derrière lui un Turc et un sauvage noir avec des plumes bleu-ciel sur la tête. Viennent ensuite trois marchands: le premier porte une simarre blanche; le second, une sorte de blouse bleue à raies blanches; le troisième, un Arménien, a le caractéristique bonnet pointu et une simarre jaune à carreaux noirs, doublée de rouge.



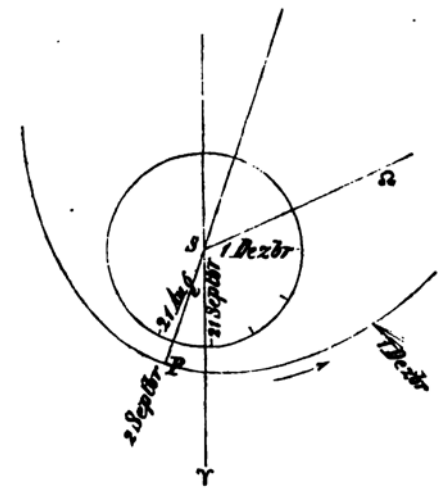
La présence de ces marchandises et de ces marchands semble devoir se rapporter à Alexandrie ou au Caire, les deux villes qui, à l'époque de Tiepolo, encore que déchuës de leur antique prospérité, conservaient cependant la renommée d'importants marchés commerciaux. Entre cet épisode et le suivant prend place, au second plan, l'arrivée d'une caravane. Un esclave nègre, en turban, portant sur l'épaule un vase de prix, précède un chameau chargé de tapis multicolores et de marchandises diverses ; des hommes en armes suivent avec des esclaves noires, dont la poitrine et la tête s'ornent de plumes rouges, blanches, bleues. La caravane se dirige vers le campement qui occupe le centre de la vaste allégorie. Le fond est composé d'une tente à larges raies blanches et grises, derrière laquelle pointe l'avant d'une galère, surmonté d'un drapeau pourpre qui se déploie au vent. Dans le campement, deux marchands européens, l'un en habit violet et manteau jaune, l'autre en manteau bleu, font affaire avec deux marchands vêtus à l'orientale, dont l'un penche un visage brun sur un coffret vert où l'on aperçoit des colliers de perles. A terre, un soldat gît, comme mort. Puis, sur un chameau agenouillé, au caparaçon de pourpre, une femme est assise, aux formes admirables, dont la peau couleur d'ébène se détache intensément sur le bandeau blanc qui encercle son visage aux lèvres épaisses et sur la draperie blanche qui cache ses jambes et découvre son sein. Cette femme représente l'Afrique ; devant elle, se tient un sultan de race noire, aux cheveux laineux et crépus, au nez épâté, aux grosses lèvres, aux mâchoires proéminentes. Il est vêtu d'un grand manteau verdâtre à longue traîne ; un carquois rouge pend à son épaule ; il tient d'une main le parasol et, de l'autre, une sorte de cassolette, où brûle de l'encens. Derrière lui un autre personnage, en saie foncée, le cimenterre au côté, rend également ses hommages à l'Afrique. Sur le sol, dans une pittoresque confusion, des oiseaux rares, des défenses d'éléphants, des amphores, des carquois, des étoffes, des rames et, à l'extrémité du tableau, un campement de tentes avec

des hommes et des femmes qui se pressent, s'agitent, gesticulent, dansent d'un air de sauvage allégresse. Au premier plan, près de la corniche, et représentant sans doute le Nil, une divinité fluviale, à demi nue, au puissant torse brun, à demi couchée, s'appuie sur une urne d'où s'échappe l'eau. Derrière, un pélican se tient debout, le bec ouvert ; enfin, au centre de l'allégorie, dans le bas, une autruche, dont un singe tire la queue d'un geste vif.

Il est impossible d'exprimer la vigueur et l'enthousiasme que l'artiste a su mettre dans ces œuvres ; la vivacité du dessin dégagé et franc, sans être négligé, s'unit au charme d'un coloris large, plein, vibrant.

Dans les grandes fresques du palais épiscopal, Tiepolo, qui a pourtant cinquante-sept ans, fait preuve d'une vigueur qui, loin de s'affaiblir, s'élève à un degré d'énergie et de hardiesse qui n'ont pas d'équivalent dans l'œuvre de son maître. On trouve dans ces fresques une originalité et une liberté de ton qui ont fait de Tiepolo un des plus grands artistes de l'école vénitienne. Ses œuvres, si vivantes et si colorées, ont exercé une grande influence sur les artistes allemands du XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, et ont contribué à la formation de l'école de la Rocaille. On peut dire que Tiepolo a été le maître à penser de ces artistes, qui ont cherché à imiter son style et son coloris. Cette influence se voit dans les œuvres de nombreux artistes allemands, qui ont adopté le style de Tiepolo, et qui ont cherché à reproduire son coloris et son dessin. On peut donc dire que Tiepolo a été le maître à penser de ces artistes, qui ont cherché à imiter son style et son coloris. Cette influence se voit dans les œuvres de nombreux artistes allemands, qui ont adopté le style de Tiepolo, et qui ont cherché à reproduire son coloris et son dessin. On peut donc dire que Tiepolo a été le maître à penser de ces artistes, qui ont cherché à imiter son style et son coloris.

Fig. 90.



(1) FEUERBACH, *Ein Vermächtnis*, p. 158, Vienne, 1885.

## 2. Gay Paris

At the end of the summer of 1873 Paris hosted the first session of the **Congrès International des Orientalistes**. Eduard decided to go.

Because of his financial situation, he went by foot. In July he went back to Deutsch-Rust to see his family and from there he commenced his journey. It took him roughly two days and one-hundred-fifty-two kilometres to reach Bayreuth. There he stopped in front of the construction site of the **Festspielhaus**, the dream of the egotistic Richard Wagner. Then after another two days and one-hundred-thirty-five kilometres he arrived in Würzburg. There he had a powerful déjà-vu when he entered the **Residenz** and saw the gigantic frescoes depicting the four continents of the world that Giambattista Tiepolo carried out with the help of his son Giandomenico. He had a strange feeling. He was enjoying the same monstrosity he already felt. It was like he was seeking confirmation for something he already knew and maybe just enjoying the fact that he was right. "This kind of feeling must be common in brainy people", he thought. He kept his pace of visiting a city every two days passing through Heidelberg, Saarbrücken, Verdun - when his thought went back the Queen of Saba and made him wonder through the city with a Boeotian smile, Reims and finally Paris. Of course we didn't mentioned any trouble he had to pass-

Bestimmung

der

Längendifferenz zwischen Wien und Paris.

Ausgeführt

von

**Th. v. Oppolzer und M. Loewy.**

August — October 1873.

ing the borders between the different states of Prussia and the France. This is because at Eduard's times the practice of border controls wasn't customary yet. The matter was different, though. Prussia had just recalled its troops from the siege of Paris a couple of years before, after the Franco-Prussian war. We could say that France and Prussia weren't best friends at that time, and many people in the lands he passed by - lands that passed from the hegemony of one country to the other in the last decades and that will swap again - could have resenting feeling towards German speakers. Let us say that if your daughter has been raped by a passing soldier it is likely that you develop a general sense of hatred towards his supposed country. Strangely rape is among the most filthy weapons an army can use but it is not listed in any international treaty - even to-day.

Eduard didn't care much to be perceived as a **K. und K.** citizen, on the contrary. So he started to challenge his proficiency in foreign languages. He just had to avoid some **Shibboleths** (שִׁבּוֹלֵת) from time to time. He started to have a pleasant feeling every time he was slipping into a foreign language. At end it became like wearing a completely new body by just switching from idiom to idiom.

\*  
\*\*

Eduard was feeling scared already before getting the first door. A very gentle doorman patronised his total ignorance of the functioning of the Académie. Eduard was told that Monsieur Halévy was busy at that time, he wouldn't see before at least one hour. The doorman gently suggested him to go to wait into the library.

- You'll be rather comfortable in there. Said he devising a meaningless smile on his fresh shaved cheeks. He told him the way.

Eduard had first to pass through the great arch where this scene just occurred, he found himself in a small oval courtyard, a totally balanced space made of classical inspirations ground in fine powder through centuries of imitation, revived with stinky **eau de cologne** and moulded back into shape by bored court architects.

There was a small portion of the sky visible above this round **pâtisserie** of white stone. Eduard entered a door and found himself directly confronted to a marble bust that was looking at him. He engaged in the narrow helicoidal stairs. Each step there was a new bust staring at him, one after another these past geniuses were inspecting him. They were like a bunch of males looking at a woman in the streets. Just looking. Doing nothing wrong, no violence, no words, no touching, just checking him out. Nevertheless it is a watched ascension Eduard was attempting. He had been in other temples of the knowledge in Prague or Vienna, but there the sensation was utterly different: he was at the core of the place that brought light to the whole world. He was not looking at the light from his remote village, a small point in the sky whose effects were washed out by distance and time, he was not listening to phantasmatic accounts of the vision of the light: he was going to look directly at the sun. The sun could burn, Eduard knew it While stepping on the marble stairs, he was trying to recall all the techniques he have read of about protect yourself from the sunburn. He went back to Vienna, to the time he spent at the Observatory then reading about solar stains, looking at drawings of the corona, learning about spectrography. Still nothing

N° 9. Septembre 189

Tome III.

# Cosmopolis<sup>\*</sup>

*Revue internationale*

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about avoiding or healing sunburns. Then suddenly , when he found himself in front of the carved wooden door of the library he thought of his grandmother. She often yelled to him and his siblings “XXXXXX (name of the mother) have sensitive skin! Put your back scarf on Helena! (change name)!

\*  
\*\*

The more than usually kind old woman that greeted Eduard after he entered into the library explained hid the complex rules of the library. And than she pointed at a heavy book where he should log in. The first two categories were easy to fill in: he perfectly knew his names. Then he was asked to which institution he worked in. That was already puzzling, for he never had an official status from the at the Observatory in Vienna. He wrote Königsische und Kaiserische Astronomical Society of Vienna without regrets. “Subject of study”. That was a real problem. Every time he was asked on what he was working on, Eduard gave a different answer. Frequently Given Answers were: comets, Jewish sayings in Arabic language, phrenology. This time he went for physiology. The most difficult part seemed gone but then the surprise came: nationality. Oh hell! He wouldn't call himself being part of the Jewish Nation, he hated being a K und K subject therefore he granted himself the French nationality. Oh that would be such a bounty! Being part of the nation of Enlightenment and Universal Rights. What else?

\*  
\*\*

Interior hazelnut topping of a moulded marriage cake. It is incredible how the boundary between kitsch and opulence is fine.



# THE FALSE PROPHET OF THE SOUDAN.

LONDON, JULY 8.

The latest news from the Upper Nile states that an important engagement has been fought between the followers of the False Prophet of the Soudan, and the Egyptian troops who were recently dispatched against him. The battle resulted in the latter being completely crushed, and the prophet is now marching in force on Sennar, the capital of the Soudan, 220 miles distant from Khartoum.



## CHAPTER VI

## BEGINNINGS OF THE REVOLUTION IN EGYPT

The summer of 1881 I spent almost entirely at Crabbet, writing the book which was the fruit of my winter experience: "The Future of Islam." It was composed somewhat in haste and under circumstances unfavourable to deliberate judgment, for in the very act of writing it, events crowded so closely on events, and portents upon portents that a calm forecast of Islam's destiny seemed at times almost impossible. Nevertheless, and in spite of many defects, I look upon the work as still of serious value, if only historically, as showing the condition of the Mohammedan hopes and fears of the day when it was written. In it I committed myself without reserve to the Cause of Islam as essentially the "Cause of Good" over an immense portion of the world, and to be encouraged, not repressed, by all who cared for the welfare of mankind. I gave an historical sketch of its origin, its glories, and its apparent decay, a decay which was very similar to that which had seemed to overtake Christendom four hundred years before, and which might be met as Christendom had met its troubles by a religious reformation and the freeing of its thought from the bondage of a too strict tradition impeding its evolution. I expounded the ideas, as I had learned them from Sheykh Abdu, of the liberal school of teaching, and appealed to all that was best among my own countrymen to sympathize with their hopes as against the party of reaction which, hide-bound in the old and evil ways, had nothing to offer but a recrudescence of fanaticism and a last desperate appeal against its many enemies to the sword. To England especially, as interested so largely in the future of Islam through India, I addressed myself, urging that her policy should be an active one of friend-

ship with the better elements of Eastern thought in its struggle with the worse, not merely to profit by its decay for the extension of her own material interests. "The main point," I said, "is that England should fulfil the trust she has accepted (by her inheritance of the Mogul Empire and her long connection with Ottoman affairs) of developing, not destroying the existing elements of good in Asia. She cannot destroy Islam or dissolve her own connection with her. Therefore, in God's name, let her take Islam by the hand and encourage her boldly in the path of virtue. This is the only worthy course and the only wise one, wiser and worthier, I venture to assert, than a whole century of crusade."

The chapters of this little volume, as they came out in monthly numbers of the "Fortnightly Review," produced a considerable effect in England and also among the English-reading Moslems of India, and found their way, to some extent, in translation to Egypt. Already, while I was writing them, it had become clear that great events were imminent in the Mohammedan world and were even now in progress. Early in May the French Government with hardly a note of warning, and in pursuance of the secret arrangement made at Berlin three years before between M. Waddington and our Foreign Office, invaded Tunis and, on the fanciful pretext of protecting the Bey from a quite unreal danger threatened him by his subjects, occupied the western portion of the Regency and proclaimed a French Protectorate. This sudden act of aggression on a perfectly inoffensive and harmless neighbour was justified by nothing in the condition of the province either in the way of ill government or danger to Europeans or even financial embarrassment. The Bey himself was a mild and respectable personage, and had in no way forfeited the goodwill of his people. The seizure of his person by General Bréart, and the usurpation of his authority by the French Republic was an act of cynical illegality almost without parallel in the history of modern aggression upon weaker nations, if we except the invasion of Egypt by Bonaparte in 1799, and was generally condemned in England where the history of the Berlin betrayal was not as yet suspected. In the Mohammedan world it lit a flame of anger and dismay which gathered in intensity as the truth became slowly

known. The western Tunisians, taken wholly by surprise at first, had hardly fired a shot against the French, and the Bey had been forced to sign the Treaty presented to him at the sword's point by Bréart, which surrendered the independence of the Regency, before the real state of the case came to be understood. But in the eastern provinces the tribes of the desert took up arms, and before the middle of summer the revolt had spread to the Algerian Sahara and a wave of anger against Christendom was rolling eastwards which, as will be seen, had begun to affect Egypt dangerously, and remains in truth to this day responsible for precipitating the action of the liberal reformers there and of the army in demanding self government.

It is worth noting, as showing the complicity of our Government in this scandalous affair, that Lord Granville allowed himself to be content with an assurance given him by the French Government, that the occupation of the Regency was only for the restoration of order, though it was patent that order had not been so much as threatened, and that it would not continue a day longer than might be necessary to secure the safety of the Bey's Government—a line of falsehood closely imitated by Lord Granville himself the following year when the positions of France and England were reversed in Egypt. It is most noticeable too that, though Parliament was sitting at the time, Lord Salisbury, the leader of the opposition, maintained an absolute silence about Tunis, though his followers, who did not know his secret reasons, were clamorous for explanations. Bismarck was equally silent at Berlin, and no single Power of those who had been represented at Berlin dissented, though the Italian public was deeply aggrieved by the French action. The Sultan alone of them recorded his public protest, Tunis having been always reckoned as part of the Ottoman dominions. By the European Governments it was accepted speedily as a *fait accompli*.

The history of the rise of what in the summer of 1881 began to be known as the Egyptian National movement needs here to be told. It had its origin as a practical idea in the last desperate efforts made by the Khedive Ismail when he had quarrelled with Wilson to maintain himself in power against the consular tutelage in which he had, by his folly and his debts,

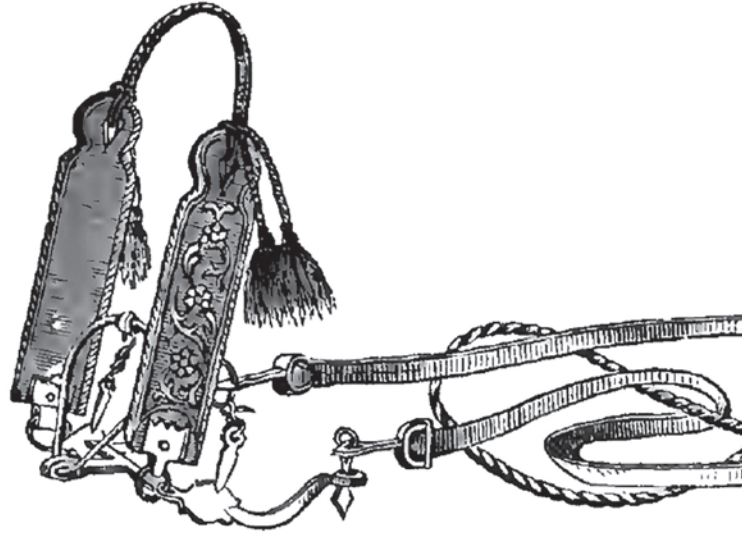
placed himself. He sought to recover the moral status he had lost and the goodwill of his subjects by making to them a popular appeal for support, and in the spring of 1879 he proclaimed his intention of calling together an assembly of Notables. There is little doubt that his intention was, under the cloak of a national demand, to repudiate at least a portion of the debt, and though no one in Egypt, except perhaps certain European residents, thought him sincere, the idea of a constitutional form of government as a remedy for the ills they were suffering began from that time to be popularized at Cairo. Sheykh Jemal-ed-din and his school had always maintained that the growing absolutism of Mohammedan princes in modern times was contrary to the spirit of Islam which in its essence was a Republic where every Moslem had the right of free speech in its assemblies, and where the authority of the ruler rested on his conformity to the law and on popular approval. Ismail was condemned by the Azhar reformers on the double ground of his being a breaker of the law and a political tyrant. In the spring of 1879 it had been much discussed among them in private how, and by what means, he could be deposed or even, if there were no other way, removed by assassination. It was the consciousness of his double peril, both at home and from Europe, and of the opinions held at the Azhar that determined him to appear as a Constitutionalist. Constitutionalism, it must, moreover, be remembered, was much in the air just then not only in Egypt, but at Constantinople, where an assembly had met convoked by decree of the Sultan only five years before. Little, therefore, as Ismail was trusted by the Reformers, his new move was one of which they could not but approve, and it was taken up and expounded by such printed organs of opinion as had furtively begun to be established at Cairo under their direction. Apart from the Azhar, there were not a few of the high officials who at this time were Constitutionlists, notably Sherif Pasha, Ali Pasha Mubarak and Mahmud Bey Sami el Barodi. Nor was this all. The Khedive's heir apparent and eventual successor, Mohammed Tewfik, had come under Jemal-ed-din's potent influence, and through him was in close communication with the Reformers, and had given them repeated pledges that if ever he came to the Khedivial throne he would govern

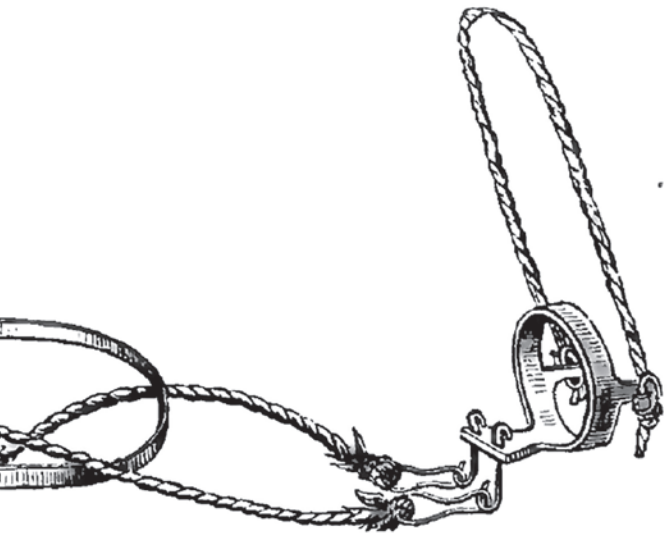


on strictly constitutional lines. Ismail's latest Ministry, which lasted three months, included Tewfik and Sherif, Constitutionalists both, and they were actually in charge of the administration when the old Khedive was deposed.

Tewfik's accession was therefore greeted by Jemal-ed-din and the Reformers as a stroke of good fortune, and, though they regretted that it had not been in the power of the Egyptians themselves to depose the tyrant, they looked forward to the new *régime* with the confident expectation of men who had at last obtained a lever to their wishes. The new Khedive, however, like many another heir apparent when he has succeeded to power, was not long in changing his opinion, and a month had hardly elapsed before he had forgotten his promises and betrayed his friends. Tewfik's character was one of extreme weakness. The son of a woman who had been a servant only in his father's house, he had been from his childhood treated as of small account by Ismail and brought up by his mother in bodily fear of the unscrupulous Khedive, and in those habits of insincerity and dissimulation which in the East are the traditional safeguards of the unprotected. He had grown up in this way, in the harem more than with men, and had been unable to rid himself of a certain womanish timidity which prompted him always to yield his opinion in the presence of a stronger will than his own, and after yielding, to regain his ground, if possible, by indirect means and covertly as is the habit of women. He had, too, a large share of the womanish quality of jealousy and of the love of small vengeance. Otherwise, in his domestic life he was well-conducted as compared with most of his predecessors, and not unadorned with respectable virtues. As a ruler his was too negative a character not to be a danger to those who had to deal with him. His first impulse was always to conceal the truth and to place upon others the blame of any failure that might have occurred by his fault. His resentments were shown not by open displeasure, but by tale-bearing and false suggestion and the setting of one against another where he desired to prevail or be revenged. It has been said of him that he was never sincere, and that no one ever trusted him who was not betrayed.

When therefore on his accession Tewfik found himself placed







'Dangerous doctrine.'

'My meaning is that if the shape of anything be worth man's thought to picture to man, 'tis worth his best thought.'

'That's safer. But I'm glad I've given you ab-solution.'

'There's less risk for a craftsman who deals with the outside shapes of things—for Mother Church's glory.'

'Maybe so, but, John,—the Abbot's hand almost touched John's sleeve—tell me, now, is—is she Moor-ish or—or Hebrew?'

'She's mine,' John returned.

'Is that enough?'

'I have found it so.'

'Well—ah, well! It's out of my jurisdiction, but—how do they look at it down yonder?'

'Oh, they drive nothing to a head in Spain—neither Church nor King, bless them! There's too many Moors and Jews to kill them all, and if they chased 'em away there'd be no trade nor farming. Trust me, in the Conquered Countries, from Seville to Granada, we live lovingly enough together—Spaniard, Moor, and Jew. Ye see, *we* ask no questions.'

'Yes—yes,' Stephen sighed. 'And always there's the hope she may be converted.'

'Oh yes, there's always hope.'

The Abbot went on into the hospital. It was an easy age before Rome tightened the screw as to clerical connections. If the lady were not too forward, or the son too much his father's beneficiary in ecclesiastical preferments and levies, a good deal was overlooked. But, as the Abbot had reason to recall,

unions between Christian and Infidel led to sorrow. None the less, when John with mule, mails, and man, clattered off down the lane for Southampton and the sea, Stephen envied him.

He was back, twenty months later, in good hard case, and loaded down with fairings. A lump of richest lazuli, a bar of orange-hearted vermilion, and a small packet of dried beetles which make most glorious scarlet, for the Sub-Cantor. Besides that, a few cubes of milky marble, with yet a pink flush in them, which could be slaked and ground down to incomparable background-stuff. There were quite half the drugs that the Abbot and Thomas had demanded, and there was a long deep-red cornelian necklace for the Abbot's Lady—Anne of Norton. She received it graciously, and asked where John had come by it.

'Near Granada,' he said.

'You left all well there?' Anne asked. (Maybe the Abbot had told her something of John's confession.)

'I left all in the hands of God.'

'Ah me! How long since?'

'Four months less eleven days.'

'Were you—with her?'

'In my arms. Childbed.'

'And?'

'The boy too. There is nothing now.'

Anne of Norton caught her breath.

'I think you'll be glad of that,' she said after a while.

'Give me time, and maybe I'll compass it. But not now.'





# Instrumente.

Die Instrumente, welche zur Anwendung kamen, sind die folgenden:

1. Ein dem k. k. militärgeographischen Institute gehöriges Instrument von Starke und Kammerer, dessen hier unter Fig. 1 gegebene Abbildung in der Zusammenstellung mit G. I. bezeichnet), dessen hier unter Fig. 1 gegebene Abbildung der „Astronomisch-Geodätischen Arbeiten des k. k. militärgeographischen Institutes“ enthält, dies ein gebrochenes Passagenrohr von 66<sup>mm</sup> Objectivöffnung mit einer zum Aufsetzen eingeregulirten

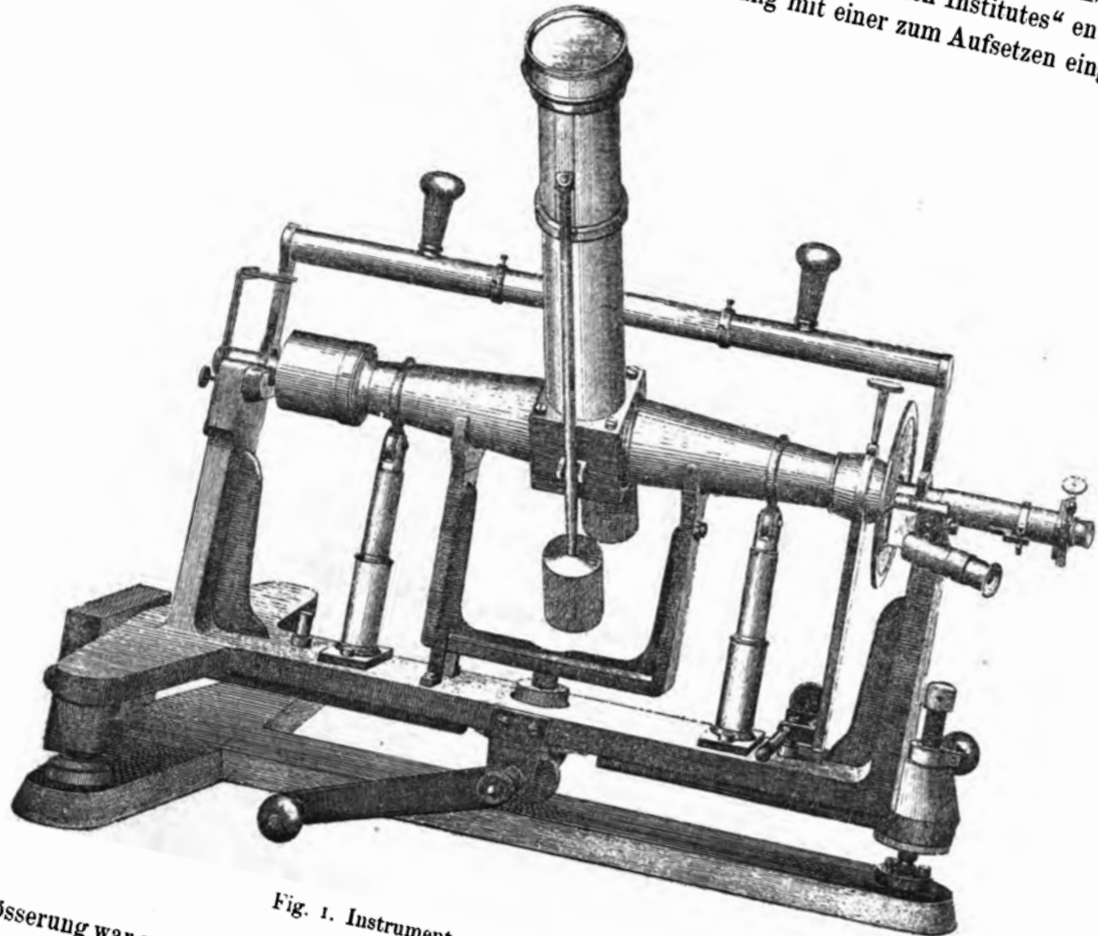


Fig. 1. Instrument von Starke und Kammerer.

Die Vergrößerung war 90. Im Fernrohr waren 13 Fäden angebracht, welche in der Lage West für obere Culmination, welche







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this was written, in 1882, Mr. Reade left Tunis in March, 1885, and the sad news of his death arrived here in April.

I must here mention two incidents which have just been related to me by an old resident in Tunis, and which took place some years ago. It seems it was the custom of the Bey to have a great chain placed across the entrance to the Bardo, that no one might approach his august presence except on foot. One day Sir Thomas Reade drove there to see his Highness, and on arriving at the entrance to the palace the carriage stopped. "Drive on," said Sir Thomas to the coachman. "I can't, Sir Thomas ; the great chain is up." "Drive over it, then, or turn round and go home," accompanied by sundry expletives. The man wheeled round his horses, and started off at a rapid pace. The Bey meanwhile had seen from the palace what was going on, and recognised the British consul's liveries. He at once despatched an aide-de-camp, who galloped after the carriage, and begged Sir Thomas to return, and that the obnoxious chain should be removed. But the British representative was inexorable, and said, "Tell the Bey to have that chain down for every one, not only for me!"



He returned some days afterwards, and satisfied himself that the chain really had been taken down.

Another trait of his determined will, where he felt there was injustice shown, was this. A Greek gunsmith had established himself in one of the Souks, and pursued his trade. An Arab brought him his gun to repair, and on being asked if it were loaded, at once said, "No." The gunsmith pressed the trigger, and, the gun being unfortunately loaded, the poor Arab received the whole charge in his head, which was literally blown off. At the noise of the report a crowd of natives rushed in, screaming and vociferating that the man had been murdered by the gunsmith. In vain he related what had occurred. The infuriated Mussulmans would speedily have torn him in pieces had not the police come to his rescue and conveyed him to prison. The Greek community, in great alarm, went to Sir Thomas Reade, and implored his aid. He at once drove to the Bardo, and asked to see the Bey, and told him the whole thing was an accident. "Well," said the Bey, "what do you want?" "I want the man," said Sir Thomas. "But I have not got him here; he is in prison at Tunis." "Send for him, then, for I do not budge

from here till I have him." The Bey actually did send for him. Sir Thomas put him into his carriage, and drove off to Marsa, where he was then staying, and handed him over to his own people, saying, "Here's the man; ship him off at once," advice which they quickly followed.

I shall pass very cursorily over the events and political intrigues which followed each other in quick succession at Tunis, and which have been most ably described by the witty and incisive pen of Mr. Broadley, the correspondent of the *Times*, during the war in Tunis, under the title of "The Last Punic War," and to whom I am indebted, as well as to Dr. Louis Frank, M. de Souhesmes, and other distinguished authors, for much of my information.

The alleged cause of the invasion and subjection of the country by the French in 1881 was the continual depredations of the Kroumirs on the Algerian frontier, the real fact being that the Algerians trespassed equally on the Tunisian frontier, and the limits were far from being clearly defined, and no one had paid any attention to the border disputes, which were continually taking place, till it was convenient to do so. It was

suggested to Mohammed-es-Sadok that he had better send his brother, Ali Bey, the heir apparent, and Generalissimo of all his forces; to reduce the Kroumirs to submission, which accordingly was done. Still the invasion was persisted in. M. Roustan endeavoured to coerce the Bey into the acceptance of a French protectorate. At last he was obliged to yield to strong pressure, and the famous treaty of Kassar-Saïd was signed in the palace at the Bardo, between the French Republic and the Bey of Tunis, on May 12th, 1881. One of the articles of the convention was that a resident French plenipotentiary minister should remain at Tunis to aid the Bey by his counsels.

All Europe had been ringing with the horrible stories got up of the atrocities committed by the unfortunate Kroumirs, who thus were made into a concentrated political scapegoat. Large placards were posted up in London and in Paris detailing all their iniquities, the truth being that they were a hardy race of mountaineers, inured to fatigue, having always resisted the collectors of taxes sent by the Bey, and often opposing a successful defence behind the shelter of their inaccessible mountains. They were, as we have seen, always ready to make

a raid on the Algerian frontier, which gave rise to frequent complaints. In fact, their depredations and quarrels much resembled those which existed in olden time between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. If a ship happened to be wrecked on their coast, they unscrupulously appropriated everything it contained, and plundered the people on board. But, independently of their love of pillage, the Kroumirs resembled most of the other Mussulmans. They cultivated their soil with success, were great cattle-breeders, lived in miserable huts or tents, brought up their children as well as they could, and worked as little as possible. They follow the precepts of Mahomet, and are very superstitious, believing in good and bad genii, but no trace is to be found of those barbarous customs imputed to them in 1881.

Their country is rich in magnificent forests, and possesses iron-mines in abundance. One mountain-peak, named Sidi Abdalla, is held in great veneration by them. It is so called from the name of a marabout who lived here and was known for his good deeds. When they saw the Zouaves lancés at this mountain, and scaling it like cats in the *chasse aux Kroumirs*, all confidence abandoned them. In

their ignorant and almost touching credulity, they believed themselves invulnerable under the powerful ægis of their beloved saint ; for an ancient legend recorded that a Tunisian army invading this country had been destroyed at the foot of the mountain by a storm of bullets lancés by the spirit of Sidi Abdalla. The Zouaves, however, took good care that there should be no renewal of the miracle.

When the bubble burst, and the truth was known in France, the whole expedition was turned into ridicule there, as in other countries. The *Charivari*, *Lanterne*, and other French papers were merciless in their caustic remarks. The truth of the French proverb "Le ridicule tue," was keenly felt. Many Parisians obstinately refused to believe in the existence of the Kroumirs at all, and did not do justice to the French troops, who undoubtedly suffered much from the great heat, fever and dysentery making great havoc amongst them, and medicines and other necessaries being everywhere wanting. Their patience and cheerfulness were exemplary, and their bravery in the different engagements which took place, as usual, incontestable ; but the expedition had been under-

taken lightly, and the preparations for it were insufficient.

Before the war broke out the Bey had appealed to England, and addressed a long letter to Lord Granville of complaint against the French. He also wrote in the same terms to the Sultan and to the King of Italy ; but there was much delay caused by the negotiations between the European powers, and in the meantime the fate of Tunis was sealed.

As I have already said, the treaty of Kassar-Saïd, in which palace the Bey and his Prime Minister Mustapha resided, was signed. Mohammedes-Sadok was enfeebled by illness, broken-hearted at the invasion of his country, and utterly powerless to prevent it, however ; moreover, his treasury was empty. Under these circumstances he was obliged to accept the terms dictated to him. I cannot resist reproducing the article in *Vanity Fair*, written by Mr. Bradley at the time, which gives a very graphic, though a burlesque, account of what took place :—

"Scene.—The Kassar-Saïd Palace at Tunis. Time.—The 26th February. *Dramatis personæ*.—The Bey of Tunis and his councillors. Both the

Bey and his favourite Mustapha wear their Grand Cordons of the Legion of Honour. An interpreter announces that M. Roustan is in attendance with General Musalli to take leave. Handkerchiefs are distributed. An order to weep is given. Mohammed-es-Sadok.—‘We must be very careful. This is the third time he has gone away; but he always comes back. Roustan is a cat; Roustan has nine lives.’ (All begin to weep. Roustan enters with his friend.) Bey.—‘Good-bye, my dearest friend.’ (Here he pauses from agitation, and both he and Mustapha repeatedly embrace the Minister after the Oriental usage.) Bey continues in a voice broken by sobs.—‘Allah has sent me many misfortunes; but your going is undoubtedly the greatest of them all. What shall I and poor Mustapha do without you? What will become of my country in your absence? Alas! alas! Tunis is undone! The Almighty is indeed too cruel when He deprives me of my friend and guide.’ (The Bey weeps on Roustan’s neck; Roustan and Musalli weep in chorus. Roustan is conveyed from the room deeply affected.) Roustan (aside to Musalli on the staircase).—‘Why, he has not even given me a parting present! At least I expected

a diamond snuff-box or another order. Can it be that even with me it is a case of “le roi est mort, vive le roi?” (The Bey watches Roustan’s carriage disappear from the window. He turns to his courtiers; he laughs; he cries; at last he dances.)

“Bey.—‘Now I am Bey again! Roustan is gone at last, and I breathe once more. May Allah convey his soul expeditiously to the bottomless pit! May the angels of death be his guards and keepers! May the curses of a ruined and desolated country rest upon his head! May the Prophet cause the dark waves of the Atlantic’—with a lofty disregard of geography, as M. Roustan was going to Marseilles—‘to overwhelm him,’ ” &c. &c.

Mohammed-es-Sadok died in October, 1882, and Sidi Ali Bey, his brother, accompanied by M. Paul Cambon, the French Resident Minister, went to the Bardo next day, where he was invested with the supreme power, and recognised by the members of the Bey’s family and the high Tunisian functionaries. Monsieur Cambon, after a speech, in which he assured the Bey that he could always count upon the aid and support of France, presented him with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

### 3. Tunis

He was digging his skull in order to find a way to get rid of this hideous French soldier and his pitchy laughter. They were roaming in small streets in total darkness when the soldier stopped looking into a small courtyard.

- Come. That wasn't an invitation since he was holding his arm and drag him in the dimly lit court.

There they stood, the soldier got silent, he was looking at something in a corner. There was a smell of fish. Fish and something else. Before seeing anything, Eduard heard a suffocated breath coming from where the soldier was staring.

- Show yourself. The soldier uttered the words in French in a commanding fashion, raising his rifle just a bit, to make it clear that that was an order. There was no response, no movement, the breath lowered even more if possible. He then realised that his uttering was not to be understood.

- Tell her. He said to Eduard without diverting his gaze from the dark corner.

- Tell...

- Tell her to show herself. Eduard was asking himself how the soldier knew that the petrified presence was a she.

- Tell... for what for? The last sentence almost slipped out of his mouth. He already regretted it.

- *Ces petites Arabes donnent appetit. Tu sais?*

- *Appe...*

- *Come on, tell her to not be afraid. They enjoy it, after a while. This was really stupid of Eduard. Until then he was trying to lie himself and convince his stubborn mind that he was not going to be accessory to rape. Even though he knew already.*

*The presence moved.*

- **Fais pas la conne.** *Whispered the soldier.*

*In a single move he dropped his rifle and jumped over the now screaming little girl. Now Eduard see her. He gave her sixteen years old, not more. She was enrobed in a pale blue dress, her dark hair started spilling out of her scarf. The soldier was holding her elbows murmuring to her. She then looked at Eduard. They were watery fury eyes. Asking help. Or hoping that he would not join. He wasn't able to decide. He wasn't able to do anything. He spent what it felt like a long moment to regain command of his body. The immobilisation that took him was sheer fear. He looked the two interconnected bodies. There was struggle but the advantage was clearly on the French side. An acrid taste occupied his mouth. He found himself holding the rifle.*

- *Let her alone.*

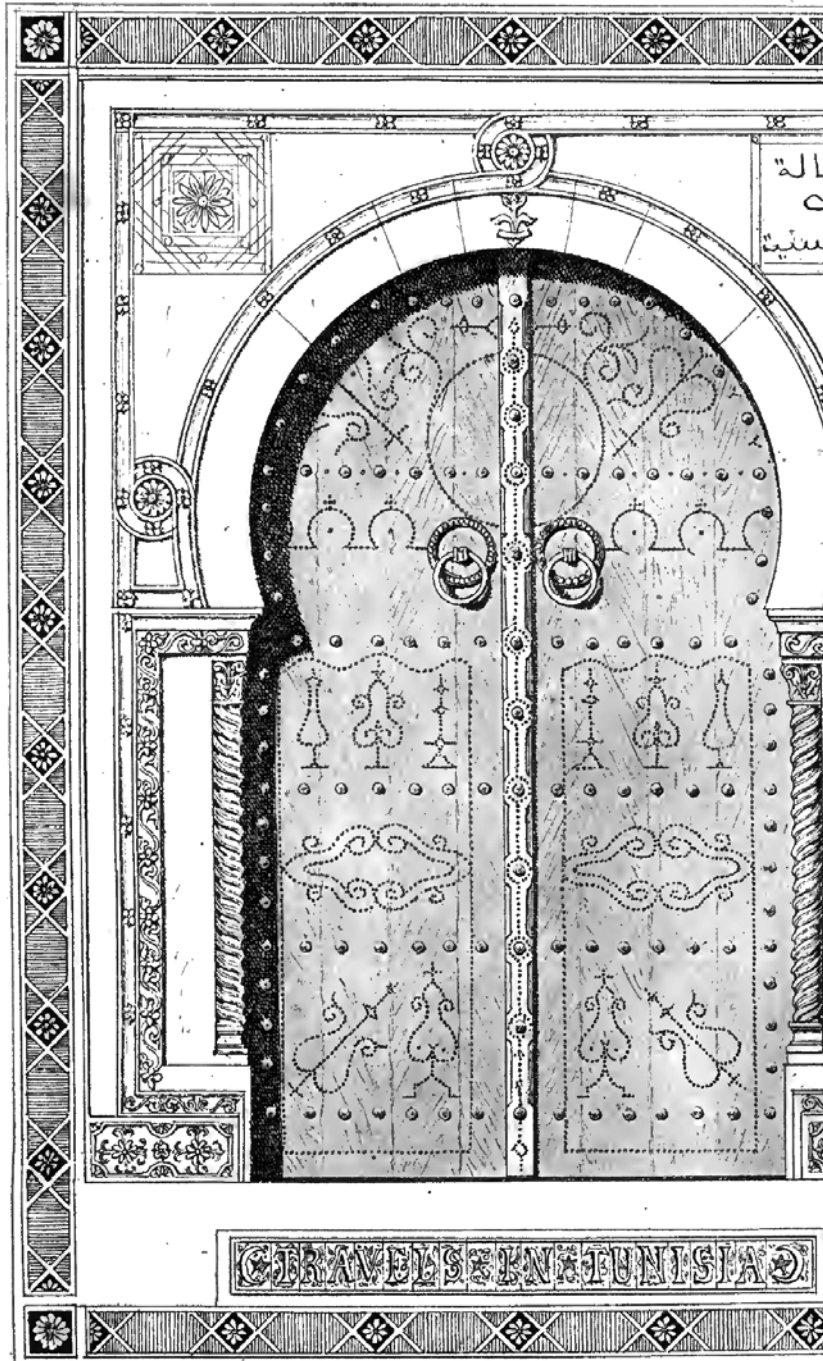
- *Let her alone. He repeated loudly.*

- **Laisse-là! Espèce de lâche!**

*This time the man stopped himself and turned to Eduard. He was still holding the girl.*

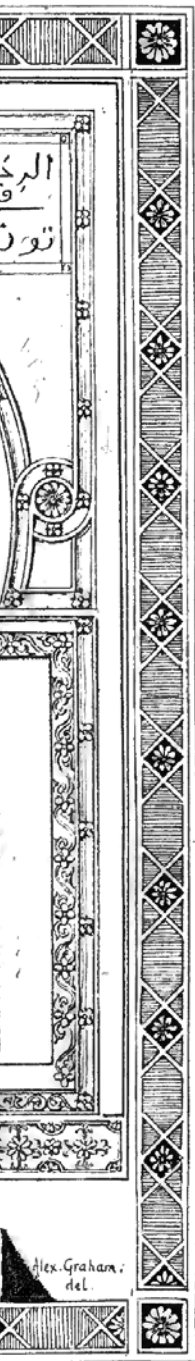
- *You can't be serious. - He grinned. - Toss the rifle, petit Juif. That was meant to be an insult attaining him somewhat. Or even scaring him. He didn't move. He didn't talk. He realised what he was doing.*

*The girl was still jerking to free herself. She now looked at Eduard in a more angry way, he felt. She did not utter a word.*





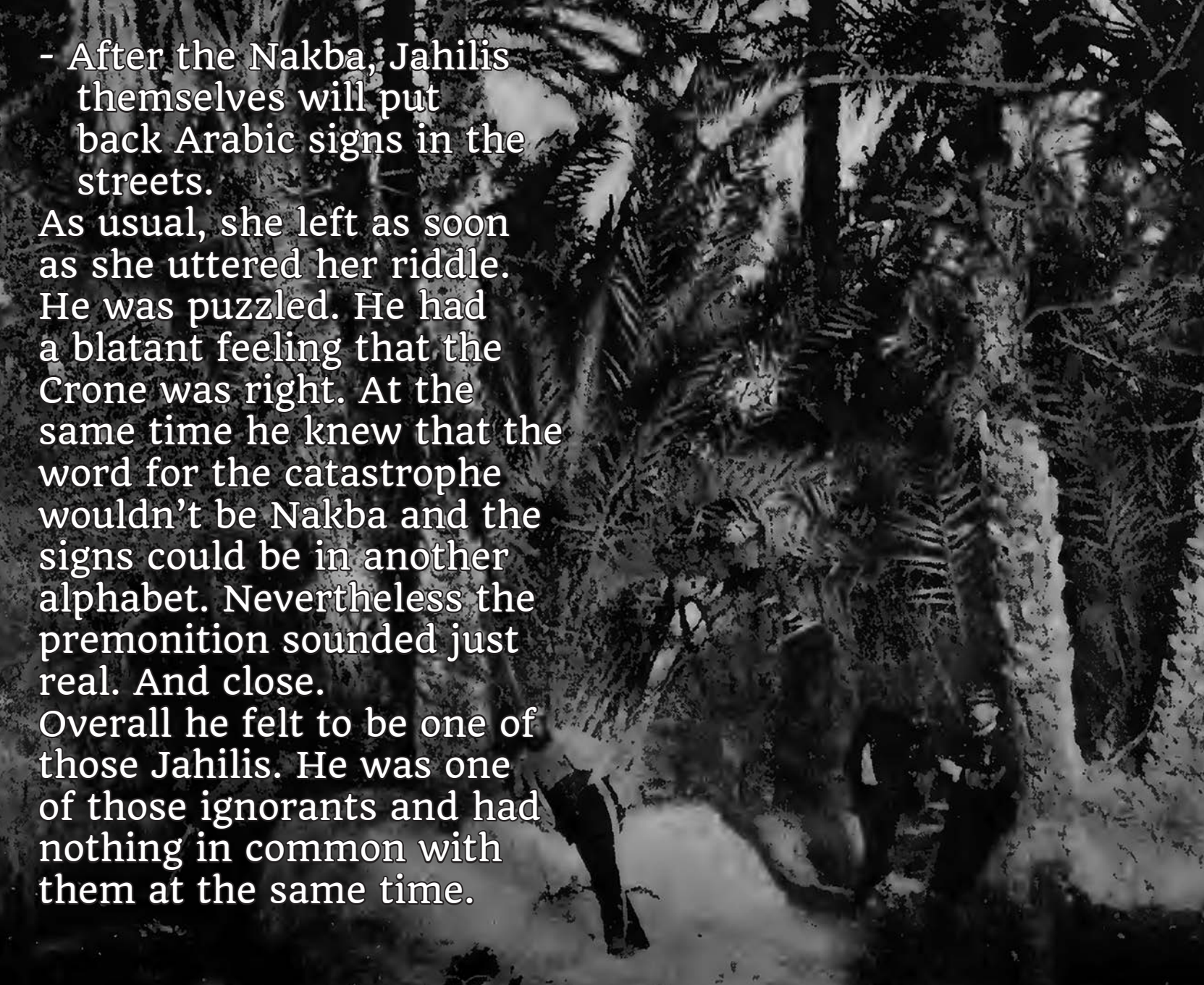
Then he was running. He never looked back, the screams of the young girl sounding louder and louder the more he was running away from them. His mouth was sealed off, his jaws taken in a tight muscular spasm. He ran until he reached his lodging. He was exhausted, he laid on his bed pining. He just wanted to forget, hide, lose himself.





A light breeze caressed his body. The desert felt fresh. Fresh as it had never been before, fresh as it should not be. There was light but no Sun. He could only feel air coming towards him. Cool air. Even cooler air now. He was not able to assess from where the blows were coming, it was like an ubiquitous wind coming against him. Wind in front of him, wind behind him, at his sides, wind above him coming to meet the air he was feeling from down the soil. Now he realised that that made it impossible to move for him, that it was totally hold by the air joining from all

over. It started to feel cold. The air was infiltrating his tissues, slowly reaching the bones, making their rigidity greater. His wide open nostrils were injecting gelid fluids in his system. Yet he wasn't even able to shiver. By her usual great and lazy leaps, the Crone approached him coming from a distant horizon. He was only able to gaze. He would not forget the coldness raising within his body. The desert was brighter then ever now, a miraculous light enveloped it. He felt being inside a gem. Only when he was utterly icy, the Crone reached him. She said:



- After the Nakba, Jahilis themselves will put back Arabic signs in the streets.

As usual, she left as soon as she uttered her riddle. He was puzzled. He had a blatant feeling that the Crone was right. At the same time he knew that the word for the catastrophe wouldn't be Nakba and the signs could be in another alphabet. Nevertheless the premonition sounded just real. And close.

Overall he felt to be one of those Jahilis. He was one of those ignorants and had nothing in common with them at the same time.

He woke up from that unbearable dream because of the voice of the French officer. He was happy to be taken away from the appalling prophecy of the Crone. His voice sounded strange: familiar and fastidious. He was squatting in a small café hiding from the heat and from the son of the Generalkonsul who lately was seriously annoying him out of class. “The French occupation made people simply mad”. Told himself. Now this soldier was yelling at everyone in the café. He must have been eighteen, maybe nineteen. He was looking for someone who spoke French. “And you look for a French speaker in such a place, you poor idiot?” Was thinking Eduard. He spoke French. And that was a problem. That had to remain a secret, he didn’t want to have nothing to do with this noisy kid holding a rifle. He feigned to be sleeping in his corner. Then he felt a blunt pressure on his left shoulder, slightly glanced at it and discovered that it was the rifle’s muzzle.

- **Tu lis «L'intransigeant», hein?** - asked with a hideous smile.

**L'intransigeant** was a newspaper directed by the ambiguous Henri Rochefort. The same person that took anti-Semitic positions few years later was at that time standing as a light supporter of the Parisian Commune amnesty but more importantly as one of the first harsh critics of the colonial behaviour of his country. His critics focussed on Algeria, mainly because while he was serving his sentence exiled in the Pacific Ocean he met some Algerian inmates brought to New Caledonia because they had been part of the so-called Mokrani revolts in Kabylia at the end of 1870. There, he built a friendship with some of them, he was led to understand the French occupation and the struggle of the population to free themselves from the colonial yoke. Together with some other inmates, he succeeded in the

☞ Soldiers loitering under palm trees in an oasis in Gafnal. Picture from *La Tunisie avant et depuis l'occupation française. Histoire et colonisation* (Tunisia before and after the French occupation. History and colonisation) by Narcisse Faucon (Narcissus Falcon) a not carefully selected pseudonym of Jules Ferry.



only breakout from the New Caledonian prisons and reached Australia. Years later, he found his newspaper, from whose columns Rochefort sparked attacks to the French government and its colonial deeds. Eduard liked the acrid polemics Rochefort carried on. Probably for the same reason of him, he liked them for the sake of being pungent and polemical, sometimes the subject matter really was just a training field for his rhetoric. Being able to read such papers in Tunis was included in the odd privileges Eduard enjoyed by being part of the diplomatic body of Kakanien by the Bey of Tunis. Almost a year has passed from when he started to be the preceptor of Johann Baptist, the son of the Generalkonsul Theodorovic. This year has passed fast and Tunis absorbed him really quickly. His first encounter with the city has been engraved in his memory.

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To gaze upon this bewildering mass of snow-white habitations from the Kasba walls or the terraced roof of the Dar-el-Bey, when the stillness of the air is broken by the voices of muezzins calling to evening prayer, awakens feelings of solemnity that words would fail to express. From the city, spread out like a sheet, the eye wanders seawards over the shallow lake Borghaz, or el-Bahira, "the little sea," as the Arabs call it, on one bank of which Tunis is built. Immediately in front is the modern port Gouletta, with its busy quays and shipping; to the right, the village of Rades, pleasantly situated on an olive-clad hill; to the left, the rising ground that marks the site of ancient Carthage, backed by the headland and whitened houses of Sidi-bou-said. Turning inland, the saltmarsh of Sedjourni skirts the southern walls of Tunis, and framing the horizon is one long succession of mountains and hills, vying with

possible nul n'est  
organisé une bonne  
d'engins de guerre a  
Cela lui eût sans doute  
le cap des tempêtes  
miserablement et d'  
postes et télégraphes  
sain.

(A suivre).

## BEAUTÉS DE

On sait déjà que G  
dacteur de l'*Emanation*  
Narbonne, avait été  
au 17° de ligne, puni  
salle de police pour  
radical, et que cette  
transformée en huit  
subir après l'expirato

On sait aussi que  
frère a été, quelques  
par la gendarmerie  
publique où il s'était  
des heures de son ser  
la parole contre les a  
Une dépêche nous a  
de cette arrestation,  
plus trente jours de  
vient d'ajouter quat  
cause d'une lettre de  
sée au *Petit Méridion*

C'est donc plus de  
lule, au secret, qu'au  
tave Rouanet par sui  
un journal radical.

Avait-il le droit de  
Pour tous ceux qu  
la République, le so  
soit, en dehors de so  
que tous les autres  
existait, attendu que  
ciusement son jour  
des rangs, comme le

tenu — il aurait  
petite exposition  
anciens et modernes.  
te permis de doubler  
s où il va sombrer  
ou son collègue des  
s sortira sauf, sinon

Mohamed-Abasradar s'oppose énergi-  
quement à l'exécution de ce plan.

Tunis, 6 octobre.

Les chefs du corps expéditionnaire ont  
reçu l'ordre d'ajourner indéfiniment la mar-  
che sur Kairouan.

Cette mesure paraît avoir été prise à la  
suite des difficultés qui rendraient impos-  
sible la jonction de la colonne Forgeot aux  
autres deux opérant sur Kairouan.

Tunis, 6 octobre.

Les quatre bataillons de renforts qui sont  
allés au secours d'Ali-Bey n'ont pu encore  
parvenir jusqu'au camp du général tuni-  
sien. Celui-ci se trouve dans une situation  
critique. Les insurgés auraient trouvé le  
moyen de faire manquer l'eau aux troupes  
tunisiennes.

Tunis, 6 octobre, soir.

Un jeune homme sicilien a été trouvé  
tout mutilé dans un fossé aux environs de  
la Goulette.

On assure qu'il a été massacré par des  
maraudeurs qui ont supposé qu'il était un  
espion de M. Roustan.

Tunis, 6 octobre.

Les insurgés occupent toujours un défilé  
aux environs de Béja. Nos troupes ont es-  
sayé inutilement de les déloger.

Un bataillon de chasseurs d'Afrique a  
reçu dans son camp une trentaine de balles  
françaises, ce qui prouve que les Arabes pos-  
sèdent des fusils dernier modèle et se ser-  
vent des munitions qu'ils nous ont enlevées  
et qui étaient destinées au frère du bey.

Tunis, 6 octobre.

Les communications télégraphiques sont  
toujours interrompues au delà de Medjez.  
Béja et Ghardimaou ne communiquent plus  
depuis hier soir.

Le massacre d'un jeune Sicilien a irrité la  
colonie italienne qui a été exhortée par son  
consul à rester calme.

Tunis, 6 octobre (via Cagliari).

LA

each other in beauty of outline and culminating in the  
rugged peak of Zaghuan. Nearer the city walls, to  
the right, are the Bardo Palace and the Gardens of  
Manouba, and beyond is the graceful outline of Djebel  
Merkey. All this, when viewed through the lucid at-  
mosphere and touched with the gorgeous colouring of  
this favoured clime, combines to make a fairy picture  
difficult to rival, never to be forgotten.

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Eduard was wondering now if this young man that  
was currently annoying him ever felt any of this sheer  
beauty. And — more importantly — if he was aware  
that he was contributing to squander it. Eduard was a  
bit aware of it because of the echoes of what the French  
were doing in Algeria that he was reading in *L'intran-  
sigeant*. Anyway, the only thing that counted at that  
moment was that it was a French newspaper. Being  
a French newspaper, it was exclusively published  
in French language. That meant that Eduard was  
trapped. He was not going to escape this kid looking for  
an interpreter for god-knew-what. He was then "hired"  
and started following the soldier in the tiny streets of  
the city. They entered the souk.

\*\*

The first impression on entering any of these souks  
is one of bewilderment and perplexity — their intrica-  
cy and labyrinthian formation; the motley crowd surg-  
ing to and fro, pressing and jostling, and heedless of  
strangers; loaded camels and donkeys forcing their  
way through streets scarcely wide enough to allow  
two human beings to pass without touching; the noise  
of hundreds of voices crying, touting, bargaining — all

E. Vaughan.

# MILITARISME

Gustave Rouanet, ré-  
cipitation sociale, de  
comme réserviste  
de huit jours de  
avoir lu un journal  
punition avait été  
jours de prison à  
ion des 28 jours.  
notre vaillant con-  
jours après, arrêté  
dans une réunion  
présenté, en dehors  
vice, pour prendre  
bus du militarisme.  
prend qu'à la suite  
ou lui a infligé de  
cellule, auxquels on  
re-vingt-dix jours à  
protestation adres-  
nal.  
quatre mois de cel-  
à supporter Gus-  
te du fait d'avoir lu

lire ce journal?  
si veulent que, sous  
ddat ou le réserviste  
n service, aussi libre  
s citoyens, le droit  
Rouanet lisait silen-  
nal après la rupture  
faisaient les soldats  
encore sans encour

this fairly overwhelmed Eduard, until a few visits shall have accustomed him to the strange scene and to the unfamiliar sounds.

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He was then comfortable in there, but the young Frenchman asked him to get out of there while the night was coming. While Eduard would rather stay in the souk and lose him.

He was digging his skull in order to find a way to get rid of this hideous French soldier and his pitchy laughter. They were now roaming in small streets in total darkness when the soldier stopped looking into a small courtyard.

- Come. That wasn't an invitation since he was holding his arm and drag him in the dimly lit court.

There they stood, the soldier got silent, he was looking at something in a corner. There was a smell of fish. Fish and something else. Before seeing anything, Eduard heard a suffocated breath coming from where the soldier was staring.

- Show yourself. The soldier uttered the words in French in a commanding fashion, raising his rifle just a bit, to make it clear that that was an order. There was no response, no movement, the breath lowered even more if possible. He then realised that his uttering was not to be understood.

- Tell her. He said to Eduard without diverting his gaze from the dark corner.

- Tell...

- Tell her to show herself. Eduard was asking himself how the soldier knew that the petrified presence was a she.

- Tell... for what for? The last sentence almost slipped out of his mouth. He already regretted it.

## LUMIÈRE ÉLECTRIQUE À L'OPÉRA

Des essais d'éclairage de la salle de l'Opéra à la lumière électrique vont avoir lieu prochainement. Il a été convenu avec M. Vauvobeil que quatre représentations de gala auront lieu pendant lesquelles les escaliers, foyer, la salle et la scène seront éclairés à la lumière électrique. La première de ces représentations est fixée au samedi 15 octobre et la seconde au 18 octobre.

On se souvient que la Chambre des députés s'était émue des détériorations dont la lumière du gaz menaçait les peintures de l'Opéra.

Vous apprenons que M. Ch. Garnier, architecte de l'Opéra, vient d'obtenir un crédit ministériel pour éclairer le grand foyer à la lumière électrique.

C'est l'appareil d'éclairage électrique connu sous le nom de lampe-soleil, et qui sera utilisé à l'Exposition la salle des tableaux, que M. Garnier a choisi pour son éclairage. Les vingt de ces lampes, cachées dans les ornements de bronze, projeteront sur le plafond une forte et vive lumière dont les spectateurs ne verront pas l'origine.

M. Garnier se propose de compléter l'éclairage du foyer, au point de vue décoratif, en garnissant les lustres actuellement existants de petites lampes à incandescence, type Edison.

Les petits salons des deux extrémités du foyer seront éclairés par 150 lampes à incandescence Maxim. Ajoutons, pour plus de clarté, que la lumière des lampes à incandescence se rapproche beaucoup comme intensité et comme couleur de celle des lampes à gaz.

La loggia sera éclairée par vingt foyers à bloc-koff; le grand escalier et le vestibule par trente-cinq foyers Brush; la galerie circulaire sous la salle, par un lustre central du système Wedermann, et la galerie du glacier par des lampes à réflecteur spargé. Tous ces systèmes émettent une lumière blanche.

Quant à l'éclairage de la salle, il sera

3° Une féralération des for-  
est-elle possible et sur quelle  
se faire? — Règlement.

1° Elaboration d'un program-  
de principes, d'agitation et d'  
toutes questions de détail réso-

Les délégués français et all-  
sidérant qu'il ne faut entrepre-  
que l'on est en mesure de ré-  
même, et vu d'autre part l'état  
divers partis nationaux, conclu-  
nement. Le délégué belge approu-  
position, est adoptée à l'unanimité  
discussion.

5° Y a-t-il lieu de créer dans  
un bureau de renseignements  
en faveur des ouvriers sans tra-  
cialistes victimes de la persé-  
geoise, etc.?

Le délégué des communistes  
de Londres propose la nomination  
commission.

Le délégué belge maintient  
motivée par les charges économi-  
peser sur les socialistes belge.  
criptions françaises et alleman-  
une longue discussion, le com-  
mande aux partis nationaux  
des comités de renseignements  
pour les pros crits.

Les délégués allemands et fran-  
nent l'engagement de faire tout  
pour la constitution de ces comi-

### QUATRIÈME SÉANCE

6° Quelles sont les lois qu'il  
de faire et celles qu'il y aurait  
ger immédiatement, tant sur le  
nomique que sur le terrain poli-  
faire triompher le socialisme  
moyen quelconque les socialistes  
au pouvoir?

Le délégué belge et un délégué  
appuient la discussion immédiate.

Les délégués français proposent  
sion suivante:

« Considérant que s'il ne faut  
dans les excès théoriques, il  
s'entendre sur les premières  
prendre le jour de la Révolution.

» Considérant, d'autre part, qu'  
auront forcément un caractère  
les diverses conditions politici-  
miques des différents pays;

» Le congrès décide



- Ces petites Arabes donnent appetit. Tu sais?

- Appe...

- Come on, tell her to not be afraid. They enjoy it, after a while. This was really stupid of Eduard. Until then he was trying to lie himself and convince his stubborn mind that he was not going to be accessory to rape. Even though he knew already.

The presence moved.

- **Fais pas la conne.** Whispered the soldier.

In a single move he dropped his rifle and jumped over the now screaming little girl. Now Eduard see her. He gave her sixteen years old, even more. She was enrobed in a pale blue dress, her dark hair started spilling out of her scarf. The soldier was holding her elbows murmuring to her. She then looked at Eduard. They were watery fury eyes. Asking help. Or hoping that he would not join. He wasn't able to decide. He wasn't able to do anything. He spent what it felt like a long moment to regain command of his body. The immobilisation that took him was sheer fear. He looked the two interconnected bodies. There was struggle but the advantage was clearly on the French side. An acrid taste occupied his mouth. He found himself holding the rifle.

- Let her alone.

- Let her alone. He repeated loudly.

- **Laisse-là! Espèce de lâche!** This time the man stopped himself and turned to Eduard. He was still holding the girl.

- You can't be serious. - He grinned. - Toss the rifle, **petit Juif.** That was meant to be an insult attaining him somewhat. Or even scaring him. He didn't move. He didn't talk. He realised what he was doing.

The girl was still jerking to free herself. She now looked at Eduard in a more angry way, he felt. She did not utter a word.



## GLOSSARY OF ARABIC TERMS & WORDS USED IN THE BOOK.

- Abd* (âbd), a slave.  
*Ain* (âin), a spring or fountain; lit. an eye; plur. *âyîn*.  
*Arba* (arbaâ), four. Ex. *Souk-el-arbaâ*, the market of the fourth day of the week, i.e., Wednesday.  
*Arbâl* (arbâl), a quarter or district of a town or suburb. Sp. *Arrabal*.  
*Areg*, sand-hills.  
*Attar* (âtâr), perfume. Ex. *Souk-el-âtarin*, market of the perfumers.  
*Bab*, a gate or doorway; plur. *Bibân*. Ex. *Jâmi ath-thalatha-bibân*, the mosque of the three gates.  
*Bahira* (bahirah), a plain or flat surface.  
*Bahr* (bahr), the sea.  
*Bahira* (buheyrâh), a little sea, a lake, Sp. *Albufera, albuhera*.  
*Bakka*, generally el-Batchah, equivalent to Sp. *patio*, signifying an uncovered space in the centre of a house.  
*Baracan* (barakan), a cloak or covering, generally of camel's hair, of the same form as the vestment worn by our Saviour. Sp. *Barragan*.  
*Beit* (beyt), a hall, a reception-room. Ex. *Beit-el-Beldâur*, or the hall of glass in the Bardo palace.  
*Ben* (ebn, ibn), son; plur. *beni*.  
*Bernous* (bornús), a large mantle or shawl in one piece, with a hood. Sp. *Albornos*.  
*Bey*, a governor-general, owing allegiance to the Sultan.  
*Bindir* (bender), a sort of drum or timbrel. Sp. *Pandero*.  
*Bir*, a well.  
*Bordj* (borj), a castle or fortified structure. Sp. *Borje*.  
*Bou* (bú, for abú or abí), a father.  
*Chachia* (shashia), a red skull-cap.  
*Chott* (shott), a salt-lake.  
*Couscous*, *Couscoustu* (kuskusú). Sp. *Alcuzcuz*, a farinaceous food.  
*Dar*, a stone-built house.  
*Dey*, a supreme ruler.  
*Djamaâ* (Jamâ), a mosque. Sp. *Aljama, aljamia*.  
*Djebba* (jebba, jubba), a kind of petticoat worn by women, also a vest for men.  
*Djubba*, a vest; whence Sp. *Aljuba, jubon, chupa*. Fr. *Jupon*.  
*Djebel* (jebel), a mountain. *Djebeli* (jebeli), mountainous.  
*Djerid* (jerid), the dry country, the desert.  
*Dib* (dhífb), a jackal. Sp. *Adive*.  
*Diffa* (dhayffah, dheyffah), a repast prepared for guests. Sp. *Daifa*. Eng. *Tiffin* (?).  
*Driba* (diriba), a wigwam, or enclosure formed with bamboo and palm branches.  
*Douar* (dowar), plur. of *dâr*, a group of Arab tents or families representing a tribe; also round. Ex. *Hisnad-dowâr*, the 'round tower.'  
*El* (al), the, being the article prefixed to all nouns, sing. or plur.



*Fondouk* (fondak), an inn, a caravan-sary. Sp. *Alhondiga*.  
*Gandoura* (ghandora), a large robe, covering the limbs down to the ankle. Sp. *Alcandora*.  
*Gimbrik*, a native stringed instrument.  
*Gourbi* (gurbî), a native tent.  
*Guera*, a pond.  
*Hadar* (hadhrî), an Arab living in a town; the counterpart of *Beydawi*, a Bedouin.  
*Hajd* (hajjî), one who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca.  
*Haik* (haik), a piece of thin material, about a yard wide and four yards long, going round the body, and covering the *chachia*, or skull-cap, the whole being secured round the head by a camel's-hair rope. Sp. *Haigue*.  
*Hamâm* (hammah; plur. hammâm), hot spring or bath. Ex. *Hamamel-enf*, the bath of the nose, from the outline of the adjoining hill resembling that organ. Sp. *Alhama*, hot bath.  
*Hasheesh* (hashishah). Sp. *Alexixa*.  
*Hegira*, *Hadjira* (higra), the flight of Moḥammad from Mecca to Medina, from which the Mohammedans begin their calendar.  
*Henchir*, ruins or remains of antiquity.  
*Hout* (hut), a fish. Ex. *Guera-el-hout*, the fish-pond.  
*Imâm*, a leader.  
*Jehâd*, the holy war against the infidel.  
*Kadi* (kâdhi), a judge. Sp. *Alcaide*.  
*Kaid*, a chief, the governor of a castle, a captain. Sp. *Alcaide*.  
*Kantara*, a bridge on arches. Sp. *Alcantara*, *Allantarilla*.  
*Kasba*, *Kaşbah*, *Kaşâba*, a citadel. Sp. *Alcazaba*.  
*Kasr* (kasr), a fortress, or fortified palace. Sp. *Alcazar*.  
*Kasserin*, the two fortresses.  
*Kebîr*, great.  
*Kelb*, a dog.

*Kindja* (Kamija), an undergarment. Sp. *Camisa*. Fr. *Chemise*.  
*Kibleh* (kiblah), the shrine of a mosque looking to Mecca. Sp. *Alquibla*.  
*Kot* (koṭu), cotton. Sp. *Algodon*.  
*Koubba* (kubba), a dome; the tomb of a marabout or Mohammedan saint, invariably surmounted by a cubba, or cupola; also a bed recess. Sp. *Alcoba*. Fr. *Alcôve*. Eng. *Alcove*.  
*Legma* (lehma), the sap of the palm-tree, an intoxicating liquor.  
*Medrassen* (midrasa, madrisa), a school, college, or university.  
*Maksoura* (makṣûrah), a vestiary or vestry in a mosque.  
*Mansoura* (maṣṣûrah), the city of the victorious or conqueror.  
*Marabout* (marbût), a man who devotes his life to contemplation and religious exercises.  
*Melah* (melah), salt. Ex. *Chott-el-Melah*, the salt-lake.  
*Membar* (mimbar), the pulpit in a mosque. Sp. *Almimbar*.  
*Mersa*, *Marsa*, a port, an anchorage. Ex. *Marsa-el-quîbir*, the great or capacious port. Sp. *Maçarquîvir*.  
*Mikrab*, the niche or recess in a mosque indicating the position of the kibleh.  
*Minar*, a tower attached to a mosque. The Moors call such towers *şamah*. Sp. *Minarete*.  
*Mesjid* (mesjid), a mosque, a house of prayer, from *sajada*, to prostrate oneself. Sp. *Mezquita*.  
*Moghreb* (magrib), the west, the sunset. Sp. *Almagreb*.  
*Mokaddem* (maçaddam), a head man, a chief, or captain. Sp. *Almocaden*.  
*Muezzin* (muedhen), attendant at a mosque, who calls the faithful to prayer. Sp. *Almuedano*.  
*Mufti*, a spiritual governor, a bishop exercising magisterial functions.  
*Oued* (wad, or wadi), a watercourse, a river; also a valley traversed by a river. Sp. *Guada*. Ex. *Guadal-*

*quîvir*, the great river; *Guaroman*, the river of the pomegranates; *Guarrazas*, the river of lead; *Guadarama*, the sandy river, &c.  
*Oulad* (ulad), sons; plur. of *wald*, son. It is often used as the equivalent of *Benu* or *Beni*, to designate a tribe or family. Ex. *Bent Menû*, *Beni Idrts*, *Beni Ummmayah*, &c.  
*Oust*, middle, applied to the central court, or *patio*, in the middle of a Moorish house.  
*Ras*, a head, a cape or promontory. Sp. *Rés*.  
*Resâs* (raşâs), lead. Ex. *Djebel Resâs*, the mountain of lead; *Guada Resâs*, the river of lead.  
*Roumi* (Rumî), literally a Roman, but generally used by Arabs throughout the East to designate strangers of Christian origin. Ex. the great sepulchre of the Mauritanian kings west of Algiers, known as the *Tombeau de la Chrétienne*, is in Arabic *Kabr-er-Roumia* (masc. *Roumi*, fem. *Roumia*).  
*Sabbat*, shoes. Sp. *Zapatos*. Fr. *Sabot* and *Savate*.  
*Sahel* (saḥl), the coast.  
*Sahib*, *Saib* (sâhib), a companion, a

friend, a master or lord, the author of a book.  
*Sebkha*, a salt lake or a marsh.  
*Sebb* (Sebâ), the seventh day, *i.e.*, Saturday.  
*Scherif* (sharîf, shérif), a supposed descendant of the Prophet, conspicuous by wearing a green turban. Sp. *Xarife*.  
*Sheikh* (shekh), the chief of a tribe. Sp. *Xeque*.  
*Sid*, lord. *Sidt*, my lord. Sp. *Cid* and *Cidan*.  
*Silos* (sil), subterraneous granaries for corn. Sp. *Silo*.  
*Skiffa*, the vestibule of a Moorish house. Sp. *Acequife*.  
*Smala*, a fortified camp occupied by Spahis; also an army.  
*Sof*, a league or brotherhood bound by the same laws, hence the *Sufts*.  
*Souk* (sûk), a market. Sp. *Zoco*.  
*Sura*, a chapter of the Koran. Sp. *Azora*.  
*Zab*, an oasis watered by a river.  
*Zaouia*, a college or place of refuge for poor scholars or religious mendicants.  
*Zeituna*, an olive-tree. Sp. *Azeituno*, the fruit itself being *Azeituna*.

As French scholars in Oriental languages have not yet fixed on any one of the various systems of orthography used in Europe, the different Arabic names in brackets have been written in accordance with the rules established by the Asiatic Society of Great Britain. Some of the letters, however, must be distinguished by points or dots, à ḥ ş ṭ, if their full value is to be given. To those words which have left their mark on European languages (chiefly Spanish) we have added their derivatives, in the hope that this may be found useful to Europeans not thoroughly acquainted with Arabic.



The shot came. The girl didn't leave Eduard's eyes. The acrid taste didn't go away. It was even more distinct in his mouth all down to his throat. It mixed with the smell of the burned powder.

The night felt frozen, as if Eduard by triggering the rifle had stopped time.

- Thank you. - Muttered the girl. Eduard didn't reply, move, breathe.

- We should hide him. - Pursued her still looking straight toward Eduard in the available light. Still silence.

- Do you understand when I speak?

- Yes, yes. I understand you.

- Do you want to help me? - Her voice had a flavour of fear again. He hadn't lowered the rifle the all time.

- Yes... - Said he finally Eduard putting aside the weapon.

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Little as we may sympathise in the occupation of Tunisia by the French, whose half-century of rule in Algeria is a doubtful success, no pity can be felt for the Arabs, ruler or subject, who have now to submit to a foreign yoke. For more than a thousand years have they possessed one of the richest and most beautiful lands of the world, under a climate little short of perfection. In the course of centuries they have slaughtered and driven out more people than at present inhabit the entire country; they have neglected the rivers and watercourses, choked up and befouled the cisterns and wells, cut down the forests without replanting, allowed roads to disappear and bridges to decay, mutilated the monuments, degrading and misusing the fragments; permitted the soil to go out of cultivation — in short, they have converted a land of

plenty into a desert, a fertile garden into a wilderness. Moreover, those who have held for long centuries the destiny of the country in their hands, have neglected their people, squandered their treasure; and finally, with impending bankruptcy, sold the land of their forefathers to the detested infidel. For all this weight of desecration, destruction, and fanaticism, there is no counterpoise. Not a single work of literature worth recording, no new development of science or industry, nor any great monument of art or utility, will be handed down to future generations as evidence of a nation possessing either culture or progress.

\*  
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- You read the stars, then? Asked the young girl. They were sitting in front of the Gouletta now, their heads pointed at the sky.

- In a way... Replied Eduard reluctantly

- Is the prophecy true, then? For the first time her tone was lighter, for the fear that captured her before was being expelled by her body by the vision of the countless stars.

- What prophecy?

- Everybody says that next year - A.H. 1300 - the Mahdi will show himself and the Othman Caliphate will fall. That was 1882.

- Oh. I don't know, I am not much trained in this particular way of reading.

The girl was ostensibly unhappy with Eduard answer, she kept silence.

- It is late, won't your family be worried about you?

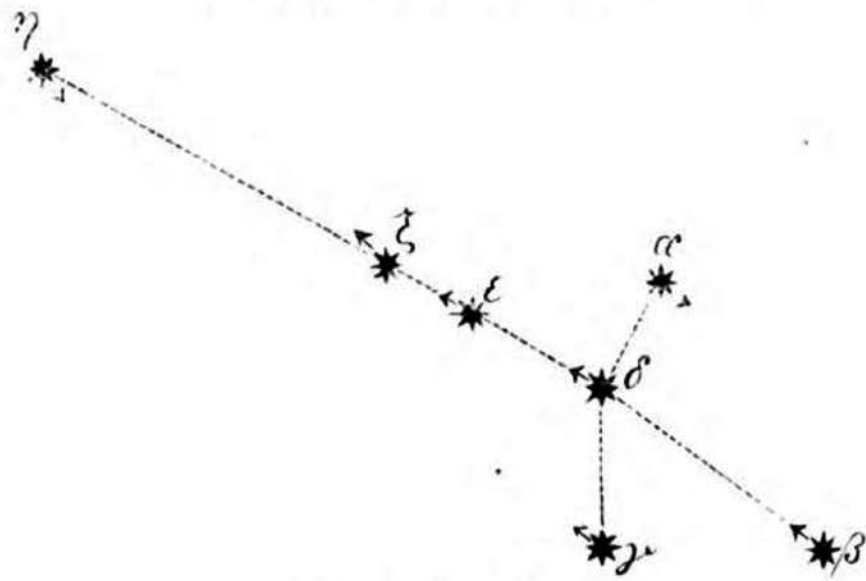
- Impossible.

- Impossible? He wished he had never asked.

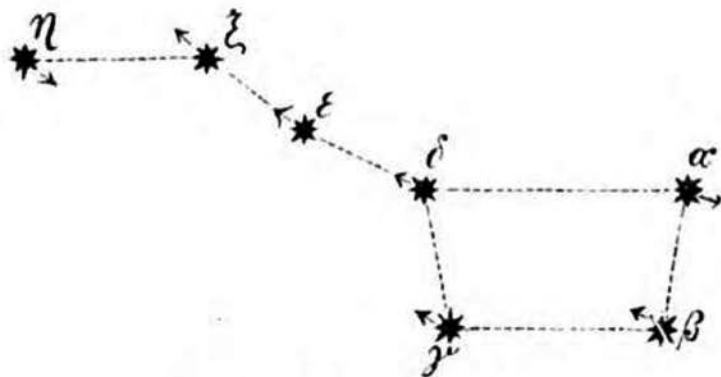
- My mother died three years ago in our home in Sfax. I only had my father and my brother Houcine.

en Zeit. Als diese Epoche, die natürlich nicht zu gering Weltenraume. Herr Camille Flammarion hat h

### Das Sternbild des Großen Bären



vor 100,000 Jahren.



in seinem heutigen Bestande.



nach 100,000 Jahren.

Die Pfeile zeigen die Richtung der Eigenbewegung an.

Rechnung den Großen Bären in seiner Gestalt vor Stern  $\delta$  (dieser ist von der 3. Größe), und endl

They both fought to protect the city last July. They must be up there now. After the French occupied the city I came here to Tunis for take refuge at my aunt's place, but I couldn't find her.

- I am sorry for your family. He felt stupid saying it, but he couldn't help it. The girl remained silent. He knew her brother's name but not hers. What to ask for?

- I should have give myself to that soldier. He could have protect me and help. You are not going to help me, aren't you? She was right: that was probably among the remotest ideas in Eduard's head. It could have been more easily conceivable to him to become the King of England. He was a rather curious fellow, he told himself. What answer, then? It didn't matter, the girl ran away already.

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Alexander Graham published his **Travels in Tunisia** in London in 1887. In the glossary he attaches at the end of the work, the first word listed is 'abd ( عبد ), servant, slave. At that time a literary twist was going on: travelogues were transforming themselves in travel guides. Being his publication intended to be helpful to future European travellers in Tunisia, Graham added exclusively the words that they would probably use or hear. Is it like if nowadays on Lonely Planet you could find how to say prostitute in your glossary.

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Houcine, as much as his father, joined the resistance in Sfax organised by Ali ben Khalifa. They have been killed by the French troops under the guidance of the **Colonel Jamais**, who entered the city the day after it has been bombed during several days by five ships

- among them it is worth to name the **Chacal** and the **Hyène** - on the 16th of July 1881. Colonel Never - a very telling name - is recorded to be one of the most ferocious officer during the second French campaign for the conquest of Tunisia.

It needed ten days and twenty-thousand man to conquer Sfax. The French counted thirty-eight dead and one-hundred-and-six casualties. The resistance in Sfax was of about one-thousand-two-hundred men, part of it retired in the crops around the city. There is no precise estimation of the number of victims but it is told that most of the resistance has been murdered during the occupation.

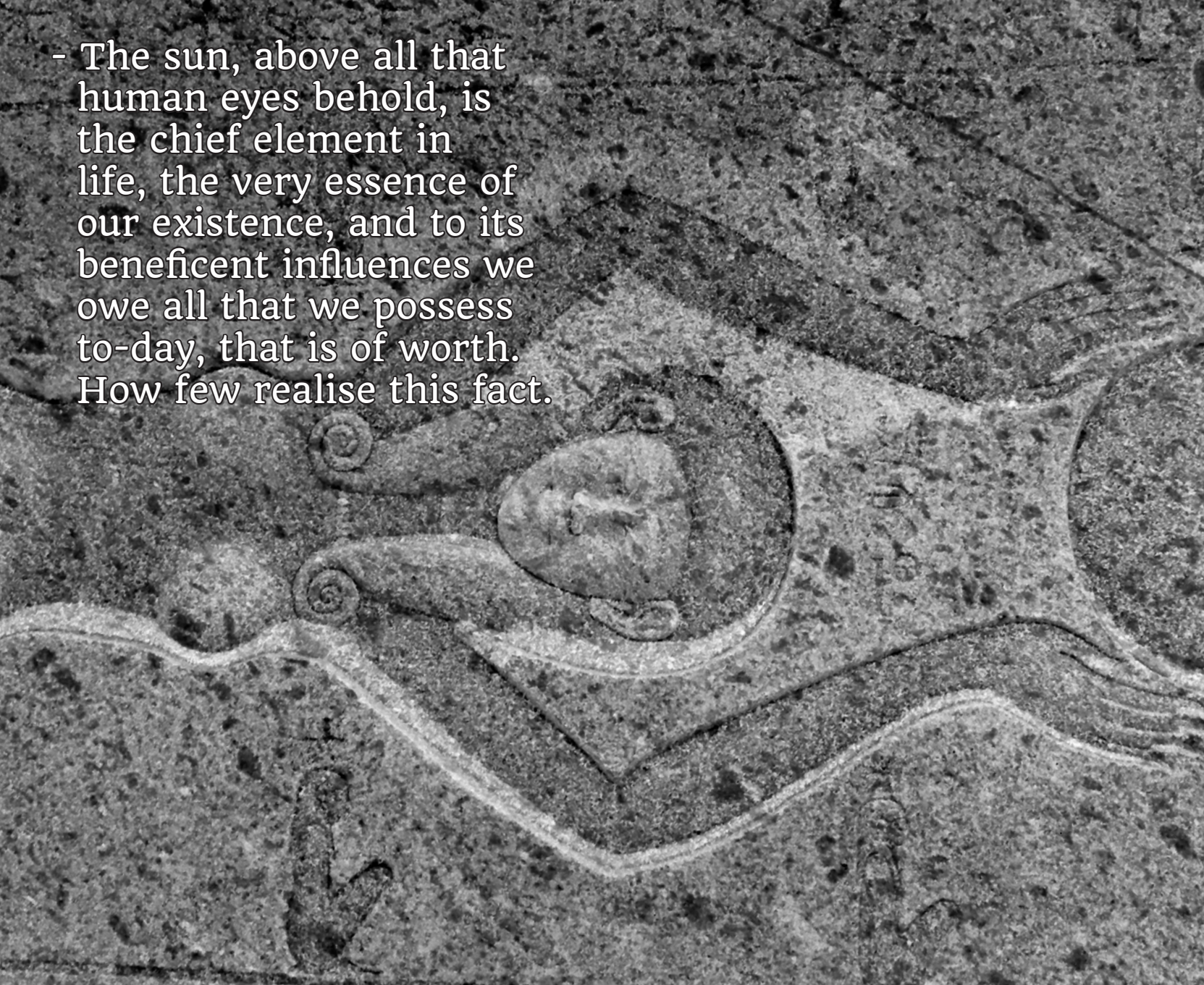
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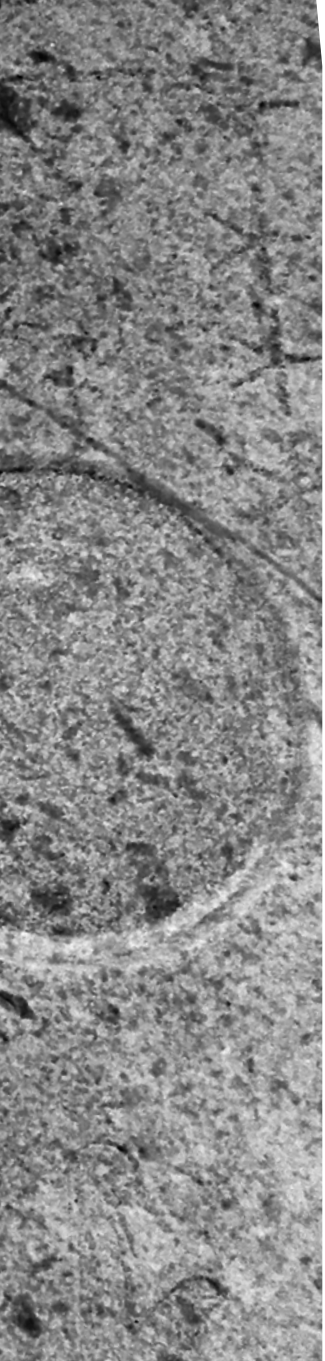
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In the preface of his book, Alexander Graham describes "the Arabs" as an essentially nefarious people that brought to ruin the land of bounty they happened to be. Then all the violence the coloniser came to perpetrate can be called hideous but still sounds pretty much deserved after such descriptions. Eduard had to hear such rants during his all life. It was rare to have the chance to meet an European that had a honest consideration for the co-called Orientals. A consideration without paternalism, pity or condescension. That was Joseph Halévy or Anne and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt who he'd meet much later.



- The sun, above all that human eyes behold, is the chief element in life, the very essence of our existence, and to its beneficent influences we owe all that we possess to-day, that is of worth. How few realise this fact.





La ville était muette ou à peu près, sauf quelques coups de fusil.

Dans la plaine, les Arabes accouraient en foule de leurs jardins, se jetant dans la redoute de l'alfa et dans quelques petites levées de terre faites sur le rivage. Les cavaliers tournoyaient.

Les canons-revolvers et ceux des canonnières tiraient vivement et ralentissaient l'ardeur de l'ennemi.

Cependant la fusillade fut vive sur ce point. Deux compagnies du 92<sup>e</sup> se jetèrent dans la redoute, en chassèrent les défenseurs, pendant que des marins y arrivaient par le bord de la mer, et poursuivirent l'ennemi vers les jardins. Là, elles trouvèrent une résistance sérieuse et firent des pertes assez sensibles (2 officiers, 1 adjudant, 25 caporaux et soldats blessés). Ces compagnies durent se replier sur la ligne de la redoute à la plage; elles firent ce mouvement avec le plus grand calme.

Une compagnie du 93<sup>e</sup> vint renforcer le 92<sup>e</sup>.

Pendant ce temps, le gros convoi avait pu atterrir. Les marins avaient occupé le quartier européen et avec la torpille faisaient sauter la porte de l'enceinte: des coups de fusil par-taient d'une maison sur la gauche; ils y firent plusieurs pertes.

Les deux portes successives étant brisées, les fusiliers marins se dirigèrent sur la kasbah. Le 93<sup>e</sup> arrivant enfin, le colonel Jamais le fit entrer dans la ville arabe. Conduit par le lieutenant-colonel Dubuche, ce bataillon devait gagner, le plus vite possible, par le chemin de droite, le bout de la ville; il fut renforcé dans ce mouvement par deux compagnies du 71<sup>e</sup>, suivies plus tard des deux autres.

Deux compagnies de marins, avec trois batteries de 63, étaient à gauche.

Le débarquement continuant avec assez de lenteur, le colonel Jamais dut diriger les groupes à mesure qu'ils étaient formés. C'est ainsi qu'il fit passer le 136<sup>e</sup> près de la kasbah pour renforcer les fusiliers marins puis envoya à l'alfa deux



des trois batteries de 65 qui n'étaient pas nécessaires à gauche.

Cependant, en ville, les marins gagnaient la kasbah; le lieutenant-colonel Dubuche faisait le tour des remparts à droite.

A l'alfa, les Arabes disparaissaient, puis revenaient; les cavaliers tournoyaient en tirillant. Nous y faisons quelques pertes et nos munitions commencent à s'épuiser. Le colonel Jamais en fit envoyer de la marine et demanda au capitaine de vaisseau de Marquessac, commandant au débarquement, de faire passer au nord des canonnières et des canots armés de canons-revolvers pour flanquer de leurs feux la droite de la ligne d'attaque.

Leur effet ne se fit pas attendre : les Arabes, déjà fatigués de leurs pertes antérieures, rentrèrent dans les oliviers et n'en sortirent plus ensuite qu'en petit nombre.

Le combat était en réalité terminé; il était environ 11 heures. En ville, les marins avaient aussi continué leur marche vers l'ouest et s'étaient rencontrés avec les compagnies d'infanterie. On sillonnait les rues. A la mosquée, il y eut des coups de fusil et des blessés.

Le drapeau français flottait à la kasbah à 10 heures; à 11 heures il était planté à la porte de la campagne.

A la porte de la plage, il fallut faire avancer un canon de 65 pour mettre le feu à la maison d'où l'ennemi nous avait blessé et tué des marins.

Le 137<sup>e</sup> ayant pu débarquer un deuxième convoi à midi, le colonel Jamais lui fit relever le 92<sup>e</sup>. Les fusiliers marins rentrèrent à bord et les bataillons prirent leurs positions d'occupation et de défense.

Le 92<sup>e</sup>, rentré dans Sfax, occupa la moitié est de la ville, dont le 93<sup>e</sup> occupait la moitié ouest; le 137<sup>e</sup> s'installa dans la redoute de l'alfa; le 136<sup>e</sup> prit position au pied de la kasbah, en dehors et le 71<sup>e</sup> dans le quartier européen, prêts à se porter où il serait nécessaire.

Puis on continua à fouiller les maisons. Les Arabes qui s'y

défendaient encore furent exécutés; à la mosquée il fallut employer la torpille, une douzaine d'Arabes y furent écrasés. Nos pertes dans la journée du 16 furent de dix tués (dont sept marins) et vingt-cinq blessés (le lendemain un fantassin fut encore tué en fouillant une maison).

On trouva sur place 43 pièces de 16 et 18 centimètres, puis 19 de calibres très variés 12, 4, etc; des boulets de tous les modèles, 2.200 kilogrammes de poudre à la kasbah et beaucoup de munitions de fusils de guerre de précision portant sur l'enveloppe des paquets l'indication de leur origine, suisse, américaine, anglaise, italienne, Venise<sup>1</sup>.

Un bataillon du 77<sup>e</sup> et des détachements de renfort arrivèrent en rade de Sfax, le 17 juillet dans l'après-midi.

## N° XXXVII

### La prise et l'occupation de Sfax.

A la suite du rapport officiel du colonel Jamais, il ne sera pas inutile de consulter le résumé des « Rapports hebdomadaires » des opérations des troupes depuis le jour de l'occupation de la ville de Sfax.

Ce document (dont l'établissement fut prescrit par l'instruction n° 49, en date du 31 juillet 1881, du général de division) a pu être rédigé posément, d'après les comptes rendus des troupes.

1. La circulaire par laquelle le gouvernement tunisien fit part à ses agents et à la population musulmane de l'entrée des troupes françaises à Sfax, constitue un document curieux à citer à cause des réticences qu'il renferme, de sa tournure oblique et des biais employés pour fausser l'opinion que les indigènes doivent avoir touchant la nature des relations existant entre les deux gouvernements.

En voici la copie :

« Vous informons que les troupes françaises qui étaient allées à Sfax contre les rebelles sont entrées et ont occupé avec la force nécessaire la susdite ville de Sfax, afin qu'on ait à reconnaître l'autorité de notre souverain comme par le passé, de sorte qu'il ne reste plus aux rebelles aucun espoir de révolte. »



*France (trying on Casque) loquitur—*

BECOMES me! *La République c'est la paic?*

Oh yes, precisely.

And yet this Mars-like headpiece, I must say,

Fits rather nicely.

*Revanche? La Guerre? La Gloire? Powder and Steel?*

Oh never, never!

I do thank Heaven that I no longer feel

War's scarlet fever.

I chose this fashion, and have no desire

For hasty changing,

Only just now and then dress does require

Some re-arranging.

*I* grow pugnacious? Such reports are wild,

Mendacious rumours;

Although of course I'm not to be reviled

By rascal Kroumirs.

Fancy! I'm not a *Cuquet Bonbec* quite,

A barnyard scratcher;

And if *la France* had a desire to fight,

How few could match her!

That Bey's a bit too bounceable; he'll find

Swelling brings dizziness.

The Powers? Perhaps they will be pleased to mind

Their proper business.

Confound— But stay—no temper; that an old

Imperial lunc is,

But which of them will have the cheek to scold

Concerning Tunis?

The notion stirs my blood, makes my tint turn,

My voice swell louder;

They think me tame? Then I *shall* have to burn

A little powder;

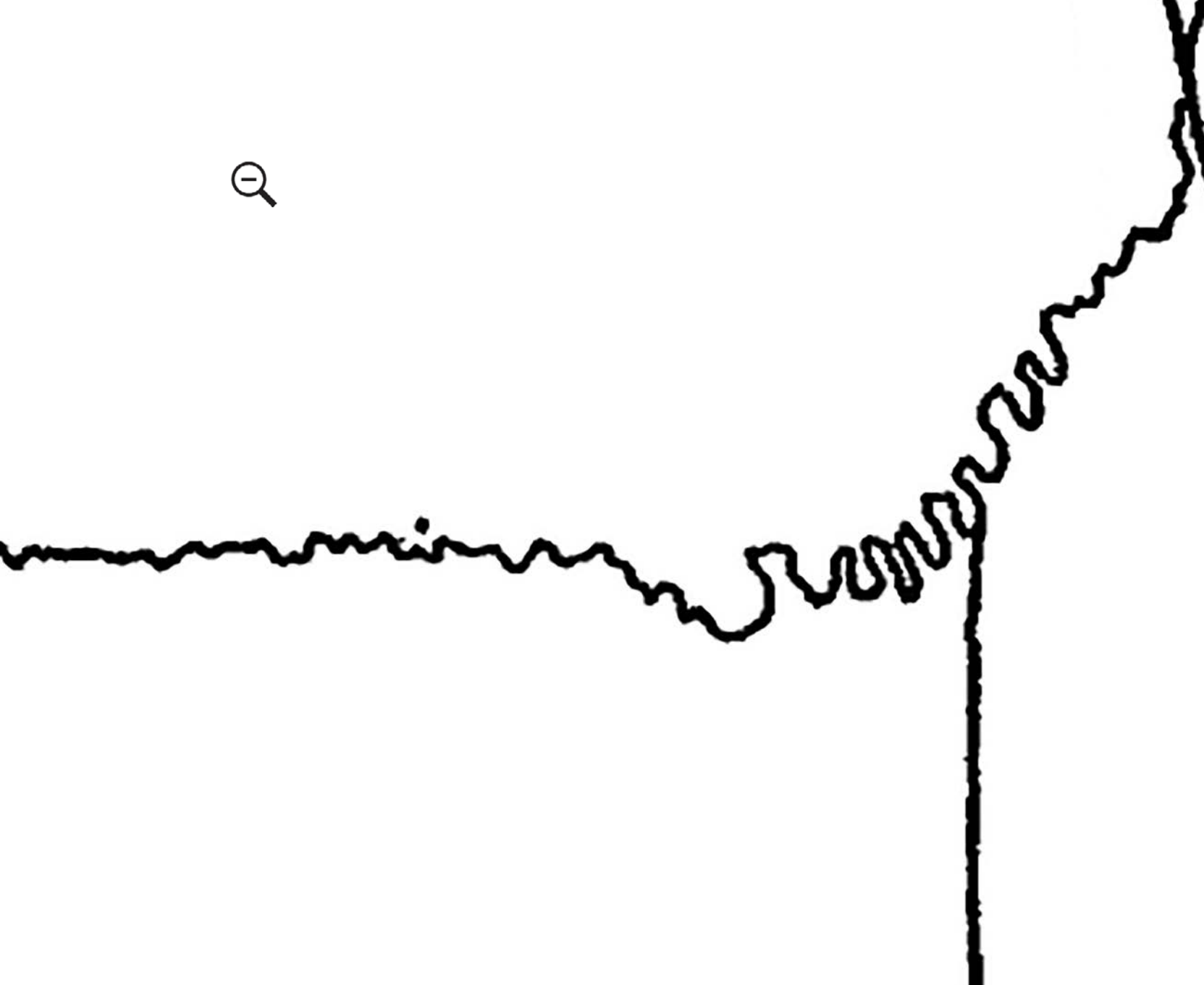
A shot or two perhaps might tend to strengthen  
     My moral fibres,  
 And cause the physiognomies to lengthen  
     Of foreign gibbers.  
 Eh? What? That Circular of SAINT-HILAIRE  
     Causes hilarity?  
 Disgusting! Foreign critics, I declare,  
     Are void of charity.  
 I've been a Saint in patience all men know—  
     Almost *too* saintly;  
 Astonished Europe thinks my blood must flow  
     Feebly and faintly—  
 Let those who doubt me read the declaration  
     Of *mon cher* FERRY.  
 "Respect for law, strict justice, moderation"—  
     True, true—oh, very!  
 Annex? *Pi donc!* I solemnly proclaim  
     'Tis false, completely.  
 But—— Well this jaunty headpiece, all the same,  
     Becomes me sweetly.

*(Left admiring herself.)*

^

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.





## VIII.

## THE MAHDI IN THE SOUDAN.

WE have now reached the Mahdi of Soudan celebrity. The time has not yet come to write his history, for he has first to accomplish and end it. Concerning the man personally we have only two authentic documents. One is the letter of a Frenchman born in the Soudan, who saw him at Khartoum—M. Mousa Peney, son of Dr. Peney, one of the bravest of explorers in the Soudan, the first European who had ever visited Gondokoro. The only fault to find with this is that it sometimes sins on the side of over-precision (53). The other, which dives into the very souls of the heroes of the drama, is the report of a consultation of the Ulemas of El Azhar Mosque at Cairo, of which M. Clermont Ganneau, the well-known Orientalist, has kindly communicated his own translation to the author. The following is derived from these two sources:

The name of the Mahdi is Mohammed Ahmed. He was born at Dongola, about the year of the

Hegira 1260, 1843 of our era. His father's name was Abdallahi, and his mother's Amina (54).

These details, of little apparent significance to us, are of the greatest importance to Mussulmans. A tradition, which is really very ancient and attributed to Mahomet, declares that the Mahdi shall bear the same name as the Prophet, and that the father of the Mahdi shall have the same name as the Prophet's father (55). Now, the Prophet's name was Mohammed Ahmed, his father's Abdallah, and, what is more, his mother was called Amina. Forty years is the age of prophecy among the Mussulmans, because it was at that age that Mahomet revealed himself.

The Mahdi's name and those of his parents seem to point to the fact that he was born in the midst of people disposed to fervor and prophecy, an hereditary genius. Moreover, from his childhood, Mohammed showed that he had a decided vocation; at twelve years old he knew the Koran by heart. When his father died, his two elder brothers, who were boat-builders on the White Nile, seeing that he had talent, supplied his wants, and provided him with means to study under two professors of repute in the neighborhood of Khartoum, Abdel Dagim and El Gourachi.

When twenty-five years old, having finished his studies, and his mother being dead, he settled down near the place where his brothers worked, in the Island of Aba, a little island then unknown, but now historical in Europe and sacred in Africa. There he lived in a very retired way for fifteen years, the fifteen years which Mahomet had spent in meditation near Mount Harra. His career was evidently foreshadowed by that of the Prophet. Strauss says that the life of Jesus is a projection cast by the popular imagination from the ancient prophecies of Israel. The life of the Mahdi is a patent illustration of this theory, the Mahdi being but the living reflection of Mahomet.

He lived in a hole in the ground, and grew thin from privations and frequent fasting, continually mourning over the corruption of men. The neighboring tribe of Beggaras, the most powerful in this region of the Nile, venerated him as a saint, and felt assured that the breath of God was upon him; so when the hour of prophecy was told, and the fortieth year began, when he rose up Mahdi, the Beggaras without any difficulty passed from veneration to adoration, and he became that phenomenon—a prophet in his own country.

Moreover, was not the fatal year approaching, the

year 1300 of the Hegira, which a modern tradition assigns for the final triumph of Islam? Mohammed sent out numbers of missionaries to the sheikhs of the various tribes, announcing that he was the long-expected Mahdi, that Mahomet had come from God to tell him that the Turkish dominion was about to end, that the Soudan was to rise on every side, and that he himself, after having passed the necessary time in the Soudan, was to go up to Mecca to be acknowledged by the great Sheriff.

His emissaries had been preaching these things for about a year without anything being known of them at Khartoum, although it was only three days' journey from the sacred island. Raouf Pacha, the Governor-General, when at last he was informed of the true state of affairs, sent two hundred men to Aba to seize the Mahdi. Overtaken by rain and sinking into deep mud at each step, in the depths of the forest, the men, it is said, at last arrived at midnight at the hut of the Prophet, round which a band of dervishes were dancing, repeating the sacred name of Allah.

The adjutant-major fired and killed one of the dervishes, and immediately the whole band howling with rage fell upon the soldiers, their cries being repeated by thousands of Arabs who had established

themselves in the forest. In a few seconds the whole troop, including its officers, was cut to pieces. This was the first spark of the great fire which is now raging in the basin of the Nile. It was in August, 1881.

The Mahdi, retiring with his dervishes to Mount Gadir, commenced new efforts. The Soudan began to be affected. The temporary governor, the Bavarian Giegler Pacha, concentrated the garrisons of Sennaar, Fachoda, and Kordofan, with the view of leading them against the Mahdi, not for a moment imagining that the provinces which he left ungarisoned by this step would immediately revolt.

Seven thousand men sent to Mount Gadir were attacked by fifty thousand insurgents, commanded by the Mahdi's two brothers, Mohammed and Hamed. The two brothers perished, but of the Egyptian army only one hundred and fifty men escaped.

During this time Sennaar revolted, and El-Obeid fell into the hands of the Mahdi, who made it his capital on the 17th of January, 1883. On the 5th of November, in the same year, the army marching to the rescue under Hicks Pacha was destroyed, or went over to the camp of the Mahdi. We know what followed.

## 4. Well done, Condor

In 1882 two major events were hanging over Egypt. Both were somewhat foreseen and far reaching. In the beginning of May, a group of astronomers organised a “cosmopolitan and brotherly gathering” in the Upper Egypt. There were three French, three British and one Italian gentlemen. Because the total solar eclipse predicted for the 17<sup>th</sup> of the month would not deign to visit Europe, the enterprising scientists manoeuvred to reach a privileged place of observation on the eclipse path. Their countries already had widespread influence and interests in many regions all around the world but not as extended as they would hope. Egypt, for example, besides the strong leverage of the Consul Generals, since 1879 was slipping away from the hands of the Europeans because of the ‘Urabi and Mahdi revolts. The reader will learn about these fierce leaders soon. Despise the unrest of the country, the science missionaries arrived first in Suez where they were warmly welcomed by officials sent over by the nominal ruler of the time, Khedive Tewfiq ( محمد توفيق باشا ).

While in Tunis, Eduard Glaser met Charles Trépiéd, the director of the Observatory of Algiers. He stopped over on the way to Egypt and paid a visit to the Generalkonsul. He quickly became fond of the Eduard’s pungent irony. The enthusiasm of the young man and his proficiency in Arabic, made Trépiéd ask Eduard if he



de Siout. Le campement des astronomes a été installé juste sur la ligne centrale de la totalité, comme on peut le voir par notre petite carte (*fig. 58*) reproduite d'après le journal anglais *Nature*. Toutefois, comme le cône d'ombre de la Lune n'avait que 22<sup>km</sup> de largeur pendant cette éclipse si étroite, on ne se trouvait qu'à 11<sup>km</sup> environ de l'atmosphère éclairée de part et d'autre de la zone de totalité, de sorte que la nuit n'a pas été complète, et que les étoiles de première grandeur et les planètes ont été seules visibles.

Le jour de l'éclipse, nos savants avaient reçu de nombreuses visites officielles. La garde militaire avait été renforcée, non seulement pour satisfaire la curiosité bien légitime des officiers et des soldats, mais encore parce que le bruit courait que le faux prophète du Soudan avait jeté un anathème spécial sur tous les observateurs de l'éclipse. L'aspect du campement astronomique et de son entourage était des plus pittoresques.

Les jours précédents, des nuages avaient obscurci le ciel, juste à l'heure à laquelle devait arriver l'éclipse. Mais la matinée du 17 se leva radieuse et pure, et, au moment annoncé par les calculs, la Lune entama le disque solaire.

Tandis que le paysage s'assombrissait et que le ciel et les eaux du Nil prenaient cette teinte blafarde indescriptible qui n'appartient qu'aux éclipses, un profond murmure s'éleva sur la colline de Sohag, écrit l'un des témoins oculaires, M. Lockyer. C'était comme un mugissement et comme une plainte lamentable; ce murmure augmenta jusqu'au moment de la totalité et se changea en un immense cri d'admiration, lorsque la Lune ayant entièrement couvert le Soleil, l'atmosphère glorieuse de l'astre du jour rayonna dans toute sa splendeur et dans sa majesté. Puis, il se fit un grand silence. Dans le camp des astronomes, chacun remplissait le rôle spécial pour lequel il s'était si longuement préparé. Les uns examinent directement le phénomène dans le champ du télescope; les autres prennent des photographies des différentes phases; ceux-ci dirigent des spectroscopes vers la Couronne lumineuse qui environne le Soleil; ceux-là épient plus spécialement ce qui se passe juste au bord de la Lune. Tout à coup, un visiteur inattendu apparaît dans le voisinage du Soleil; c'est une charmante comète assez lumineuse, légèrement courbée, qui flotte dans l'espace, sur la droite de l'astre, à la distance seulement d'un diamètre solaire et mesurant elle-même à peu près aussi un diamètre solaire de longueur. Cette comète est complète en elle-même, offrant un noyau et une queue, et son éclat est presque égal à celui de la Couronne. Elle est visible à l'œil nu et, de plus, elle se photographie d'elle-même sur les plaques préparées pour l'éclipse. On la voit reproduite ici (*fig. 59*) d'après la première épreuve envoyée de Sohag par M. Ranyard.

Soixante-douze secondes ont passé, comptées par les gardiens préposés pour les travaux de l'éclipse: un éclatant rayon de lumière s'échappe du Soleil; le phénomène est accompli.

L'aspect général du Soleil éclipsé était à peu près analogue à celui de l'éclipse de 1871, et ne ressemblait pas à celui de l'éclipse de 1878. Or, en 1871, le Soleil se trouvait, comme en ce moment, dans une période de maximum de taches et de

*was willing to join the French party. Eduard have had enough of Tunis: he was starting to feel an accessory to all the filth he witnessed. He saw the proposal as the following stage of his long journey to Arabia. He would never have imagined that the step included a once-in-a-life-time experience like the observation of a solar eclipse.*

*From private preceptor, he'd become astronomer again. That wasn't a total fraud, for Eduard had already worked at the old Vienna Observatory for a few years. He had the opportunity to join the scientific expedition to Sohag (سوهاج) on the west bank of the Upper Nile.*

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The scene from the ship is already interesting. To the north two tents and various shelters, to the south one tent. These will increase to six to-morrow. Here and there groups, looking down the bank, stealthily from between the trees. There is a pretty thick grove of acacia trees, which shelter us somewhat from the rays of the setting sun, still fierce in this latitude. Here and there, skirting the grove, a sentinel with fixed bayonet keeping guard. At the extreme south, tents for the military, and a long line of piled arms.

Across the water the scene is novel and beautiful in the extreme. The main Nile, in which the boat is anchored, is here about half a mile wide, but there is an island about two miles long, and a wide stretch of water beyond that. This island forms, with the river, the foreground of the landscape. With an opera-glass we can see the Fellaheen cultivating the ground almost to the water's edge in places, and looking after their crops of maize or their flocks of goats. Here comes a veiled Rachel to the sacred river to fetch water for a

house in an indistinct flat-topped village, sheltered in a large group of beautiful palm trees. The arm of the river beyond the island we cannot see, but a background is not lacking. A long line of mountains, we may almost call them, full of geological tracery, are now, as I write, almost blood-red in the light of the setting sun, and are surmounted by that grey purple one always sees to such advantage in Eastern lands—both grey and purple haze in a few hours to give way to the silver dawning of the moon, now terribly dwindling in her visible surface, and reminding the astronomers of the coming seventy seconds in a most forcible manner.

The proceedings at the end of the first day on which the English and French parties found themselves together as guests of the Egyptian Government naturally included some toasts—that of his Highness the Khedive, proposed by M. Trépiéd, and that of the English and French nations, proposed by Moktah Bey, and responded to by Mr. Norman Lockyer. The arrangements on board are as perfect as those made at the various stations on shore, and one's national pride is a little touched at the idea of what the Government reception would be of a party of Egyptian astronomers coming to England to observe an eclipse of the sun.

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*This eventful morning was the finest we have yet had, cool and without a cloud. A great crowd of natives in picturesque costumes lined the road and the hill between the camp and Sohag. The shore of the Nile, except before the observatories, was packed with dahabeahs bringing the governors of the provinces and*

*other notables to observe the eclipse and do honour to the strangers.*

*Thanks to Moktar Bey, in charge of the camp, and a force of soldiery, there was no confusion. Along a line of 300 yards the French, English, and Italian observers were left in undisturbed possession of tents and observatories.*

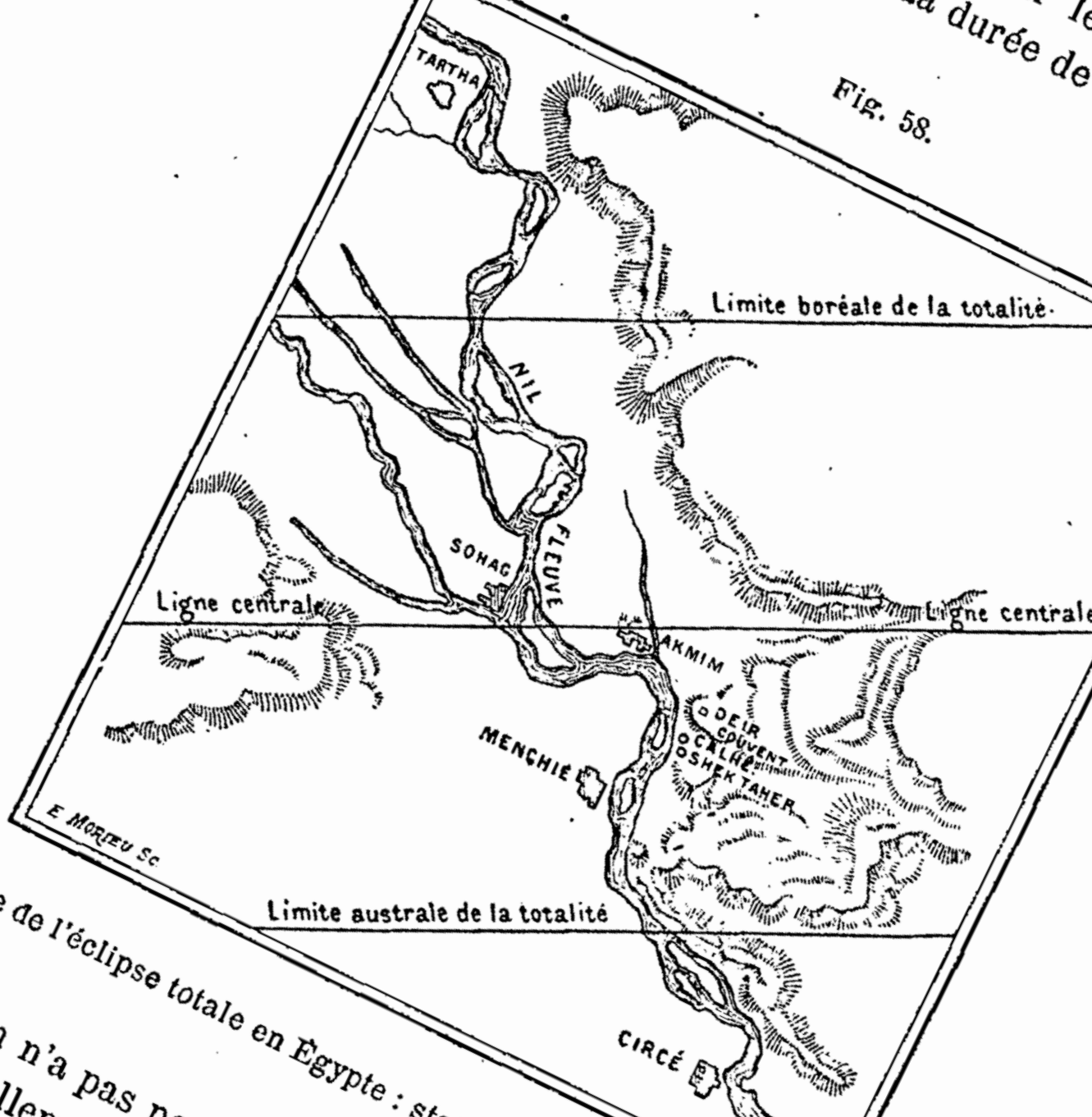
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Nevertheless, while the sky darkened and assumed a leaden hue, the hills bounding the Nile bathed in purple, the great silence gave way, and from river and palm-shaded slope arose a shout of wonder and fear, which reached its climax at the moment of the sun's disappearance; nor ceased then, for, in addition to the horror of an eclipse—which the natives here as in India, attribute to the act of a dragon—there appeared in the heavens on the right of the sun an unmistakable scimitar.

The eclipse had, in fact, revealed the existence of a new comet. Despite the short totality, many valuable results have been obtained. I am permitted to send a copy of the collective telegram sent to the various Governments showing many new facts touching the sun's atmosphere; though matters have not become much simpler, which means more work. The layer to which much absorption has been ascribed seems vanishing from existence. The band K in the spectrum of the corona fully explains the eclipse colouring. The collective note is as follows:

"Unprecedented facilities have been accorded by the Egyptian Government for the observation of the eclipse. A plan was agreed upon between the English, French, and Italian expeditions. Among the results, the most satisfactory are photographs of the coro-



Zone de l'éclipse totale en Égypte : st  
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na, and a complete spectrum obtained by Schuster on Abney's plates. H and K are the most intense lines. A study of the red end of the spectrum of corona and protuberances was made by Tacchini. A comet near the sun was a striking object; it was photographed and observed by the naked eye. Bright lines were observed before and after totality at different heights by Lockyer, with intensities differing from Fraunhofer's lines; by Lockyer and Trépied an absolute determination was made of the place of the coronal line 1474 in Kirchhoff's scale; by Thollon and Trépied the absence of dark lines from the coronal spectrum was noted. Tacchini and Thollon, with very different dispersions, noted many bright lines in the violet. Thollon observed spectrum of the corona, and Schuster photographed it. The hydrogen and coronal line were studied in the grating spectroscope by Buisieux, and with direct vision prism by Thollon. Rings were observed in the grating by Lockyer, of the first, second, and third order. The continuous spectrum is fainter than 1878, stronger than 1871. An intensification of the absorption lines was observed in group B, at moon's edge, by Trépied and Thollon.

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*Sohag will have taken its place in scientific history by the side of many other out-of-the-world places, which seem to be chiefly affected by eclipses, and its memory may still puzzle the dry as dusts of the future.*

*Moktah Bey, as usual, acted as interpreter, and the final arrangements for the eventful day were made. First among these the military guard had to be largely strengthened, for not only is a very pardonable curiosity a thing to be utterly suppressed during eclipses, but a whisper had gone abroad that the False Prophet of the*

*Soudan had included the eclipsers in his anathemas, and even one fanatic in the camp at Sohag might give a deal of trouble.*

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*His full name was Muhammad Ahmad bin Abd Allah (محمد أحمد ابن عبد الله) and he was leading around Khartoum a strong revolt against the central power of the Khedive and anyone who would back him. This revolt, of course, was irrelevant compared to the threat represented by the movement organised by Ahmad 'Urabi (أحمد عرابي) against the Turko-Circassian elites in Lower Egypt.*

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While the land was darkening and the sky and the Nile were beginning to put on those indescribable hues round which so much of the terror of eclipses is centred, and while the whispers on the hill at Sohag were beginning to surge into a sound—half roar, half moan—some eight minutes before totality, Mr. Lockyer announced the appearance of bright lines, indicating that our atmosphere was already dimly illuminated enough to permit of the atmosphere of the sun being seen through it.

At this moment the silence in the observatory was broken by shouts calling attention to a strange object among the fainter exterior details of the corona itself, which were more suspected than seen. There, one solar diameter to the right and one solar diameter long, was an exquisitely formed comet, complete with nucleus and tail, sweeping in a beautiful curve, in brilliancy almost, if not quite, equalling that of the very corona itself—a real photometer, in fact, of which

we have not yet heard the last. As in the naked eye view there was a struggle with the comet, so with the grating there was a struggle of another kind.

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In my last letter, written as it seems, an age ago, for the incidents since the eclipse have been more or less emotional,...

I have been very unfaithful to the task imposed upon me if I have not convinced your readers that the expeditions whose work it was my duty to chronicle have been richly rewarded for their long preparations and tedious journeyings. They will all leave Egypt with the liveliest sense of gratitude for the manner in which all their efforts for the advancement of knowledge among men have been seconded by the Khedive and the Egyptian Government.

The Cairo Correspondent of the Daily News telegraphs on Monday : - By order of the British Government, Sir E. Malet has officially thanked the Khedive for the great attention and services rendered to the Eclipse Expedition. The Khedive has returned a complimentary answer. No other Consul has yet thanked his Highness.

The comet as a forecast of the curse on Egypt. Populace is frightened after the vision of the comet, western scientists mock them and tell each other that these people are like little kids that need to be taught

Sitting on the deck, Eduard was dreaming back to that appalling scene he just witnessed. When the sun-

rays started to warm him up again he felt a strange solace.

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He was about to leave the house when Ahmed stopped him.

- Here, keep it always with you, I heard that in Yemen there are even more scorpions than here. Eduard found himself with a small piece of papyrus in his palm. He then realised that he was leaving for good. He also felt that there were good chances that he would never be back to Alexandria. Even less to see Ahmed again. That didn't hurt because his relationship with him have always been distorted, from the first time the konsul presented them. He only regretted the fact that sort of distortion didn't allow him to learn more from him.

- Thank you, Ahmed. I will keep it anyway, in the desert or in the most barren city. He had the impression that Ahmed didn't understand what he meant. Was he sure of what he meant, though?







Gravé par S. Morieu, r. Vaude, 45.





The giant crone's shadow was first seen in to-day Burkina Faso, then passing by not far from Niamey, going north-east into the Sahel, passing north of the Chad lake, turning off the lights in the Sahara desert, until her shade crossed the Nile touching briefly Sohag where she was awaited, she then dived into the Red Sea alternatively swimming around the Suez Gulf and Aqaba Gulf with a short breathing pause at Sharm El Sheikh. She got out of the fresh waters to face the Nefud desert for a long journey until she

astounded people down in Kerbala, close to the ruins of Babylon. Once crossed in a single jump the Euphrates and the Tigris, she started climbing the Zagros Mountains until she surprised Teheran's inhabitants with her veil. Then it came Ashgabat's and Samarkand's turn. After that she gently furrowed the Gobi desert until she crossed the Great wall of China. She then raided the country towards Shanghai where she immersed herself in the waters of the Pacific Ocean and disappeared leaving a bright day after her.



## CHAPTER ELEVEN

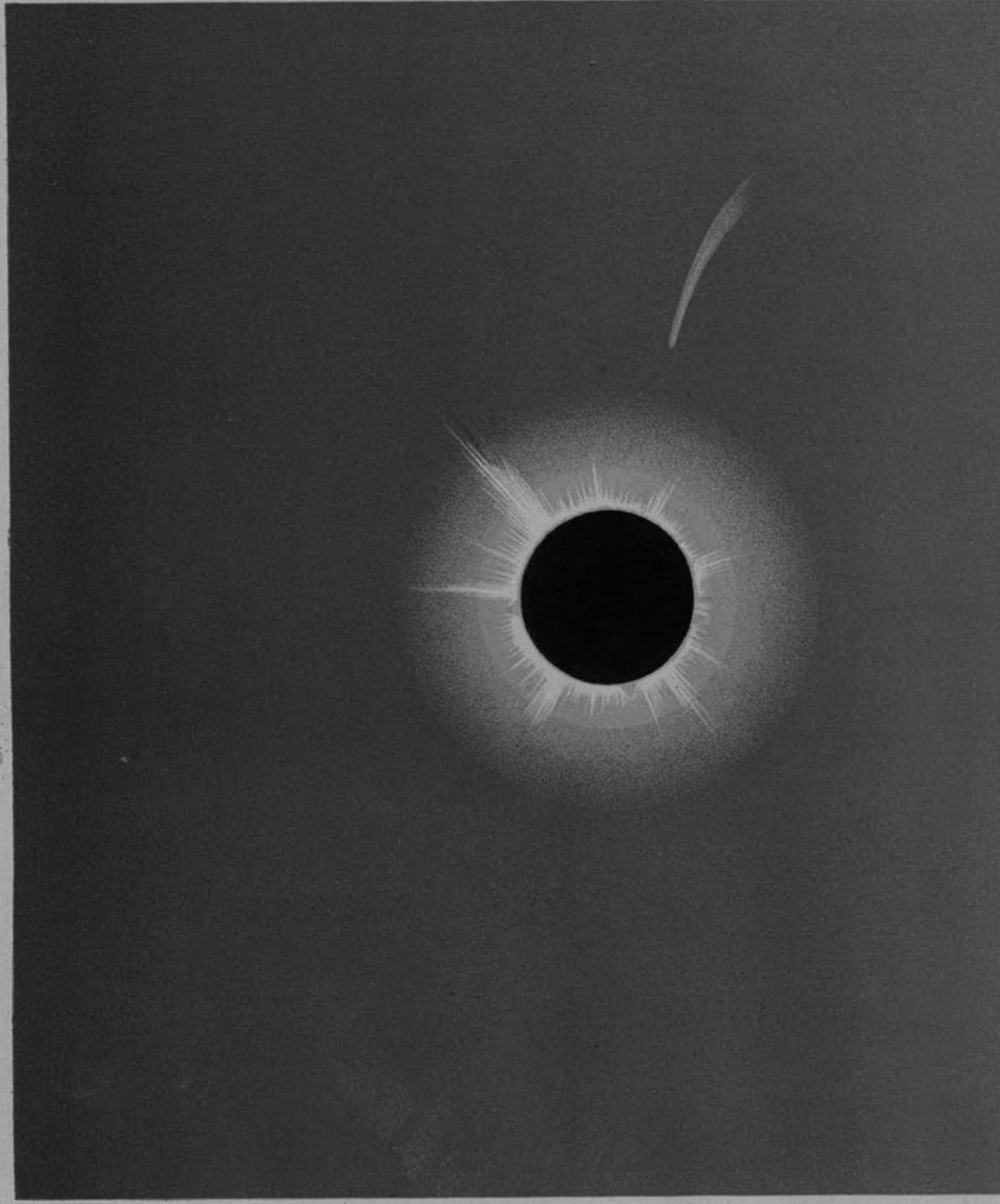
SUEZ 1882

THE BRITISH invasion of Egypt in 1882 bears a depressing resemblance to the abortive Anglo-French campaign on the Suez Canal in 1956, except that the earlier adventure was handled so much more efficiently and was successfully carried through. In 1882, as in 1956, the cry of Egypt for the Egyptians was raised, and Colonel Arabi, like Colonel Nasser, emerged from the obscurity of the Egyptian army to become the leader of the nation against the Western invader. Then, as later, Britain was divided against herself except for a short time when the hostilities were joined, since there were many people in England who abhorred the whole affair. In similar circumstances too, pride became as quickly involved. It was the familiar pattern; all at once the national blood mounts up on either side, the national honour is engaged, and a thousand reasons are discovered for military action. In Egypt the British become rapacious bullying monsters. In England the Egyptians are described as 'terrorists' who break all pledges and murder

innocent European civilians, and it becomes an imperative necessity that troops must be landed to restore law and order. And so the crisis sweeps on from riots to ultimatums, and finally to war.

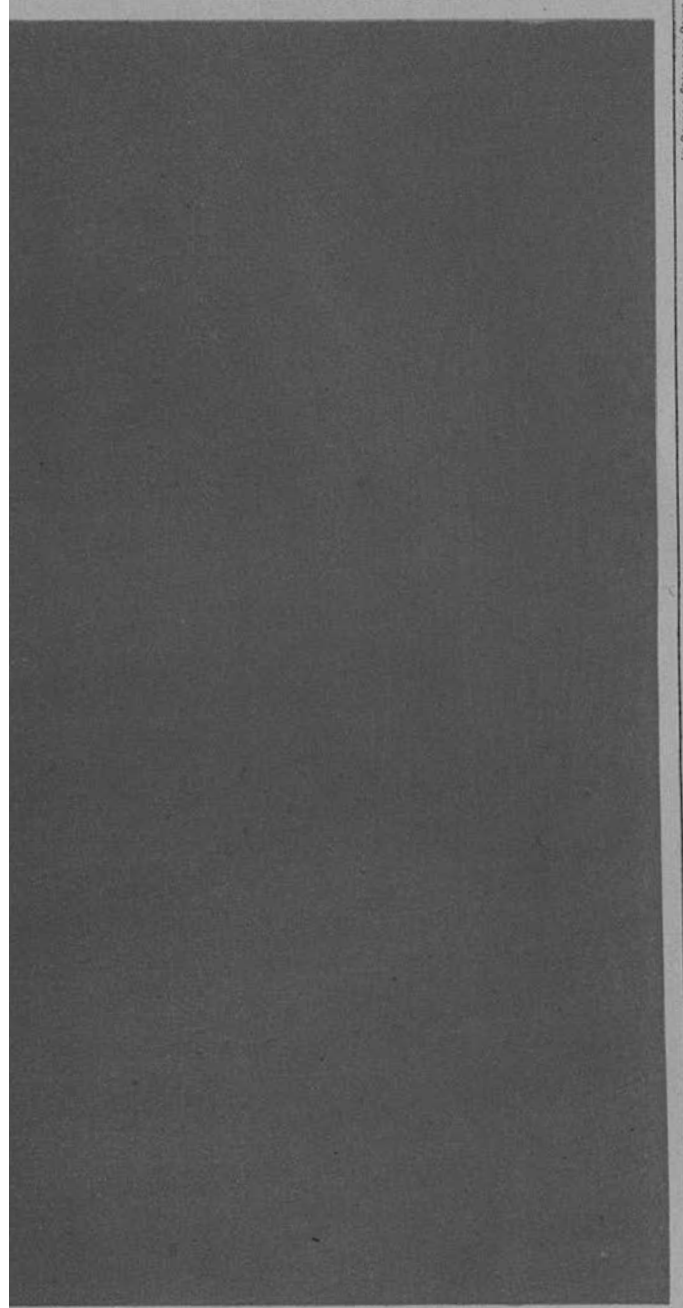
Sir Evelyn Baring has given a calm and reasoned account of the political events which led up to the 1882 invasion, and he concludes that it was both justifiable and inevitable: had it not happened, he says, Egypt would have been given over to anarchy. If we do no more than follow the facts as he sets them out—the diplomatic exchanges, the political tensions between France, England and Turkey, the intrigues of the army and the palace in Cairo itself—we must conclude that he is right. But the axiom that war is the failure of diplomacy still holds, and it seems very possible that in this case the conflict would have been avoided had the diplomacy been better exercised. Baring almost, but not quite, concedes this point when he says, 'Mistakes were, without doubt, committed. The true nature of the Arabi revolt was misunderstood. It was more than a mere political mutiny. It partook in some degree of the nature of a *bona fide* national movement.'

This is the fundamental point. The Egyptian grievances were very real and they were not all of their own making. After the removal of Ismail it should not have been difficult for the British and the French to have given the country a breathing space so that it could recover from its bankruptcy. But the European creditors still demanded their interest, and only the smallest efforts were made to reduce taxes upon the fellaheen. Turks and Circassians still held a privileged position in the government and the army, and no real parliamentary reform was attempted because it was believed that the Egyptians were not fit to govern themselves. Tewfik's every move was overlooked and guided by Baring and de Blignières, the French representative in Cairo. These two men controlled the revenue and the expenditure, and although for a little time they did succeed in improving the administration they were resented as foreigners and infidels. Perhaps they might have avoided the crisis had they possessed European troops to enforce their decrees, or even if they could have been sure of the support of their own governments at home, but both those factors were lacking. Thus they were given



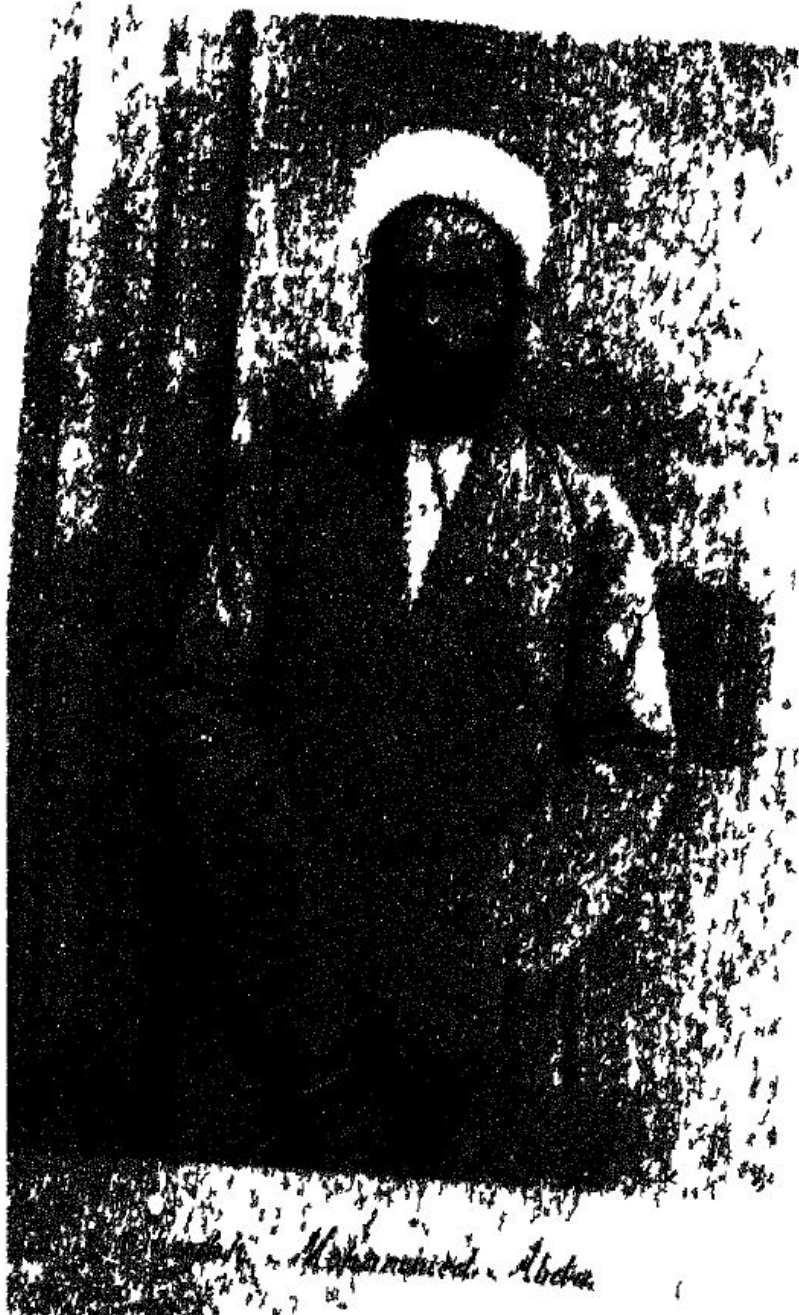


👉 The eclipse and the comet, the ends of the image can join. 👈



ECLISSE TOTALE DI SOLE DEL 17 MAGGIO 1882.



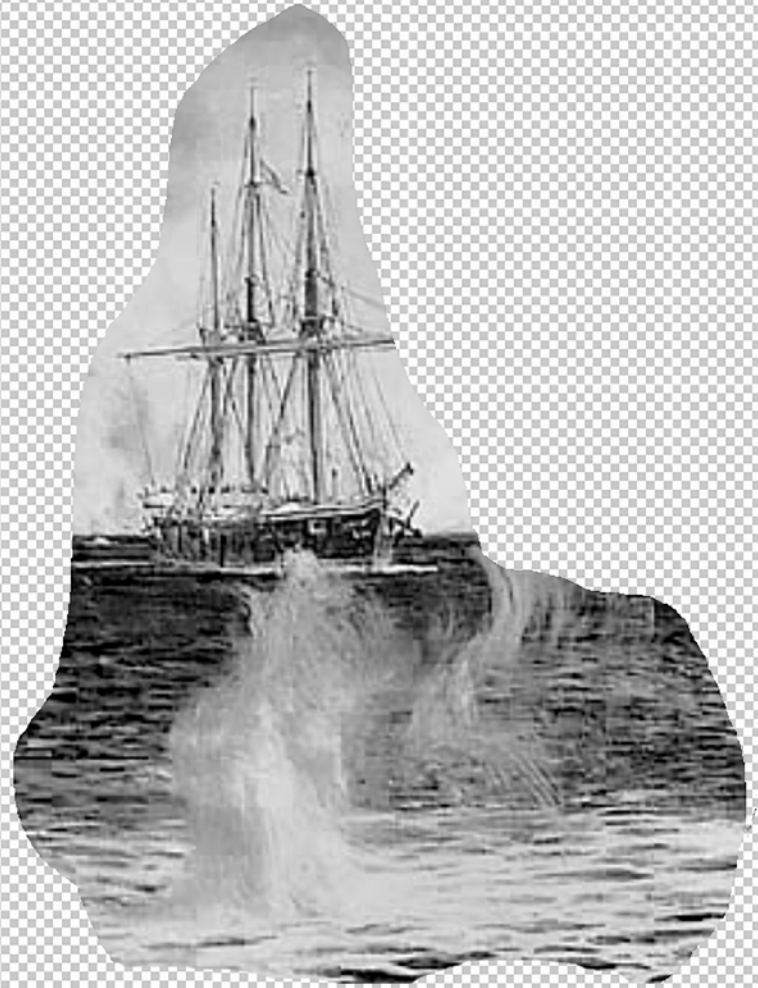


☞ Recalcitrant, supposed portrait of Ahmad 'Urabi ( أحمد عرابي ).





**Not on display**, the artist has emphasized the use of gunsmoke in a painterly way, with figures on the deck barely visible through the gloom. The vivid blue of the sea indicates a warm climate and despite the gunfire there is a curious stillness and static quality to the painting, reminiscent of reportage. In 1883 the artist went to Alexandria to make studies for the picture. He exhibited two large representations of the bombardment at the Fine Art Society 1884, of which this is one. The subsequent engravings were very popular since the subject matter evoked a nationalistic response.

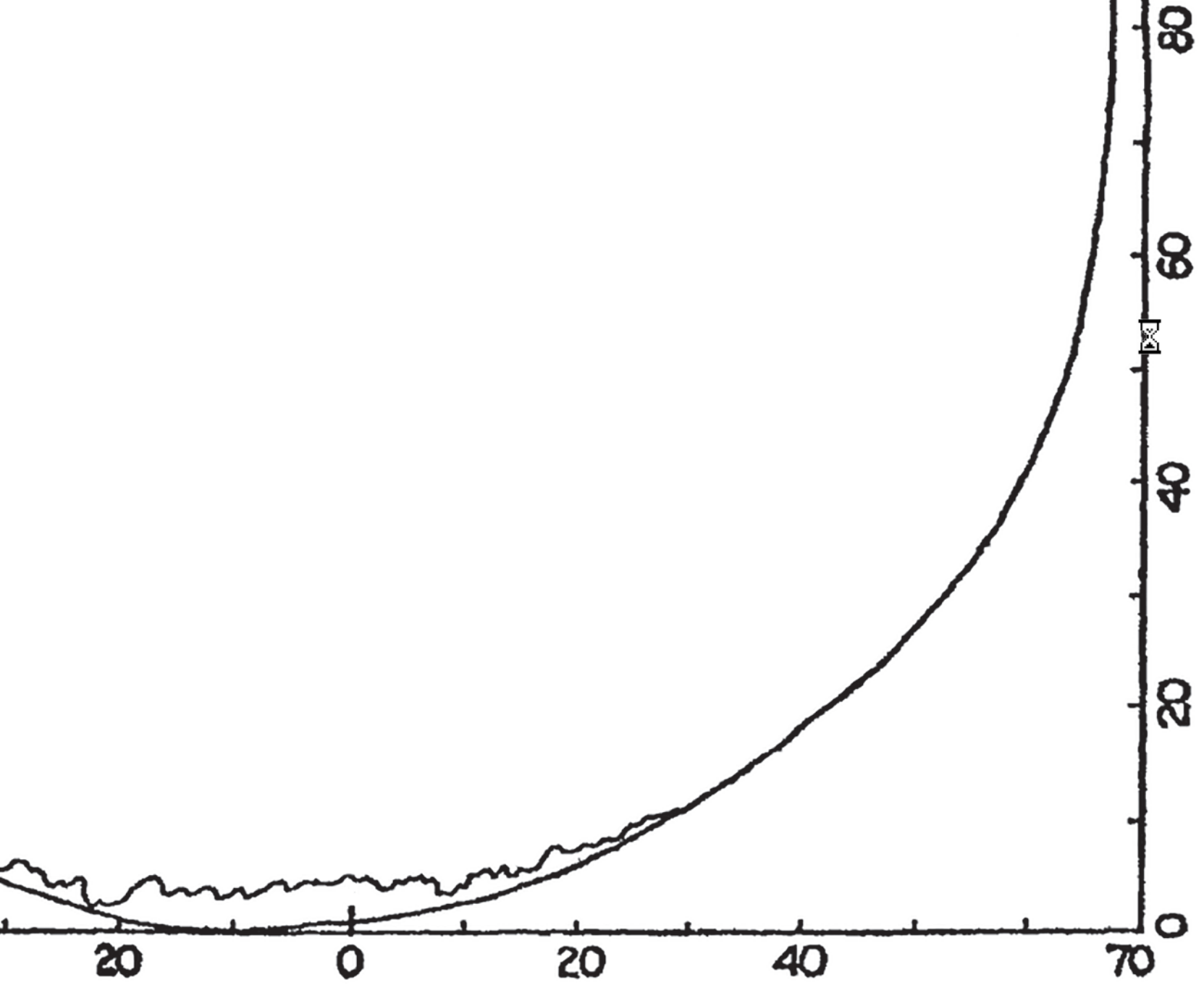


Apotropaic, IX-XIII cent. CE, Papyrus Museum, Österreichische  
Nationalbibliothek, Vienna. 











appear that among the Arabs in the Times of Ignorance any particular era was generally adopted. In Yemen, where a regular sovereignty was so long maintained, it is somewhat remarkable that a more exact chronology should not have been observed. Several lists of these ancient kings have been preserved. We are told that they assumed the general name of Tobbaa, a title equivalent to Cæsar or Pharaoh among the Romans and Egyptians; but we know little about the nature of their power or their system of administration. This monarchy, according to Jannabi, extended to 3000 years, while Abulfeda restricts it to 2020. But how twenty-six or thirty kings could occupy even the shortest of these periods it is difficult to conjecture. The Mohammedan historians solve the perplexity by making some of them reign three or four hundred years, and live to nearly twice that age. "God only knows the truth!" is the constant exclamation of the pious



...ing it impossible to reconcile these  
 with the ordinary limits of mortality.  
 with Pococke and M. de Brequigny,\*  
 those princes who swayed the undi-  
 Yemen, or were conspicuous as  
 errors, whose names have been pre-  
 the intervals, being filled up with  
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 pressly, that the twenty-six kings  
 or so long a period were only those  
 the family of Hamyar.  
 of Yemen, there were two other  
 es in Arabia, of which we shall give  
 the following order:—  
 m of the Homerites or Hamyarites,  
 e fifth monarch of that name, who

possessed the whole or the greater part of Yemen; the several petty princes who reigned in other districts being mostly, if not altogether, dependent on this sovereign, whom they called the Great King.

II. The kingdom of Hira, or the Arabian Irak, whose capital stood on the Euphrates.

III. The kingdom of Gassan on the borders of Syria. Its sovereigns were a kind of viceroys to the Roman emperors, as those of Hira were to the monarchs of Persia.

Kahtan, the founder of their race, is honoured by the Arabs as the first that wore the crown of Yemen.

Yarab, his son, they regard as the first that spoke their language. Saba built the capital called after himself; and hence the inhabitants got the name of Sabæans. Tables of these kings have been drawn up by various historians; but they differ so much in their calculations as to satisfy us that they are not to be trusted as infallible guides. Those given by Pococke have been generally followed, as being more complete, and at the same time more consonant with probability, than any to be found in a single Mohammedan author:—

I. TABLE.—Kings of Yemen,—Reigned 2020 years.

|                         |                        |  |
|-------------------------|------------------------|--|
| 1. Kahtan.              | 16. Dulkarnain.        |  |
| 2. Yarab.               | 17. Dulmenaar.         |  |
| 3. Yashab.              | 18. Afreikus.          |  |
| 4. Saba (or Abd-Shems). | 19. Duladsaar.         |  |
| 5. Hamyar.              | 20. Shaerhabil.        |  |
| 6. Wathel (or Wayel).   | 21. Hodhad.            |  |
| 7. Secsac.              | 22. Belkis.            |  |
| 8. Yaafar.              | 23. Nashirelnaim.      |  |
| 9. Duryash.             | 24. Shamar—Yaraash.    |  |
| 10. Nooman.             | 25. Abimalec.          |  |
| 11. Asmah.              | DESCENDANTS OF CAHLAN. |  |
| 12. Sheddad.            | 26. Amran.             |  |
| 13. Lokman.             | 27. Amru—Mazikia.      |  |
| 14. Dusadad.            | 28. Akran.             |  |
| 15. Hareth,—Atrayish.   | 29. Duhabshan          |  |

The history of these ancient kings is little else than a mere register of names. On the death of

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or Pigmies, a nation of monsters without heads (Acephali), and having eyes and mouths in their breasts, whom Herodotus and Mela placed in Abyssinia and Southern Africa. His subjects threw off their allegiance, and raised Shaerhabil, a descendant of Wathel, to the throne, who, after several





bloody battles, became undisputed master of the kingdom.

Belkis, according to the Arabs, was the famous Queen of Shéba or Saba, who visited and afterward married Solomon in the twenty-first year of her reign. Tabiri has introduced her story with such gorgeous embellishments, as to resemble a fairy tale rather than an episode in serious narrative. She is said to have been subdued by the Jewish monarch, who discovered her retreat among the mountains between Hejaz and Yemen by means of a lapwing, which he had despatched in search of water during his progress through Arabia. This princess is called Nicolaa by some writers. The Abyssinians claim the distinction for one of their queens; and have preserved the names of a dynasty alleged to have been descended from her union with Solomon.\* Yasasin, surnamed Nashirelnaim, or the Opulent, from his immense wealth, has the reputation of being a magnificent and warlike prince. His ambition carried him into the unknown deserts of the West; but the whirlwinds of moving sands compelled him to return, after losing a great part of his army, which he had rashly ordered to advance. To commemorate this disaster, he caused a brazen statue to be erected on a pedestal of stone, with an inscription in the Hamyaric character, importing that here was the limit of his progress; and that none, but at the peril of destruction, could attempt to go beyond it. The military achievements of Shamar, called Yaraash, or the Tremulous, from a disease to which he was subject, resemble those of his predecessors. He is recorded to have made various expeditions to Persia. He subdued Khora-

\* Russell's Nubia and Abyssinia, Family Library, No. LXX: From her designation of "Queen of the South" (Yemen), and the description of her presents to Solomon, "gold and spices, very great store," there is little doubt that Arabia was the native country of this famous princess.

san and other provinces: and traversing Sogdiana, he des tak hav mo gen war con the Cal and kin Ha for the his say his them again himself or allow others to do so.



Though the annals of the preceding dynasty are doubtless blended with romance, there seems good reason to believe that some of these Arabian monarchs were both enterprising and powerful. It would be useless, however, to form conjectures as to the reality or extent of their conquests; or attempt, at this distance of time, to reconcile the order of their succession with our systems of chronology. Kahtan, according to the Mosaic genealogy, was born 532 years after the flood; five or six generations, at the average rate of human life in those early ages, will bring us down to the death of Abraham; and this computation agrees with that of Nuvairi, who makes Hamyar coeval with Kedar, the son of Ishmael (B. C. 1430). Afreikus is said to have been contemporary with Joshua; but this supposition can hardly be reconciled with the statement that Belkis reigned in the days of Solomon (B. C. 901). As the dynasty of the Hamyarites changed

with Abimalec, who is reckoned contemporary with Alexander the Great, this circumstance may with great probability account for the chronological blank that occurs between the time of that prince and the Christian era.\*

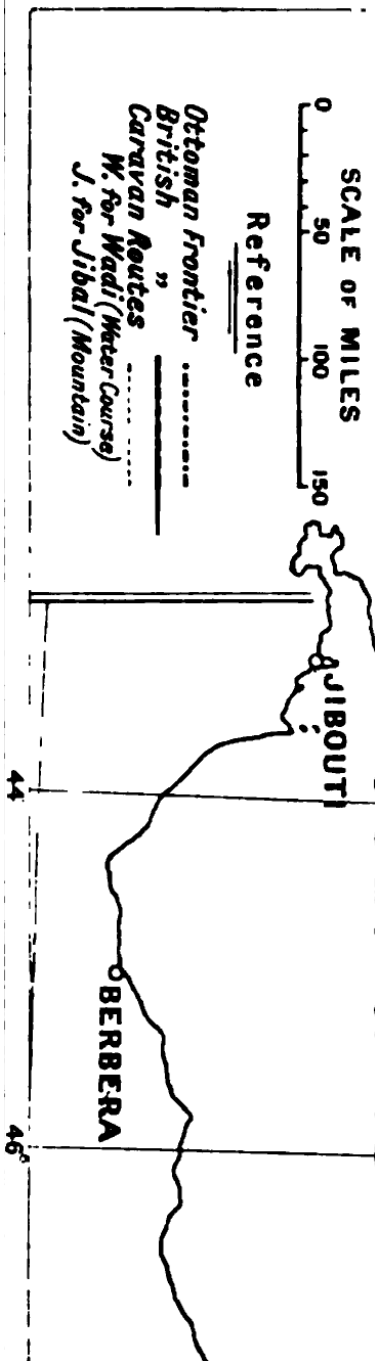
The reign of Akran forms a memorable epoch in Arabian history, on account of the political changes alleged to have been occasioned by the flood of El-Arem. The Mohammedan writers dwell at great length on this catastrophe, mixing its details with a variety of fabulous circumstances. The territory of Saba, though naturally fertile, had, according to Nuvairi and Masoudi, who have written elaborate treatises on this famous deluge, been rendered almost uninhabitable from the impetuosity of the mountain torrents, which destroyed their houses, harvests, and vineyards, and the whole produce of their industry. With a view to oppose some barrier to these ruinous floods, one of their kings, Saba, or Lokman, constructed a huge mole or bank, stretching across the valley, which was about a quarter of a mile in breadth, at the lower extremity of the adjacent mountains. It was built of solid masonry, the blocks of marble being cemented with bitumen and strengthened with iron bars. It rose to a great height above the city (Mareb), and was by the Sabæans deemed so strong, that many of them had their houses erected on its sides. The valley, to the distance of about five leagues, was thus converted into a vast lake 120 feet in depth, and receiving, according to Abulfeda, the tributary waters of seventy streams, some of which were conducted into

\* The annals of Persia present a similar chasin. "From the death of Alexander till the death of Artaxerxes is nearly five centuries; and the whole of that remarkable era may be termed a blank in Eastern history. Yet, when we refer to Roman writers, we find this period abounds with events of which the vainest nation might be proud."—*Malcolm's Hist. of Persia*, vol. i. chap. iv. p. 68.

it by artificial channels. In this mound were thirty sluices at three different heights, each about a cubit in diameter, through which the waters issued, and were conducted with the aid of machinery through smaller canals to the fields, gardens, and houses of the inhabitants. Mareb thus became, as Pliny calls it, the mistress of cities, and a diadem in the brow of the universe.

This golden age of Arabian antiquity is a favourite theme with their poets and historians, who expatiate on the extensive fields and forests of Saba, its beautiful edifices, and numerous orchards. A good horseman, says Masoudi, could scarcely ride over the length and breadth of this cultivated country in less than a month; and the traveller might wander from one extremity to the other without feeling the heat of the sun; for the thick foliage of the trees afforded a continual shade. Its luxuries were proverbial,—a pure air, a serene sky, wealth without its cares and inconveniences, all conspired to render Mareb the retreat of every blessing that can make life agreeable. The happy natives enjoyed among their groves and vineyards a peaceful and palmy security, clothed in embroidered garments of green silk, and rewarded with a double increase of their flocks and their fields. The kings were virtuous like their subjects. Their dominion, mild and equitable at home, was acknowledged and respected by the surrounding nations; for no enemy assailed them whom they had not defeated, and every region which they invaded had submitted to their arms.

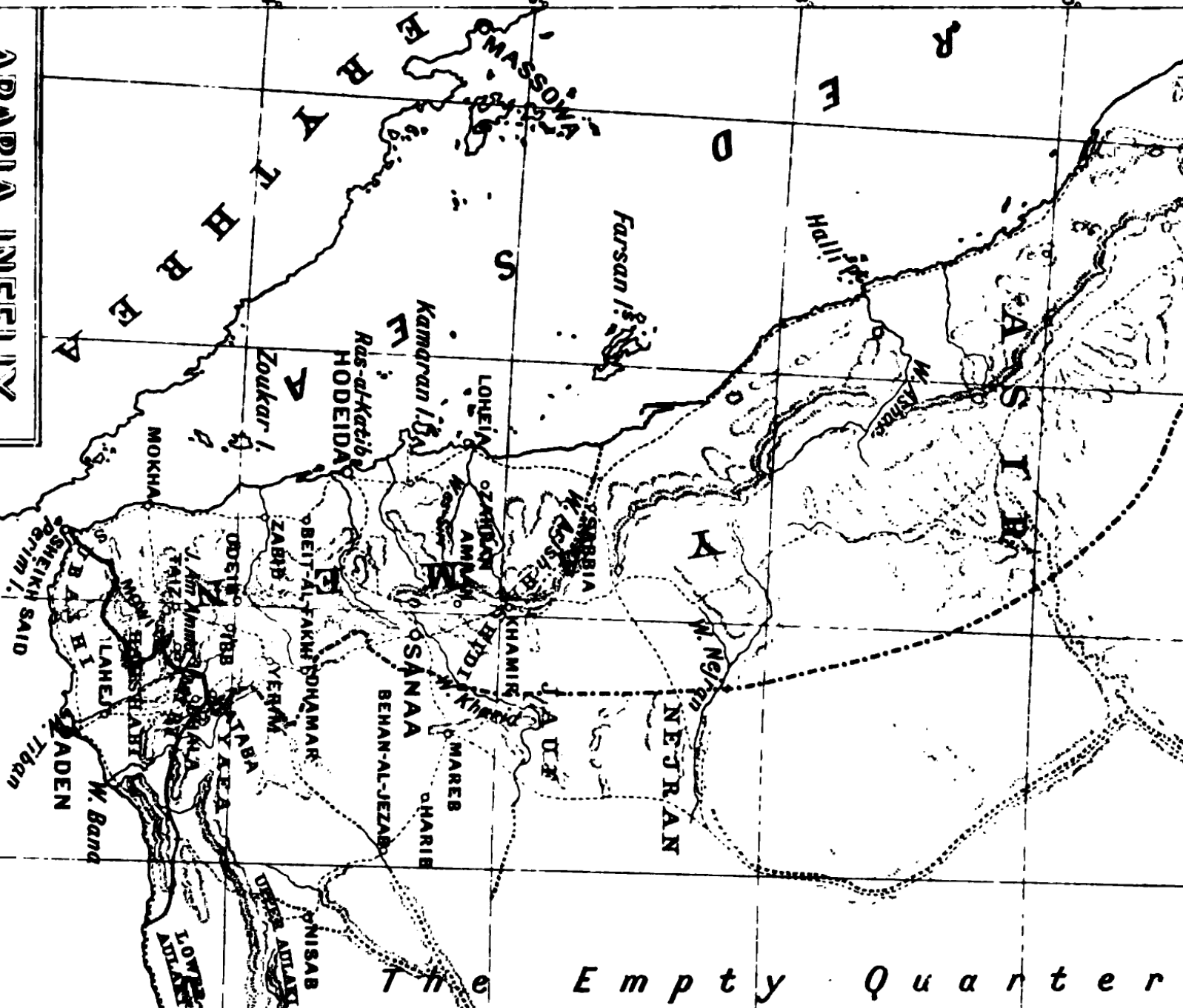
The capital itself, we are gravely told by a Turkish geographer, was distinguished by twelve peculiarities, not less attractive than its abundant streams and delicious fruits. Neither serpents, flies, nor other troublesome insects were to be found in it: strangers infested with vermin, particularly the third plague of the Egyptians, no sooner entered it than they were relieved: none of its citizens were



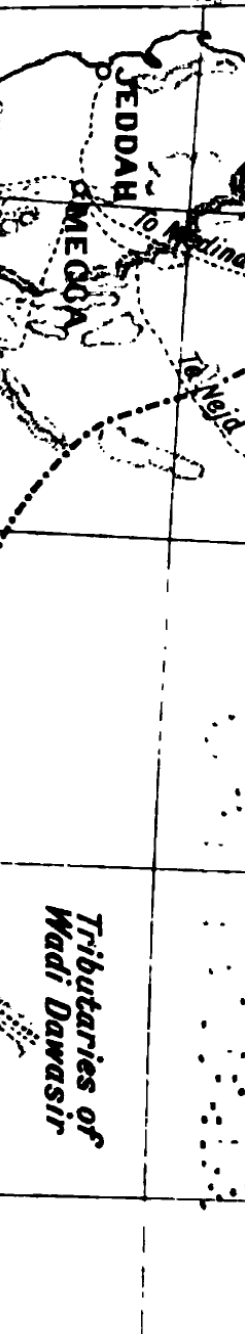
Map of Yemen in 1932

ARABIA INFELIX

GULF OF ADEN



The Empty Quarter



## 5. Arabia felix

At that point Eduard was totally annoyed.

- I really don't understand. You say to be concerned by this world by the path it is taking and the only thing you find to do is to escape from it and come here in hermitage.

The old man kept his silence.

- I think you're just selfish.

His Olympic calm was already eroded.

- Or maybe you're not that wise.

- You kid, you talk. What should we do? You tell me.

- Group. Organise. Struggle.

There was a fourth term in Eduard's mind, he kept it for himself. Conflict.

\*  
\*\*

In 1966 a colossal British film production went on theatres. Its title was **Khartoum** and was about the deeds of Gordon Pasha - a British mercenary serving power around the world and camouflaging it with his Christian faith - against Muhammad Ahmad, the self-proclaimed Mahdi in the Soudan. Not surprisingly, it is an epic of British well doings against a blood-thirsty irrational Arab. Charlton Heston plays the good-willing General: maybe this has been a step on his path from being a civil rights supporter to become president of the National Rifle Association years later.



But more interestingly, the Mahdi is impersonated by an over made-up Laurence Olivier. Laurence Olivier is was a British actor that - besides his late odd adventures in Iraqi film industries - did not a speak a word of Arabic, was more interested in Shakespeare than in Islamic culture and did not look like a Sudanese at all. A thick layer of make up gleams on his face in every shot of the movie; heavy eye-liner orientalises his figure; wide open eyes express his madness; a malicious smile betrays his nastiness; sudden shouting unveils his fury. Through Olivier, the Mahdi speaks a messianic and rich English that is bewildered by his artificial and prominent Rs. Maybe for a British audience that could sound Scottish but in the rest of the world, that Rs are the untamed ones of the under-civilised .

On the other side, Heston worked out his British accent and polished his pronunciation in order to achieve an elegant low tone that gives him a nobility status.

Heston affirms that his servant is not a slave, that he follows him "out of love" the rhetoric of slavery abolition in Victorian Britain is instrumental to the support the idea of the superiority of Christendom. Then he shows him a "gift" that he obtained by mating a revolution in China: a superb silk robe. He underlines the fact that "it comes from London"

Oliviers often keeps his mouth a bit open, giving him a wild air. His tongue is visible, he's doggy, clumsy and inexorable at the same time.

\*

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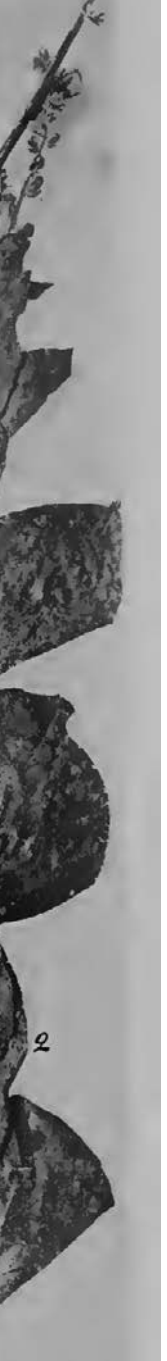
Is there a difference?



Is there a difference?







Once, when King Solomon had bidden<sup>1</sup> the neighbouring kings bordering upon his country to come up unto him, for to shew them his glory, and especially, to shew them his ability to talk to the animals and birds and creeping things, compelling them to dance before him and to do whatsoever he should bid<sup>2</sup>, he obtained his desire.

The kings of the east and west, north and south, soon gathered themselves together into his banqueting hall, and they all sat down to observe this great spectacle. When the king's scribes had called out to the animals by their names, they all entered the hall, one by one, without any man leading them, and without any of them being bound by fetters or restraints. While this was taking place, King Solomon noticed that the hoopoe bird<sup>3</sup> was nowhere to be found among the birds, and so he

<sup>1</sup> bidden - invited

<sup>2</sup> bid - command

<sup>3</sup> Its taxonomic name is *Upupa epops*, a bird having black-and-white striped wing feathers, orange coloured plumage and a feathered crest resembling that of a cock's comb.



bade his servants to bring unto him the bird, desiring to have him severely punished. When he was eventually brought before the king, the king enquired where he had been. The hoopoe replied that the king should not be wroth, for he had gone for days without food and drink, flying in the heavens, hoping withal to find a land or kingdom where Solomon's fame had not yet reached, and then to return unto the king, and duly report his findings to the king. After these entreaties, the bird proceeded to report on a kingdom which he had discovered afar off, governed by a queen, the queen of Sheba, from the castle Qitor. Their country, he said, was a good land, with trees and gardens watered by the rivers issuing forth from the Garden of Eden, and where there was gold and silver aplenty, and where the citizens of that country made no warlike manœuvres, and wore crowns upon their heads. At hearing this, King Solomon took up the hoopoe in his hands, and commanded his scribes to write a message to the queen of Sheba, which message should then be bound unto the wing of the bird, and the bird sent back on his journey into the land of Sheba. The content of that message was this.

“From me, King Solomon: Greetings unto thee and greetings to thy servants. In order

that you might know that God hath made me king over the wild beasts and fowl of the heavens, and that all the kings of the east and of the west, of the south and of the north, do come and salute me, so, too, if it likes<sup>4</sup> thee, come thou unto me and pay homage unto me. Great honour attends<sup>5</sup> thee, if thou wilt but come unto me. And thine would be the honour not given to other kings; But if you will have naught<sup>6</sup> to do with me, neither wilt thou come and salute me, then know of a certainty that I will send unto thee kings and legions and horsemen for against thee a war to wage. Now if you shall ask within yourself who are these kings and legions and horsemen whom King Solomon hath to send, be apprised that the wild creatures they are the kings and legions and horsemen. And if you shall ask, moreover, which of these creatures are the horsemen in this army, be apprised that the fowl of the air they are the horsemen. My troops are the spirits, whilst the demons and little she-devils<sup>7</sup> are the legions who will strangle you upon your beds in the midst of your houses. And the wild beasts shall kill you in

4 likes - pleases

5 attends - awaits

6 naught - nothing

7 The so-called Succubus

the fields, while the birds of the heavens shall devour your flesh from your bodies!"

Now since the hoopoe bird was greatly desirous of being sent back to the land of Sheba with a message from the king, he was forthwith released with this message to bring to the queen of Sheba. Whereupon, he spread his wings aloft, cried out as he flew away, and was quickly joined by a large flock of birds incapable of being numbered. These all lighted upon the castle Qitor, in the land of Sheba, at the time when the queen of Sheba was going out in the morning to make her obeisance to the sun as it began to rise. But for the multitude of birds, the sun would have put forth its rays. Yet, now, the sky was darkened by a swarm of fluttering creatures. The queen, being astonied<sup>8</sup> by such a sight, immediately rent her garment. At this token, the hoopoe bird suddenly descended in plain view of the queen, and she took notice that there was a letter bound to one of its wings. She took up the bird and untied the letter, reading what was written therein. Again, she could not withhold her alarum<sup>9</sup> and great surprise, and so she raised her hand a second time, and rent her garment. She then sent and called for

8 astonied - astonished

9 alarum - alarm

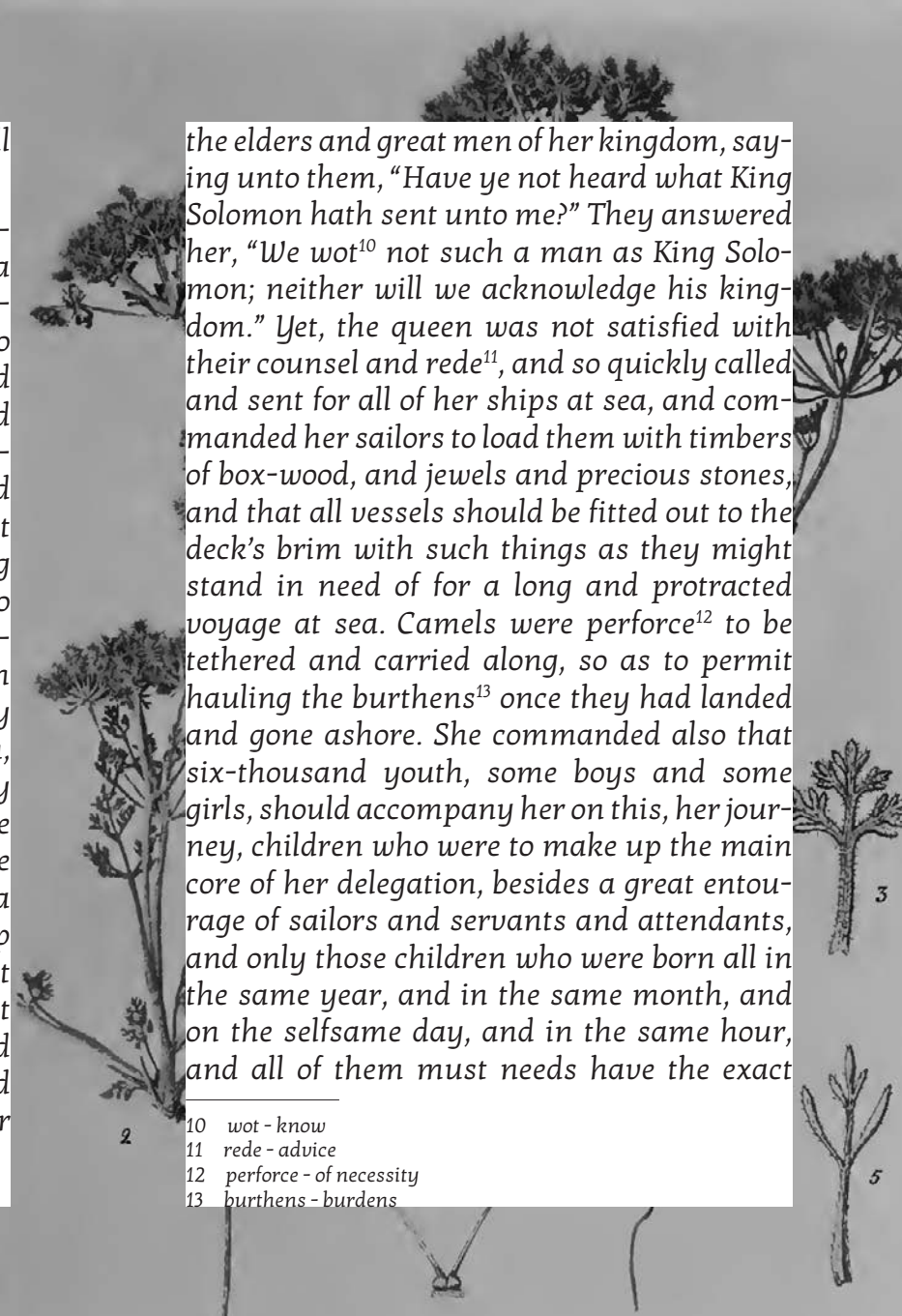
the elders and great men of her kingdom, saying unto them, "Have ye not heard what King Solomon hath sent unto me?" They answered her, "We wot<sup>10</sup> not such a man as King Solomon; neither will we acknowledge his kingdom." Yet, the queen was not satisfied with their counsel and rede<sup>11</sup>, and so quickly called and sent for all of her ships at sea, and commanded her sailors to load them with timbers of box-wood, and jewels and precious stones, and that all vessels should be fitted out to the deck's brim with such things as they might stand in need of for a long and protracted voyage at sea. Camels were perforce<sup>12</sup> to be tethered and carried along, so as to permit hauling the burthens<sup>13</sup> once they had landed and gone ashore. She commanded also that six-thousand youth, some boys and some girls, should accompany her on this, her journey, children who were to make up the main core of her delegation, besides a great entourage of sailors and servants and attendants, and only those children who were born all in the same year, and in the same month, and on the selfsame day, and in the same hour, and all of them must needs have the exact

10 wot - know

11 rede - advice

12 perforce - of necessity

13 burthens - burdens



same height or stature, and all of them must have the same barbed<sup>14</sup> hair, and all must be clad in tunics purple, so as to make it hard, at first sight, to tell betwixt<sup>15</sup> them, that is, lasses from lads.

Meanwhile, the queen of Sheba sent back a message to King Solomon, begging leave of the king to come unto him in seven years' time, considering the long voyage that had to be taken at sea. For such would be the time needed to fit out an expedition, and to set sail when the winds were favourable, and then to circumnavigate the entire continent<sup>16</sup>, docking at the various ports while en route, in order to rest and to replenish their stock, and again, to baulk<sup>17</sup> travelling the Great Sea (i.e., the Mediterranean) in the midst of winter for fear of being shipwrecked. Howbeit, she added, if the king should pray to his God, perhaps she'd come unto him in only three years' time. Now the men and sailors of Sheba, though skilful at sea, knew not that had they embarked on their journey by foot, traversing the great and barren wastelands, they would have reached their destination in far less time.

14 barbed - trimmed, cut

15 betwixt - between

16 Meaning, the continent of Africa, since the Suez Canal was not yet built

17 baulk - avoid

At the end of three years, the queen of Sheba came with her entourage, a great train of servants and attendants, bearing in their camels' baggage precious stones, and gold and silver, and much spices, as well the Balsam of Mecca<sup>18</sup>. The king, having intelligence that they had arrived off shore, sent along Benaiah, the son of Yehoiada, to greet them and to bring them on their way<sup>19</sup> to Jerusalem. Now this man was of extraordinary beauty and grace, like the dawn when it breaks forth in the morning, and like the planet Venus which shines out brightly amongst the stars, and like a water lily<sup>20</sup> standing by the rivulets of water. So when the queen of Sheba saw him, she mistook him for being King Solomon, and so lighted off her camel. Benaiah, the son of Yehoiada, enquired why she had gotten herself down from her camel. She answered, "Art thou not King Solomon?" He returned an answer, saying that he was not the king, but rather one of his attendants who stood before him. At hearing this answer, she immediately turned aside her face, and made this proverb

18 Hebrew: afarsemon (Heb. אפרסמון), also falsemon. Believed to be *Balsamodendron opobalsamum*, but classified by some botanists as *Commiphora opobalsamum* (which has yet still the other taxonomic name of *Commiphora gileadensis*), a tree still found in the Dhofar district of Yemen. A similare tree is *Commiphora meccanensis*.

19 bring them on their way - escort them, accompany them

20 Genus: *Nymphaea*



to her great men who came along with her in this journey. "If you have not seen for yourselves the lion, then come! Observe the place where he coucheth<sup>21</sup>! If you have not yet seen King Solomon, then come! Observe the visage of a good man who standeth before him<sup>22</sup>!"

She and her great train were conducted by Benaiah, the son of Yehoiada, to Jerusalem, and when the king was told that the queen of Sheba had just arrived in the city, he stood up from his place and went to sit in his glass pavilion. The queen was brought before him, and when she saw the king sitting in his glass pavilion, she thought within herself that the king sat upon water, and so proceeded to draw up the hem of her dress so that she could pass over without getting wet. The king her legs then saw, being full of hair, and could not hide his displeasure. Whenas<sup>23</sup> her seat beside him she took, the king privily<sup>24</sup> unto her didst say, "Thy beauty is the beauty befitting women, but thy hairs are the hairs befitting men. Hair on a man's body is comely, but uncomely on a woman's."

21 coucheth - lies down, crouches

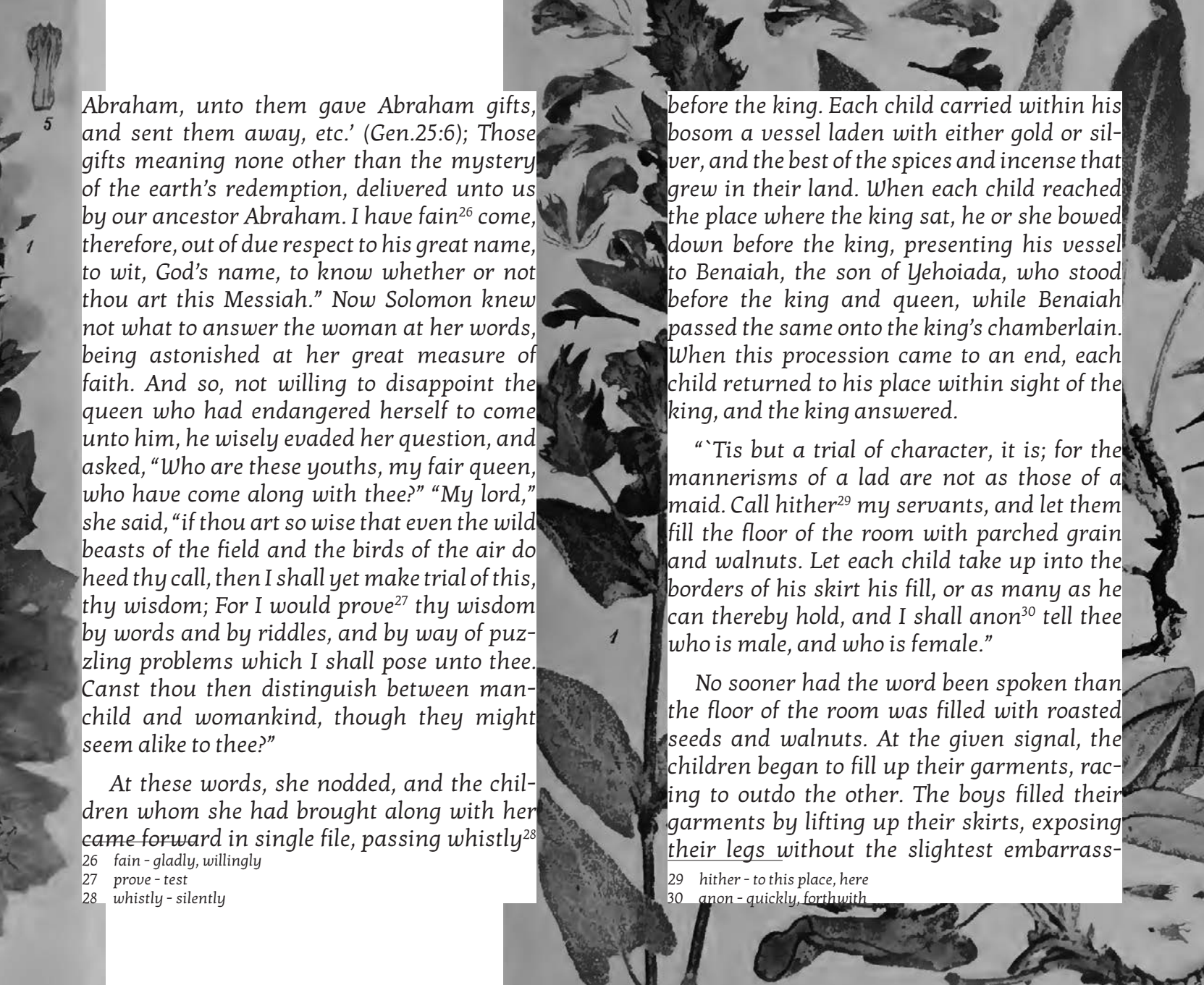
22 Meaning, if you wish to know the greatness of a king, observe the caliber of men who serve him

23 whenas - when, since

24 privily - in a privy manner, secretly, privately

Now the king greatly desired her beauty, but was taken aback by the hair upon her legs, and so it was that he contrived a way by which hairs could be removed, that is, by taking an admixture of lime and water and orpiment (arsenic trisulfide), which the king himself invented and published abroad, calling it neskasir. When the queen had bathed herself that night in its brew, the hair upon her legs fell off, and she found favour in the eyes of the king, who then brought her into his bedchamber. Now while she yet sat in his glass pavilion, the king asked her, "What portends to thy coming, my fair queen? Hath the tokens of the hoopoe bird summoned thee unto me, which he didst carry in his wings aloft?" She answered, "Nay, my lord the king. 'Twas not merely tidings from thee which didst trouble me, for none there is who durst<sup>25</sup> look with contempt upon thy calling. But rather, we have heard it stated by our ancestors of old, even by Abraham who was married to Keturah, who bare him six sons, from whom came Sheba our ancestor, that Abraham's offspring would bring forth a ruler, even the Messiah, who would exercise dominion in the world. For this is what was meant by the words, 'For as to the sons of the concubines belonging to

25 durst - dare



Abraham, unto them gave Abraham gifts, and sent them away, etc.' (Gen.25:6); Those gifts meaning none other than the mystery of the earth's redemption, delivered unto us by our ancestor Abraham. I have fain<sup>26</sup> come, therefore, out of due respect to his great name, to wit, God's name, to know whether or not thou art this Messiah." Now Solomon knew not what to answer the woman at her words, being astonished at her great measure of faith. And so, not willing to disappoint the queen who had endangered herself to come unto him, he wisely evaded her question, and asked, "Who are these youths, my fair queen, who have come along with thee?" "My lord," she said, "if thou art so wise that even the wild beasts of the field and the birds of the air do heed thy call, then I shall yet make trial of this, thy wisdom; For I would prove<sup>27</sup> thy wisdom by words and by riddles, and by way of puzzling problems which I shall pose unto thee. Canst thou then distinguish between man-child and womankind, though they might seem alike to thee?"

At these words, she nodded, and the children whom she had brought along with her came forward in single file, passing whistly<sup>28</sup>

26 fain - gladly, willingly

27 prove - test

28 whistly - silently

before the king. Each child carried within his bosom a vessel laden with either gold or silver, and the best of the spices and incense that grew in their land. When each child reached the place where the king sat, he or she bowed down before the king, presenting his vessel to Benaiah, the son of Yehoiada, who stood before the king and queen, while Benaiah passed the same onto the king's chamberlain. When this procession came to an end, each child returned to his place within sight of the king, and the king answered.

"'Tis but a trial of character, it is; for the mannerisms of a lad are not as those of a maid. Call hither<sup>29</sup> my servants, and let them fill the floor of the room with parched grain and walnuts. Let each child take up into the borders of his skirt his fill, or as many as he can thereby hold, and I shall anon<sup>30</sup> tell thee who is male, and who is female."

No sooner had the word been spoken than the floor of the room was filled with roasted seeds and walnuts. At the given signal, the children began to fill up their garments, racing to outdo the other. The boys filled their garments by lifting up their skirts, exposing their legs without the slightest embarrass-

29 hither - to this place, here

30 anon - quickly, forthwith

ment or shame. The girls, however, bent over awry, and out of modesty would not expose their legs.

"Here, then, my queen, are thy menservants and here are thy maidservants!" quoth<sup>31</sup> Solomon, who rising up from his chair did signal with his hand to separate lasses<sup>32</sup> from lads, putting the one on his right side, and the other on his left side.

The queen, not yet convinced of the king's wisdom, answered. "My lord the king, this may have been but a silly<sup>33</sup> trial of character for thee, yet perchance<sup>34</sup> other questions and hard riddles will prove thy wisdom most consummately. Suffer<sup>35</sup> me, therefore, to ask thee three questions more, which if thou shalt rightly answer, disclosing the hidden meanings of my words, I shall know indeed that thou art a wise man of uncommon standing. Yet, if thou shalt fail, thou shalt be esteemed as other men of regal order. Tell me, if you can, since we have heard that thou art wise also in the natural sciences, what is like unto a wooden well, the contents of which are drawn up, as it were, by a bucket of iron; that thing taken

up no more than stones, which forthwith are irrigated by water?"

Answered the king, "The reed container or vial which carrieth the black antimony known as stibium<sup>36</sup>, which stone when crushed is used by women in painting their eyelids, and by men as a remedy in eye ailments, and which they apply to themselves by wetting the iron pin with their spittle<sup>37</sup>."

"Right!" said the queen, and then proceeded to ask the king another question, saying, "What is like dust, in that it cometh forth from the earth? Yet, when it cometh forth, its food becomes the earth upon which we stand. It is spilt as water, and causes the house to be seen?" Answered the king, "Naphtha<sup>38</sup>!"

"Right!" said the queen, and then propounded an even harder riddle to ask the king, saying, "Whenever there is a strong gale, this thing is still<sup>39</sup> at the forefront. It maketh a great and bitter shout, and boweth down its head as a bulrush<sup>40</sup>. It is a thing spoken of highly by the rich and wealthy, yet loathed by the poor;

31 quoth - said

32 lasses - young girls

33 silly - simple

34 perchance - perhaps

35 suffer - allow, permit

36 Stibium - kohl

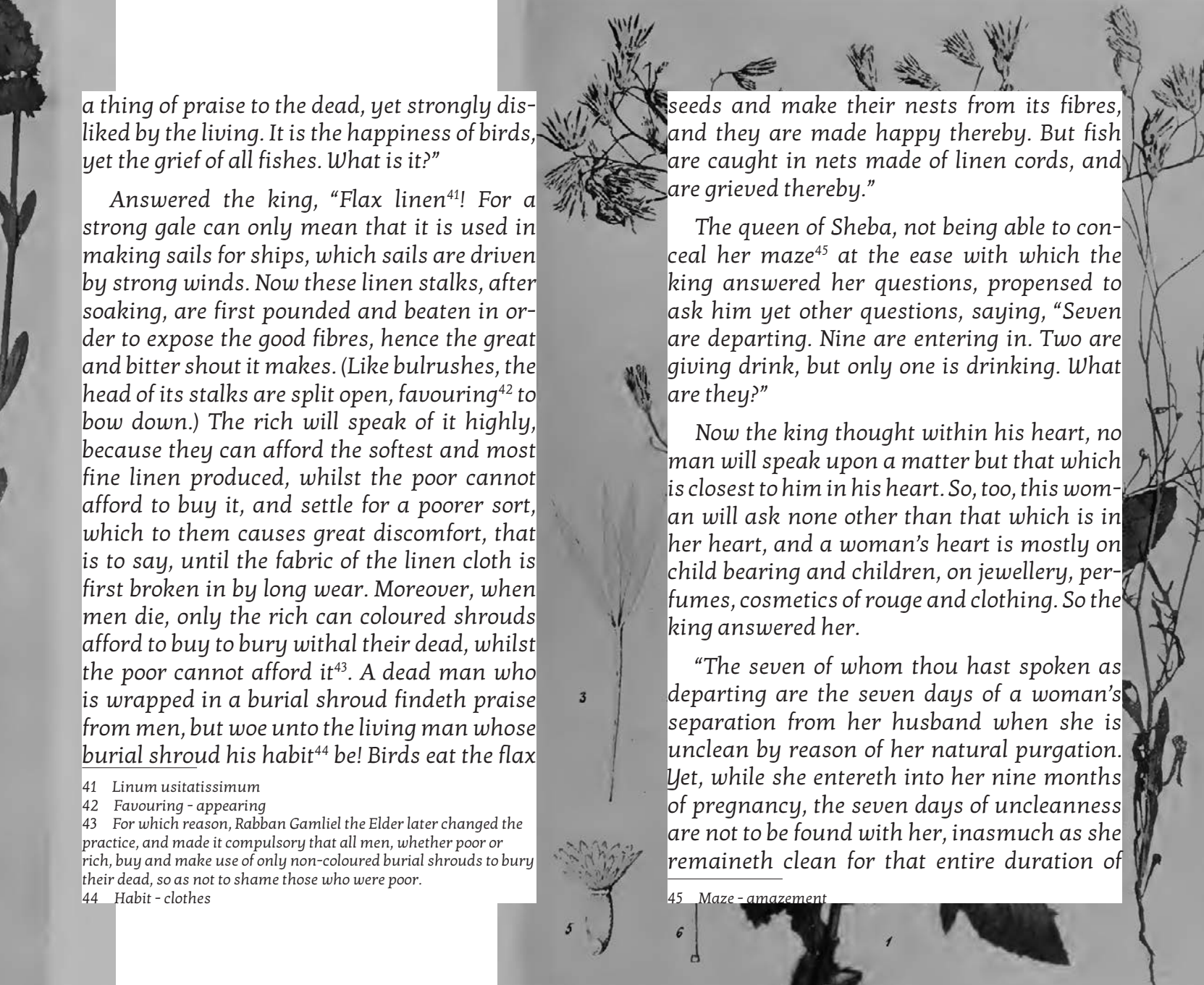
37 That is, the stibium clings to the spittle on the iron pin. Stibium is said to protect the eyes against ophtalmia

38 Naphtha - petroleum (oleum petræ)

39 Still - always

40 Today these plants are more commonly called Cattails (Genus: Typha)





a thing of praise to the dead, yet strongly disliked by the living. It is the happiness of birds, yet the grief of all fishes. What is it?"

Answered the king, "Flax linen<sup>41</sup>! For a strong gale can only mean that it is used in making sails for ships, which sails are driven by strong winds. Now these linen stalks, after soaking, are first pounded and beaten in order to expose the good fibres, hence the great and bitter shout it makes. (Like bulrushes, the head of its stalks are split open, favouring<sup>42</sup> to bow down.) The rich will speak of it highly, because they can afford the softest and most fine linen produced, whilst the poor cannot afford to buy it, and settle for a poorer sort, which to them causes great discomfort, that is to say, until the fabric of the linen cloth is first broken in by long wear. Moreover, when men die, only the rich can coloured shrouds afford to buy to bury withal their dead, whilst the poor cannot afford it<sup>43</sup>. A dead man who is wrapped in a burial shroud findeth praise from men, but woe unto the living man whose burial shroud his habit<sup>44</sup> be! Birds eat the flax

41 *Linum usitatissimum*

42 Favouring - appearing

43 For which reason, Rabban Gamliel the Elder later changed the practice, and made it compulsory that all men, whether poor or rich, buy and make use of only non-coloured burial shrouds to bury their dead, so as not to shame those who were poor.

44 Habit - clothes

seeds and make their nests from its fibres, and they are made happy thereby. But fish are caught in nets made of linen cords, and are grieved thereby."

The queen of Sheba, not being able to conceal her maze<sup>45</sup> at the ease with which the king answered her questions, propensed to ask him yet other questions, saying, "Seven are departing. Nine are entering in. Two are giving drink, but only one is drinking. What are they?"

Now the king thought within his heart, no man will speak upon a matter but that which is closest to him in his heart. So, too, this woman will ask none other than that which is in her heart, and a woman's heart is mostly on child bearing and children, on jewellery, perfumes, cosmetics of rouge and clothing. So the king answered her.

"The seven of whom thou hast spoken as departing are the seven days of a woman's separation from her husband when she is unclean by reason of her natural purgation. Yet, while she entereth into her nine months of pregnancy, the seven days of uncleanness are not to be found with her, inasmuch as she remaineth clean for that entire duration of

45 Maze - amazement

time. Thus, the seven being departed, the nine come in. Whilst the two whom thou sayest are giving drink, these are the two breasts giving milk to the newborn babe. However, the only one actually drinking from those breasts is the babe himself!"

Again, she asked the king: "Tell me, if wot thou<sup>46</sup>, where are the waters that have never fallen down, neither have they flowed from the brow<sup>47</sup> of heaven, nor from the rocks and bubbling springs and brooks, but are betimes sweeter than honey and are betimes more bitter than wormwood, even though they proceed from the very same source?" Answered Solomon: "The tear does not come from the brow of heaven, neither from the rock will it gush forth upon the cheeks; when man's heart is happy, the tears are sweet to his eyes, but when in pain and in trouble, they are seven times more bitter!"

She continued: "This thing, at first, goeth upon four. Then it goeth upon two. At last, it goeth upon three. What is it?"

The king replied. "When a child is born, he first crawls upon four. When he learns to walk, he walketh upon twain<sup>48</sup>. When the

46 If wot thou - if you know

47 Brow - height

48 Twain - two

child becomes old, and is waxen<sup>49</sup> in years, he is holpen<sup>50</sup> by the cane - hence, he goes upon three."

She asked furthermore, "A woman once said to her son, 'Thy father is my father. Thy grandfather is my husband. Thou art my son, and I am thy sister.' Who can this be?" The king, reflecting, said, "This can be none other than one of the two daughters of Lot<sup>51</sup>. They alone could have said this."

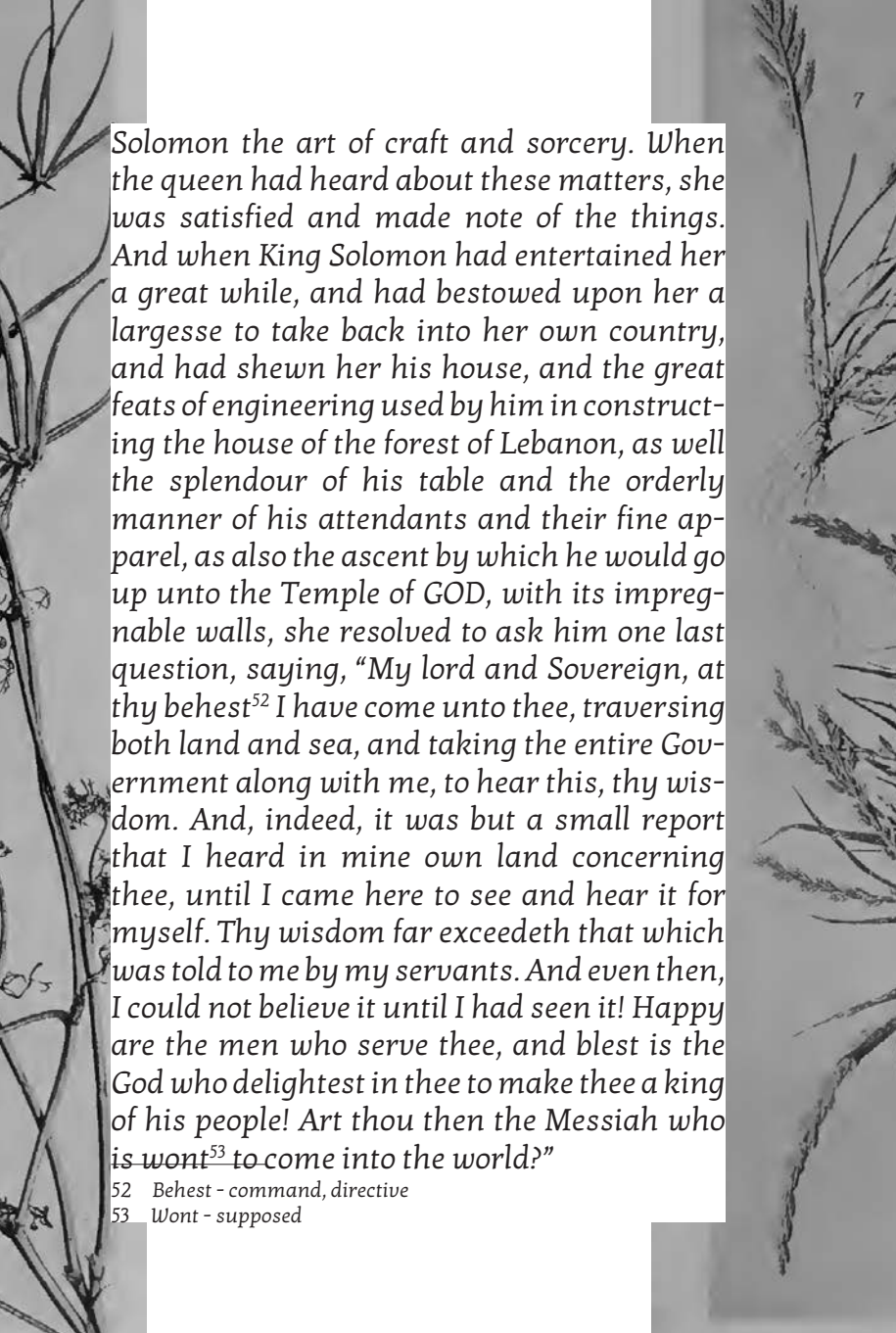
Then she asked: "Without movement while living, it moveth when its head is cut off. What is it?" Pausing for a moment, he answered: "A tree, which, when its top is removed, can be made into a moving ship at sea."

The queen, realizing the wisdom with which King Solomon had been endowed by his God, left off asking him riddles, and so sought answers to those long-standing questions which she had long ago asked herself in her own land, but could find no answers. She enquired of King Solomon concerning the snake bones used by men against three types of sorceries, and how the snakes were caught, since she stood in need of those snakes. Now Ashmodai, the prince of the demons, had taught

49 Waxen - grown

50 Holpen - helped

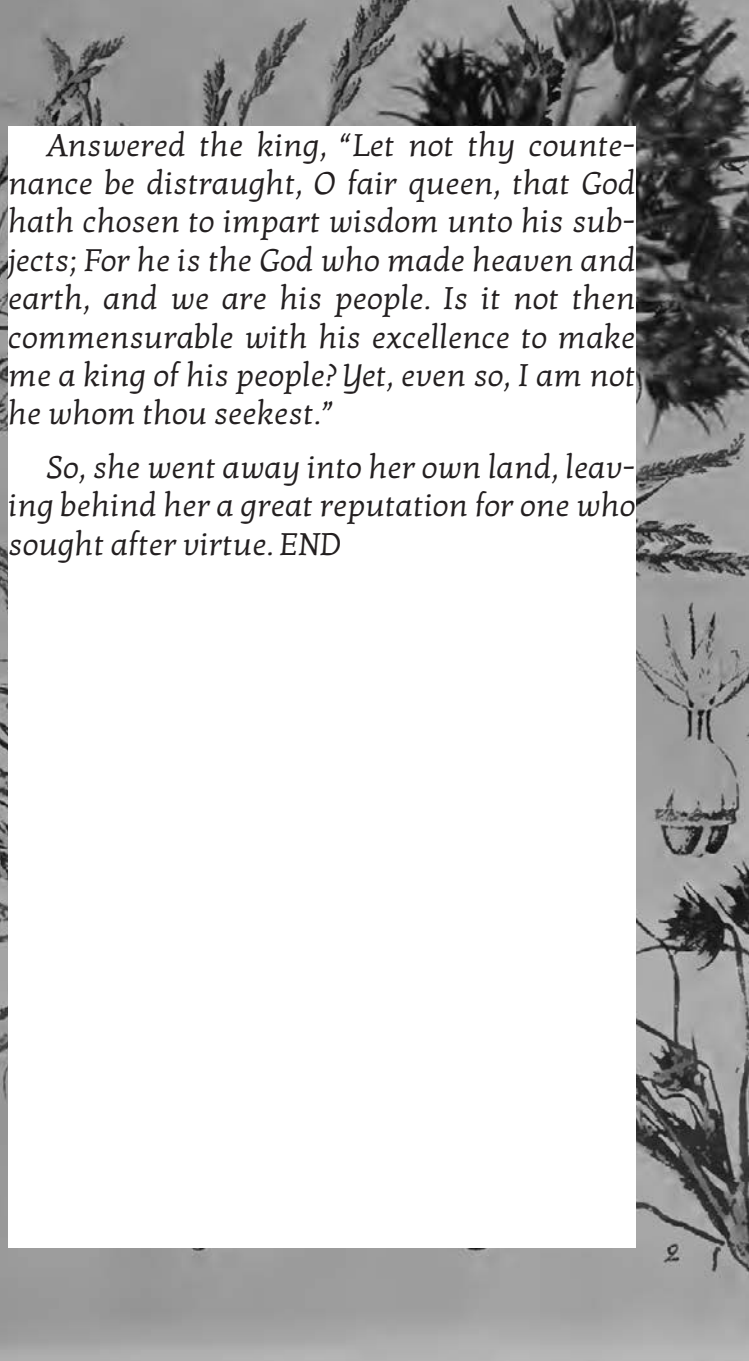
51 The story of Lot's daughters is related in Genesis 19:30-ff



Solomon the art of craft and sorcery. When the queen had heard about these matters, she was satisfied and made note of the things. And when King Solomon had entertained her a great while, and had bestowed upon her a largesse to take back into her own country, and had shewn her his house, and the great feats of engineering used by him in constructing the house of the forest of Lebanon, as well the splendour of his table and the orderly manner of his attendants and their fine apparel, as also the ascent by which he would go up unto the Temple of GOD, with its impregnable walls, she resolved to ask him one last question, saying, "My lord and Sovereign, at thy behest<sup>52</sup> I have come unto thee, traversing both land and sea, and taking the entire Government along with me, to hear this, thy wisdom. And, indeed, it was but a small report that I heard in mine own land concerning thee, until I came here to see and hear it for myself. Thy wisdom far exceedeth that which was told to me by my servants. And even then, I could not believe it until I had seen it! Happy are the men who serve thee, and blest is the God who delightest in thee to make thee a king of his people! Art thou then the Messiah who is wont<sup>53</sup> to come into the world?"

52 Behest - command, directive

53 Wont - supposed



Answered the king, "Let not thy countenance be distraught, O fair queen, that God hath chosen to impart wisdom unto his subjects; For he is the God who made heaven and earth, and we are his people. Is it not then commensurable with his excellence to make me a king of his people? Yet, even so, I am not he whom thou seekest."

So, she went away into her own land, leaving behind her a great reputation for one who sought after virtue. END





3





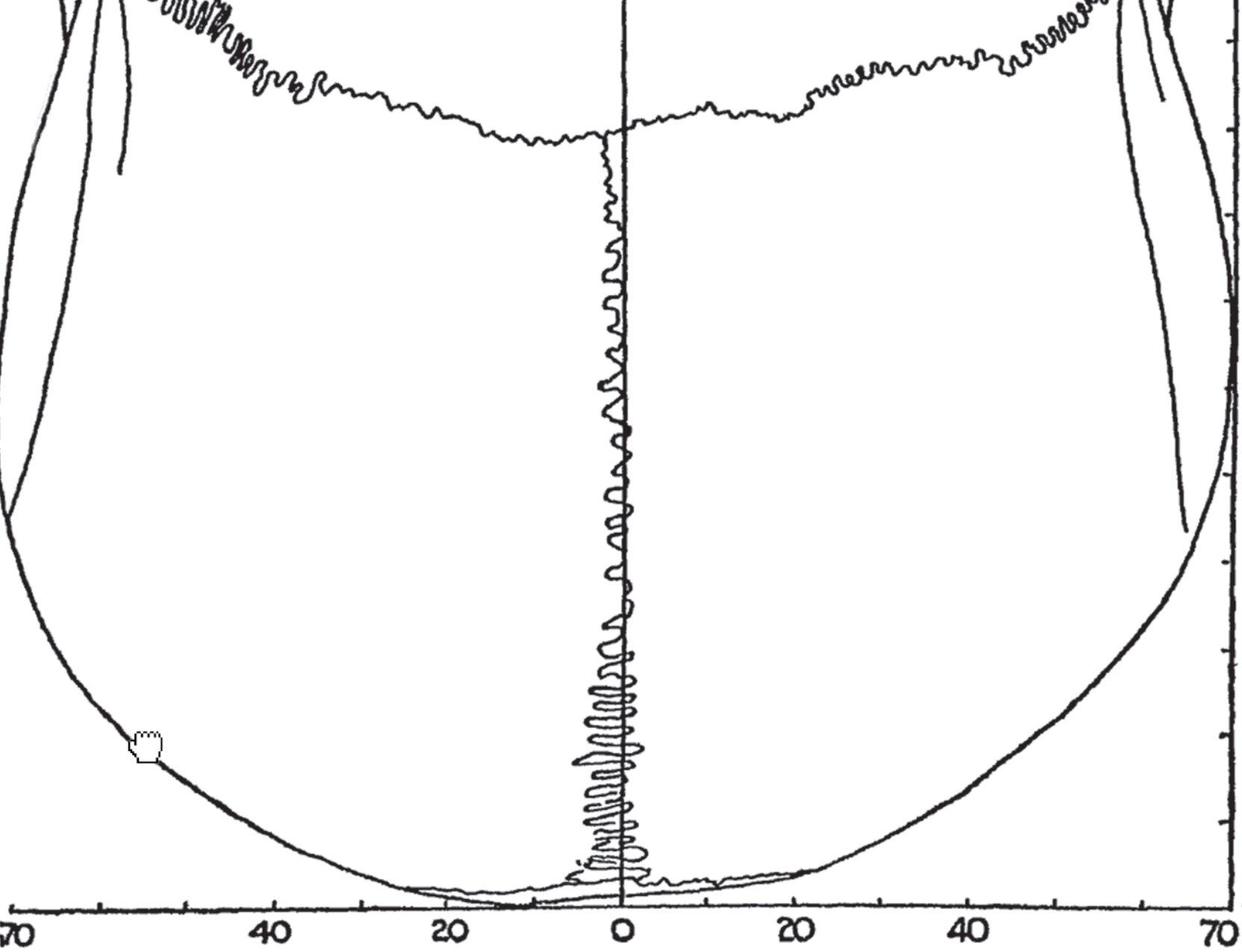



Figure 9

## *6. Voglio vederti danzare*

*Now, Eduard was disoriented.*



**Et in Arcadia ego** (second version), Nicolas Poussin, 1638-1640,  oil on canvas, 87×120 cm, Musée du Louvre, Paris.





## APPENDIX I

ARABI'S ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND OF THE EVENTS OF 1881-1882,  
AS TOLD TO ME, WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT, IN ARABIC YESTERDAY,  
MARCH 16TH, 1903, AT SHEYKH OBEYD

I was born in the year 1840 at Horiyeh, near Zagazig, in the Sherkieh. My father was Sheykh of the village, and owned eight and a half feddans of land, which I inherited from him and gradually increased by savings out of my pay, which at one time was as much as £250 a month, till it amounted to 570 feddans, and that was the amount confiscated at the time of my trial. I bought the land cheaply in those days for a few pounds a feddan which is worth a great deal now, especially as it was in a poor state (*wahash*) when I bought it and now is in good cultivation. But none of it was given me by Saïd Pasha or any one, and the acreage I inherited was only eight and a half. I invested all the money I could save in land, and had no other invested money or movable property except a little furniture and some horses and such like, which may have been worth £1,000.

As a boy I studied for two years at the Azhar, but was taken for a soldier when I was only fourteen, as I was a tall well grown lad and Saïd Pasha wanted to have as many as possible of the sons of the village Sheykhs, and train them to be officers. I was made to go through an examination, and what I had learned at the Azhar served me well, and I was made a *boulok-amin*, clerk, instead of serving in the ranks, at sixty piastres a month. I did not, however, like this, as I thought I should never rise to any high position, and I wished to be a personage like the Mudir of our province, so I petitioned Ibrahim Bey, who was my superior, to be put back into the ranks. Ibrahim Bey showed me that I should lose by this as my pay would then be only fifty piastres, but I insisted and so served. I was put soon after to another examination, out of which I came first, and they made me *chowish*, and then to a third and they made me lieutenant when I was only seventeen. Suliman Pasha el Franzawi was so pleased with me that he insisted with Saïd Pasha on giving me promotion, and I became captain at eighteen, major at nineteen, and Lieutenant-Colonel, *Caimakam*, at twenty. Then Saïd Pasha took me with him as A. D. C. when he went to Medina, about a year before he died. That was in A. H. 1279 (1862?).



Said Pasha's death was a great misfortune to me and to all, as he was favourable to the children of the country. Ismail was quite otherwise. In his time everything was put back into the hands of the Turks and Circassians, and the Egyptians in the army got no protection and no promotion. I went on serving as Caimakam for twelve years without much incident till war came with Abyssinia. I was not sent to the war with Russia, but when the war with Abyssinia broke out all available troops were wanted, and the garrisons were withdrawn from the stations on the Haj Road, and I was sent to do this. I was sent quite alone without a single soldier or a single piastre and had to get there as best I could on a camel. I went in this way to Nakhl and Akaba and Wej collecting the garrisons and putting in Arabs to take charge of the forts there as *ghaffirs*. Then we crossed over the sea to Kosseir and so by Keneh to Cairo. I was not paid a penny for this service or even my expenses. The country was in a fearful state of oppression, and it was then I began to interest myself in politics to save my countrymen from ruin. I was sent on to Massowa from Cairo and took part in the campaign of which Ratib Pasha was commander-in-chief, with Loringe Pasha, the American, as Chief of the Staff. I was not present at the battle of Kora, being in charge of the transport service between Massowa and the army. It was a disastrous battle, seven *ortas* being completely destroyed. Loringe Pasha was the officer mostly in fault. The Khedive's son, Hassan, was there, but only as a boy, to learn soldiering. He was not in command nor is it true that he was taken prisoner by the Abyssinians.

After this I thought much about politics. I remember to have seen Sheykh Jemal-ed-Din, but not to speak to, but my former connection with the Azhar made me acquainted with several of his disciples. The most distinguished of them were Sheykh Mohammed Abdu, and Sheykh Hassan el Towil. The first book that ever gave me ideas about political matters was an Arabic translation of the "Life of Bonaparte" by Colonel Louis. The book had been brought by Said Pasha with him to Medina, and its account of the conquest of Egypt by 30,000 Frenchmen so angered him that he threw the book on the ground, saying "See how your countrymen let themselves be beaten." And I took it up and read all that night, without sleeping, till the morning. Then I told Said Pasha that I had read it and that I saw that the French had been victorious because they were better drilled and organized, and that we could do as well in Egypt if we tried.

You ask me about the affair of the riot against Nubar Pasha in the time of Ismail and whether I had a hand in it. I had none, for the reason that I was away at Rashid (Rosetta) with my regiment. But the day before the thing happened I was telegraphed for by the War Office

with my fellow Caimakam, Mohammed Bey Nadi, to deal with the case of a number of soldiers that had been disbanded by the new Ministers without their arrears of pay or even bread to eat, and who were at Abbassiyeh. But I knew nothing of what was being arranged against Nubar. That was done by order of the Khedive, Ismail Pasha, through a servant of his, Shahin Pasha, and his brother-in-law, Latif Eff. Selim, director of the military college. These got up a demonstration of the students of the college, who went in a body to the Ministry of Finance. They were joined on the way by some of the disbanded soldiers and officers, not many, but some. At the Ministry they found Nubar getting into his carriage, and they assaulted him, pulled his moustache, and boxed his ears. Then Ismail Pasha was sent for to quell the riot and he came with Abd-el-Kader Pasha and Ali Bey Fehmy, the colonel of his guard, whom he ordered to fire on the students, but Ali Fehmy ordered his men to fire over their heads and nobody was hurt. Ali Fehmy was not with us at that time. He was devoted to Ismail, having married a lady of the palace, but he did not like to shed the blood of these young men.

Ismail Pasha, to conceal his part in it and that of those who got up the affair, accused Nadi Bey and me and Ali Bey Roubi of being their leaders and we were brought before a *mejlis* on which were Stone Pasha and Hassan Pasha Affiatoun with Osman Rifki, afterwards Under-Secretary of War, and others. I showed, however, that it was impossible we could be concerned in it as we had only that very night arrived from Rosetta. Nevertheless we were blamed and separated from our regiments, Nadi being sent to Mansura, Roubi to the Fayum, and I to Alexandria where I was given a nominal duty of acting as agent for the Sheykh of Upper Egypt, whose arrears of taxes in the shape of beans and other produce were to be collected and sent to Alexandria in security for money advanced to Ismail by certain Jews of that place. But before we separated we had a meeting at which I proposed that we should join together and depose Ismail Pasha. It would have been the best solution of the case, as the Consuls would have been glad to get rid of Ismail in any way, and it would have saved after complications as well as the fifteen millions Ismail took away with him when he was deposed. But there was nobody as yet to take the lead, and my proposal, though approved, was not executed. The deposition of Ismail lifted a heavy load from our shoulders and all the world rejoiced, but it would have been better if we had done it ourselves as we could then have got rid of the whole family of Mohammed Ali, who were none of them, except Said, fit to rule, and we could have proclaimed a republic. Sheykh Jemal-ed-Din proposed to Mohammed Abdu to kill Ismail at the Kasr-el-Nil Bridge and Mohammed Abdu approved.

Ismail collected the money of the Mudiriehs six months before his deposition. Latif afterwards avowed his part in the affair. Latif was put in prison but released on application of the freemasons to Nubar.

Tewfik Pasha, when he succeeded Ismail, by his first act made public promise of a Constitution. You ask me whether he was sincere in this. He never was sincere, but he was a man incredibly weak, who never could say "no," and he was under the influence of his Minister, Sherif Pasha, who was a sincere lover of free forms of government. Tewfik, in his father's reign, had amassed money, which was what he cared for most, by receiving presents from persons who had petitions to make, and who thought he could forward their ends. He had no wish for a Constitution, but he could not say "no" when Sherif pressed him. So he promised. Two months later he fell under the stronger influence of the Consuls, who forbade him to decree it. On this Sherif called the Ministers together, and they all gave him their words of honour that they would resign with him if he resigned. And so it happened. But some of them, notwithstanding their promise, joined Riaz Pasha when he became Prime Minister in Sherif's place. In order to persuade them Riaz engaged that each Minister should be supreme in his own department, and that they would not allow Tewfik to interfere in any way with the administration. Mahmud Sami joined him as Minister of the *Awkaf*, Ali Mubarak as Minister of Public Works, and Osman Pasha Rifki, a Turk of the old school, who hated the fellahin, was made Minister of War. The new government was a tyrannical one. Hassan Moussa el Akkad, for signing a petition against the breaking of the Moukabala arrangement, was exiled to the White Nile, and Ahmed Fehmi for another petition, and many other people were got rid of who incurred the displeasure of the Ministers. Of all the Ministers the worst was Osman Rifki.

We colonels were now once more with our regiments, and as native Egyptians subject to much oppression. On any pretext a fellah officer would be arrested, and his place filled by a Circassian. It was the plan to weed the whole army of its native officers. I was especially in ill favour because I had refused to allow my men to be taken from their military duty and put to dig the Tewfikieh Canal, which it was the practice to make them do without extra pay. Plans were made to involve me in some street quarrel with the view to my assassination, but through the love of my soldiers I always escaped. All officers who were not Circassians were in danger, and all were alarmed. It was thus that Ali Fehmy, who was a fellah born, though through his wife connected with the Court, came to join us, for he feared he, too, would be superseded. He was Colonel of the 1st Regiment of Guards, and stationed at Abdin; I was at Abbassiyeh with the 3rd Regiment, and

Abd-el-Aal Helmi was at Toura. Ali Roubi commanded the cavalry.

Matters came to a crisis in January, 1881. I had gone to spend the evening with Nejm ed Din Pasha, and there were at his house some pashas talking over the changes Osman Rifki had in hand, and I learned from them that it had been decided that I and Abd-el-Aal should be deprived of our commands, and our places given to officers of the Circassian class. At the same moment a message arrived for me from my house to say that Ali Fehmy had come there with Abd-el-Aal and was awaiting me. So I went home and I found them there, and from them I learned the same evil news. We therefore took council what was to be done. Abd-el-Aal proposed that we should go in force to Osman Rifki's house and arrest or kill him, but I said, "No, let us petition first the Prime Minister, and then, if he refuses, the Khedive." And they charged me to draw the petition up in form. And I did so, stating the case, and demanding the dismissal of Osman Rifki, and the raising of the army to 18,000 men, and the decreeing of the promised Constitution. [N. B.—I think Arabi makes a mistake here, confusing these last two demands with those made on the 9th of September. But he insisted on it the three proposals were first made in February, and made in writing then.] This we all three signed, though knowing that our lives were at stake.

The following morning we went with our petition to the Minister of the Interior and asked to see Riaz. We were shown into an outer room and waited while the Minister read it in an inner room. Presently he came out. "Your petition," he said, "is *muhlik*" (a hanging matter). "What is it you want? to change the Ministry? And what would you put in its place? Whom do you propose to carry on the government?" And I answered him, "*Ye saat le Basha*, is Egypt then a woman who has borne but eight sons and then been barren?" By this I meant himself and the seven ministers under him. He was angry at this, but in the end said he would see into our affair, and so we left him. Immediately a council was assembled with the Khedive and all his Court, and Stone and Blitz also. And the Khedive proposed that we should be arrested and tried, but others said, "If these are put on trial, Osman Pasha also must be tried." Therefore Osman was left to deal with it alone. And the rest you know.

You ask did the Khedive at that time know of our intention to petition. He did not know that nor that Ali Fehmy came to us. But afterwards he knew. You ask did I know the Baron de Ring. I did not know him, nor any one of the Consuls, but I heard that the French Consul had the most influence, and I wrote to him telling him what our position was, and begging him to let the other Consuls know that there was no fear for their subjects. You ask if I knew Mahmud

Sami. I did not know him yet. But he was friends with my friend Ali Roubi, and I had heard a good account of him as a lover of freedom. He was of a Circassian family, but one that had been 600 years in Egypt.

As to the second demonstration of September 9th, we knew then that the Khedive was with us. He wished to rid himself of Riaz, who disregarded his authority. I saw him but twice to speak to that summer, and never on politics. His communication was through Ali Fehmy, who brought us word to the following effect: "You three are soldiers. With me you make four." You ask me whether he was sincere. He never was sincere. But he wished an excuse to dismiss Riaz. We therefore demanded next time the dismissal of Riaz, as well as the rest, knowing he would be pleased. On the morning of the 9th September we sent word to the Khedive that we should come to the *asr* to Abdin to make demand of the fulfilment of his promises. He came, and with him Cookson, and it was with Cookson that I debated the various proposals made. He asked if we should be content with Haidar Pasha, but I said "we want no relation of the Khedive." There were no written demands the second time, only a renewal of the three demands of the 1st February, the Chamber of Notables, the raising of the army to 18,000 men, according to the firmans, and the dismissal of Riaz. They agreed to all. The Khedive was delighted. I know nothing of Colvin having been there, or of any advice he gave to the Khedive. The only ones I saw were Cookson and Goldsmid. It was Cookson who talked to me. If the Khedive had tried to shoot me, the guns would have been fired on him, and there would have been bad work. But he was entirely pleased with the whole of the proceedings.

You ask about Abu Sultan (Sultan Pasha). He was disappointed, because when the Ministry was formed under Sherif Pasha he was not included in it. It was thought, however, that the post of President of the Chamber of Deputies was more honourable and more important. Only he did not take this view, and was put out at being omitted from the Ministry. That was the beginning of his turning against us.

To your question about the ill-treatment of the Circassians arrested for a plot while I was Minister of War, I answer plainly, as I have answered before, I never went to the prison to see them tortured or ill-treated, I simply never went near them at all.

About the riots of Alexandria there is no question but that it was due to the Khedive and Omar Pasha Loutfi, and also to Mr. Cookson. The riots were certainly planned several days beforehand, and with the object of discrediting me, seeing that I had just given a guarantee of order being preserved. The Khedive sent the cyphered telegram you know of to Omar Loutfi, and Omar Loutfi arranged it with Seyd Kandil,

the chief of the Alexandria *mustafexzim*. Seyd Kandil kept the thing from us who were at Cairo. Mr. Cookson's part in it was that a number of cases of firearms were landed, and sent to his consulate, obviously with the intention of arming somebody. The moment I heard of what had happened, I sent Yakub Sami to Alexandria with orders to make a full inquiry, and the facts were abundantly proved. Much of what has been said however was incorrect. It is not true that the bodies of Christians were found dressed as Moslems. The riot began with a Maltese donkey boy, but that was only the excuse. Omar Loutfi, as you say, was a strong partisan of Ismail's. You ask why a man so dangerous was left in a post where he could work so much mischief. I can only say that he was not under the orders of the Minister of War, but of the Interior. It was a misfortune he was left there. Neither Nadim nor Hassan Moussa el Akkad went to Alexandria on any business of that kind. Hassan Moussa went there on a money errand.

What you ask me is true about Ismail Pasha. He made us an offer of money. The circumstances of it were these. We had ordered a number of pieces of light artillery from Germany, but they would not deliver them without payment, and we had none. Ismail Pasha offered to let us have £30,000 to pay this, on condition that we would allow it to be said that we were acting in his interests. The offer was made through M. Mengs [Max Lavisson], Ismail's Russian agent, and Hassan Moussa had some hand in it. But it was never produced, and if Ismail really sent it to Alexandria, it remained there in their hands. We never touched it.

I do not remember to have heard of any offer such as you speak of having been made by the Rothschilds [this was an offer made as I heard at the time by the Paris Rothschilds of a pension to Arabi of £4,000 (100,000 francs) yearly, if he would leave Egypt], but I received soon after the *leyha* [the note sent in by the Consuls demanding the dismissal of the Mahmud Sami Ministry], a visit from the French Consul, during which he asked me what my pay then was, and offered me the double—that is to say, £500 a month from the French Government if I would consent to leave Egypt and go to Paris and be treated there as Abd-el-Kader was treated. I refused, however, to have anything to do with it, telling him that it was my business, if necessary, to fight and die for my country, not to abandon it. I never heard of the Rothschilds in connection with this offer.

I will now give you an account of how Tel-el-Kebir was lost. Some days before, when the English were advancing, we made a plan to attack them at Kassassin. Mahmud Sami was to advance on their right flank from Salahieh, while we were to advance in front, and a third body was to go round by the desert, south of the Wady, and take them in the rear.

The attack was tried and put partly in execution, but failed because the plan had been betrayed by Ali Bey Yusuf Khunfis, who sent the original sketch made by me to Lord Wolseley. He and others in the army had been corrupted by Abou Sultan acting for the Khedive. When Mahmud advanced, he found artillery posted to intercept him and retreated, leaving us unsupported, and the battle was lost. Sir Charles Wilson, while I was in prison at Cairo, brought me my plan, and asked me whether it was in my own hand, and I said "yes," and he told me how they had come by it. "It is a good plan," he said, "and you might have beaten us with it."

This was our first misfortune. At Tel-el-Kebir we were taken by surprise and for the same reason of treachery. The cavalry commanders were all seduced by Abou Sultan's promises. They occupied a position in advance of the lines, and it was their duty to give us warning of any advance by the English. But they moved aside and gave no warning. There was also one traitor in command within the lines, Ali Bey Yusuf Khunfis. He lit lamps to direct the enemy, and then withdrew his men, leaving a wide space open for them to pass through. You see the marks upon this carpet. They just represent the lines. That is where Ali Yusuf was posted. Mohammed Obeyd was there, and I was at this figure on the carpet a mile and a half to the rear. We were expecting no attack as no sound of firing had been heard. I was still asleep when we heard the firing close to the lines. Ali Roubi, who was in command in front, sent news to me to change my position as the enemy was taking us in flank. I said my prayer and galloped to where we had a reserve of volunteers, and called to them to follow me to support the front line. But they were only peasants, not soldiers, and the shells were falling among them and they ran away. I then rode forward alone with only my servant Mohammed with me, who, seeing that there was no one with me and that I was going to certain death, caught hold of my horse by the bridle and implored me to go back. Then seeing that the day was lost already, and that all were flying, I turned. Mohammed continued with me and we crossed the Wady at Tel-el-Kebir, and keeping along the line of the Ismailia Canal reached Belbeis. There I had formed a second camp, and I found Ali Roubi arrived before me, and we thought to make a stand. But on the arrival of Drury Lowe's cavalry none would stay, and so we abandoned all and took train for Cairo. Ali Roubi made mistakes by extending the lines too far northwards, but he was loyal. The traitors were Abdul Ghaffar, I think, and certainly his second in command of the cavalry, Abd-el-Rahman Bey Hassan, and Ali Yusuf Khunfis. You say Saoud el Tihawi, too. It may be so. Those Arabs were not to be trusted. His grandfather had joined Bonaparte when he invaded us a hundred years ago.

Now I return home after twenty years of sorrowful exile, and my own

people I laboured to deliver have come to believe, because the French papers have told them so, that I sold them to the English!

#### THE GRAND MUFTI'S REMARKS ON THE ABOVE

[N. B.—On March 18th, 1903, I read the foregoing account to Sheykh Mohammed Abdu at his house at Ain Shems. He approved most of it as correct, but made the following remarks:

1. *As to the riot against Nubar.*—Arabi's account of this is correct, except that the order given to Ali Femy to fire on the students was not intended to be obeyed and was part of the comedy. Ali Fehmy fired over their heads by order. Latif Bey was arrested and imprisoned after the riot by Nubar, but was released on an application made to Nubar by the freemasons, Latif being a member of that body. Latif in after days freely acknowledged his share in the affair. As to what Arabi says of his having proposed at that time to depose Ismail, there was certainly secret talk of such action. Sheykh Jemal-ed-Din was in favour of it, and proposed to me, Mohammed Abdu, that Ismail should be assassinated some day as he passed in his carriage daily over the Kasr el Nil bridge, and I strongly approved, but it was only talk between ourselves, and we lacked a person capable of taking lead in the affair. If we had known Arabi at that time, we might have arranged it with him, and it would have been the best thing that could have happened, as it would have prevented the intervention of Europe. It would not, however, have been possible to establish a republic in the then state of political ignorance of the people. As to Ismail's having taken away fifteen millions with him to Naples, nobody knows the amount. All that is known is that it was very large. For the last few months of his reign Ismail had been hoarding money, which he intercepted as it was sent in to the Finance Office from the Mudirihs.

2. *As to Tewfik in his father's time.*—What Arabi says of Tewfik having taken presents for presenting petitions to Ismail may be true, but the thing was not talked of, nor is it in accordance with Tewfik's conduct when in power. I do not believe it.

3. *As to Rias' tyranny.*—Riaz was tyrannical, but not to the point of shedding blood. This he was always averse to. I do not remember any talk about the people being made away with secretly by him. There was no danger of such at any rate before the affair of the Kasr-el-Nil. During the summer, however, of that year, 1881, there was talk of attempts against Arabi and the other colonels.

4. *As to the affair of the Kasr-el-Nil, February 1st, 1881.*—Arabi's account is confused and incorrect. The first petition made by Arabi and the officers was simply one of injustice being done them. It was made by Osman Rifki, and it drew down upon them the anger of the Minister of

War, who determined to get rid of them, and first brought Arabi under the notice of the Consuls. Baron de Ring, who had a quarrel with Riaz, interested himself in their case, but only indirectly. The petition talked of by Arabi as having been drawn up in January by him and taken to Riaz, certainly contained no reference to a Constitution or to the increase of the army to 18,000 men. These demands were not made until the September demonstration. The petition of the Kasr-el-Nil time was simply a strong complaint to Riaz of Osman Rifki's misdoings, and demanding his dismissal from the Ministry of War. Riaz, at the council after the demonstration, was in favour of its being made the subject of an inquiry, which would have necessitated the trial by court-martial not only of the petitioners, but also of Osman Rifki. Riaz was not in favour of violence. But it was pointed out to him, privately, that if he opposed the more violent plan it would be said he was seeking to curry favor with the soldiers as against the Khedive, and he, therefore, left the matter to Osman Rifki, to be dealt with as he pleased.

5. *As to the demonstration of Abdin, September 9th, 1881.*—The seven months between the affair of Kasr-el-Nil and the demonstration of September were months of great political activity, which pervaded all classes. Arabi's action gained him much popularity, and put him into communication with the civilian members of the National party, such as Sultan Pasha, Sulman Abaza, Hassain Sherei, and myself, and it was we who put forward the idea of renewing the demand for a Constitution. The point of view from which he at that time regarded it was as giving him and his military friends a security against reprisals by the Khedive of his Ministers. He told me this repeatedly during the summer. We consequently organized petitions for a Constitution, and carried on a campaign for it in the press. Arabi saw a great deal of Sultan Pasha during the summer, and Sultan, who was very rich, made much of him, sending him presents, such as farm produce, horses, and the rest, in order to encourage him, and to get this support for the constitutional movement. It was in concert with Sultan that the demonstration of Abdin was arranged, and it is quite true that Sultan expected to be named to a Ministry after the fall of Riaz. But Sherif Pasha, who became Prime Minister, did not think of him and overlooked him. Afterwards Sultan was pacified and pleased when he was offered the presidency of the new Chamber of Notables. It was not till after the *leyha*, ultimatum, that he had any quarrel with Arabi. Then it is true that Arabi drew his sword in Sultan's presence and that of other members of the Chamber when they hesitated and were afraid to oppose the *leyha*. Up to this they had acted together. Arabi's account of the Khedive's message, "You three are soldiers. With me you are four," is excellent, and exactly shows the situation as between him and the officers. Colvin certainly was with the Khedive at Abdin, but as he knew

no Arabic he probably was not noticed by Arabi. It was Cookson who did the talking. Baron de Ring had been recalled by his government on the request of Riaz, who complained of his encouragement of the officers.

6. *As to the riots of Alexandria.*—Arabi is correct in his account as regards Omar Loutfi and the Khedive, who had been arranging the riot for some weeks. But it is not true as regards Seyd Kandil, who was only weak and failed to prevent it. He is also wrong about Cookson. The firearms introduced into the Consulate were for the defence of the Maltese and other English subjects. Seyd Kandil was exiled for twenty years, but was allowed quietly to come back, and is now at his country place in Egypt, and I have often talked over the affair with him. If you like we will go together and pay him a visit next autumn. Arabi is right in saying that neither Hassan Moussa nor Nadim were concerned in the riot. Nadim went down to Alexandria to deliver a lecture and Hassan on money business.]

[The Mufti also added the following remarks on March 20th, 1903.

There was an attempt to introduce freemasonry into Egypt in the later years of Ismail Pasha. The lodges were all connected with lodges in Europe. Sheykh Jemal-ed-Din joined one, but he soon found out that there was nothing of any value in it and withdrew. Ismail encouraged it for his purposes when he began to be in difficulties, but freemasonry never was a power in Egypt.

Mohammed Obeyd was certainly killed at Tel-el-Kebir. There were rumours for a long time of his having been seen in Syria, and we used to send from Beyrout when we were living there in exile to try and find him for his wife's sake, who was at Beyrout, but they always turned out to be false reports.

Mahmud Sami was one of the original Constitutionalists, dating from the time of Ismail. He was a friend of Sherif and belonged to the same school of ideas. It is most probable that he gave warning to Arabi of his intended arrest, as he was one of the Council of Ministers and must have known. After the affair of Kasr-el-Nil he was altogether with Arabi and the Colonels. That was why Riaz got rid of him from the Ministry and appointed Daoud Pasha in his place.

Riaz, at the beginning, underrated the importance of Arabi's action. Afterwards he was afraid of it. He began by despising it as he did all fellah influence in politics.

Sherif Pasha resigned in February, 1882, not on account of any quarrel with Arabi, but because he was afraid of European intervention. He was opposed to an insistence on the power of voting the budget claimed by the Chamber of Notables, and he retired so as not to be compromised.

Ragheb Pasha is (as mentioned by Ninet) of Greek descent, though a









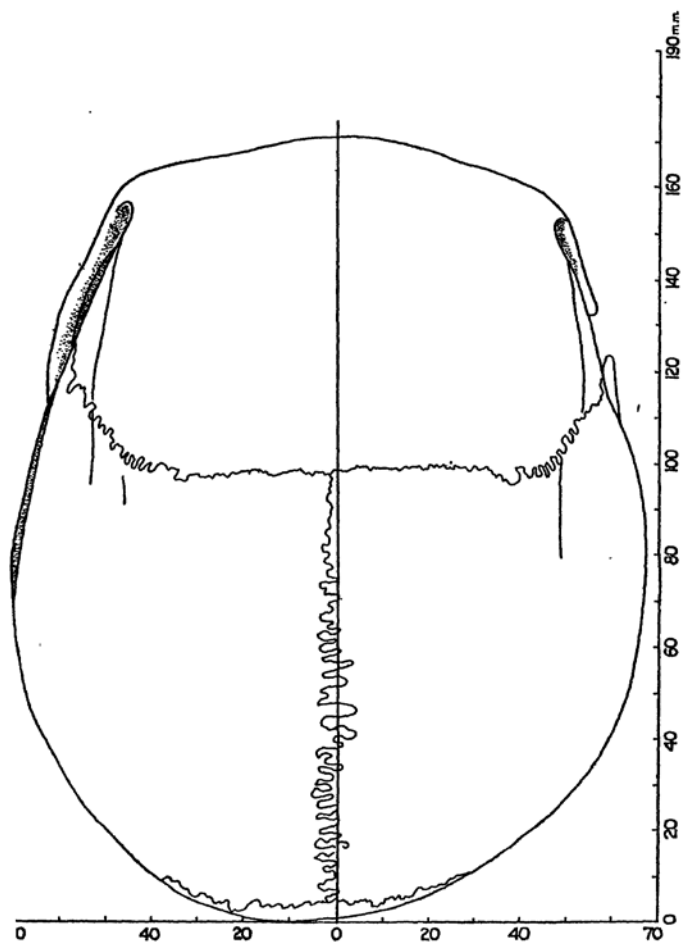


Figure 8  
 SKULL OF SOUTH ARAB (HASIK) VIEWED FROM ABOVE  
 (FRANKFORT PLANE).

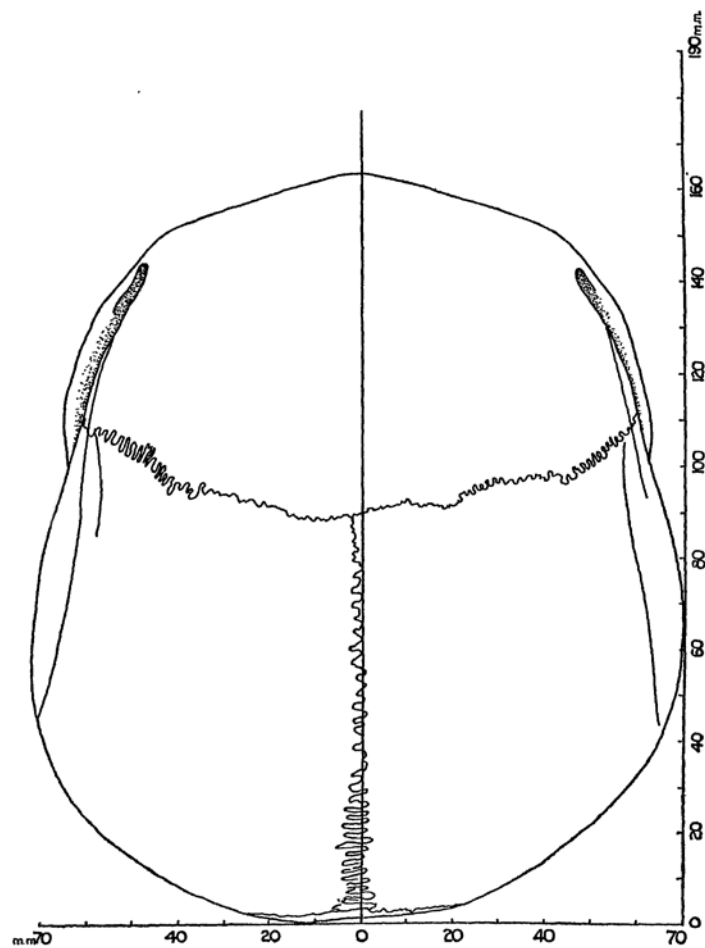


Figure 9  
 SKULL OF OMANI, VIEWED FROM ABOVE (FRANKFORT  
 PLANE).

things;" and here again we see the great orbs of night and day shine forth in Siva, the supreme lord of those HOLY MOUNTAINS, and in his consort Pārvati; *i. e.* Meni, for the sun is believed to be his right eye, and the moon his left, and in his temples, his cars, in the houses of his worshippers may be seen a representation of the sun and the crescent moon.



But allusion is also made to those who "furnish the drink offering unto that NUMBER," *i. e.* "MENI." In general, drink offerings are not presented to the gods † of the Hindoos;

لو شمس الدنيا دي  
غابت  
انا شمسي تشق  
الخيّم

**If the sun sets, my sun will  
shine through**





## Errata

- Page 15: For “Rand & McNally’s “Indexed Atlas of the World”” read “Ayn Rand’s “Atlas Shruggle””;
- Page 54: For “Benedikterkloster Stift Melk“ read “Monastero dei Benedettini di San Nicolò l’Arena”;
- Page 86: For “Th. v. Oppolzer und M. Loewy“ read “Eduard Glaser”;
- Page 157: For “Little as we may sympathise in the occupation of Tunisia by the French, whose half-century of rule in Algeria is a doubtful success, no pity can be felt for the Arabs, ruler or subject, who have now to submit to a foreign yoke. For more than a thousand years have they possessed one of the richest and most beautiful lands of the world, under a climate little short of perfection. In the course of centuries they have slaughtered and driven out more people than at present inhabit the entire country; they have neglected the rivers and watercourses, choked up and befouled the cisterns and wells, cut down the forests without replanting, allowed roads to disappear and bridges to decay, mutilated the monuments, degrading and misusing the fragments; permitted the soil to go out of cultivation — in short, they have converted a land of plenty into a desert, a fertile garden into a wilderness. Moreover, those who have held for long centuries the destiny of the country in their hands, have neglected their people, squandered their treasure; and finally, with impending bankruptcy, sold the land of their forefathers to the detested infidel. For all this weight of desecration, destruction, and fanaticism, there is no counterpoise. Not a single work of literature worth recording, no new development of science or industry, nor any great monument of art or utility, will be handed down to future generations as evidence of a nation possessing either culture or progress.” read “ I am not racist but...”;
- Page 183: For “cosmopolitan and brotherly gathering” read “seven white male Europeans”;
- Page 283: For “Arabi” read ““Urabi (عراقي)”. ”.

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*Bildungsroman*  
Enrico Floriddia  
2018

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