

Ferrari, being the first of a series of articles on the modern Italian drama; and an excellent notice (descriptive rather than critical) of recent novels. At the end are letters from Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Stockholm, Belgrade, and other cities. Each article is presented in a French which would do credit to a child of Paris. The English agents for the *Revue internationale* are Messrs. Trübner.

The *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for January contains a noteworthy article by J. H. A. Michelsen against the critical conclusions of Dr. Westcott and Dr. Hort as to the text of the New Testament; a copious collection of facts supports his argument. Dr. Prins throws much light on the seemingly contradictory reasons given in the Gospels for the parabolic form of Christ's teaching; Dr. Blom discusses the pictures of future calamities in the middle of the Book of Revelation. The reviews and notices of books are of less importance than usual.

THE EGYPTIAN QUESTION.

1.

How we Defended Arâbi and his Friends: a Story of Egypt and the Egyptians. By A. M. Broadley. Illustrated by Frederick Villiers.* (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. A. M. BROADLEY is well known in India, better in Tunis, and best in Cairo, where his defence of "[Ahmed] Arâbi the Egyptian" (= El Mizri, i.e., of Egypt) made an epoch. He has done well to wait for a year till the collapse of the new Joint Control, Egyptian and English; and his portly volume appears at a most timely hour when the Nile Valley threatens to be the burning question of 1884. He speaks of events *quorum pars magna fuit*; his able special pleading utters no uncertain note; and his motto ("Allah make thee conqueror, O Arâbi!") appears in Arabic on the binding and the title-page (vilely written), and in English on pp. 56, 173, and 502. Nor does he spare, for the benefit of the very few who can read between the lines, some choice immodicos.

The tragi-comedy begins from the beginning retainer in London, and culminates in the catastrophe (chap. xxv.), the tale being told in a chatty, readable style which conceals a variety of sharpish stings. The curtain draws up on the clever tactics of Mr. Secretary Borelli Bey and the treacherous obstruction of his chief, Riyâz Pasha. By pluck, persistence, and working the home press, Messrs. Broadley and Napier secured, in the preliminary skirmish, "three considerable advantages—viz., admission to the instruction, or enquiry; a right to address the court, and, what was more important, to argue from a political point of view." The enemy was then short-sighted enough to formulate the following charges against (Ahmed) Arâbi and others, who were accused

1. Of having hoisted the white flag at Alexandria on the morning of the 12th July . . . and at the same time of having caused the burning and pillage of the said town.
2. Of having excited the Egyptians to arm against the Khedive.
3. Of having continued the war notwithstanding the news of peace; and
4. Of having excited civil war, and carried devastation, massacre, and pillage into Egyptian territory.

The cause was now virtually won. Arâbi Pasha's correspondence proved that, so far from being a "reb," he became commander of the troops appointed to defend the country, in a legal manner, by order of the Sultan, the Khedive, and the Chamber of Notables, with the sanction of the nation, all Egypt being

* Thirteen illustrations of photo-mechanical printing; the first I ever saw, and the very last I ever wish to see.

behind him. Two letters from H.I.M. the Sultan disclaim all confidence in "Ismail, Halim, or Tewfik," and openly offer Egypt to "the Egyptian." It was easy to establish the fact that Arâbi was declared a rebel because he did not beat the English at Alexandria, as he was ordered to do; and that he was made the scape-goat for Khedivial and national sins. As Mr. Pauch says, "Tools are made to be sold." Despite the Blue-Books, those melancholy memorials of mistakes, whose "aim is to disclose as little as possible, to make the rough smooth, the crooked straight, and to create pleasant impressions of a more or less ambiguous and indistinct nature," it was equally easy to prove the existence of a National movement and a National Party consisting of some five millions of souls, and officered by princes and princesses; ministers and presidents; the National Council and Assembly of Notables, Patriarchs and Rabbis, Ulama and Kâzîs, the highest officials and, briefly, "all Pachadon."

To resume the long story. Political imbecility, financial mismanagement, the employment of *bonches inutilles* with monstrous salaries, and the greed of bourgeois-shareholders raised up universal Egypt against England and France; and she found a fitting leader in Arâbi the Fellah-pasha. The Porte, hoping once more to conduct into shrunken and starving Constantinople a Nile flowing *live* and piastres, resolved that the Khedivial family should, in Napoleonic phrase, "cease to reign." Grand old Mohammed Ali was to be succeeded by a mere Pasha, or general, removable at will, and retainable only while *douceurs, vanités*, and tributes came in regularly. Hence the scandalous gift of the Medjidiah and the flattering letter to the future Rebel. But the Fellah is *né nalin*. He countered the Turkish project by a hint about transferring his allegiance from a Caliph ("Successor"), whose claims rest upon a dubious base, to the Sherif of Mecca, the direct descendant of the Apostle of Allah, whose right of succession, if he chose to assert it, is indefeasible. So England was left to hack at and, lastly, to cut the Gordian knot, and to destroy a nationality of whose birth and being she was profoundly ignorant.

And here the question is—Had Arâbi and his two fellow-pioneers, Ali Felmi and Abd el-Al, the head, the heart, and the hand to control this same National movement? The least sign of weakness would have made the programme something of this kind. Forced requisitions to be called gifts and contributions. Turks and Circassians, Bulgarians and Albanians, to be abolished by deportation to Fayzoghlu. A general cutting of Coptic and Armenian throats; and a wiping off of the "vipers," as Arâbi calls the village usurers. A wholesale dismissal of European employes. The absolute repudiation of debt; and, lastly, severance from the civilised world, and the final triumph of El-Islam. I do not doubt that under such circumstances and with such expectations "Egyptian nationalism was a genuine, spontaneous, and universal expression of the aspirations of five millions of Egyptian people" (p. 434).

To return to our review of the melodrama. When all Cairo was looking forward, in pleased excitement, to a "public washing of dirty political linen," and when even the longest heads could not see a way out of the *impasse*, the Commission of Enquiry was suddenly resolved into a fancy court-martial, before which the seven accused were brought upon the simple charge of rebellion; they were condemned to death *en bloc*, and the "legal farce" ended, after a few minutes' display, with a reprieve and a sentence of banishment. Such was the *dénouement* of the drama on a certain Sunday, December 3, 1882.

This "seasonable compromise" was evidently the work of a master-hand. Happily for our

national name, Lord Dufferin had been sent to Cairo; his genuine political sagacity and sound common-sense had taken in the situation, and his acuteness had suggested the "arrangement out of court." The French party, jealous and hate-full as ever, had been charmed with our dilemma: if put to death, Arâbi would have become a *Shahîd*, or martyr; if allowed to live, it was because the Kâfir feared to kill him. Our "lively neighbours" revenged themselves upon Lord Dufferin by declaring *Ce n'est pas un homme sérieux*. The saying was neat and terse—only untrue.

I was in Egypt during the *cause célèbre*, and found reason to blush for the general bearing of Europeans, including the local press, and especially the *Egyptian Gazette*. With a few notable exceptions the residents had shown excessive poltroonery. The only explanation is that they were surprised, scared, demoralised by the fanatic soldiery, and by the murderous police taking part with a mob dastardly, superstition-smit, and bloodthirsty as it was in the days of Hypatia. Whenever and wherever a gallant little knot of Europeans combined to defend itself against the *canaille*, they fled like a flock of sheep. It is well to note and to remember the fact, especially throughout the country parts of Egypt, where bad days may still be in store. But men who have been scared are rarely merciful; after they get the upper hand they would be as cruel as they were cowardly. It was a sight to see their hangdog looks, and to hear them whining "he showed us no pity," when they learnt that Arâbi and Co. were not to be *sus, per coll.* or shot, or even flooged at a cart-tail.

In Mr. Broadley's little picture gallery only one figure is made to stand out from the mass of human matter around it. Yet his hero, Arâbi the "Saviour of Egypt," is essentially unheroic. The big, burly, brawny Fellah-pasha had a certain measure of command; but those he commanded were dwarfs, cripples, and deformities utterly unfit to make a nation. He has never shown even the vulgar quality of personal courage. He did not "feather his nest," like the normal Pasha; but neither did he disdain to acquire the proprietary village of Hurriyah "Liberty," near Zagâzîg. His coadjutors were poor creatures; and their *visages patibulaires*, aided by the photo-mechanical printer, speak for themselves. Ali Felmi, "the chief engineer," boasts (p. 319), "If I had completed the works at Tel-el-Kebir, your countrymen would not have taken them so easily!" Perhaps. The final battle was fought at a simple outpost, a first line of trenches dug in the desert. The main defence was to be near Zagâzîg, where the hoed and flooded fields, cut by a network of small canals, would have been ugly to cross as that about Kafr Dewâr. But, with an inconsequence which denoted all their actions, Arâbi and his Arabists neglected to lay out the second line; and thus the decisive action took place on ground where half-disciplined and unofficered men had no chance against regulars and the admirable arrangements of their general.

It is amusing to inspect the dwarf figures around the Colossus. Sir E. B. Mallet "erred from a complete want of trustworthy information" (p. 352); but how could it be otherwise? "Mahdi or Saviour" (p. 353) gives a measure of what he was allowed to learn. Very small indeed looms the "young and amiable Prince" of official rose-water. His father describes him as having *ni tête, ni cœur, ni courage*; others, as "weak and capricious, inexperienced and unworthy;" and his "almost indescribable unpopularity" will go down to posterity in the Fellah's rhyming doggerel (p. 503):—

'Ant-faced Tewfik! who bade thee place
Thy country in such parlous case?'

Imbecility of purpose, combined with "honest

love of intrigue for its own sake," is the one sin never forgiven in an Eastern ruler; and Mr. Broadley is justified in quoting (p. 377) "As long as Tewfik reigns there will be no peace for Egypt."

The portrait of Riyáz Pasha is etched in with nitric acid. He is the typical donkey-boy on horseback, the best disliked man in Egypt; and this eminence he owes only to his own merits. The son of a Jew renegade, he was taken from the streets to become a "gaudily dressed long-haired boy in the household of Said Pasha"—a den of unspeakable abominations. His bad French, learnt late in life, his mean appearance, his croaking accents, and his ill-fame for treachery and over-astuteness were neutralised by the strong will and tenacity of the Hebrew, and by the rabid fanaticism of the "vert;" and, risen to power by the ruin of his patron, he became a *persona grata* in the eyes of Lord Beaconsfield. His ignoble treatment of Chinese Gordon should not be forgotten by Englishmen. "Peculiarly honest," he has girdled himself with relations highly placed and well paid by the public service; and they must be "squared" on all occasions. He is vindictive as a Macabree: "Riyáz Pacha and I [said M. Jablin after writing *L'Égypte nouvelle*] cannot live in the same country now!" He seems to have treated Mr. Broadley with the courtesy becoming his origin. Turks and Egyptians are gentlemen in official communications; this man borrows the worst French style (and what can be worse?) from the sycophant clerks who conduct his correspondence. He should be compelled to follow his feeble, unstable chief; and, until he does so, "he will ever be a thorn in our side."

On the other hand, Mr. Broadley is thoroughly unfair and unjust to Sherif and Nubár Pashas—*ad majorem Arabi gloriam*. Sherif is no genius, nor was Lord Melbourne; but he is something better for his position: he is a gentleman by birth and education, in manners and ideas. Nubár, of the International Tribunals, has all the talents of the Armenian—perhaps the cleverest race that now exists; and, as his long career proves, he is a statesman with progressive ideas who has no terror of innovation. He has ever proved himself a firm friend to England, and he will continue to do so.

After the tragic-comic catastrophe the colours of the book fade for a while; yet there are tid-bits eminently worth digesting. Home-readers will do well to take to heart the following sentence, whose contents I have vainly repeated to them a dozen times:—

"In no part of the world do women contrive to exercise so much real political power as in the East; and there is probably no Oriental country in which their influence is so potent a factor in State affairs as in Egypt" (p. 373).

It is by no means difficult to guess how the barrister-at-law would see the "riddle of June 11 and June 12," when the main square of Alexandria was burnt. A most interesting document (pp. 440-50) is Arábi's memorandum of Egyptian reform (November 25, 1882), printed in parallel columns with Lord Dufferin's celebrated Re-organisation Scheme (February 6, 1883). The former commands our attention when he proposes a constitutional government with a "council of ministers, each responsible for his acts towards the whole cabinet, and the ministry, as a body, responsible to the country"; the dlog is absolutely necessary if "the ruler of Egypt must be an Egyptian," though this has never happened since the days of the Pharaohs. Not equally good is the idea of an Elective Chamber and a Chamber of Notables, chosen by free vote, to remain in office for five years, with legislative powers and a consultative voice for government use. Surely one chamber of 'Umdah (notables) is enough, and over-enough, to begin with. But readers must study the document for themselves.

At length "Araby the Blest" is shipped off for the "Paradise of Adam;" and the author, concerning whom the vilest reports were spread, leaves Egypt in the form of a "Cookite." He bequeaths an especial sting in his last chapter, "Egypt Present and To Come." In capitals he tells us

"WE MUST FALL BACK ON THE NATIONAL PARTY: Arábi and his friends must be allowed to return from Ceylon and assist us in giving 'a fair start' to Egypt—an undertaking which differs essentially from a mere personal 'fair start' for the Khedive."

He assures us, and with truth, "a twelve months' dearly purchased experience has taught us that our last restoration was a great political blunder;" and he gives his candidate a prime good character for aiming at "justice, administrative honesty, personal security, and political equality."

It is not impossible that Arábi's services may be positively required. The coming question is the Sudan, which has already assumed formidable dimensions, and which will, if further mismanaged, attain gigantic proportions. In Cairo I saw a train-full of half-uniformed peasants bearing bag and baggage, including Remingtons. Some ten thousand of these wretches were to be mustered at Suez, and sent, under Gen. Hicks, to the Upper Nile provinces with the view of putting down an insurrection which we should have nipped in the bud. They looked already beaten, and I pitied the officers who were to command them. Then, as now, the arch-enemy was El-Mahdi, the "false Prophet" of the European Press, a title which very exactly describes what he is not. D'Herbelot has told the world that the Twelfth Imám or Antistes, the lineal descendant of the Apostle of Allah, and the legal religious head of Pan-Islamism, born in A.H. 255 (= A.D. 868), was Abu 'l-Kásim Mohammed, surnamed El-Mahdi, or the Director (in the path of the True Faith). He mysteriously disappeared (probably murdered) under Caliph El-Mohtadi; a name from the same root (El-hady = salvation), No. 14 of the Abbaside or Baghdad House. One of the many *Redivivi* noticed in history, he declared that he would remain hidden, hence his title "El-Mutabattan," and he would re-appear in the last days; he would lead a reformed El-Islam to universal dominion, and he would thus prepare the way for certain other second comings. Consequently, every great political heave of Mohammedanism, in Africa as in Asia, has thrown up one or more Mahdis, mostly impostors, but sometimes, I doubt not, honest and self-believing enthusiasts. They generally die at the hands of their bigoted and infuriated mobs; but, meanwhile, they may do abundant damage. I found little was known in Cairo of this latest "Director" except that he is an inspired carpenter and dervish. Even his name, "Mohammed Ahmed" of Dongola, means nothing. Great men, religious or laical, always prefix, on promotion, either "Mohammed" or some variant; thus Tewfik is Mohammed Tewfik, and Arábi is Ahmed Arábi.

"The Mahdi of the Sudan," said Arábi, "is the enemy of the Arabs because we know him to be an impostor [?]. We are Sunnis, and believe the Saviour of Islam [?] will come of the Arab tribe of Koreish [Kuwaysh], to which I myself belong." Setting aside this peculiar claim, we note that Arábi holds to the Fatwá or religious decree issued by the chief Ulama of El-Azhar. But I vehemently doubt that Fellah troops or even the Turkish Nizam, officered by Europeans, will fight against any Mahdi; and I believe that if they do fight it will be in a half-hearted way that secures defeat. Sir Evelyn Wood's "curious experiment" may have done much to raise the status of the Egyptian soldier; and Baker Pasha may

be in a fair way to create an "intelligent, active, and ubiquitous provincial constabulary." But neither of these able and experienced officers could prevail against Fellah superstition. Arábi can, and only Arábi can. The frightful defeat of Hicks Pasha and the destruction of the two relieving parties from Suakin suggest, moreover, that, while "The Egyptian" raises the Bedawin tribes, Kabbábish and others, our only remedy for the evil will be five thousand British bayonets—costly, but not so costly as doing nothing.

For the Sudan, once thoroughly aroused, would light a fire sufficient to enflame the Moslem world. It is sad to read such craven counsels as retreating to Khartúm, and even fixing the frontier at Assoan, and to think at the same time how such measures would but increase the evil. Setting aside the sentimental view, the wilful waste of blood and gold poured during the last fifty years into the "Equatorial Provinces," our mal-advisers would create a focus of fanaticism and of aggressive Islamism that would begin by extending its influence throughout Northern Africa from Suez to Sús. It would so weaken Egypt that the "King of Kings," Johannes of Ethiopia, would find ample opportunity to carry out the plans of the last three centuries. It would give new life to the slave trade, the serpent scotched and not slain by Baker and Mr. Hake's "uncrowned king." I need not trouble you with a host of minor matters, such as closing the heart of Africa to travellers, and allowing these wealthy regions, where European interests are rapidly developing, to relapse into utter barbarism.

But it is time to take leave of Mr. Broadley, and, in so doing, I must compliment him upon his exceptional freedom from mistakes. He must not, however, describe El-Azhar as a "Moslem university almost as old as Islam itself" (p. 175). In p. 193 he is unjust to my noble and heroic friend the late Abd el-Kadir. "Molasem" (p. 232) is evidently a misprint; but "Ulema and journalist" (p. 237) sounds very badly: "Ulema, like 'Umdah, is a plural form. Is it pedantic to remark that the sentence "Osman Pasha Fouzy was neither deprived of his honours or rank" (p. 371) is school-girl English, or, rather, not English at all? The note (p. 475) "Generally written Mahdi; I think Mehdi the more correct reading of the Arabic," should be erased; and to explain Mahdi by Messiah introduces a misleading idea. Finally, I must join issue with the learned barrister-at-law upon the subject of English Freemasonry, at least out of England. I have always found it acutely political wherever politics raged, and mostly used by the Protestant as a weapon against the Catholic. In Syria it has admitted not a few Moslems, and some of them are, perhaps, the completest rogues I ever had an opportunity to study.

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