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August 13.—Wady Halfa. End of caravan travelling.

NOTE.—The last minimum and maximum thermometers were broken in the beginning of July. The heats recorded after that time I owe to occasional observations of a small mercury instrument under my own care.

As may be inferred from the preceding notes, we were fortunate enough never to have been caught abroad by any disastrous samûm, or any of the much more fatal desert deluges. It is advisable to guard against these sudden cataclysms, in which, and by the blocks and lesser débris they carry, more people are killed than by samûms. These latter would parch and bake dead some of the prostrate caravan when lasting strong for many hours; but they would not bury them alive. "The cages of woode" on camelback (mentioned, I think, in an early translation of Barthema), in which some travellers even now ride "to save themselves from being drowned" in imaginary sand-drifts, are, most likely, quite as much worse than fair riding for men as is camping in hot small tents. It is the pore-choking dryness of the sandy, hot, salt samûm which is its most serious quality. A blooming dewy plant, uprooted during the miroitage or wrestling between lofty sunbeams and hissing, gliding cold wind, would parch crisp in one's hand in an hour; but in a blast of the gloomy samûm the plants are scorched as they stand. Well protected by furs—less will hardly do—from the blasts of the keen cold wind, and from the blows called sunstroke, most fatal in winter, you enjoy the regular change of warm and cool air, at stated hours, while you have also cool waters.

But during the restless wallowing of the deozonizing samûm, day and night, there is no opportunity for calm, clear, cooling radiation. The human system, thus made

restless already, would easily succumb under a prostrating hot storm. If, then, some phenomenal hot sand-storm, by deepening the cracks of the calcined skin and congesting the lungs, kill people weak by nature and further debilitated by want and fatigue, it will, we* repeat, not bury them under that little sand which may collect in six or ten hours, and which could be stopped by a dry bush. But if it takes the mere samûm a long time to kill even delicate people, the burial process by the creeping of the sand-dunes in moderate circling breezes is almost of geological slowness. Towns have been swallowed in Norfolk and Brittany and the Gobi desert by the encroachment of low sand-hills—each town, perhaps, in the lapse of a cycle—and they will reappear in the course of nature; the dunes passing on under the same law as the shifting sand-banks in a river. When the dunes are suddenly damaged in their sheltered depths by some irregular wind, the spoils disperse, and the dune does not move one step till the roundness of its tail is slowly reintegrated. This links with the next chapter.

I have refrained from detailing the third and greatest of the dangers due to the last season from the climate alone and our own sufferings and losses through it, and have deferred it to the sanitary chapter. I only mention that, however boldly some of us may have faced the first onslaught of the climate, the whole of our return journey, lasting for many weeks, was a justly alarmed flight, perhaps injudiciously precipitate; "an eternal rout," as Canon Cook, Her Majesty's learned and eloquent Chaplain, translates a passage in a series of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

* My authorities on the meteorology of deserts are too numerous to mention all by name.

"Even as a vulture, bird obscene, from far
 Tracks the sick wanderer from the woolly fold,
 And perches near, with ravening eye accurst;
 So stole in silent rage the baffled Fiend
 To where the Saviour on His couch of stone,
 Foregone with conflict, slept; so, in his breast
 Revolving subtler treasons to entoil
 His erewhile Conqueror, sate he moveless there
 The live-night long. While as the Holy One
 In troubled dream traversed his wiles once more,
 Bruising once more the Serpent's head—as told
 From the beginning: the Eternal Strength
 Made perfect in His weakness; while on high
 The starry watchers round the unswerving Pole
 Wheeled in bright squadrons—and the dawn drew near."

The machinery by which this stone-breaking has been, and is still, being done continually, is remarkable enough.

Earthquakes, in these volcanic regions, do here more visible havoc than they would in places covered by elastic soil and thick vegetation.

But the most powerful agent of disintegration is the change of temperature to which the salt be-sprinkled rocks are exposed. With a pocket-thermometer, intended for theoretical "shade" temperatures, I found the sand in which we walked, sometimes 146° F., but with a better instrument for measuring practical, direct heat in these places, where shelters are a myth, 170° F. might have been obtained, a temperature found recently at Jaffa,* as coming nearer the truth. Duveyrier, equipped suitably to his purposes, found the Sahâra one day over 182° F., or 73° C. The same authority registered within one year no less a difference than between 163° and 20° F., or — 5° and 67·7 C. Mr. Harding, according to a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, recorded at a spot of the Atacama

* "Climate of the Levant," in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March, 1879.

Desert of Bolivia 7° and 98° F., with only four hours time between. These are annual and diurnal ranges with a vengeance, and are enough to make that Colossus at Thebes groan audibly. The Ancient Egyptians did well to mass, round, harden, polish, gild, keep dusted, clothe, mask, and shelter their huge sculptures. And not without good cause had they a predilection for light granite and dark basalt, so hard that sculptors of our time still wonder with what instruments they could have been worked: till they improve on hints from those who work on glass and those who fashion diamonds.

Besides the heat acting upon these calcarious and quartz rocks and upheaved porphyry, there is the roughening, depolishing action of the wind-borne sand. The dusty sandy gusts grind rigid windows in more sheltered countries into opacity and often iridescence. And these fiercer blasts depolish even the elastic eyeballs of the Bedawins into blindness, compensated sometimes by bringing out the iridescence of the soul—poetry. Judge then how easily these winds which remove in one dry season the polish off the upper faces of these rolled, hard pebbles, will roughen the ordinary rocks, and so accelerate their destruction by increasing both their absorbing and their radiating intensity.

But the sand does more than this: it gets into the chinks of rocks and eats them through. It will penetrate, like damp and ponderous gas, into capillary fissures, and, slowly accumulating, widen and deepen all clefts. I really believe that mineral breath goes working into the very pores of the rock, as it would penetrate into a cooling bird's-egg through those same pores which exhale a "bush" of bubbles when the

egg is put into water warmer than itself. Wherever collected in the interstices and sufficiently confined, this heavy dust would mine through and under the rock, then lift the biggest stones and boulders highest, as is the wont of sand, and roll them over to further destruction; acting thus with the enormous mechanical power of partially confined living vegetable tissues when swelling by growth. It was by the slow and dogged action—hydraulic-press like—of this humble sand, that those tremendous, thick-walled granite sarcophagi in the rock chambers of Memphis were lifted to the heights of the raised entrances. The inside of these prodigious sarcophagi (when you descend into them) you will find as large as an English bedroom of medium size.—Thus the misunderstood desert sands supply the agency of damp and growth in softer climates, gradually, but with unintermittent power, helping towards the destruction of the rocks, and making the parts they can reach like themselves. For it should be known that the sandier these deserts, the less are they deprived of latent water and qualified vegetation and animation. Too much water proves disastrous in softer climes to man's works. But if a sand-range slowly inundates magnificent necropoles, the wonder of all ages, it preserves them; and even from their worst foe, the most dreadful pestiferous cancer in nature, as said before, from human perversity let loose.

There is yet much room for research about the sustained capillary action of light, as isolated from kindred forces. That light would here furiously agitate the fly of the radiometer, and deeply blacken photographic plates, darken men's skins, and the surface of pale sandstone and limestones as if grasped by algæ; under

certain conditions might render the ferruginous stones, and other minerals, active magnets.

Researches on the alternate action on the rocks of highly ozonised torrid dry air charged with electricity, as shown before; and then of the air in its deozonised state during hot storms, would also well repay labour.

We should pause before decidedly rejecting—as has become the hobble-de-hoy fashion—so many testimonies of phenomena observed without scientific preparation. The generality of sand- or “dust”-spouts, known from Australia and Gobi to Dar-Fûr, and the Atlas and beyond, in the deserts of Brazil, Mexico, and Bolivia, is harmless enough—to recall from memory a pun of Aristophanes, often strong enough only to make wool fly off: *ἐριώλη: ξριον, ἀπόλλυμι*. Different from these are the desert tornadoes, radiating to great distances heat and pungent smells; and snatching up and throwing about bedsteads, saddles, quadrupeds, men; and piercing two camels through and pinning them to the ground with a blunt tent-pole or a stake; and stealing soldiers' metallic weapons, and sending them down from the heavens in other latitudes. Have a day's treat and compare the imperishable description in Lucan's “Pharsalia” with the rich account of a recent Illinois Tornado in the “Journal of Science.”

The action of even the most fleeting showers of loose-clustered big drops of icy cold rain (which I said before I have felt through a thick and hard dress, like arrows), or hail, both from untold heights, discharged with a momentum approaching that of pistols loaded with water, is the more powerful here, as they almost invariably fall on the rocks when they are most heated—in summer, by hot winds, and in the afternoon.

the supplies of the rain too abrupt, and may in former centuries have been rarer and shorter and more violent even than now, to produce that smooth rotundity which—except in confined whirlpools, of which further on—is the effect of long sustained toil. The waters, besides disintegrating, collaborate with other forces which re-integrate by accumulation, pressure, baking, and chemical compounding. But the rounding and polish of the solid rock requires perhaps as much time, and as continual an application, as the ripening of the soil for rounded and smooth organisms. If a constant succession of drops, falling, as a rifle-bullet flies, in a screw line from these heights of clouds, could be secured to work on single spots of stones, it would not smoothen a round brim, like drops from low-built eaves, but pound sharp, like a bullet, or pierce like a gimlet; or, under oscillation, punch pock-marks, and drill combs. Witness the rough, fresh, perpendicular ravines, toning off with colours ranging from dark violet and purple, through hazy hues, to pink and rose and fresh snow. Moreover, you see the marks from one short sprinkling eaten into the hard ground, stereotyped for years, and slowly filling up with travelling dust.

Scaly and spiky dust, then, is what is constantly being made in the thorn-producing desert, parched or inundated; it might be called the salt ashes of the burning desert. The waters begin by bringing down much of the dust,—meteoric in two different senses. Then they make new dust. Then they screen it between the stones, and through the very sand; and, thus sorting, aggregating, according to size and gravity, lay them at leisure in clay, derived from heavy porphyry, ponderous granite, meteoric iron, and other débris.

The drops, hurled from the maximum height of rain

clouds, as Sir William Herschel explained—and moreover weighted by the ponderous dust they snatch from the high, galloping winds above—these racing drops often combine to form twisting jets, like snakes, hissing out forked tongues of lightning, before they reach the ground on which they burst at last as plaited, clustered cataracts, in a sudden and tumultuous manner.

Long after the mighty efforts of the waters are over, their minute trouble continues; but this diminishes as the circling, curling puffs of sediment glide, like shoals of small fishes, in coils into convenient niches, as camel-drivers huddle-up behind the new-moon shaped saddle-shelters; or as pairs of dancers, after a long, straight *chasse*, arrive at the place to turn again. Becoming thus gradually unloaded, the waters roam and run about, dispersed in playful curves, amid a maze of petty channels found in the rocks, or traced in the fresh soft ground; doubling native rocks, great nomad boulders, and those well cemented, termite minarets ("white-ant-hills"), whom Neptunine fury alone—even helped by smaller catapult stones—could not destroy. These metamorphosing waters sport on, with occasional jumps from a bar down into soft sediment—like children romping in a huge bed,—then down a mimic cataract, tossing up liquid feathers or shuttlecocks, until, tired of continual excitement, and just as the last shreds of the high cloud canopies vanish,—as if a mighty animal shook a wet mane from before his eye,—revealing the angry ogre of a sun, they fall asunder, huddled up as drops, nestling in the down,—many of them smothered and gobbled up by the ogre though . . . and then they skip *under* the bed. But if you go noiselessly (which is easy in the

me take refuge in the tents of the Egyptian army. There were two kinds, and the following qualities they had in common. In the main, they were what military tents in good climates have been from times immemorial—judging from ancient sculptures and old pictures. They had a good pole (in one piece, of course) nine or ten feet high, or higher; they were of a polygonal plan. The roof was like an open, not a closed, Oriental umbrella. The lower type of the two had its wall, about four or five feet high, *gonfaloned* down, from the roof brim to which it was sewed; so that doors or windows could be manipulated anywhere in a twinkling. The higher type had its wall five or six feet high, separate from the roof. The wall itself is of two or three pieces, with rods inside for stays every two or three feet. There are opposite doors. The wall may be rolled sideways to any extent in a moment. There is no ventilation overhead.

By the middle of February we began feeling racked by the tent heats. Accordingly, in Khartoom, our mechanical good Genius probably saved the life of some of us. There we had dealings with merchants and artisans, and were helped by our good soldiers. The result was a canvas gloriolite on the principle of some tents used in India, with double roof and double walls all round, having a bad-conducting stratum of bottled air of about three feet thickness between. To speak more precisely, it was only an approach to what it should have been; but time and material did not permit better. This is how it was done: we took the high one from among the Egyptian tents, gave it an additional lining of thick, *dark* cloth, and hoisted about three feet over it one of the lower Egyptian tents, similarly thickened. It was a laborious task to make everything fit well and hold fast; yet the whole fell much short of our wishes. The brim

of the upper roof fell on that of the lower; the upper roof was only the size of the lower, and the outer flaps, short and high, were of not much use. But even thus we gained something, while feeding, working, or chatting together; or at least the invalids gained when we laid any up in that tent.

Let me send another *cri de détresse* for suffering humanity from these deserts. I mention elsewhere the dreadfully Western-European style of the "best" hotels in the East and South of the world. The majority of private residences, of whatever rank, are just as bad in and about those towns where the hotels *sicken* and emaciate the people. If Europeans in the Levant must insist, with a modern viciousness of perversity, in building palaces and other houses with thin walls and without shady arcades, let them at least build exposed houses with hollow walls, as a friend of ours does in England. If the modern world of millionaires are too poor to protect their friends with reasonably thick walls, let them modify those thin walls so far as to make them hollow. This is a fairly good protection against piercing cold storms if not against piercing heat. Do this rather than go on attributing the havoc caused by deadly ignorance to the "deadly climate." Doctors sending their invalids into the good air of these places should consider that this good air is, in the majority of the invalids' dwellings, *inflamed* like a neglected wound. Spaciousness and loftiness alone do not make a proper dwelling in the tropics.

Next in importance—whatever the "season"—is the air on the camping grounds. Aggravated as the fatal malady of Lord Ranfurly was by the tent heat, he seems to have contracted the malady from the infected air in camp where meat cut in strips was hung about on bushes, tent ropes and packages, to dry for provisions—

as is the habit of Bedawins. Offal of whatever description should be removed or buried immediately: one cannot be too prompt and too urgent about this point—in these climates especially. The first large game after a long interval was killed, and distributed and scattered in camp, the day before the alarming fever laid hold of our friend

The latest Rules and Regulations about Encampments issued by Her Majesty's War Department should be followed: lest people insist to the end of time in pitching camps at desert wells the hollows of which are graveyards and dung sinks, and concentrating reflectors at the same time. That these places are very much worse in the sun after each rain, will be found out in some future century. I was startled by horrible things, hidden to others, in the tall dry grass on the bad ground in the camp where half our people had the cholera, dysentery, and fevers. And the poor negro, too, previously mentioned sickened and died just in such an infernal camp.

The malarious air on merely damp ground—"incumbent," as a sanitary professor keeps reiterating, to injure the healthiest youths fresh from the best British classic colleges—creeps low: and that the desert is wide enough and not without rocky heaps I have said often enough. If the heights be not compact and large, I do not see why, in most cases, the tents should not be a little more scattered. But I hardly think I shall persuade people to have their own atmosphere unshared. If you let the men pitch where *they* like, you will find them picking out, from all the boundless desert, exactly the very spot where they may contend with the stinking vultures over the reeking offal from some other caravan which may have struck camp there

the same morning. Sweet charms of adhesive custom, which make fatalistic people rather sink in clump than ascend separately! I have already reported on the climate. But I cannot see that, as Burton says in his "Anatomy," the "hot distemperature" makes men melancholy. There are, as a rule, not many days of deozonizing simoom; and I think the irritable melancholy of Englishmen is hardly relieved for as many fair days in the year, as there may be, at the worst, depressing days in these hottest of deserts. The resounding lines of Dr. Armstrong's Sanitary poem show tropical air certainly frightening enough; but they would sound very small when compared with the effects from chill and cold air with no more sanitary care than there is just now in the good old countries farther south. You can extract some instructive particulars on the effect of northern air even from Dr. Guy's excellent *little* book on "Public Health."

As I mention the effect of air over the cultivated vegetation on the Nile as memorable to us amateur Bedawins, it is only fair to record the exhilarating effect from the delicious air in the tall forests near Gabrah—memorable for the singing birds also.

I heard of no eye complaints during the time we were there: neither the flying sand, nor the glare of lime-rock, nor that of the field-books without a shade of tint, provoked such complaints. Even the chance fogs did no harm—as they very painfully do in London. The blinding, or at any rate irritating effect from sand or dust blasts in or near Egyptian towns arises, of course, from the organic matter. It was a wonder people's eyes came off unhurt from the camps at the universal folds, styes, and sinks of wells. I think I recommended a veil over the eyes when sleeping in the open during

a radiating night.* Colonel Potto condemns dark eye-glasses, dark paint or powder on eyelashes, and recommends "papakha," one of the most important words in the whole treatise on "Steppe Campaigns." The word, however, is not in the English translation; very likely because the English Captain may no more be able than myself to find this word explained in dishevelled travellers' books, or Russian and other dictionaries, likely to contain words in daily use among the Caucasians. What the Captain and myself can gather is only this, that the eye-protecting material is dark hair. It may be a horse-hair veil or vizor, and in that case would accord well with the habit of the Touâreg Bedawins in the Sahâra, who generally *wear the veil*.

On Régime in General.

I find it necessary to recommend in places with climates like these a little more drilling than usually practised now-a-days. It would save a constant and injurious recourse to drugs. The change in muscular play, by relieving long slow rides with hours of walking—however uninviting at first—will be found not only comfortable, but salutary. During days spent at wells let every man not bound to move in work be commanded or perseveringly recommended some bodily exercise. Laziness encourages disease by breeding intestinal uncleanness, if not fevers and such like. If there be no game, those fond of hunting should do a good walk, or several short runs—whatever the ground be. (The general rules of measure and discretion which keep one

* If the veil covers the whole face it may protect the system against feverish maladies, usually caught in Egypt, it is said, by sleeping in the open on nights with quickly changing temperature.

in condition at home hold good—it seems necessary to repeat in this age of mixed counsel—anywhere.) Crawling up before breakfast or dinner to mountains of stones—under whatever sun, and often even before or after a day's work or ride—will be found better than aloe and rhubarb; specially if you leave your sucking-bottle—field-bottle I mean—behind. (The Bedawins have no field-bottles—unless a small water-skin on the animal when bound for a journey.) Heaving up large stones and dashing them amongst the others to pieces, may be found more exhilarating than some dances. On Sundays I should have the men drilled in a short parade. Most necessary it is to keep life in the healthy people circulating, during those exceptional longer stays of the camp; as, while waiting for relay camels, for the recovery of the gravely sick, and such like. Besides that, all tents should be daily shifted—if the state of the sick permit—for sanitary reasons. Some good rough games, for instance, games with desert stones, in the manner of quoits should regularly be practised. The movement would reduce the crowding of many a sick list; besides being exhilarating in growing pleasure. "Your merry heart goes all the way," &c. A piper, or some such human and humanizing agency, as of antiquity in Egyptian donkey-caravans, should be obligatory. Some national "Punch" for the men of little obligatory care, and a good caricaturist—who does not publish—for the men with greater cares, are desiderata. A monkey or two would be a good addition. Bad as our social arrangements were, the four in our working party had many a merry hour; which, however, to detail in print is neither in my style nor, I believe, to the taste of that class of readers I endeavour to interest. Quiet days in camps would not be

climate. This implies, of course, the satisfaction of having done rather more work, and stood rather more fatigue than formerly elsewhere. I trust there are thousands of Britons—men, at least—in the tropics who could say as much for themselves. I should be very sorry—indeed, it would be a new source of distress to me—if I could do less work of any kind in these healthy places, dressed in light gauzes and silks, or the lightest of furs, than I did in the deep snows and high winds tempered to something like zero Fahrenheit, when my merriest paces of work were those resembling a shackled ice-bear. I do not think those “bracing” places most prolific of work where a simple day’s work is considered a feat of heroism; where anxious Northern hosts and hostesses with classic Southern souls treat a man returned from daily work, after having extracted him from a low fur-boot called a sledge, as if he were fresh from a sanguinary victory; where they show such concern as is elsewhere bestowed on the wounded; and where one gets persuaded that without those pettings and snug chats in the evening, or the joyous parties they would sometimes get up for their guest, he would never be able to thaw up into despatching a laconic report. Some Ossian may, no doubt, give an exhilarating description of a mighty goblin racing through the cold heights of clouds; but the amount of astrolabium work may fall very short of what it may be elsewhere, even in forests, if for each of the daily forty observing stations one have to excavate a pit and some tunnels in the snow. Nor am I quite sure whether I did more cheerful work—in a climate boasting perennial November weather—with stationary and shifting instruments in day-long cold rains, with clothes grievously heavy and impeding from soakiness, looking like some scalded

fowl. True that, to relieve the continued drag of bullying yourself into the belief that you are *not sick* and shall not be before your work is done, there is your compensation from those whom *Punch* calls your “friends at a distance.” One has just sent you a melancholy musical antiquity entitled “King Cole’s Last Will.” You hire someone to make a copy, and send it to some other friend with a playful letter. But this verges on the sanitary chapter, &c., under the heads of strangulating bronchitis, surgeon, lawyer, parson, “graves and worms and epitaphs.”

And now to the quiet and sheltered occupation. Let us dismiss comparison with a single reference to working during an eight months’ winter, in large offices near liberal windows, with artificial light by day, with open fire-places: your eyes keep bright, and how joyous the dance of your working fingers there! I have said there were, in tents, half-hours of half-rest, during which we became almost invalid. But this, as shown elsewhere, is due rather to the badness of the tents than to any legerdemain of that climate which is so bearable in the sun, or in the shade of palm trees, or in the airiness of a thick-walled palace, or even a thick-walled summer-house. It is not the “climate” or the stars which in summer so greatly oppresses us in the “best” of modern Egyptian hotels, in which most of the rooms are built on the Egyptian tomb principle—or, say, on that of a cupboard.

A siesta of forty winks after forty hours of field work or four of “office” may be rather a special benefit under Southern skies, if properly managed. But let the bugle of duty call for immediate service, or the Æolic strings for provident study; and if the enlightened superstition-born phantoms of tropical torpor, with

wilful transgression of a certain law. It is not always easy to ascertain this as an isolated reason; because the offenders usually accelerate their fates by other faults and mental infirmities, for vices generally band together for mischief.

These pretty, orderly, quiet camps on Sundays were serene sights. Every one looked rejuvenated, and the soldiers were "endimanchés" in their red caps, white uniform, with *repoussé* brass buttons, and with high white gaiters. It is a pity people cannot look, even if they would, endimanchés [don't make an English word!] in funny, dear young England, unless they were to carry gay coloured umbrellas for the day. And if we were to keep the original sunny Italian to express the object, etymologists might be delighted to explain *ὑμῖνος* by "down-pour." But the hideous sight of about seven inches of white gaiters—as worn in chilly, or, at any rate, damp London, by many strange looking people on a Sunday—is not exhilarating: a sleepy eye is violently startled by such lengths of cuffs and collars, worn at the wrong end.

On ourselves it was remarkable what a blessed effect this Sunday's rest used to have. We felt not only in body like rising convalescents—finding even the tent air less chafing; but we even recovered from being a little sick of each other. I don't know whether Sunday would have done so much good to some random party of people, envious, domineering, perpetually plodding to be witty, and five hundred other clever vulgarities, and hard-up specialities. Nor do I think their victims enviable, who would be thus more fatigued by rest than work. But it is only natural to imagine speedy and full recovery in a party where conceited "juniors" were abashed by being treated throughout almost like con-

valescent spoilt girls by their "seniors." The conversation of people who were long trained for general observation on five continents, and for particular observation of their own insignificance in metropolises, could never be very dull or very boring; and a moderate amount of playful "chaff" all round kept the spirits of the exceptional little party in excellent health. But as our full-taxed nerves were recovering—remember we were racing in good earnest all those nine or ten months—we appeared on Sundays, somehow, fresh, if not amiable, to each other.

We had no Divine service, though of the same persuasion, any more than we said loud grace at table, like poor Lucas did. It would have done us good. But the reading—I believe generally—was suited to the Day: it was, however, not what seems the universal Sunday reading in English towns. That is, it was not those newspapers—I judge from three specimens—with contents answering to the nature of their hawkers' day-long Dominical yells. These acoustic burglars—by the rod!—become even hierosylious, breaking into the very chapels and churches, and that during service! In the different tents such little things may have made their appearance—and perhaps passed into other tents—as an odd volume of Tillotson, gleanings from older divines, a French volume from a collection of classic preachers, a translation of the Korân, a *Quarterly Review* with a criticism on Strauss. Here is a living Bishop's Integration of Differential Sins. The differentiation is good, but might have been done by a lesser man or woman; the integration—well, I should not like to see my own masterly integrated. There goes one differential, in this very act of snarling at my betters. I am just as infected as the lowest populace,

and I was only reflecting like a slave some sneer in the *Saturday Review*, to the reading of which paper I am during some seasons blameably addicted: no, this was said before that sneer was committed. Nevertheless, hear me recant. *Mea culpa!* I remember having been so fond of the little railway volume that I hugged perhaps a fourth part of it in affectionate pencil brackets, and read the contents over again. If my nature is still so wild that a snarl *will* break out even on a Sunday, fitter objects for it are the spiritual amateurs and quacks, I mean Reverend mountebanks, who make the church pay by preaching in thieves' gibberish, and profaning the temple with the speculative facetiousness of trans-Atlantic papers. This is worse than the licensed adulterators scourged out of the Temple at Jerusalem; these priests are themselves the gamblers in the church.

The Bedawins say the desert is haunted. "Απαγε. . . Here are some shreds of Pascal's *Pensées*. Here are some translations of Zschokke's, whose short novels a beloved friend used to be fond of. These translations are from that author's "*Stunden der Andacht*" (Hours of Meditation), published with the permission of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. There are pencil notes in it, dated—some one had adorned the fine essays with his mother's beautiful comments, as the two were, it appears, reading together during odd hours in the week. Those mothers have a blessed habit of finding out a pore or two in the most packed of portmanteaux for sustained education. I am sure on these days they are wondering whether our hands are brushing the desert dust off these opened pages. Nay, I should not wonder if some of them would feel as if they really saw us; and could tell some marked turn in our mood, unexpected and hardly accounted for though it feel even to

ourselves. Such visions in this wilderness we are incapable of; but we can see those Mothers distinctly in our minds. We imagine them now, pensively looking down on the ground, as if into it or through it, perhaps just a certain way and a certain angle. O, that pensive, yet clearly eloquent, dear, sad look with which they sometimes mourned over our more tenacious faults and our sufferings through them.

Sometimes a talk would arise in tent on kindred topics, beginning, perhaps, with a series of authentic anecdotes, and resulting in some curious parallel between the French physicist's [Voltaire's] shrewd guesses into the future, and the French mathematician's [Pascal's] reasoning on what he calls certainties other than those which can be proved by geometry; and between De Quincey's fine logical acumen in his essay "On the Knocking at the Gate in 'Macbeth.'" As a fillip for those unacquainted with other of De Quincey's writings than the more sensational ones, I will quote a little from my last Sunday copy-book "to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding the meanest faculty in the human mind when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind which [mere understanding] may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes." Then he proceeds to explain, illustrate, and prove his point, with delightful lucidity, by homely facts in physiology, and descriptive geometry.

How fresh this small Cambridge Septuagint of 1665 reads! Owing to paper, binding, and management, its leaves radiate, when open, like the rising sun, for an emblem of that world which we half see, half construe by reflection. How beautiful this type with

the ornamental abbreviations, and artistic variations of letters, so grateful to my eyes tired by packing and so forth! How fresh the chapters about the Hebrews in these deserts read! How strange that the very beginning of the New Book, Matth. ii. 15, *ἵνα πληρωθῇ τὸ ῥηθὲν ὑπὸ τοῦ Κυρίου διὰ τοῦ προφήτου, λέγοντος, Ἐξ Αἰγύπτου ἐκάλεσα τὸν υἱόν μου*—should never have struck me before I began studying to love Egypt.

It is a pity there is yet no series of insinuating pocket editions of the classic doctors: 16mos, with separate volumes of modern, matter-of-fact notes to each of the more voluminous of them. But it does not perhaps matter very much, as those among the long-trained who do honour their Fathers, are rather fond of copying them, as of old. There is a recent manuscript tomelet with spoils from Patrological folios, such as scholiæ and commentaries on the Psalms, Gospels, etc., with quotations from Leibnitz, Kant, and whom not. That tomelet contains a hymn, with those beautiful passages about the Libyan desert, from the ostrich-hunting Squire-Bishop of Ptolemais. Hear the music of the start:

* Ἀγε μοι ψυχὰ
ἱεροῖς ὕμνοις
ἐπιβαλλόμενα,
ὑληγενέας
εὐνασον οἴστρους·
.

Then it aspires, like some sparkling sand-spout, to the height of over seven hundred lines . . . Let us see. "Come along, my soul." That won't do. Smooth enough to me as to metre, but rather rough as to sense: as if the Greek were *ἴθι δῆ*. Try again to make someone "delight in a new song;" or, at least, try to be one of those who obey the call of *Ψάλατε συνετῶς* (Psalm

xlvi. 7), to quote from the Egyptian version. I give the following risky attempt to reproduce both sense and metre:—

Wave care and prostrate
The goading desires
Of festering matter:
And arise, my life,
To aspire in a hymn.
.

But how far from the sense and music of the original! It forces me to try a really new one, though infirm in infancy.

Let me loosen the clasp
Of my carnal case;
That the magnet, my soul,
May point to its Pole.
.

Weak! But who is that modern . . . I know only one modern Master of English who "clearly sounds the true ring of the patristic hymn": he who speaks:—

But fallen man—the creature of a day—
Skills not that love to trace.
It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast wrought,
An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach of thought.
.

(Cardinal Newman it is.) But that strain of Gerontius disturbs awful memories which must sleep. Therefore I return to my Synesius once more, and learn the hymn by heart.

BOOK III.



THE CARAVAN.

IDOL BREAKING.

 AN ESSAY ON THE TREATMENT OF THE CAMEL IN SCIENCE,
ART, AND LITERATURE.

BEFORE launching your "ship of the desert" amidst my fleet you must allow me to do, as well as I may, some carpentering for you; else your camel, or "ship," will not hold water through the following chapters: nor would the others support all the merchandize I have ready to load them with. I must destroy before building, as I destroyed before the start from Wady-Halfa the continental packages in order to repack them more properly. I want to keep you serene at a pleasant elevation. I have said to myself: "How could I hope to spread the carpet of enjoyment? and in what manner could I carry off the ball of hilarity from the plain of mirth with the bat of pleasure?"* Because of my caravan "my shepherd tongue is fain to keep some part in fold."† I respect you too much to interrupt what I intend for your enjoyment, by fitful descants, with savage ejaculations, for the sake of repeated adjustments. Bear, therefore, with me while, in an unartistically garrulous style, venting what you may call my ill-nature, in this trailing, spasmodic chapter. I cannot help the ugliness of these collective growls, and what may seem the

* From the translation by Eastwick, F.R.S., of Pilpay's Fables.

† τὰ μὲν ἀμετέρα
Γλῶσσα ποιμαίνειν ἐθέλει. —Pindar.

weariness of inane roars, any more than the assembling caravan can preparatory to starting.

Some of those true readers who are often disposed to adjust their opinions and correct their judgment, must have been puzzled by certain incidental expressions in travellers ranking as high as Lady Ann Blunt, Bonomi (who made statues in their likeness and called his sweet house in England "The Camel,") Sir Austin Layard, Sir T. Douglas Forsyth, etc. Those readers are surprised to hear these travellers call camels beautiful. Yet, I have asked myself, why should they be surprised? I have worked out the answer. People's simple notions about these animals have been mystified and corrupted from their infancy.

Children are not particular about the artistic fidelity of their toy, or picture-camels, or about the sense, truth, and point of their ditties or stories. Yet I see that the more careful of British workers for children make it a point of conscience to be true and pure. If even the most devoted fail in their labour, which is often a labour of love, and present hideous idols and absurd ideas instead of true images and just notions, it is the fault of those responsible for the standard models and canons.

The camel, as represented by savants and artists, is *one* corpus delicti of that fault. The work of the untaught artizans is approved and worshipped (or insulted) in antediluvian rites by the high and low priests of contemporary Science. The result is epidemic loathing of idols and rites. What is that epidemic, how did it all originate, and why has it been allowed by the intellectual police to spread so far into this intensely enlightened century?

The descriptions [un-modern, because intolerant and

spiteful], with the ill-bred epithets bestowed on the camel, even by the latest of high authorities, are worthily interlocked with illustrations untrue because scandalously unartistic. Both descriptions and illustrations appear as bigoted as the imbecile vituperations of mediæval travellers on alien religions: though the practice of such abuse has been exposed since St. Paul's letters. Those bigots were blind to the unity in relationship of all creeds, because offensively ignoring the spirit of their own. The others—the modern savants and artists—uninstructed in the very principles of Art obligatory upon them, have yet not been able to see, *first*:—that all species and typical varieties were created beautiful, and that æsthetic rank is a question exclusively between well-understood individuals of the same species and variety; *secondly*:—that animals have to be represented honestly, in the true spirit of those civilized nations which have been most familiar with them. To make a short catalogue of more familiar names: is it worthy of a Baron Cuvier, a Quatrefages, a D'Orbigny, a Barthélemy and a Geoffroy de Saint-Hilaire, a Sir W. Jardine, to *criticize*, as they do, the ALMIGHTY, for what Oriental classics call the Wonder of Creation, the Beauty of Nature, and His pre-Adamite masterpiece? "Ugly, hideous, repulsive, ill-natured, spiteful, treacherous, awkward, ungainly, graceless, ridiculous, disproportionate, ill-adapted for performing its work in nature" [say shorter "misdesigned"]—these and scores of such stereotype ravings are meant for the exponents of the expected refreshing enthusiasm from men of Science: who contribute to beatify the world, by beautifying a natural object in the same ratio as they have learnt to love it through

devoted and ever-advancing study. Behold a case of beautifying devotion and purifying research from those who are reckoned at the head of that oligarchy who to-day—like fools of old—take more mud-lark's delight in damaging old notions with an unfashioned projectile, than in finding a Newtonian pebble. The authority of good old Sir W. Jardine goes the length of expatiating upon this disgrace and reproach of Creation; for, after invoking in his neglected simplicity the poets to testify to the high æsthetic rank of ruminating animals in general,—the Zebu, and Eland, and all the humped species of antelopes included—he takes care emphatically to except the camel. Yet why? Since if there ever was linguistic profusion gorgeously lavished on an animal on this planet, it surely has been spent to glorify the beauty of the camel. "Why?" Because Jardine was untaught in the grammar of his calling.

This sort of treatment appears the more absurd, as such great authorities do refer to Arab testimony to deepen our impression of the excellent qualities of the *horse*, and there is ten times more said by these imperative witnesses about the beauty of the camel. If we are gracious enough to trust the Arab with the horse, we are ten times more bound to trust him with the camel. But some of these worthies would go yet wilder. They would quote the right authorities about the camel itself; but only viciously to pervert them. They would ruminate on the camel's internal qualities—such as their multifarious use, equalling the sum of all other tame animals put together, besides their frugality and their hardiness, patience and devotion, etc. Yet they would not mention these qualities in the spirit of their teachers, as harmoniously super-additional to the

admirable beauty of the animal's structure. But they would, with bad grace, advance these virtues as a sort of excuse, apology or compensation for all the lacerating horrors of its unspeakable appearance and "manners" and "vices." The form, appearance, and deportment of some high-born young woman of the Levant may not be much known to *men* of Trojan and Scythian origin; but some of these men, as well as their female cousins, have given us pretty trustworthy accounts of Circassian, Georgian, and similar women. And if those authorities in Science who invoke poets to their aid would condescend to notice that, in the most rapturous of classical lyrics, the dazzling fairies, with their refined tastes, find it a high gratification to be compared in a thousand ways to the camel—to be called "my camel" as other people would, I believe, say, "my dove," and so forth—we might have worthier descriptions of the animal than the gossip, and worse, with which we have been favoured till now.

If, then, the high-priests of Science behave in such indecorous ways, what can you expect of the minor brotherhood of extractors, *ταριχευτῆρες*,* compilers and teachers who look up to them? You can certainly not expect intellectual conquests and æsthetic reforms from those communicative lay-brothers who volunteer to amuse the world by lollypop anecdotes of first tourist impressions. Among the first class of compilers you would meet such strangely vulgar creatures as a professional clergyman, who, in a book intended to illustrate the Holy Bible, assumes, like many of his Yankee-taught Reverend brethren, the voice of the street-Punch. He introduces the venerable father of the Hebrew vice-pharaoh on a cameline

* The embalmers of Egypt, an inferior order of the priesthood.

Rosinante, intended for an ideal noble type, and illustrated by wooden looking woodcuts in imitation of the exuberant Charles Lever's guy camel. Among the other class of men—raving dervishes who go on a short trip with the ominously set purpose of editing some scrap-book—you may come across the worst: which is one of those ill-bred moderns who offend against Reverence in another way. With all the pomp and semblance of authority such an one is impertinent enough to call the richest monument of devoted scholarship about the camel, “empty,” or “useless,” or what not. But a man, who comes from a rough and raw country to teach a highly civilized, and—in a sense—antique nation their own language, is likely enough to remain stupid before such a feast of knowledge, and such a stimulus for further investigation as the glory of the Baron Dr. Hammer-Purgstall.* Possibly the monography of the camel, containing chiefly cuttings from inferior daily papers on miscellaneous subjects, and the learned and refined correspondence between an errand-boy and a shoemaker's apprentice about the justice of street urchins legislating for their masters; all this may be more instructive about the camel than the mighty labours of the veteran Baron and his future followers. My own slow and awkward mind could construe this mud-pie, losing even its little form by being thrown into the face of a marble statue, into something resembling the camel only by making me think of one of the camels in Babrius.†

* “Das Kameel” in two volumes of the “Denkschriften der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften in Wien.”

† Διέβαινε ποταμὸν δὲξὺν ὄντα τῷ ρείθρῳ κυρτὴ κάμηλος, εἴτ' ἔχεζε. Τοῦ δ' ὄνθου φθάνοντος αὐτὴν, εἶπεν “Ἢ κακῶς πωάττω· ἔμπροσθεν ἤδη μου τὰ γ' ὀπισθὲν μου βαίνει.” Πόλιν ἂν τις εἴποι τὸν λόγον τοῦ Αἰσώπου, ἧς ἔσχατοι κρατοῦσιν ἀντὶ τῶν πρώτων.

Whatever it may have been worth in the estimate of an enterprising itch-finger who needs must write a whole book in a fortnight on a subject somewhere just popular, the labours of the Styrian Baron were to me a balm. As I desired to present some friends infinitely superior to myself with some packed essay about what pleased me most in the desert, *i.e.* the caravan, my first thoughts were naturally turned towards a hunt for Arabic authorities. The hunt after those sources of information in London was like pursuing in the desert an underground river (*Bahr-takht-el-ard*). The cupola of the great Beehive in Bloomsbury did not contain even the Zoological Dictionary of El-Damîri. . . . The worry about this, and the rest of the immortal “Camel Stallions” (classics) was enough to spasmodize my after-midnight rest. Fortunately for myself, I wanted also to bother that Royal Fellow, Dr. Günther, about those camel skeletons still stowed away in the boxes of the Museum. In order to get rid of me for good, the excellent Doctor presented me with a magical sheet which was both map and conveying carpet [like that in the Arabian Nights Entertainments]. That wonderful carpet from the laboratory of the indefatigable Zoologist,—who dissects, stuffs, and classifies, not only beasts but even their dissectors, stuffers and classifiers—took me first of all to those domains of the hospitable and generous Baron, where my fluttered soul found rest for a time.

Besides the renowned Styrian Baron, I have found only one of the men of science under review who had treated the camel in an intelligent way: but then, this man is no less an authority (and, paradoxically, for this reason, unstudied by these authors and artists) than Professor Owen. He appreciates, with the judgment

of a conscientious and calmly observing student, the beauty of the animal, and describes its movements as graceful. But singular to relate, he allowed the animal—in one of his masterpieces on Anatomy—to be mis-illustrated by a contradictory woodcut.

This brings us from the priests to the idols, the artists, and the artizans. And as we rehearsed, for a device or battle-cry, before the priests of Science, two canons of their vocation, so we will emboss our shield with the cameo of the brutalized Cinderella of Zoology and Art, before using that shield in our iconoclastic indignation.

And thus I cut the symbolical cameo. Take a capital U. Put it upside down. This will serve, on this small scale, as a side view of the camel's back, legs, and feet. Take one wing of a capital Ψ . Stick this on, in its ordinary position, to one of the two points on the outside of the inverted U, like a horn, just where the curve begins to turn. You see, it is the camel's little, and nearly level head, sharp set on its thin neck. Close the body by a line, starting a little below the junction. Let that line be higher at its end, to join the roof of the inverted U, a trifle above the point where the curve meets the straight part of the opposite leg of the U. This line may be baggy, say, like an ascending chain, somewhat drawn out. If you want your camel to appear mounted, bisect longitudinally another U, and join the point of bisection to the analogous point of the wing of the Ψ previously fixed, like an exalted capital J. The new vertical line would appear to you rather high for a sitting man; but remember the thick saddle is high above the camel's spine. If you operate with a U of the size of your finger-nail, you might split the line

which has stood for the hind legs, split it from between belly and back-line. In this larger scale the narrow and pointed merrithought of the legs will appear bent a bit, say both legs with the concave turned inwards. These legs should seem joined close at the top, and the feet may stand as wide apart as the small u. The fore-legs will still appear straight and close, but thicker than the inverted letter shows them. The tail, this pendulum—whose size agrees with the latitude I suppose—might be made to appear, in its extreme moment to the right, tangential to the cap of the inverted U, and to reach half-way down.

Now this simple alphabet has evidently appeared too lettered for our tender artists as yet. But I trust the "Great reader" has taken notice of it with a good will as encouraging as if the diagram had been put together from the complete tender parts of a little flower. Indeed the simplicity of a camel's fundamental structure is so clear and unique, that it raises this tall animal to a position in zoology which should be marked by the distinction of a separate order. Let this, however, not mislead the interested artist. This magic simplicity tends to an astonishing combination of mechanism: just as the simplest of keys opens the most ingenious of locks; or as the minute elements of the simplest of calculi—the differential—reveals to the astronomer an universe of solutions, charming by their grandeur.

Let the reader observe the extent of poetic licence, if told that the chain-line of the neck combined with the back contour, is a wave line. Seen to the face, or from the rear, and enveloped in dust and mirage, the tall narrow animal when mounted, reminds me often of an upright fountain with contours like those in Trafalgar Square. But the uppermost line of the whole cameline

profile, when seen well and near, is the image of a deep and narrow river-bed's cross view, at a bend, with an island. The little depression in the top-line of the head may stand for the tow-path. The water-pumping neck, the contours of which first plunge down sharp, somewhat like a cataract, is well mirrored in the profile of the shore, washed abrupt. As close to the steep shore the curve of the narrow channel follows, breaking at the false shore of the island, so the pitch of the neck recoils, and, rebounding, stops at the obtuse edge of the shoulder. And as, a little further from the gentle elevation of the bed, up rises the contour of the island; so, from the gentle slope of the first part of the back, the hump is reared.

In the humpless varieties, and the hump-lost condition of this back-bitten animal, the dorsal profile is similar to that of a stooping man—say, in the attitude of a discobolus: while the average type of the humped dorsal profile redounds in the chaste contour of a recumbent nymph's chest. There are humps as high and long as to make the camel's back resemble that of a cat in anger. But in the generality of cameline humps I cannot see any such startling anomalies with reference to other animals, as are usually depicted. Without referring to other of the many animals emphatically humped, I will only remind the reader of the humped cattle of the tropics—as flourishing on our ruby match boxes—and of the yak of Tartary. With the first animals the excrescence is certainly much more abrupt than with the camel: moreover the backs of the former have no preparatory bend. But, after having remembered the contour of a man's back, we may as well glance over the backs of the whole animal kingdom: from monkeys and lions, down through insects to the

mollusks—to see that most animals' backs are vaulted. How would a modern Aristotle have them? If the authors under review must particularise the back of the camel more strongly than the backs of other beasts, it would be fair to note that, in countries excelling others by the variety of their animals, the camel's neck- and back-contours are selected as models for the single- or double-domed awnings over sedan-chairs, bullock-cars, elephants, etc. One of these contours is “the line of grace and beauty” pure and simple.

An outward point far more remarkable about the camel than the shape of its back, however, is the admirable mechanism of its legs. The exceptionally small number and the exceptionally wide and efficient play of its joints, reminds us essentially of the greater unity through greater simpleness, of the human mechanism. Great is, for instance, the free play of the knees and thighs, half the latter of which only touch the reduced abdomen, but are not grown to it at all, as is represented on many a valued modern drawing on steel and copper: representing hymned “master-pieces” in famous galleries. The beautifully refined structure of these joints alone imparts to the camel's attitudes more than double the variety of that which any other quadruped is capable of. A great distinction appears even before the beast rises. While sitting, it does not show its feet—which unobtrusiveness suggests to me the idea of refinement. When my animal friend thus sits and reposes, chiefly on its literal pedestal, it impresses me with an airiness and willingness to fly up, such as no other quadruped does. As the armies of a certain nation—otherwise generally believed to consist of disagreeable monsters—are known by not knowing when they are beaten, so a true camel—considered hitherto

a disagreeable monster—never knows when it is dead-beat. But while the enemies of such armies may know better, the rider of the camel may not. The rider also feels less fatigued on a good riding camel than he would on the best horse: even if he should not avail himself of the superior facility to change attitude on a proper camel saddle. And should he study to manage such a camel better, fatigue would be altogether dissolved, and would change into a sweet passion unimagined by the most enthusiastic of equestrians. The change of the rider's sensations is caused by the great variety of his camel's paces—a variety unequalled among quadrupeds, and surpassed only by the variety exhibited by consummate ballet-dancers. This rich variety of sensations would compare with that experienced on horseback, as some great opera compares with a homely song in equal stanzas. But what an opera becomes in the hands of itinerant London instruments—animate or otherwise—that the camel has become in modern Art, Science, and Literature.

Anybody who looked attentively, and not irrevocably prejudiced, at the caravan on the grounds of the Alexandra Palace, in 1877, will soon admit the beauty of the outlines, particulars, and movements of camels. People saw there that these animals can please, and can delight in being petted as well as other animals. It often did me good to see the splendid brutes played with, and to hear children call them pretty names; to hear the adults, in amusing and agreeable surprise, say that they never thought before that these animals were really beautiful. There were reserved, and puzzled, and careless remarks, too, of course; but I heard not a single exclamation of dislike. Imagining you so far persuaded, let me try to entice you further. Fancy

yourself in the desert, and provided with a fair specimen of a young riding camel. If not scalded and dead-beat, and knowing you know and favour her, she will come or run up to you while you are sitting. There is more variety of expression in that little head than in that of any other animal except man. An artistic physiologist, familiar with the habits of these animals, could easily explain this. There are those full, rich, ghazel-like hazel eyes, deliciously shaded, like deep purple centifolds by bent leaves, or as the bronze bust of a Queen Candace by a split laced frill. Sit by me and see her come. Put away that book else she will take it from you; and box, pat, and feed her as she comes to brush your shoulder with her lips. The lips are shifting as if in chat, while she looks inquisitive, kissing your hand, and—if you let her—rubbing cheeks with you. It may be cupboard love, because she tries to search your pockets. But, judging from the expression and movements, she would much rather play than feed. Now she has got the better of you, running away with your weapon for a delicacy: you see how terrible a camel is as an enemy; but you must not let her eat that vegetable fly-brush. Don't run after: call her back. Sit down. "Ghazelone!" There she comes from the opposite side—now looking down at you in the face from behind your back. "Ghazelone, I am ashamed of you: had you mangled or eaten that fly-brush, the flies would have eaten you." Off again. What an admirable play of structure! I cannot notice often enough the joyous mobility of that jewel of a head—like the reflected image of a pretty southern pleasure-boat dancing on the billows. That spring hidden in the exquisitely moulded neck is more powerful and pliant than the finest steel springs. When during walking the neck is shifting—gently

stretching, bending, contracting—it seems to flow liquid on account of its sinewy corrugations. And notice that wonderful body in movement, with the dip of the bulky chest like that of a swimming bird. Look at its back motion: it is the crowned top of an advancing wave: now look at the lower contour; it is the whirling bottom of the wave. As you pursue it in this order, the latter seems to flow from under the former. The remarkably constructed legs, too, impress me as if they served for more purposes than mere walking or running: in the liquid sand, two feet would sometimes appear to move like feet of swimming birds; while two legs and feet would apparently shift in the manner of wings. The whole mechanism, watched for a life-time, would show an inexhaustible variety. The interest in their appearance is still enhanced by noticing the great variety of skin-texture; the charming gradations of its colours, seen under the surprising changes of desert light, and through the delightfully mobile desert atmosphere.

And now see what the artists have made of all this mine of wealth to illustrate our Bibles.

Our greatest admiration is due to a living artist—Mr. E. Walton—for the nearly one hundred lithographs, engraved by his own devoted hands, and published in a large folio.* Mistrusting my enthusiasm about this long labour of love, I referred to the criticism in the *Athenæum*, where I found the exemplary monument appreciated in the highest degree. Then, this painter's unparalleled caravan in water-colours keeps on folding in ever fresh groups into his annual caravanserai of the Burlington Gallery. But, though I am glad to see that his

* "The Camel; its Anatomy, Paces, Proportions," &c., 1865, Day and Son.

splendid Northern landscapes are so popular, I wish he would exclusively paint Eastern subjects. More deserts, more camels from that brush, more! Ever more!

It is like an unprepared-for shower to turn to the next shop. However, the large folio plates of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins, in his "Comparative View of the Human and Animal Frame," "are on the move in a right direction"—though they are by no means correct in details either anatomical or physiological. This right direction is towards a desirable meeting-point of Art and Science. The attempt will answer the general purpose—of pleasantly, that is, superficially instructing—for which they have been pretty showily executed: and with much, but not enough care. The most I can say for it is that they seem a hopeful struggle against a protracted stupefying dream. What, however, may well please and a little instruct the general spectator, should be enough neither for the zoologist nor—who should be his ever present comrade-at-arms—the artist. Both castes must, furthermore, be well prepared, and then study nature, and observe, and dissect. Let them be as clever at least as average English boys are, inquisitively pulling interesting objects to pieces And then let them proceed to the perfection of a schoolboy: and measure, and balance, and put together—PARSE the animals before they venture their supposed talents into artistic compositions. Let us have no more of that ungrammatical rubbish with which men like Mr. Gustave Doré—whatever his blandishments in general—or Horace Vernet—whatever the showy stress on a poor couple of points—have flooded the public with.

Whatever the manners and whatever the methods, and the length and depth of their studies, Mr. Rudolf Huber, and Mr. Carl Haag, are much superior on their

camels to the celebrated Frenchmen. Indeed it would be insulting the pains-taking labour of these Germans if we compared in detail; as these Germans are as good in their kind as Sir Charles Eastlake was with his camels. There is a group of the latter's in the National Gallery, "Lord Byron's dream." The camels on David Roberts' Oriental sketches are outlined with some vigour, and show much in a little that is characteristic enough; though it is somewhat annoying to find the same attitudes and even the same groups amidst different surroundings—off-hand manufactory. The only commendable educational lithographs of camels for students of drawing, I found signed something like Lalailles. All the other paragons for drawing classes I saw were outrageously absurd.

Among sculptors, I give, under my present lights, the first place to the eminent Mr. Dubucand. The bronze, a couple of feet long, represents a glorious Bedawin on a running camel, pursued by a dog or two: its companion statue is a group with another splendid Arab on horseback, overtaking an ostrich. Mr. W. Theed's noble camel, in the group "Africa," is too well known from the Albert Memorial, from a cast in the Crystal Palace, and from photographs and prints in all sizes. It is slightly idealized, as is, no doubt, proper, and that may account for its looking just a little unfinished. It is less sinewy and sleeker, perhaps, than a true desert camel, and looks like one used to rich pasture, stabling, and short journeys near rivers; and *this* impression may have been intended by the veteran artist.—In Mr. Guillemin's bronzes, the shape and setting of the head, and the setting of the hind legs, do not look natural and powerful as the rest of the body does. Mr. Clesinger has also produced lately some pretty

bronzes, in the shape of sitting camels, to serve as low candlesticks. Tolerably studied and chiseled as they are, there is perhaps too much artistic license taken about both shape and attitude.

But what is the number of these scattered works among avalanches of abuses of art, incessant from the alliterations facility of modern engraving. The glib tongues of insinuating paper keep on smuggling these slanders, to cheat even this nation and this generation with the art of drawing universalized.

A great cause of this production of inferior art is, that even art-critics in high consideration have, while pronouncing on pictures of camels, not yet made the discovery that these animals of all quadrupeds are the most laborious and difficult to master for a painter. This may be inferred even from my defective description of their many extraordinary points. Nay, some of these authorities would, like children, affirm that this animal is the most easy of all to paint! If a clever colourer paints them a camel's coat, these learned judges are delighted. Thus is the bad case literally palliated.

The sketches of camels from nature, constantly being sent in avalanches to illustrated newspapers, and such like are most likely spoilt in the process of engraving. The madly urged engraver, who is left no time to perfect himself in drawing, will "correct" and complete these hasty sketches—done from under fire possibly, and by amateurs to an alarming extent; and the engravers' norms are evidently mediæval, prehistoric, or "natural-historic."

It is obviously easy to trace the parthenogenesis of the moths darkening truth and damaging canvas and paper; for such are these norms and models. In many of our recent engravings representing camels in nature,

I recognize the traits of Asiatic, old French, and other bronzes. On other new engravings and modern pictures I recognize the traits of new ivory chessmen (camel riders) made not far from London, in imitation of ancient monstrous Mogul originals in ivory, agate, hæmatite, basalt, wood, clay, silver, and gold. Along a branch of the pedigree, the head is that of an *Ornithorhynchus*; the neck, that of some mythical dragon; body and legs of no animal in particular—unless some be of the pistrix and others of the cockatrice. The prehistoric sculpture on a mammoth's tooth, a relief on the Palazzo Camello in Venice, the coat-of-arms of the Kracher family; the flood of mediæval tapestries in different European palaces; and mediæval paintings of all schools—all these and more flourish still (though the Krachers themselves be extinct), with many of their descendants, and threaten to continue their features for some time into the next century in a pouring host of images.

The conspicuous camel on the left pylone of Denderah, and other hieroglyphic camels less like camels, the line of the early Mogul monsters—not intermarried of course, but interparticipating and intermarried with amateur-made porcelain bric-à-brac—has resulted of late in endless multitudes of Palimphœnician novelties, agreeable to the Palimphœnician taste of the age: an interminable brood of compromise atrocities. They are forged of some shiny compromise metal which keeps flowing from under the juicy euphorbium dome of some arctic Stygian atmosphere. The worshipped firm of nobly-risen millionaires has taken a fancy, violent and insatiable, to the camel of our hearts, of our Bibles. Loftier, showier, more brilliant even than the flaming gin-palaces of England, are their innumerable shops in London, and probably in the daughters of this Garga-

melle of metropolises. In these places the easy Moloch of popular taste is supplied with all sorts of manufactured hardware camels, turned out every season by the myriad, for the use and adornment of the presentation-, banquet-, dinner-, writing-, and drawingroom-table, chimney-piece top, etagère, and what not. Against the general designs of the lofty flower and fruit stands or memorial monuments in "silver" and so forth, I say nothing: and the camel, among its caravan of virtues, accommodates itself to an endless variety of decorations. But the execution of these engine-factured endless caravans in metal—Art by Steam!—is dreadful. The one transversal scroll for both ears, baked on to the roll of the head, which, with unparted lips, ends in a well-rounded milk-, egg-, soup-, or sauce-spoon, may make such a cameline ornament very suitable for "the million's" breakfast-tables; but . . . we will not further detain ^{1}_n lest we whisk off in a sandspout about taste, arts, and graces in manufacturing towns, and among the legions of after-educated millionaires.

Glance at another branch of the virgin pedigree. The family likeness distorted my own wretched features as I grinned the grin of recognition we bestow on certain old acquaintances, or on the news of new feats of our old black sheep, private or public. The paternoster works* of Paternoster Row incessantly turn out images of this animated "watering-wheel"! I am startled every month by a "new" model, a "new" paragon, a "new" norm on new paper, with new colours, in new sizes, with new and charmed advertising criticisms; the old abominations in new distortions, new showiness, for schools, academies, and universities; for the nursery

* [A Germanism.] Chain wheel with buckets.

or the library and laboratory of the scholar and the artist. The novelty of this prolific branch consists in fixing its origin on to two or three such phenomenal pictures of the camel which were at one time supposed to be drawn—*mirabile dictu!*—"after nature." Just fancy! D'ye hear, good Public? Is that not a fetching advertisement? . . . No, not *you*, dear classic soul! do not ask by *whom*; maybe by a cat: let it suffice they were drawn from "nature" in a glass case. The idea is a modern one. I do not think its birth had anything to do with facilities of travel. There were camels used in Central and Northern Europe, even in France in Christian times; there have been roaming Trojans all over Europe with show camels to this day; there have been camels reared in open and handy Tuscany for these two centuries, and in Granada since olden times to this day. No, the idea was an inspiration. Baron Cuvier, I think, was the first—because I am not sure about Count Buffon—who hired some one for the work. I believe the contractor was some ubiquitous German, who was no good at an obscurer trade. Among the learned Baron's sumptuous folios, then, appears the first execrable daubs, labelled camel and dromedary, which beg excuse for their existence by being advertised "after nature." The process of *engraving* seems to have been entrusted to some other never-improving adventurer. This, then, with a head like a pig's—not to detail further—is the ancestor, still in full productive vigour, of "illustrations" of all classes of work, the highest class scientific and artistic included. It has been reproduced to all scales—or rather away from all scale; sometimes turned, as a jaunty novelty, the other way, thanks to the additional labour of love of tracing some descendant through the window. In some instances the lineal descendant is

much improved; some admirers or loathers have generously put more "blooming fat"—*τεθαλλίαν ἀλοιφήν*—on all parts than was ever seen on certain parts of a guest-camel or marriage-camel forcibly crammed with dumplings. As these blots are produced *invita Minerva*, it is perhaps as well to make them appear wrapped in wool like that abomination which became the monster Erichthonius.

If, for the most serious, and most productive purposes of which zoology is capable, men of Science think fit to call in the assistance of the lowest class of adventurers to illustrate their best work; if living flowers and living animals are to be treated like maps and plans with pantographs or eiconographs, or, like some unicum of an historic signature; it would be perhaps as well to see to the accumulating distortions in those models for students, "creative" artists and engravers, by now and again letting some of these hirelings have a look at nature itself. I should recommend setting some of these fellows "from a university" to take fresh measures from some new abortion in nature.

I have found the enlarging into pretentious sheets, ten- or twenty-fold, some very inferior engraving representing objects which are themselves ready to hand, fashionable with the map manufacturers of Paternoster Row and their German personnel.* These counterfeits are intended for schoolroom illustration, and "object lessons" [nice distinction!] in places where promiscuous adults without any object are treated to facetious Bashibazook lectures of sweet-rooted science. For such futile amusements by stage light these blown-up toads may be fit or unfit enough. But as *permanent* decorations

* Read about these obliging cheap Germans in Lord Brougham's only novel.

for regular, ascetic schools—if such still exist—they are risky. It is rather hard on timid boys to be indignantly forbidden by their judicious drawing-masters to copy animals or plants out of the Natural History series Yet, I have read “criticisms” in periodicals by schoolmasters and board carpenters speaking rapturously of the accuracy in shape, colour and SPIRIT (!) of these puffs. There are sheets, one, two, three, and perhaps four feet long, of the camel, blown out from some execrable two-inch engraving, or, may be, from some two-inch picture by a good artist. You may imagine in what beautiful relief the large “pictures” may show such characteristics as their parents in miniature could not, even if these had been *true*. Those puffs, besides being good enough for *one* futile show by vanishing and vibrating gas-light, may—with other names—serve well as antediluvian ideals resuscitated from the several important fossil species of the cameline genus, brought to light by the learned Professor Marsh of a renowned American University. But I doubt whether the eminent professor would quite approve of these celebrities. Indeed, these living and common animals, are treated by all sorts of authorities just in that “BOLD” [the term is meant to be complimentary by the clever “critics”] style in which daubers treated lost and resuscitated fossils in the beginning of the century. The delightfully vague mystery—Doré-like—may be particularly fascinating. But let us hope that in some centuries the evolution from antediluvian daubing handicraft into something more life-like may be effected.

If these living and familiar animals *must* be traduced on paper by cheap foreign mercenaries from unequally shrinking paper models, I should timidly suggest that

the never taught sign-board volunteers would do better work if they reduced from larger patterns—instead of the reversed process. Following the noble Ruskin’s advice, some useless iron-railing painter, or one skilled in whitewashing, or some keeper of the Zoological Gardens, should be set to draw diagrams of tigers, elephants, lions, and so forth, “Natural Size,” on some good rough wall, with stout whitewashing brushes tied to long poles. The labour, excitement, and EFFECT of this—with proper advertisements in artists’, schoolmasters’, and other atrocity-newspapers—would be of incalculable value: especially if done in public, under great illumination, say in the Aquarium or some amphitheatre, in the manner of those where wild beasts were amused and fed with Christians. By reducing *these* “Animaux peints par eux-mêmes” with the help of aspiring ladders, and other scales intended for measuring tellus, stars, and crystals, the error may be less than by enlarging ever so bad a daub. These artists, dressed and behaving, of course, like monkeys, could, if it were not a superanimal effort, take even more views than one mere profile; indeed, it would be grand and supreme to see the man-monkey on his back under the lion manage the brute with his right hand, and project with his writing-lance in his left, a view of the oppressor on the ceiling, appealing to the clouds! Such grand sheets of various views drawn thus authentically FROM NATURE, may serve as rich sources for variety in attitude: by the help of builder’s perspective, rule of thumb, and the skill of a ne’er-do-well foreign carpenter. Scholars, artists, engravers, ordinary drawing-masters, teachers, manufacturers of porcelain, bronzes, and so forth, would profit by such gigantic enterprizes wonderfully. It may at once hoist

the nation, thanks to their foreign mercenaries, to the exciting Tarpeian pinnacle of graphic culture.

Since Buffon's first heinosity, and Cuvier's improvement on it by racks, one or two editors of scientific books and other canons had their own boreal Teutons too, who professed to have seen a camel and even to have eaten one, and who professed, as is their wont, to know everything. Some of the sketches in periodicals were ransacked too, to serve for canons, and perhaps *even artists* were enlarged or condensed—if they were very bad, very BOLD, and very impudently pushing.

Some images, and most current descriptions, are largely due to the institution of zoological gardens. Not all show animals are as lovely in their kind as that little ghazel given to the London gardens by Her Majesty; or as lovely as the magnificent young elephants left there by the Prince of Wales. Anatomists, zoologists, and their bosom friends, the universal artizans, seem to be unaware that one cannot study an animal properly from one specimen, even if that one be fairly typical of one of the hundreds of varieties of the cameline species. But these chance specimens are generally very sorry outcasts—sold by the cunning to the unknowing (though the latter be Zoological Directors)—inferior in race, worse for unnatural confinement, abnormal from change of climate and food, or from disease, and deteriorated by decrepitude. The stuffed specimens in most museums—which are also among the Norms, Paragons, Models, and Canons—are still worse; because these are post-mortual miscreations, pedantically tortured by mechanics into conformity with the most impossible and illegitimate of daubs. [Some time after this passage was written in another shape, I was glad to find some observations to the very same effect expressed in the

Quarterly Review, when speaking of Sanderson's excellent work about the Elephant Catching Establishment in India.]

Those productions of the pencil—or may be, broom—which are most startling, are precisely those which claim the highest rank. The vices of men who are honoured and obliged by the appellation of “scientific,” yet, far from weighing coolly, are crazy after mysterious and sensational novelties; and the neglected condition of the artizans, “true to old norms,” are here intertangled. These are the so-called anatomical diagrams of the camel, diagrams in which the fundamental laws of statics, dynamics, and physiology get lost somehow—like the goodness of a dish among several cooks. One of the most absurd parts is what should represent the neck. With the single exception of one authority [that of Mr. Walton], these men all keep the chain of the collar bones strictly in the centre of the neck: the width of which is usually distended to a frightful degree. Yet, every one can see during one survey of a decent living specimen, that the beautiful waviness of the deepest parts in the lower neck-contour is produced by more or less of these lengthy but spiky collar bones, as they press hard against the springy caoutchouc of the skin, which is made to protrude in those *very* pronounced corrugations. Such astonishing heedlessness is productive of a constant series of mistakes, of the same order as those which fashionable landscape stencillers would perpetrate, generally unnoticed. Some of these improvisors would, for instance, with a marvelous pig-headedness, constantly place the fastest portions of a stream wrong with reference to the curves and slopes of the shores; though they must be supposed to know

something about hydraulics, as much at least as may be learnt from swimming, fishing, or steering. Apelles did correct the shoe according to the artizan's advice. But on our hurried manufacturers of light art, advice given by the weekly *Architect* about landscape and perspective, is lost. So is the counsel freely given by the weekly *Lancet* about artistic expression of reviewed pictures, statues, and actors. And most painters of the season, enraptured, like Narcissus, over their beautiful images in their own lake, would think it most absurd to try constructing—and then freely and diligently reproducing—Sir Isaac Newton's hundred curves of the Second Degree, produced by the shadows of a parabola. Instead, in happy ignorance, they would dash off fountains, and waterfalls, and islands, and sandbanks, and fiery projectiles, and forty thousand other paraboloid objects, shorthand and blindfold.

Sir Humphrey Davy says that true men of science and true artists are the nearest kin language can express. The reader may amuse himself by musing over parallels of the two classes of contemporaries who aspire to these appellations. Trace their reading, manners, conversation, leisure, and companions; and then square the parallel of the futile contemporaries of both classes, with the historical names which range in one class . . . Then, as a relief from your disappointment by the moderns, take such living couples as Sir J. Dalton Hooker and Lady Hooker, if you are fond of botany in its growing loveliness . . . As the joint qualities required in a leading zoologist or botanist on the one hand, and in a properly trained ripe artist on the other, are not often found together, let justly renowned artists be decently engaged as joint professors for purposes of higher instruction. The country has a Slade professorship already: and

surely no foreign incapacities need be resorted to—unless the treatment is a mere alms—to have an artist who can decently speak his own language: to have something of the kind spoken of in the following passage from "Men of the Time," about the excellent artist Barye. "From 1848 to 1851 he occupied the post of keeper and director of the plaster casts at the Louvre, and in 1850 [*sic*] was appointed to superintend the course of drawing relating to natural history at Versailles, and in 1854 to a similar post in the Museum of Natural History. . . ."

As we have seen, the natural history of the camel has little advanced [happiness and no history is not always identical] in Europe since the times of Count Buffon and Latreille—the glorious animal is the Eastern Cinderella still; and her slipper, which she often wears and leaves on slippery ground, and in hard winters, has not been picked up yet by the prince who is to establish her Queen of the animal kingdom. Meanwhile a few crotchety goblins in some helmeted fairy's devoted service have been already at work for some time: and that may lead to the rest.

Some few details yet about those artists whom others are likely to copy. Paolo Uccello, the Bassano family, and other painters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and their followers, do not seem to have even pretended to treat the camel otherwise than as a mythical quadruped: one, for instance, stands out high as a fellow to a unicorn. Though these mediæval pictures contain many admirable human figures; and though many of the domestic animals more frequent in Europe bear comparison with those of Landseer, yet their camels exhibit all sorts of compromise heads

between those of monkeys, horses, cows, cats, and owls. One is startled by circular and prominent nostrils—instead of the long closed velvet fold with hardly any rim; by eyes set square, opening at right angles to the mouth. Or the eyes, cylindrical and prominent, like a pair of opera glasses, are somewhere at the back of the head. Their necks are wrenched into S curves, and their want of equilibrium prompts us to imagine that they are literally creatures of the air. You will recognize their progeny in any number of artistic and popular volumes on vellum, issued by the first publishers "this day."

But the modern *fanfaronnades* of a Horace Vernet and of a Mr. Doré did pretend to show us artistic images of the animals they may be supposed to have looked at: nay, they possibly claim the painting of the camel as a speciality of their own—which, in a sort, it is. Vernet's celebrated "camels" are more "realistic" than the others—if such a term may be used with reference to animal images in which proportions and attitudes, and consequently action and expression, are absurdly unnatural. The hide looks not like living, pliant skin; most certainly not like the skin of camels. The necks look stuffed, and that very badly. The heads especially are utter failures, from the muzzle to the ear; and the misplaced eyes are no camel's eyes at all, but more like those of some lively pig. Some minor peculiarities of other parts have been spasmodically caught; but neither their exaggerated accentuation, nor the general showiness compensates for the offensive arrogance—*ὕβρις*—of the construction, based on no proper study of the structure. Good enough for the present artistic taste, and that of some time to come, he thought—and rightly, if we notice the sustained popularity of

these placards. It must be confessed there is unity in these Oriental tableaux of Vernet's; as—to take one for several—Rebecca "of enchanting beauty" receiving Isaak's presents is simply a painted old courtesan, who would show "to the best advantage," as the slang goes, under the artificial light of a modern pantomime. Pity the two French firms or *impresarios* cannot secure the artificial lights of necromancers at all times for all their pictures and their authorized photographs and engravings. Such lights, and specially such darknesses, as are the elements of a juggler, would enchantingly suit Mr. Doré's cameline manufactures. Much has been done for him in this way by his clever engravers who prepared the plates to that sumptuous French Bible. As some ages ago the fashionables were enchanted into mistaking a sort of rough pottery for fine poetry [where the lines were cut so as to contour some vase]; so the "fairy-like Doré" has need indeed of the illusion of light and colour to lull the modern fashionables into taking the slightly distorted structure and features of a lion, wolf, bear, and so forth, for those of a camel.

It is astonishing how near renowned French painters can come to the North German presumptuous universality, as justly defined by Lord Brougham in "Albert Lunel." The tremendous chromolithographs published by the Prussian Government from "drawings" alleged to be made from patient nature during a recent "great" Asiatic expedition, show us all "camels" with heads of Prussian dogs, and Prussian stump-nose sheep and long-eared pigs. Give me rather some confessed caricatures, if done by a true hand; those, for instance, in an 1877 double cartoon of *Punch's*, showing the imperial pageant. Caricatures as they are, the camels in this

pageant are infinitely more correct, and belong to a much higher class of art than the camels in the hangings of Vernet or Mr. Doré.

Let this suffice. Here I close; specially, as I have an engagement with two little friends who would soon be at my door with some metaphorical wedges. We are going to act something like charades out of the younger one's latest picture book. In the garden I have Gracey and John, in turns, perched on my shoulder; while I strictly imitate some sweeping camel-line gaits. The children's noisy enjoyment—if one may call their refreshing chirrup a noise—and their great willingness to continue, is not lessened by my asking them whether they do not feel sea-sick. Then Johnny and I would travel up to town. In some india-rubber shop I would get a magnificent squeaking camel, the size of a cat. I should just touch up its eyes, nostrils, and mouth, with a pencil, split its upper lip with a knife, and rejoice in the legitimised delight of my playfellow. On our way in town I should be much pleased by inciting Johnny into severely criticising the cast-iron camels—with square skull, sausage-shaped muzzle, eyes misplaced, and starting from their sockets as if under strangulation—which serve as bench supports on the Embankment of this wealthy and artistic metropolis. They might be, with the Teuton sphinxes near them, in keeping with the obelisk.—Passing the grand illuminated pictures of the hippodrome placards, naturally supposed to be done from nature, I should try to make Johnny aware how the sensational artist has made a Saturnine Ogre of the tremendous "camels:" as he made them swallow each its own thighs—though this trick is not half so clever as the slightest of those done by the great Gallic canvas magicians. A treat to

me would be Johnny's indignant horror at the bas-relief monster intended for a camel's head, supernatural size, on the artistic façade of a grand palace somewhere about Whitehall. O Phidias! O Mason! O Aristophanes! **Ἀπολλων ἀποτρόπαιε, τοῦ χασμήματος.** Under a fatally swollen muzzle is a grinning crocodile's open jaw, straight, and extending right under the elephantine eye, which is forty inches too far back. This jaw is armed with teeth which the fiercest Bengal tiger might envy. The teeth show as plainly as if the imaginary brute were fleeced. But let us pass; the fright makes Johnny chuckle dangerously; and as I am responsible for his life—not risking it by feeding him with raw lunches—so I should not like to have to answer for spoiling his manners, by letting him laugh very loud in the streets. Moreover, we are busy: Johnny wants to feed some animal in the show-caravan a short distance from town, as an introduction to his eventual camel ride in the desert.

* O averting Apollo, what a gullet!

THE START.

THOUGH eager, the caravan is always slow and clumsy to set out—every fresh day. The camp fires left behind shrinking, and assuming the mourning veil of ashes, remind us of hecatombs for the prosperity of journeys. They may remind some people of an author's burning, under an Athena bust on the chimney piece, a hundred manuscript sheets before launching one, written, as he says, with a reed as unsteady, because top-heavy, as a badly laden camel. These wearying turmoils of start are worse after days of rest; but, at best, they last a couple of hours.

It has been stated by many French authors on caravans, and stands recorded by the propounder of the "*Théorie du dromadaire*,"* how easy, noiseless, and momentary these starts are. The shortness of time may, to some extent, be accounted for by this; that these accounts refer, or should do so, not to long expeditions, but short trips in well-known and thicker peopled deserts. There are no bulky provisions necessary. Then, in the caravans of which Frenchmen generally have experience, one or two soldiers fall to the lot of every camel, and at least one driver to every two camels. Besides, the poor brutes were during the intervals for rest usually hobbled, and even kept laden.

* The distinguished General Carbuccia, known more generally from the Crimean war.

Those who read, or having read remember, the sketch of our camp, may note the difference between caravans at rest. But there are other differences. We were not only to travel through long tracts void even of nomads, and doubtful as to wells; by paths traditionally avoided by caravans, but we were for months to dwell there. Therefore, in addition to such munitions and equipments as would have served for mere travelling, we had to travel with as much baggage, as many beasts and as few men, as a merchant caravan.*

The packages, however picturesquely in disorder they appear, are grouped rather close among and round the tents. The loads not subject to daily opening are usually on the skirts of the camp. These are first to be started out of the way.

Every driver has got to find, catch, lead, and—within the small busy place—to persuade, veer, lay, then saddle and load his five or six perhaps reluctant or refractory beasts; separately of course, and usually with the help of a comrade. After this, and having got the first animals one by one under way, the man has, during the whole of his following business, to keep an eye on these fore-runners, and often to supplement his work spent on them. For the brutes naturally stray after distant tufts or hopes of dry grass; or they start impatiently on their own account some wrong way; or, perhaps, they run away and throw off their loads by way of adjustment, or fun; for some camels are almost as wanton as men, if not so bad as wanton women.

In addition to this trouble, the panurgic Bedawin,

* When the two halves of the expedition travelled together there were thirteen gentlemen, as many servants, thirty-six soldiers, three or four guides, say sixty-six riders, with a retinue of about five camels to each, and a number of drivers and others, varying from seventy to perhaps a hundred.

has—independently, or in aid of soldiers or servants,—to know, seek for, pack, drag, or shoulder, collect, arrange, and tie together the various and changing loads before they are ready to be hitched to the pack-saddles.

The multifarious main and subordinate work, and the mutual assistance required of this harassed body of Bedawins, is by no means of smooth and silent sequence, but is more like the condition of a coiled chain when being hurriedly drawn out.

It is evident, then, from the amount of work, and the relative number of drivers and camels, that, even if there were more room, only a small fraction of the number of camels could be loaded simultaneously; say, six in a hundred and twenty, or fifteen in three hundred, by twelve or thirty men respectively. This may explain the two hours or more of the bustle.

Like the preliminary movements of a satisfied boa constrictor about to leave a place, after shedding portions of its skin,—the start of our caravan has an uncoiling and creeping motion. This motion coils round people engaged in various acts, who gradually melt away; round disappearing meals, furniture, and dwellings; round metamorphosing and vanishing packages; and round various wrappers, boxes and ashes; till the whole winds up with the tail tip in the centre. This tip is the little curl of smoke, and this centre is the kitchen hearth. There, at last, the busy vociferating servants, usually standing near the few camels waiting for them, drink their stirrup cups of something doubtless hot and fragrant, looking up at the loads and riders of the receding rear with the feelings of men who have before them not a “hard” journey, but a spell of deserved and desired rest and recreation.

The reader who has, no doubt, by this time floated in his mind even higher than a Soudani camel's back, and the unworthy scribe of these exhilarating rides also, are now supposed to be mounted; because the dark grooms wanted to help us to mount, are anxious to be off, that they may look after their pack animals.

Thanks, Fâdl-Allah. How high these breeds of camels are! This fellow, now racing in the sand for a kind word, could not hand me my field-bottle, but raised it by means of his hooked Osiris stick, while my hand dived below my single stirrup to reach it. Well, this was a case of angling from the “ship of the desert,” as the animal is supposed to be called by Arab authorities, nay, the life-boat of it. It is a glorious height. And think of the bounty of maternal nature, who in these pets, if anything, of hers, combined the height, power, and dignity of even an African elephant,* with much more than the playful elegance of a roe, or rather ghazel, and the fire and attachment of the true Arab horse. But that height! If I had not seen the animal sit down to invite its rider to mount over the high stirrup, meeting him half way—if I had not seen men mount from other people's shoulders, or mount by slipping their feet into several leather loops planted on enormous lances—if I had not heard of French soldiers using elephantine rope ladders for stirrups, I should have been tempted, perhaps, to speculate on the kite which helped those English sailors who were first to climb Pompey's pillar

* The greatest shoulder heights of elephants ever measured is not inferior to the back height—under the hump—of camels between Cairo and Suez, near Korosko, and here in Nubia. We have back heights of nine feet recorded by Bromfield, and up to nine feet and a half and more by Captains Denham and Clapperton, or some other travellers of the same standing. For elephants the authority is Mr. Sanderson.

and pose on it for amateur stylites. The riders appear like jockeys on the animals. As you appear to me, with your legs bent easily, your saddled camel is three times your height. What we see of that servant just started before us measures only one-fifth of his camel's height. The mounted effendi with his umbrella, farther ahead, reminds me of a masterly picture, showing a little child carried on the shoulders of a tall man, who bears a young palm-tree as a support for himself and as an umbrella for the babe. It may be the Christophorus of Pietro Bassano.

Let the two browse as we look at the dissolving main body Then I was thinking of the chimney-pots round Hyde Park. The position, and more especially the dimensions and outlines of the polygonal tubes on the house-tops, with a weather-vane on top like the bunch of feathers erect on camel's heads, need only some little rounding to look artistic. They would be perfect heads and necks of camels. As the movement of some of the nearer animals reminds me of the fairy gait of Greek women, so the more distant animals, apparently standing still, look like a block of houses and gardens topped with thin columns and statues in some merry movement. They are not like columns of smoke; the riders and their arms are defined, sharp and clear, while the animals and men on foot are united in the mist below. The life and motion on the top of the quieter portion beneath, which is never seen so markedly in a cavalcade, is a secret of the camel's delightful gait. The whole appears as if on the slower sea merry boats were playing. The play of the joyous and unpaintable *miroitage* is especially remarkable. It recalls to me the City of Winds in Rabelais, and the illustration of the region of weathercocks by Doré, who

is so delightful to me in many of his grotesques. I do not think we could live here without much wind, any more than the inhabitants of that funny City of Winds.

. . . Not yet. Let us give them all a clear start while we allow our fine carriers, greyhound-like in their racing-looking elegance, to take leave of this all but bare vegetable skeleton of a thorn tree. This dry meal, in decided preference to the buddy green sprays to the left, would have been a worthier theme for a suicidal laugh to the merry centenarian Philemon than the ass enjoying figs was. Well, chopping twigs and munching long and short thorns, too hard—with your leave—for human toothpicks, seems certainly the most self-denying use canine teeth, a pelecoid* incisor bone and such millstone jaws were ever put to. We ought to be thankful that the number of men killed by camels for revenge has not been much greater than it is said to have been. Don't be afraid of her snatching you from the saddle by your leg; she only wants to "touch up" her toilet by brushing her haunch, thigh, or shoulder, with her lips. But generally it is well to note these retrospects of hers; because it may be an intimation to you that something is wrong about the saddle, insomuch that you had better dismount and see, than fall. The floating ring her swan-like head and neck forms in such altitudes may be taken to represent the saving-belt of the "life-boat" to which I have compared her.

I am satisfied I learnt something of the pedigree of this riding camel. Looking down on her proudly-raised little head, I do not see in the outlines much difference between this and a fine Arabian horse's head. This

* Hatchet-like—stereometric term.

head is just a little longer drawn out, in impressively elegant contours. The eyes seem nearer the middle of the head; their powerful relief from the rearward narrowing skull and the exquisite muzzle is a speaking emblem of superior animal dignity, and just now of a richer joyous play. How the halves of this split upper lip of "Yemen leather" are working right and left in sheaving and conveying the twigs to the "palisade" of her teeth, to use a Homeric phrase. And what a living crater of expression these mobile lips form! How they become pursed up, like a modern, elongated missile, in ambling trot when the long nostrils get slightly agitated, as if by augmented breathing to rarefy the air and help the forward rush. Then the sloping long-fringed awnings of the pensive lids, with their long lashes, half reveal to another rider the bay windows of their beautiful brown eyes, and the whole head becomes animated as if possessed of the consciousness of an able man in full action in a trying sphere. They are still at the twigs. They do not drop a single twiglet or a thorn of the broken portions, and each of them is like Chaucer's jovial Prioress:—

Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe,
That no drope ne fil uppon hire breste.

The play of the head at this tree, reminds me of the features of a well-trained valet while he is briskly glancing about and packing portmanteaux. You can see well from above the motion of the active eyes as they deal quick but discriminating side-glances to single out the next mouthfuls. And this is packing in good earnest too; for this may be the last opportunity for long hours, or even days of marching, as well as nights of ruminating.

Ho! Look at her head! fifteen feet from the ground surely; clipping and storing the lightning conductors of the tree. Wooden caltrops would be no impediment to a charge on these animals, with ovens for stomachs and swords for teeth. An historical sword was honoured, I believe, with the name of camel's tooth. With her neck thus, she appears like a mosque; minaret and domes and crescent-shaped saddles included. Our Mohammedan grooms would be pleased if told this remark, as it may consort with the Arabic metonymy between the "camel's descent" and the Moslem prostration at prayer. Speaking of such subjects, is it not strange that a woman—and that an authoress so ill-cultivated, in despite of her connections, as to reek of jockeys' and bad interpreters' slang—should have found out lately what Oriental scholars, of all ages and creeds, never detected. The writer of whom I complain, patient and leisurely people tell me, has found out that in Cairo the low and narrow back doors of high walled stables are called "needle's eyes."* I have often seen the camels awkwardly shuffle in through them *on their knees*. . . . No authority of any standing has yet taken, to my knowledge, notice of this literary curiosity, it being so forbiddingly muffled up in whole actresses' dressing-room-fulls of worthless and bewildering farragos. But it is curious also that Shakespeare says, if I misquote not, "It is as hard to come as for a camel to thread the *postern* of a needle's eye." It is likely enough that "a needle's eye" in Caireen parlance for "postern"—in whatever language—may be a post-Christian word.

Now, come along you greedy brute—I beg your pardon. . . The train is long past sight.

* Compare specially Matt. xix. 23, but consider also verse 26.

Do you not feel incomparably freer on this lofty eminence than on horseback? Do you fully appreciate this superior style of having your sight unmasked by the animal's neck and head which, though haughtily elevated, is only at the level of your knees? [But I see you deeply bowing assent with every stride—or do you bow in sleep?—as if it were you who, by rowing, compelled your “ship” to move.] The animal's head being at such a respectful distance she is not likely to knock it against your face, as some horses occasionally would. And what is more she cannot. So you may doze in safety. However, as a rule, positions shaky by their height are not conducive to any depth of slumber. Although, in many countries, men in exalted positions not infrequently slumber morally; just as equally (though not in the same manner), exalted chimney-sweeps contract foulness by their very exaltation. But some time after this high planeteering, after so much battering and tossing in trot, or ducking slower in alternate side nodes*—as if whirled in a sling by an either-handed playful giant—you do fall deep into the sand of soft sleep. Blessed sleep! Strongest of filial ties! Affection of affections, absorbing both body and soul! . . . Then, dear Mother Earth turns to have her other breast shaded; and we, wretched ones,

* Describing in the air, with the upper part of one's body, a series of funnel heads, is an excellent remedy for bilious complaints. This is one of the reasons why camel rides produce, with most constitutions worth care, content and cheerfulness: and that, just in those climates where those complaints are endemic with autochthones and foreigners. Lord Bacon mentions special kinds of exercise for different complaints. Some competent modern author on the same subject would much extend the list. If I were a great physician, or some other prince, I would make camel rides—even if only in those glorious Shoobrah avenues near Cairo—as fashionable an institution as the drinking at wells of watering-places.

are, as we awaken, cut off from her by a sort of weaning. The gaping wound from this act kept bawling while we were infants, and it still yawns plaintively at dusk and dawn. This wound, obeying nurse's law, would close before the soapy unction which forms part of the rite by which we are, agreeably to Epictetus, anointed to the sovereignty over brutes. The caskets which contain the more liquid and precious ingredient of the ointment—got from distant mines—are received from the bronzy hands of those warriors who keep watch over them. We remember to have been in such marvellous countries where they have no special mining districts to get this liquid from; for it abounds there, like sand. The next operation—also mysterious, previous to our “appearance”—might be likened to the wrapping some luckless fish in a fresh sheet of paper, preparatory to its being fried: it might be likened, I say, by some one hating the Sahara-Sun as Strabo reports his enlightened atheistic Negroes to have done.

But enough of this. I hope you take kindly to this air-navigation. I am sure I enjoy these rides on the constellation of Cassiopeia—for which the Arabic is “camel-back”—like a free Bedawin who counts them as one angle, if not the hump-apex, in his trigon of worldly happiness. But I am sorry for all those unfortunate tourists who lament so much about their desert trips, though it was my sad lot to peruse their bulky scraps. Perhaps they wanted the trips cheap. A pretty general reason for their incessant sickly complaints is that they treat the Arabs without humane consideration. As a consequence, they are used by the Arabs correspondingly. We are generally served according to our deserts even in deserts—by men and by camels. Some of these tourists even say that riding on the ship of the desert causes sea-

sickness. The metonymy is thus made alarming. A Frenchman reports himself to have been so bad with the complaint that he had himself tied to the animal's vaulted back: looking, of course, like one of Juvenal's captives who were made keystones in triumphal arches—

Summo tristis captivus in arcu

with—

O qualis facies, et quali digna tabella.

So the noble mouse *Ψιχάρπαξ*, after boasting its man-besieging intrepidity, must have felt on the back of 'Υδρομέδουσα's illustrious son when this frog was swimming through the watery dunes,

Καὶ πόδας ἔσφιγεν κατὰ γαστέρας, ἐν δὲ οἱ ἦτορ
Πάλλει' ἀηθείη. . . .

"Embracing the conveyer's stomach, while his own heart throbbed within him from the unwontedness of the experiment." An infirm novice might feel even worse on the back of a camel, which strides as its master swims, with alternate sides. A German tourist wails about his feeling sick on camel back, alternately sea-sick and home-sick [where is the German's fatherland?]. All those who do complain, make the error of generalization: implying that such a state is usual with everybody. When some of such people's readers get on a camel they would fall sea-sick from imagination. Such writers would say, they personally have such weakness, as—the unconditional objectors should remember—other delicate people feel ill in a vehicle when sitting with back towards draught engine or beast: as (according to the *Lancet*) the passing images fall on their retina in an order inverse from that during their ordinary locomotion. As I can, unfortunately, see something of the future, I prophesy to you that in the two hundred of these coming glorious journeys

[multiply by seventy riders and more], or say in fifteen thousand single journeys there shall not be even a single case of marine sickness.

And now, if you please, let us try some of their several quick paces. Is this amble not glorious! Wing away then faster still: as you like, my winged supreme steed! I cannot resist forcing contortingly something classical on this rush, this blaze. "Soft-footed Lydian [Libyan], over pebbly Hermes [Desert] hie thee" *Λυδε [Λίβυ] ποδαβρὲ, πολυψήφιδά παρ' Ἑρμου [ἐρῆμου] φεύγειν* [Herodot. Clio. 55.] . . . This twelve miles amble—or sixteen may be—is better than fanning in a tent: is it not? I almost hear the raised dust-spouts behind us whistle in wonder. How the small disturbed amber pebbles jump with joyous noise at this stir, as if stretching necks, and clapping hands or shouting, and running to meet, and hang to, these meteors dissolving in the mirage, and bending as rarely over all, as a rainbow—'Daughter of Wonder'—made glorious by the suspended water,—would bend over Egypt. . . .

Im Flug begann ich nun
Den allertollsten Reizen
Und ließ den heißen Sand
Zu hohen Wirbeln steigen.

At once I started off,
In a most frantic dance,
And let the heated sand
Mount high in spouting whirls.

From the "Sahara" of Alexander Grafen von Wurtemberg.

Look at a fine camel running! This is best done by riding on another. How the chain of the neck straightens and bends alternately! We are "rowing" no longer in this rapid flight. It is supposed that running beautifies long-necked animals, while it comicalizes short-necked ones. I must laugh, thinking of the manner of that huge hyena running across the caravan the other day: pursued in vain. I declare, our friends run, as they

look, like gigantic skates: so smooth, so narrow-tracked.

Well done, my noble Split-Ear. . . . You,

A steed that in a single rush would strain,
Though long as hope, quite the extended plain—

need not whisk as fast as this, now we are in deep sand again. And ourselves had better look out for the track of the caravan now Hem I say We did not get lost yet Pooh Bless that Captain Galton! He explains how people do not get lost in wildernesses so easily as is generally thought: though I often tremble lest the learned Captain himself lose himself in the wilderness of scientific committees, as he errs in the interminable range classed between psychology and sewers Ah, here is a track, though single. . . . Another run ought to bring us into sight of the main body. Well, there is no doubt about the lineage of these two pointed-eared ones; and well might it have been said of either, "Noble is herself, and her brother an illustrious father's son; and her uncles run without reproach." Besides, it may be worthy your notice that the remains of their ancestors in their family vaults date from another geological age.* Thus, the Arab myth about the camel's having been brought from the Rock, may be interpreted—a myth which, with others, I sorely miss in the "Zoological Mythology" of the illustrious Angelo de Gubernatis. . . . Now up this ridge with a spur! And behold the caravan.

At this distance the thronged body appears scarcely

* The *Mericothidium* in the miocene rocks was found to differ in nothing from a camel skeleton [Murray, "Geographical Distribution of Animals"]. The species hath "survived chances and changes" of a world-refashioning character.

moving, only very slowly floating, little raised in the air, flat and elongated, like either of those species of clouds which meteorologists call stratus and cirrus—to use the simpler expressions. The aggregate of the wiry tall legs, making these tracks, look like falling rain: and the occasional flashes of a spear or gun, like lightning.

Most people get to like to look at these tracks for hours of silent travel, specially where there

. . . Are witnesses denied—
Through the desert waste and wide
Do I glide unespied
As I ride, as I ride.

How has vied stride with stride
[How hath side vied with side]
As I ride, as I ride.

to spoil two lines of Mr. Browning's. [The tenses are not of my spoiling.] The single prints, if we look not too closely, we may take for those of some giant cavalry having gone the opposite way. I am reminded of the clever Hungarian horse Tátos, which, according to Bishop Ipolyi,* advised his master to shoe him the wrong way in order to baffle pursuit. [Another hero of the same mythology rides often over these very deserts on a dragon, to sell the brute's flesh for diamonds to our negro friends in Dar-Foor, who get relieved from the excessive heat by pieces of that meat sandwiched under their tongues. He rides back on the clouds. It is a pity we never met him.]

The middle of the whole wake looks like a sheet of water under shower. At the borders the wavy lines of the separate tracks may be distinguished: on which the footprints seem to be strung Here is a

* "Magyar Mythologia."

mould of a camel which has been stopped and brought down outside the main sweep, and cross-ways to it. The mould looks like the impression of a twin screw-ship; or, rather, as the lazy or capricious brute has stretched its neck on the sand, like the print from a huge bass-viol, which gladdens my heart—as I think on my favourites, and that of the navy, viz., the violins: specially as played by those intoxicating gypsy-bands from Hungary—some of whom stirred up connoisseurs and critics, in the last Paris Exhibition; as I just read in an excellent paper by A. de Bertha, in an August number of the *Revue de Deux Mondes* for 1878. The travelled Crown Prince of Austria-Hungary says, in his first spirited ornithological diary, that no manner of music has such fascination for him as those melancholy and wild tunes which, in the first instance, are composed by the Magyar Bedawin on his rural pipe, and faithfully played and preserved by these exceptional gypsies on their brassless instruments.

In the more leisurely-wound tracks the feet appear nearly equidistant, though there is very great difference in size. [The hind feet are less than four-fifths of the fore feet—as about thirty-six square inches against fifty—in the breeds under seven feet high.] Those tracks in which two-and-two unequal feet appear almost together, are straighter and remain, perhaps for a day after the camel has passed. But the meandering tracks are more interesting, especially as they testify that almost each camel has a distinguishing gait. But we will not spend study on individual vestiges. The shower of footfalls made these manureless, contemptible sweepings, called drift-sand, turbulent. How demonstrative just now this impressible sand was in embracing with effusion our camels' feet, ay, and their legs—while we

were on the spot. Shapeless already, the last vestiges will be gone before next dawn, as if produced, forsooth, by nothing more consistent than futile raindrops from desultory clouds. But look at this rock—one of the saving sign-posts of wanderers. This does not open a soft bosom like the sand, by ready and deep emotions—dragging down the weary, burdened friend, and sometimes making him stumble and fall. The steady features of the dark porphyry are lit up by a quiet smile as soon as it participates in the camel's reflected light colours. Besides welcoming its old friends or their descendants, the rock eases their journey by inviting them to the numerous smooth footpaths it wears, like decorative necklaces, or a paly escutcheon, for their sakes. And do you notice with what engineering instinct those managers of loads have hugged the hill sides with their gentle roads? For they rather walk along level or isoclinal, than over vertical waves—in fact, levelling their paths, with remarkable foresight, to long main slopes; and you shall see that the camels do not do this “like driven cattle,” but spontaneously with an amusing persistency.

As we are approaching now the caravan it appears like Duncan's army, a walking forest; so that the term “park” may, with more propriety, be applied to it than it is professionally to railway rolling-stock, or to ordinary armies under march. The loads and dresses, for the most part bulky, are good reminders of desired foliage. There is no stint of poles, tubes, and arms of all sorts, to delude us into an idea of branches. I have heard of greater infatuations, not only of the learned, but even of other people.* And the animal's legs, dry and tapering, are surely as like slender, yet gnarled, tree-stems, as animal extremities can well be. As we see

* Idea owing to Izaak Taylor.

several of these gaunt spindles pass in dignified succession over what seems the top of a hill, I think of that emblematic living sign-post of horse-breeding England; that is, the four lopped elm trees, near Datchet, Windsor, which, with their crowns united into a familar shape, are known as the "Vegetable horse." The distant growl of the mass, just raised at some obstacle, is translated to us into the noise of winds raking the forest—the crowns of which appear gently shaken and playfully pushed about, and the stems bent a trifle. And, lo! with a variety of images of blown-down leaves, and fruit, and blossom, the ground beneath *our* Windsor horses is strewn. Forget for a moment that the hind-foot marks of the smallest breeds in Africa are from 7 by 6 inches, to 8 by 7 inches, and the fore, from 9 by 7 inches, to 10 by 8 inches; and look at the variety of vegetable impressions we seem to have here, all pointing forwards.

Spikelets of the Quaking Grass.

The flat fruits of Penny Cresses.

Capsules of the Yellow Rattle.

Of Pepperworts.

Kidney-leaved Sorrels.

Pods of Mithridate Mustard.

Of Speedwells. [May they prove omnia!]

The fruit envelopes of Ivy-leaved Speedwells.

The cloven seeds of Elms.

The beautiful joint seeds of many of the umbelliferous plants.

The fruit of Speke and Grant's Winged Euphorbium.
[*Hymenocardia Heudelotii*, Muell. Arg.]

Pomegranates,	} cut in halves and showing thesections.
Quinces,	
Apples,	

The leaves of two whole and rich genera of garden and conservatory plants—Twinleaves and Bauhinias. Even if the gorgeously ornamental flowers of the latter do not show themselves, people like them for their very leaves; those of some species equal camel tracks even as to size. They are named after two homotropical brothers, and are themselves affectionate climbing plants. There are species of it which grow in camel-breeding Nubia.

You see the tapestries of retuse, emarginate, obcordate, two-parted and two-lobed leaves, and of two-pointed, ovate pods.

Litters of all kinds of petals, retuse at their broad, split at their narrow end.

Layers of the "standards" or "banners" of the multitude of those perfections of blossoms—i.e. the papilionaceous: and even their under-lips, split like the camel's upper, are by no means excluded.

[End of the philanthous catalogue.]

But there, now, still nearer, and in spite of, and across, and over the flooding mirage, the troop appears more active. It is a heaving sea, confused into a crowd of ships with classic and ancient high prows, square or other shaped cargoes, floating wrecks, men as if rowing and swimming in all styles, hugh back-bent fishes, and swimming birds. Spears and rifles and what not, appear as masts at all inclinations; and glimpses of the camel's oar-like legs, and flat tails, rudderlike, appear. Not much a-head of the rear six or seven consecutive camels are driven from one edge of the caravan to the other: and this action appears like a quiet succession of waves. Loose garments and floating head-tires contribute to form images of sails, flags, and pennants. The very

tracks below now appear closer, more varied in their shapes, presenting impressions of—

Twin skiffs.

Twin obtuse-headed fishes.

Pairs of breeches.

Pairs of enlarged camel-ears.

Pairs of duck's wings.

Of oriental pointed shoes.

Two baby camel-heads, laid side-ways together, lower jaws touching.

Mussels, open and spread out. There is one species of large and narrow pearl-mussel in the Red Sea which, when opened, would fill out a camel's hind footprint completely.

A kind of Sea Urchin, well known under the name of *Spatangus*.

Impressions from contiguous shoe soles, barring heels.

Pairs of human ears, put close together.

Impressions of the two contiguous hands, with suppressed thumbs. The size of these is that of a tall man's hand-prints for the right fore-foot mark, and of a woman's for the hind.

. . . . We can now distinguish the animals in the rear individually. They present to perfection the outlines and proportions of erect swallows with long tails, as they hold on at nest-brinks. The whole sweeps of the contours, from hump to soles, are answered by those from beak to tail. There is an affinity even in their legends. The migratory "bird of consolation" carries that "wondrous stone" which enables her fledglings to live in the air; the animal which is food, drink, clothing, shelter, weapon, vehicle, medicine, and friend to man, carries that wondrous fifth stomach which enables her human friend to live in deserts.

Behold the movements of these narrow-gauge animals

and the genesis of their tracks. The animal—with reference to its height at least—is narrow enough; its body almost fish-like; and—with its fish-back and dorsal fin,* is hardly two feet across in those smaller varieties which are about seven feet high. But the quadrangle of their feet, when standing, is only twelve inches or less in width; and their track is merely a line, that is, a single file, and often as straight as that of the hyena, or of a man walking "heel-and-toe." But if the track is sinuous, it proceeds from the fore-feet *overstepping* the main line, while twisting the body in the amble. Its walk, then, is like that of a man—taking his toes for its fore, his heels for its hind-feet—with his feet inwards bent, and placing their centre on a straight line. The feet swing in horizontal arcs. The hind legs are, especially in walking, typically wide, very wide apart; and then, bent outwards. The more you watch the mechanism of these gigantic compasses—which remind me of the governor of a steam engine—the more you get to like it. Note the beauty of the mowing-like action in these Bedawin-gun-like legs with the firm straps of their broad sinews distinctly revealed in part. The whole is a "graceful undulating amble," to quote Professor Owen. As the weight of the body is shifted, like a sieve, from over the left legs to be balanced on the right, the counterpoising play of the hind legs appears very pleasing. The sinuous buoyant progress of the body above the straight track is akin to that of a canoe steered with the oar, which moves in progressive cones. Observe also the oar-like featherings of these feet inclined a little inward.

* Quatrefages de Bréau's comparison is between the camels filtering water into their reservoir, and the gaseous secretion into the air-bladder of some fishes.

Observe how the beasts save power by this walking on a straight narrow line. Before I get more experience, I hold the camel is an argument for the competency of narrow-gauge railways, through deserts at least. Nor while I see the comfortable appearance of these four-footed wedges saddled with their wide out-standing loads, would I hasten to echo one or another learned critic's strange-sounding anathema, of "unmechanical"-ity against either camel imperishable or flourishing railways: for both were treated like this. We may soon hear, perhaps, man's anatomy cavilled at, because he can ride on a bicycle. I am not so sure, however, whether the recommended balloon railway across the Sahara* would not prove amechanic:† though it would look uncommonly like a file of camels, and would be θαῦμα ἰδεσθαι—a marvel to behold.

And now we have caught up to the rear of the caravan.

* By Major Browne, 1850, *Mining Journal*.

† You may remember that the word "amechanic" means, among other things, "disastrous."

GENERAL REVIEW OF THE CARAVAN.

As we approach to, and come up with, the first small group of fifteen camels, which we will call the rear-guard—in compliment to the three soldiers perched up high—the sounds unite with the aspect to make us feel particularly comfortable; the impression is like that made on a farmer reaching his well managed domain, by the pleasant familiar life.

You hear the sounds caused by the shuffling of the loads and of the feet; hear the clatter of the wooden, the ding of the metallic loads, splashing of encased water, the urging whisper of a brandished rope or of a smacked whip; or the gulping lisp for the better animals, and for the lazier ones frightening shouts from the three drivers; perhaps even an excited blow. Then there is the murmur or growling rejoinder of the brutes as they mend their pace, quiet chats, animated dispute, idiomatic ejaculations, the Soudani accents, the Bedawin emphasis, the Ethiopian voices, occasional laughs with the Nubian relish, and periodical songs. At intervals, on firmer ground, a clatter of pebbles is stirred up; and the pats of the elastic feet are heard. This symphony is aptly seconded by the great chorus a little ahead.

But it is the spectacle itself which untiringly pleases every day for fresh reasons. Our sight is agreeably kept rocking on the seemingly slow undulating progress

of the corrugated camel necks, the heaving backs, the lateral see-saw of the multiform loads, or the apparently leisurely swing of the gaunt legs. The cheerful and excited alacrity of the drivers is in good relief with the quiet and dignified oscillations of the riders; which latter are suggestive of politeness, mutual goodwill, contented dozing, ruminating meditation, or a slight intoxication.

The movements of the main bodies—animate or lifeless—wind up in flourishes of objects with easier play. Upright spears, rifles, and the like, for instance, rejoice in being brandished about; while dresses and trappings flutter in the refreshing breeze like so many livelier and airier offsets to the more common forms of gravitation and gravity.

The diversity among the human races of the party, in the dresses, in the loads; and the absence of any nicety in arrangement of ranks and files, shows still more life by reflection on the ceremonious uniformity of other trains marching to the tune of monotony. Even the charge of each driver does not appear very clearly, though it is pretty regular. The usual charge is four at least, like the number of a party of ghazels, a cluster of camel-ticks, or the monotonously usual allowance of a perambulating London nurse. Besides, the varieties in the camel's gait are more obvious than even the great differences in their heights—between six and nine or ten feet—in their colours, between cream and coffee, extremes included; or in their shapes and in the condition of their coats.

Yet the great mass now before us, does not, even in its remoter parts, appear confused. The scattered riders stand out distinctly; because their relative number saves them from being objectionably crowded, and because of

their elevated position in the upper air, which is freer from dust and mirage. The quick, heavy-coloured drivers on foot, or parts of them, are also in good relief against the slower light-coloured animals, or against the light-coloured ground. These drivers you will see with a tendency to range themselves weatherwards, whenever the poor camels begin to smell high from water-starvation. What animals these are to rally even from dissolution! This smell is sometimes almost as objectionable as the breath of garlic-eating polite Southern Europeans is to delicate—fusel-reeking—Northern Europeans.

Does this wagging gait of the animals not strike you as if they were urging on each other in a resolute way? It certainly gives unity to the movement laterally; just as the preceding ones are evidently being pushed on by those following: thus transmitting the driver's wish, and contributing to the unity of the whole.

The three Arab soldiers, with their flat shining kegs of water on saddle, look contented enough from under the dark porphyry hoods of their wide cloaks. But our sight would have naturally settled on this central figure in granite [grey], even if we should not have listened to his answer. The fellow is engaged to be faithful to our friend A. There is a kind of family happiness in his bright, very bright look, as if at once expressing a man's power, a woman's devotion, and a child's delight in both. He is that sort of fellow who would offer to serve, lodge, board and cheer a bankrupt kind master: uniting the qualities of Timon's steward, Ulysses's noble swineherd, and what Mark Tapley would have been under Homer's or Shakespeare's treatment. He seems to prefer the dress of modern Christians. To what joy we excited that fellow when one Sunday, asking for his

Abyssinian Bible, we contrived to extract the alphabet and the many figures: he made us quite proud of our achievement.

Why, these tent-carriers, some of whom are naturally the last in starting, might have pushed on through the caravan by this time: as they have to be among the first in arriving at the next camp. The bulky white twin loads tossed and heaved about with the poles are like balances—let me say—of justice: considering the present gravity of their four-legged promoters. The camels all are varying pretty freely the play of stretching out and drawing in their chain-like and firmly plaited necks. Even the upper sweep of the neck contour is prettily modulated by the oscillating fringe of the close folds. The animals behind—appearing now fore-shortened—seem to let roll their heads vehemently down all the height from over shoulder to breast, like the spray along an angry billow. Some dip their heads down—as if to keep in exercise for desired grazing; others stretch them forward as if sniffing the next well; a few apparently converse together; and the heads of these are turned sideways so as to look at us while passing.

This light-loaded one I touch in passing knows me besides. I used to ride her—let us call them all shes like the Greeks sometimes, in compliment of their many ship-like qualities. [The colour of this shaved one is not natural: it is anointed with tar all over against some hull-beetles.] She is a riding camel, and carries like a well-hung coach. One day, while riding her between our working stations, she, unasked—without a preparatory stop or even a grunt—dropped on her knees with all the accumulating momentum of her height. You know with what sudden might they drop all that height: even after duly preparing. Imagine your

horse's fore-legs abruptly cut off close to the chest—and imagine its centre of gravity shifted much forward. Still, she must have managed in some wonderful way not to throw me: unprepared, and sitting at ease as I was—whatever that may mean with me. But after having repeated this feat twice more in less than an hour, it penetrated my dense mind that this might not have been mere stumbling among the thorns, chasms and sods. I accordingly descended, and examining, found a fresh saddle-gall. And all this time she did not breathe a groan of pain. Of course I gave over riding for the remainder of the day,—as I was working far from the caravan—and delivered her up to my alarmed squire as soon as he anxiously came up. Here, old girl, have a biscuit. We just passed her pedestrian owner. He is that handsome coeval of mine with hair plaited in seven braids, whom you just noticed looking up to me with such a smile as if I were his long-missed father, or had saved his life. He is a great friend of mine—for the negative reason that I never struck or rebuked him.

But let us raise our hands which, or the shadow of which, will urge these two ladies to bring us up with the larger cluster. What animals, to obey thus the shadow of our sovereign wish!

You see, this train is a continuous race. True, the main-pace of this caravan is only a trifle over two miles and a half, or, as we computed, four kilomètres an hour. Yet calling the progress at this rate a race is less exaggerated than using the word race as a metaphor for busy life. Considering all the component forces, we must call the journeys intense, the pace brilliant, and the race of the men on foot of the finest. The main pace itself is for the generality of men in condition a

very severe one—without regard to the weather—over ground either too rough on the slopes, or too soft where flat. The English party were in excellent condition. So were the Arab officers. The sturdy soldiers of the Nile valley had weathered, and fought in, several campaigns. They are tempered, like Damask steel, “with the scars of various foes,” to use the beautiful language of the noble athlete, the present Archbishop of York. The Egyptian, Nubian, and Abyssinian servants were all that can be desired. There was great inducement to seek relief from the fatigue of long rides in walking. Yet I have not been aware that any one of all these mounted people ever attempted even as little as an hour’s walk, except one or another of the English party. There were none in our party, thank goodness, of those evil managing rough engineers who would madly quicken their pace whenever reaching a rough fresh-ploughed field, a bog, morass, and such like tracts.

Now judge of the drivers’ work, not forgetting that their exertions, previous to starting and at arrival, would, each in itself, suffice to upset other people for the day. Then remember that we are not on roads, but on the rough. It is no mere walking: it is either climbing, or wading; or both, when wading up a sand or sandy hill. And each height counts twenty-five times as distance—as the Reverend and learned surgeon, S. Haughton, shows us in his “Principles of Animal Mechanics.” Thus every inch and a quarter of sinkage counts for an additional step, to take only one method of reduction. The chief object of the latest starters being to push through the main body, and that of the others to follow close, it is clear that such a purpose cannot be attained by the drivers without a great deal of running in serpentine courses to haw and gee across the obstruct-

ing caravan. The movement of this caravan is, indeed, like that of this damascened sand dune we are passing; the last becomes the first, and the glittering, as of wavy, watered silk on the surface of the dune, is answered by the way the Bedawins run, oscillating like a tide on shore. The animals must not stray too wide; more compact batches must be preceded in wider wavy circles; though there is elbow room in our caravan. The skein of these lateral zigzags crosses and re-crosses those slighter longitudinal sinuosities which even the leading groups are not free from. For this is as vacillating as the camel’s gait. Even when accurately piloted to a given point by a compass, the itinerary seems to a surveying observer a succession of false starts, committed by wayward landmarks in mirage, and by shifting shadows, winds, or stars. These general shiftings increase the particular work of each driver; and that, in proportion the faster progressively the farther he is behind. What he gains by reducing his heavy lateral guess-work as he helps his camels—themselves intent on pushing through, to pass their preceders—he spends in wielding those tall animal levers. But it is refreshing to see, here in the middle of the caravan’s length, how at this moment such loads are marching up which were the last to start. Of course, not all of these eager ones are required to unload first. But such general eagerness keeps the rest of the Bedawins fresh, whose muscles and brains are thus kept working a-breast. The whole troop appears to the driver who is not yet among the first, not long with an evident direction, but broad and indefinite, like the fresh tracks, which, in many cases, he had better not follow. He must steer his own course, according to his own notion of the main direction, combined with his inferences as to the leaders’ shifting

positions, and he would settle with his neighbours passing. Although there are constant slight fluctuations from the very beginning in the resultant integral speed, the continuity of the exertion is as unflagging at the fifth hour of the march as it is at the fifteenth. Nor does the grand pace slacken whether half-a-dozen Bedawins, more or less, are indulging in an occasional lift for an hour on the lofty saddles. The sight of this most beautiful racing may abate the surprise of those who have heard of a certain horse race, projected in the Saharah, between English and Arabs. The Europeans, inquiring about the length of the race-course, were coolly told it is to be a fortnight's run. Sometimes a directing shout is communicated from a-head; at others, mounted guides would post back to rectify the range; thus some of the flat notes, and sometimes rounder grains, churning in the mouth of a dune, would fly back. Now and again one of the hardest workers would swing himself up to the height of a moving camel, by first jumping up high to clutch its neck. From the brute's back he would look out like a sailor in a squadron from a mast, and possibly gallop onwards with his straight sword kept pressed between his thigh and the side of the charger, as if he were one of those brilliant harbinger grains which sometimes fly along the spine of the creeping dune. Others are nothing loath to run for a look-out, even hundreds of yards out of the way up an occasional eminence,—be it a hillock, a solitary smooth boulder, a termite-tower, or the curiosity of a tall tree. Do not think the gliding sand-dune has less atmosphere of its own than what you see on its kindred image—a gliding flame on a level slip of paper under slow combustion, raising and fashioning successive parts of the paper-slip

into the shape of these sand-vamps. As I can now survey the whole troop, it seems even grouped like the sand-slippers—with the centre of gravitation much ahead. This again is in keeping with the charming mechanism of the single camel whose centre of weight is so far a-head that—specially in running—a hind foot is required to alight momentarily under the advancing nape. All these exertions integrated, with important additions I have not thought of, make up a sum of tremendous labour. This labour is, indeed, akin to that which some of these toilers' Egyptian cousins perform for half-a-crown, when briskly running down and up the steps of a yard in height which compose the two biggest pyramids. When some one shall have perfected Marey's recorder,* and applied it to a good camel breeder, the world of sense may be surprised at the amount of work ascertained. There is, then, as much oscillatory running in serpentine courses on flatter ground, on account of the chronic trials of the main bearing, as there is winding up, twisting down, and doubling of sides over broken country, from local vicissitudes. It is this which accounts for the remarkable evenness of our general pace.†

These alternate shuntings remind me of British codeless railway management. This, to the surprise of foreigners accustomed to elaborate codal regulations, as is well known, secures the delivery of even masses of raw goods with almost postal regularity. But the

* Described in his book "La Machine Animale."

† The pace of simply migrating camel herds may be said to be about two miles an hour—specially when including milch beasts and fillies. Very small camel parties, however, on mere trips through populous steppes can travel three miles and a half an hour on exceptional days; and they can continue for days and weeks at a rate of about three miles an hour.

general aspect of a caravan, and, in some respect, the mechanism also, varies with the nature of the ground.

There are places where the course is obvious, either from the narrowness of available way, or from such a conformation as affords a good view of the whole moving mass. In such places, these excellent camel-men—adorned with their six partings of uncovered hair—unbend, and walk easily—as it appears to us lazy riders. There they would appear with pensive mien and—as the classic Duveyrier says—with the haughty gait which distinction and advantage owe to their long association with the camels. This “easy all” happens especially at the places where our precursors have for centuries levelled and smoothed for us these paly paths. It is then chiefly that the men would find opportunity to gather in fours and fives, and enjoy each other’s company, dressed in regulation bathing costumes while perambulating the free dryness of the desert. It is then that they would sing to themselves, and to their gratified camels, who listen with ears turned towards the nearest song. And who knows but the songs may gratify the good rock, which both directs them and eases their toil. Ay, the Bedawin sings to the rocks, to the animals, and to his forefathers; the forlorn caravan sings to a forlorn caravan which may long ago have passed over these paths they have helped to maintain. Our walking friends do not forget, however, that they are racing all the same. Nor would the waves of the songs alone impel the animals as much as the learned Sybil, Miss Rogers, says in her bewitching book, or as the illustrious Vámbéry credited, half in jest, the horses of *his* caravan to have been fired by the spirit of Hafiz. For there are visible as well as audible burdens and apostrophes at the ends of the verses—the visible ones being the raised sticks.

. Yes, the camels are urged even by the reacting burthens of the songs; because the songs, with the burthens off, send them dreaming, you see. Just so. As the Bedawin hums of memories, the camels, and we, and all, are made dreamy with recollections. We all have our memories, you know. . . . I never thought my own were so active and numerous as they are, nor what they can do; till the time of a supreme agony when they all burst forth and literally saved my life. I must not name the dear tender ones, lest they deem themselves called, and come this time to play havoc with us; uniting, most likely, in a sweet, intoxicating, tornado, spiring and extolling my soul, and upsetting, or, at least, alarming, my nearest friends. But this general dreaminess around us is catching. And desert rides in themselves are sometimes intoxicating, you should know, my companion—as intoxicating, perhaps, as the martial music of the Magyars, the originators of the hymned Hussars. I name them not if I say that these immortal ones, these little memories, are sweet and gentle legions—a tiny fairy exodus, bottled, as it is, in crystal. And they are very, very eager; but they are also as full of varieties as is their keeper. And this time, may be, they only want to parade before, be civil to, and amuse my friends. Yet, though I, who should be their patriarch, think them lovely enough in their heavenly aspirations, my friends may deem them not yet fit to be seen. Bless them! and let them still remain in the gorgeous, nursing valley of their birth, till they shall have grown, been tended, played, trained, served in minor capacities, come of age, and appointed, each in proper season and place. So, so, sweet gentle ones! They are all fresh and hale, and merry in their soft little nurseries—

all. Not the remotest of the dear kind words is lost; not the faintest of the dear sincere smiles is crushed.

Er zählt die Häupter seiner Lieben
Und sieh' ihm fehlt kein theures Häupter.

He counts the heads of his dear ones; and, lo, not one is missing. Yes, they are held in a mutual embrace—all, all. I can hear the subdued music of their pent-up mimic-revels and mimic-battles well enough, as often as I bend down sufficiently. One look, one list more! Now let me pat the draperies and smooth the curtains. So, so—by-by! And now we must awake! We have let ourselves lag, and are quite off the caravan. And, moreover, something is before our eyes which makes them useless for the moment. Spurt at once! Now, NOW! All is well. I can hear already the rousing shouts of my Bedawins. "Hoy, hoy!" And as they raise their short sticks, I climb what has just been like a thick curtain; it is a watershed. And from this top of it, our sight, our head, is clear once more!

Here you have the whole three or four hundred camels at a glance: in this little-depressed, broad, and wind-swept valley between the two ranges. For some short time they appear as if settled, like some shot, in a long spoon. Gradually the gathering elongates, and soon becomes like a hideous modern "scientific" ship—be it said with all deference to the profession just boasting immortal names—the side-loads appearing like canons. Presently the prow and bows sweep upwards; and the former, tapering, comes to shoot up abruptly high, near the narrowing pass. At last the proud prow culminates like a tapering figure-head of a beautiful classic galley. Another moment, and several

gaunt mounts of the van-guard spout up on the top; they are small, but, in that pure air, delightfully clear and brilliant: like the nosegay of erect feathers on a peacock's head. The wiry quills under the fans of vanes are admirably represented by the thread-like appearance of the etiolated legs under the light bodies. The evolution of the whole mass into the form of Juno's resplendent bird is complete. The head and neck of the peacock are like the serried "miroitage" caused by the slow shiftings of men in a close and well-behaved Levantine "crush." The bulk of the body of the peacock delights us with the freer play of the fidgeting "papillotement." The remaining portion of the bird is fairly well depicted by the straggling and sauntering members of the caravan, in which the metallic sheen of individual riders nearer to us simulates the brilliant eyes on the bird's gorgeous tail. The hundred eyes of the peacock's tail as the representative of jealousy suit well the camel's jealous character. This was known in Europe as long ago as the time of that sublime clown the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy."

Painters best love those caravans which are broken up by uneven ground into groups or bent rows, but especially those which are bent into curved files in different directions, on account of the variety of attitudes and shading which they afford. In crooked valleys, broken into still smaller sections by tall trees and other vegetation, there is no caravan at all; it is scattered into elements like a "Prince Rupert's" drop when its point is broken off. The camels do not seem to like such places particularly, and we men do not feel quite at home in them. We may be pleased, and may even admire them; but still we feel shy, as though

paying ceremonious visits; and, as it were, we elbow each other like clowns in important people's presence; or we wish ourselves out of them, as if in an ill-mannered, or a suspicious crowd. But give us an expanded plain slightly undulating to rock gently on. We do not much care for the wide sand-prairies with their crops of pale unpolished straw, and undergrowth of short, fine hay, even if variegated with islands of path-striped rock or pathless gravel; but we prefer the plains studded only with frugal tufts of savoury dry grass, and adorned now and then with those terrestrial porphyry radiations of thorns in the form of flat inverted cones, over the discoid tops of which we can look freely from the commanding height of our saddles. There we do feel at home, and are pleased with the details of our family life, as they stand out, nay, dance out, in relief.

Here is our friend B., riding abreast with a refreshing batch of water-skin carrying camels, and imitating with the motion of his deservedly exalted upper half the outlines of those top-shaped treelets just fondly mentioned. This man [he hears us] who deems it meritorious and manly to be counted a man of the world, here delights in his freedom from social shackles. Who would have thought it! He appears "utterly regardless," as his well-worn phraseology goes, about what that superstitiously credited Liebig extract of the world at large may say behind his back, which well-worn back itself is certainly provoking. Do you hear, B.? We are discussing your several square, palm-sized patches of violently disagreeing colours where-with your coat is mended, but not improved. C. says the over-stimulated gaiety of this coat makes him melancholy, by reminding him of the motley foliage in

the autumn of barbarous climates. Indeed the gaiety of these patches on the coat, and the gaiety of the foliage may truly be said to be *galgen-humor*. [The German word means that intemperate mirth in which some of those indulge who are sentenced—to public display.] But if the patches were all of the same colour, they would be in very pleasant keeping with the six callosities of Mr. B.'s camel, by which the relieving knottiness of the lengthy limbs is agreeably accentuated, and, they would also be in strict keeping with the seventh, heart-shaped callosity down on her breast. These callosities, Count Buffon had thought the noble brute wears as a decoration for its services to humanity. Buffon's dictum has been contested; but when we hear more news of Colonel Perjevalski's wild camels than the last in Petermann's periodical, Buffon, somewhat restricted, may prove correct. But I say, B., are you aware that your cheap cork or pith hat, at the mercy of every coursing breath of air, is a lady's tropical hat? And the inane whiteness of the multiple-folded neck-veil is also womanish. Only these tremendous square patches are not. Never mind, if *he* doesn't: *ménagez la pitié*, harden yourself: I have had to suffer in my sensitive heart ten-times as much banter, or "chaff," as he would call it, from Mr. B. ere now:—simply because—as you must have noticed—I am full of characteristic angularities like a cluster of crystals: while he is as smooth as rolled amber. Fortunately he is hardly broken into sufficient reflecting surfaces to notice a thousandth part of these crystalline polyhedralities of ours: which, if damaged, would grow again. But to imitate Mr. B.'s dwelling on one subject: why should ladies never wear patched clothes? Because, [this is Mr. C. speaking], if they cannot afford whole



garments, the impecunious wretches will rather have none at all, or next to none—as seen at cold-producing balls. . . . Don't you make mistakes, C., they are more than clothed: they are darned all over wherever exposed, as soldiers darn their new socks to wear longer: they are covered with the insinuating garments of light and fragrant powders, I am told by microscopes: covered, like butterflies, or coated like bitter pills.

I say, D.—this is the physician—are you “cognizant of the fact” that public health is in danger through the manner the medicine-camel appears to-day? She is a couple of hundred yards behind. She has got no halter; and, consequently, is neither attached to an attended batch, nor separately led. But for her small size—hardly more than seven feet, if that—she would be the beauty of the caravan. She glories in the colour called after Queen Isabel; her skin is to the touch like the petal of a pansy; the first spans of the soft neck and the fine broad shoulders adorned with silky golden fleece; her lips are like an opening flower-bud, just pouting, and at times looking unconcerned; she has a stately step like a young Begum, managing her light train like one of those few women who can dress at least. And she has a self-willed and haughty—*not* conceited—way of looking and of carrying her free head that made me shudder, considering what she carries in those large, brass-spangled boxes coated with English harness-leather—the colour of which suits her to perfection. I like that camel. Her carriage does not make you suspect the tremendous weight of her pretty burden, on which so much of the weal of this realm depends, let me tell you, and often the weal of outsider Bedawins and Fellahs too. It would try an elephant. As she would look with pride sideways on her loads—the convex

side of the laterally bent neck would reveal the graceful curve of the collar-chain twice diagonal in the neck:—first, quite unmistakably, so that its knee below is visible, in the devoted dip; then, more vaguely, aspiring. She not only carries relief, but her very look is restoring and inspiriting. She is now as Cinderella at the ball. But what cruel stories I heard about her! I tremble to think what she may again become in obscurity. O, had I been by when that slave whom her very breeder had enfranchised, tried to snatch away from her even that teasingly small bundle of dhurra-straw to which her ration was already reduced! Almost every one of these camels has its memories. But I could never tell stories: it implies the habit of prying into particular people's affairs, of boasting *indirectly* in a canting way, &c. But this care about Cinderella made my nerves quiver. She is out of harm's way for the present, and, I hope, will continue so. She is young yet, and will still develop, until in proper season, seeing the Princess-like fair beauty triced up in state towards her future mighty, brilliant Master, we may rejoice let us hope. Meanwhile, I think, we may trust Cinderella further to her own sense of devotion to those who appointed her carrier. But where on earth in these open places did you again get hold of these two ghazels hanging by your saddle-knob? Hey, my learned D.? The blood will spoil the delightfully undecided colour of the everlasting velvet porter's dress. . . .

Let us cross over there, through these loosely straggling dignitaries, whose heads and necks suggest a procession with Roman fasces—axes or adzes peeping out of bundles of rods—~~em~~blems of authority.

Well, old Hâneffy, how goes the smoke? What is your talk about with valiant Sergeant Abd-ed-Dockân? . . .

This grey-bearded faithful one of mine would shrewdly and independently calculate *νόστιμον ἡμῶν*—the day of our return to the river. You see he has his anxieties; but he deals with them separately—they are not suffered to accumulate. The aggregate of time hath passed over his tough, youthful frame and his features of gutta-percha, so little booked that he cannot tell his age. *Dem Glücklichen schlägt keine Stunde*—the clock does not strike for a happy man, Behold Lord Beaconsfield's utopia in "Lothair" realized. Yet—to match contradictions—what would life have been to Great Ben barring Big Ben?

Hâneffy is often my dread despot, when he comes with his voice like muffled thunder to rouse me in the morning in my *θαλαμηγός*, or, as he calls it, *dahabeeyeh* (golden ship), that is to rouse me in my tent. His voice on such occasions is like that of my beloved dry-nurse—whose eyes I am reported to have gallantly compared to fresh prunes—when she assumed the deep voice of some Ogre. He makes us feel quite little and humble: a good thing in the morning—specially for people in such high positions as ourselves. But the veteran is often seen playful enough with the *dahabeeyeh*-cat or with the camp-monkey.

Do you know that it was this same Hâneffy of all the servants who contrived for us the surprising Christmas plum-pudding at Dongola? It was better than those made generally in England, though this is small praise. What Christmas trees those vast sycamores were for yielding presents when asked for through our guns. Doves they were.

White-robed Lieutenant Ahmet's bright little head-dress should be somewhat bulkier about the sides of the neck in order to resemble better the ancient Egyptian

fashion. He must see the dresses in Verdi's delightful "Aïda," and take some hints from Alma Tadema's pictures: and in time we may see a new regiment like some of the ancient ones—bearing perhaps the name of our esteemed friend. And if the noble youth were not at present so intense about English grammar and engineering sciences we might remind him that Brugsch Bey has already composed a Hieroglyphic grammar for the express use of the youth of Egypt. This, however, obliges me to remark, that I hope you are not of those who still think that the revival of Egyptian learning is only to blossom forth in some worthless curiosity of the rank of the promiscuous rubbish called *bric-à-brac*. But this goad would excite the eager *effendi*—and perhaps some one else—too much just at present. Among all his excellent qualities we had now rather let his recruiting capacity have play, by thoroughly enjoying a comic occurrence. We have only to keep our eyes open, as such episodes are frequent with us; and then we will rouse the noble dreamer to grateful attention. He looks like a true descendant of the ancient masters of this country: the physiognomy is unmistakable. The rod, too, in his hand, is bent like an Osiris' sceptre. His high saddle-knobs resemble the sacred cobra, with a head like a paddle-hitcher bent; his camel, the sacred Ibis; her saddle-trappings, its pendant wings; the tassels round its neck, papyrus flowers; the well distributed callosities, "cartouches;" her feet resemble lotuses much better than the ancient columns, which are merely inflated imitations.

But little hieroglyphic record of camels has yet been recovered, though the excellent animal would lend itself willingly enough to conciliations with archaic Egyptian forms. Without exhausting the play, I will

only remind you how much a modern Egyptian marriage-train with the mysterious and gorgeous tent on the "desert-ship's" back resembles the ancient processions in which the sacred Noah's Ark, with a similar awning, was carried on men's shoulders. Under our present latitude such a train conforms still more to the ancient "locks of youth," curved in the "line of beauty," on account of the resemblance of our Nubian Bedawin's hair, which is plaited thick from the forehead and temples. In W. Theed's group of "Africa" the ornamental nets of the camel's trappings are in the style of those ancient nets made of strings of beads found on the mummies. The camel-enthroned woman's hair is plaited in locks like that articulated feather, the camel's tail. And her head-dress or crown, made in imitation of a crooked beaked bird, with a long neck, harmonizes with the whole sitting camel exceeding well, as this head-gear looks the very miniature of her camel.

This little dark-skinned child, hardly four years old, in his red cap and blue robe, on the summit of the high-piled loads of the tallest camel, recalls one of the *Cambini* perched in shells and flowers hanging from the ornamental rafters over some newly-victorious Pharaoh's feasting company, on whom they kept pouring flowers.

Now watch this little fellow. He has just succeeded in stopping his Troy-subverting horse without first going out of the flow of the caravan, and without even turning his animal sideways. He passed the bridle rope under his little foot in order that, when pulling with all his little strength, the amused might of the grand camel should understand that her head was being pulled downwards. And look, down she does bring her fore-quarters

on her knees, as softly as she can when she so pleases to do. Have you noticed how much she bent all her legs, to prepare a shortened fall? At this moment she looks like a boat downwards bound on the side of a tall wave, the little boy keeping to his perch well on the shifting incline, like sylph Ariel on the apex of fair Belinda's card. Now the wave subsides and Belinda is once more settled, as if stretched to rest in an easy rocking-chair. I hope little Ariel will not hurt himself now by descending from the still precipitous height of the sitting camel. Where is his mother, I wonder? See, he is going to mount again. I see he has carefully hobbled the unique animal's doubled fore-legs beneath its neck. This is serious business. I say, this baby has done crying for the rest of its life, as it appears, though he does not seem very, very far from it. He is as cautious and silent as a captive mouse, as he proceeds, noticing with solemn promptitude the calm advice from his father, who is just slowly riding by, not over-dressed. The child just looks the picture of "Little Totty" of blessed nursery memory. Little Totty is the size of the beak of that prostrate swallow, which she is pitying, you may remember. Look! Now he desires to unhobble her leg, and at the same time, or sooner, to get a-top, with rein clutched. Ah, he has hit it. He mounts the height of her lowered neck, and will perform the first manœuvre while lying on his face. Do you notice with what a comically tender expression she, while waiting, looks, with head a little turned, at him, as he, still a little falteringly, climbs up all that steep mountain of her shoulder, back, saddle, and the bedding, till, flushed with satisfaction, he is properly nestled? Another camel once started up with the same child, so as to exhibit him

climbing up on her high shoulder, then in a vertical position, or worse. But this one has been behaving throughout like Bayard's horse, which grew or shrunk according to which of the four sons was about to mount. There would not be a whit of this benignant patience if a grown man had been mounting, I can assure you. If ever a camel is nervously impatient to flounce up, it is when being laden or mounted. Most of the spills I saw were from the camel's too sudden assurgency before loads or riders were quite settled. Now, now, after her magnanimity, up she shoots, with the child, like that gigantic branch with doomed Pentheus from mighty Dionysos' hand. What a subject the gold-coloured, gaudily-draped, huge camel, with the inlaying of the enamelled seven jewels, called callosities, with the bright little gnome, and perhaps some small animal in his charge—what a subject for a Benvenuto Cellini! . . .

Here is a thicker crowd of these "clever" ships of Alcinous finding their own way. In all this crowd there is no rude, no brutal jostling; neither load, nor brute, nor man is hurt. The Bedawi feeling in me thinks meanly of the unspeakable styles of walking among different kinds of hobble-de-hoy populace, moving along the bottom of the deep thoroughfares of barbarous Occidental towns; and I think of the "charge" of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, recommending the leading spirits to "resist the barbarism which, in the overflowing population . . . is apt to spring up side by side with the highest refinement." You must have noticed what modest room a gentleman, or a ripe man in general, takes in walking; and, on the other hand, what a latitude an apprentice declared of age too soon is suffered to usurp! Essentially towns-

people are not, in our enlightened and charitable age, very urbane.

What a relief the perennial pic-nic of this well-bred, well-appointed free caravan is! Here we carry along with us food and drink, and company, and work, and sporting implements; nay, the sights themselves. No more "staffage" required here than those grand tints, fixed with a life-time's attention by Walton, and a few other painters.

Mohammed! Come nearer. I will tell you something, and you lay it up in your mind. Do you know what I did with that beautiful bird I shot the other day? . . . You saw me skin him? Very well. That is what I intend doing with you, if for a third time I see that heavy portmanteau of mine tied to and carried on top of the light one. Have you understood me? . . .

This fellow is my gentleman. He serves me now in the second campaign. He is the redoubted prince among all these servants. And that I might maltreat him nevertheless, I confess to my extravagance of paying him more than he would ask, or indeed double that which his colleagues get from my colleagues. He looks careless enough now seated on the thatch of rugs, surrounded by peaceful objects on his camel's roof; but this is his leisure time. Being in authority, besides being considered an authority, you see his familiar little face radiating on a small court of genuine admirers, both mounted and walking. Enthroned in the high cloud of his baggy trousers, joyous like a perfect chick of superior breed just emerging from the shell, he appears as straight-laced with stays as a desert postilion prepared to withstand the violent action of his four-legged high sandspout whirling over a hundred miles a day. Such rapid jolting frequently, in less tough mortals, causes

the ejection of blood from the mouth. The fellow seems just brightened up into holiday expression as he exposes his shaven skull to the cataract of vertical rays, while he turns in his hand the small gaudy turban, and disentangles the tassels of its wig-like back fringe. Then he crowns himself with the glittering silk wig, and, "having passed over many a country, thinks in his prudent mind, 'I was here, I was there,' and deliberates much"—

. ἐπὶ πολλῇν

Γαίαν ἑληλουθὼς, φρεσὶ πευκαλίμῃσι νοήσῃ

"Ἐνθ' εἶπεν, ἡ ἔνθα, μεμυνήσεται τε πολλά.—Ιλ. ο 80, κ. τ. λ.

as the camel makes him shake his head. Finally he resolves to do something. Accordingly, from the nest of a small bag he takes a pinch of a substance looking like a brood of tiny grubs, confines them within a leaf of an apparently magic book, and turns the leaf into a chrysalis, pointed at one end, like the cocoons adorning our favourite thorn trees. Then, as if proceeding to breathe a sort of life into his charge, he introduces the pretty chrysalis under the pair of locusts "respectant," which he would call his moustaches. After having nursed for a moment the gift of Prometheus in the prismatic box converted into a wind-calm well, he dips his cocoon after it; and behold! how the joyous, winged puffs of smoke swarm off the cornucopia. As he listens to the gentle, cheerful singing of the burning grainy tobacco, not only sight, taste, and smell is gratified, but likewise the feeling of heat is mitigated. As this fellow has been, from youth, happiest when on a camel; so, as a good observer said, the play of his features—specially about the mouth—resembles that of his favourite beast. The type of his features, when smiling, I found surprisingly well expressed on the

archaic Greek statues of Idalium, as seen in the British Museum.

A-head of the hagiostome* Prince of Valets, a monkey is crouched behind a saddle, and while looking back upon the easy Nubian rogue, is perhaps as much over-awed by the latter's sparkling appearance as Lord Bulwer Lytton's hairy hero was by the glorious Gy,† who shone with an electric star on her forehead.

The poor monkey, too clever by two hands to be of any use, just like some ever glad genius, is constantly being tossed in the lofty corners: he tries hard to keep himself shaded by some of the pieces of stuff upon and about the saddle, one of which is the beautiful British Flag which usually crests my own haughty pavilion. On the same saddle a black boy is riding. The quadrumane in his charge is always eager to testify his attachment to good-mannered people; and he is the more comical from his lady-like meekness. His future destiny is to be a distinguished ornament to the London "Zoo."

The black "kid," with a merry boyish countenance—formerly a distinguished courtier about the Serene Governor-Pasha of Dar-Foor—is our friend E.'s page. He is dressed accordingly, but disdains to cover the curls of his somewhat pointed head. He has joined, now, the most thronged team of these gaunt hydraulic propellers, which are sandwiched between the most polymorphous loads. Two other dark boys are also rocking in the team. The second youth, of perhaps eight, now rejoicing in a blazing crimson robe, made from spare flag-stuff, was found naked, footsore, forlorn, exposed by a step-mother in a dreary valley haunted

* Oblique-mouthed.

† In "The Coming Race."

by vultures. Both boys are destined to be brought up and educated properly, by some of our friends residing in Cairo. The horoscope bespeaks the first a General, the second a Prelate. The third boy, perhaps eleven, had run away from a possible slave-dealing caravan, to take refuge in our camp, which was strong and bold enough to refuse delivery. This boy's destiny is to be kidnapped from us also while staying at a large Nile-town. One of the boys has two or three caged and sacred ichneumons; the other has a free and profane monkey in charge. This ape, which is usually very wicked—atomizing cigar-bundles, plagiarizing books, and so forth—appears now, behind the saddle, as quietly subdued by heat as his marble image at Lady Clinton's feet is hushed by sorrow on the mausoleum at Windsor. This worthy playfellow of mine, cheering many a meal, alarmed me once when encamped by beginning to resemble the mausoleal monkey rather too much. I gave him a black wasp to play with; but he ate it, and soon sank languidly back in his arm-chair. Fortunately there was a bottle of vinegar at hand, which I, in alarm, applied to his temples. He recovered as soon as the tapioca in milk was put on the table; and of his recovery I was made aware by a sudden box on the nose he rewarded me with. He is watching us now. Look how he opens his mouth! . . . Pooh! How little skilled you are, Koko—just like you geniuses. Now you are ready to cry for those buns you missed catching; though I don't see why you could not let yourself down the camel and be up again in a brace of shakes. On those ancient sculptures I saw a monkey, like you, climb up a giraffe's neck. But I daresay you are too proud, and think yourself the courted, learned monkey, which rode to the expectant court in council of the great Prince

of the Arabian Nights. Now, once more! open your mouth, imbecile!

He will not descend, and he will not climb. Why, Koko, I thought all monkeys are as clever as the one immortalised in Egyptian sculpture. Have you no ambition? No! Then let me appeal to your imagination, Koko. The monkey goes up the giraffe's fleshy beacon, which keeps quiet all the time. But when the monkey is just about to sit on the giraffe's head in order to lord it over the beacon's whole field of view, the lofty animal politely smiles and bows, and bows and bows, till the emblem of unimprovable intellectual perfection is put gently on the sand. And behold the might of the giraffe, as patient as a camel, bowing before the evil-mannered favourite of clever women. Another time, when the monkey will make itself conspicuous by exalting himself, the giraffe might gently shake his head and send the monkey spinning on a distant rock. This would teach the monkey manners; because, for the first time in his life, there would be something graceful about him: that is, the fine parabolic curve along which he would spin in falling. Pity this gracefulness should be like a swan's song, as it might break the obstinate quadrumane's neck. Poor monkey!

A negress, wife to one of the *καμηλήλαται*, is towing the first boy's poorly disciplined camel, which ultimately succeeds in shaking down the rough cage. And—

Hey! Woa then, Tally-ho! After the escaped egg-trackers, looking like furred arrows, the excited brown infantry are running ranged at first in a terrifying tail like a revengeful crocodile of fear-exaggerated length.—Well, this is good sport among, across, and beyond the tall legs of the camels, who look on interested, and either stopping here and there, or merely turning their heads.

"Light?" valiant Abd-es-Shadoof. Here is my weed. What a glossy camel you ride? Here, Haroon-al-Ras-hid-like Aswed, and you, celebrated Aboo-Kittâb try my renowned Korâni, equally fit for hooree-veil-like paper or camel-leg-like pipe. And—by my nerves!—here is even my pouch with sublime Stambooli. I appreciate your connoisseur smile, battle-smoked fellow.

Capital men, these three soldiers! With less than the intelligence, dash, skill, and stamina of these, and a fourth I have not seen yet to-day, I should never have set out or levelled, length and cross-wise, fifteen kilometres and more, a parching, joyous day, as I often did with such sport-like ease and pleasure to the last. And each of our friends behind and a-head would, no doubt, say as much for most of the other human six or five or four-in-hands, of this superior breed they specially trained and tried. Excuse my "shop;" but we could not pass for an ordinary caravan in the true sense of the word. The long, narrow boxes, the red or white flags on the motley poles alone would betray us. Those painted poles are moreover emblematic. Painted crimson, black, white, alternately, they might have been conquered from the foreheads of unicorns. And the natural haunts of the unicorns, like those of ourselves, are virgin soils. There are also the well-tubes, looking, as see-sawing parts in the camel-loads, like the "chain-pins" in far-Eastern ladies' head dresses. We should also be betrayed by the tremendous cubuses of those light boxes, in each of which a busy chronometer dwells and works, suspended or rather intertended, like a spider in the centre of his web. We might perhaps be known even by our "pointed looks," as a rural landlady of mine once said, to my surprise, because I thought my way of looking rather dreamy and absent. The precious instruments,

leather-encased, and hung by straps to some nursing soldier's neck, might also be unmistakable.

The daily changing aspect of the other loads affords variety enough. Here is a longish file of rough deal boxes of provisions, solid, liquid, and gaseous; for we boast of a couple of dreadful soda-water-engines also. I call that spoiled water dreadful on account of its lacerating effect on uncorrupted palates—as compared with the gentle titillation from a certain class of natural fine-flavoured mineral waters. When there are several boxes on both sides of the saddle, the upper ones are fixed in a sloping position, and the lower ones, with a break, agreeable to the eye, hang and rub against the barrels of these animated stilts. The boxes are marked in colours, with emblems of owners and symbols of contents: perfect pictures. The whole range, thus far, looks like a vista through a long picture gallery on a students' day. There are the panes, tall easels with divergent legs, camel-hair brushes of the soft feet, sticks, men perched high. Then, multiform trunks and port-manteaux—some built expressly for camel-travelling. These latter are vaulted, deep, not too long, and strong with sundry ribs—marked, perhaps, with a lamented name.* Others are armour-plated with refulgent sheet-iron, against those animal torpedoes the white termites; and these metal-cased receptacles are warped in various ways by the heat, like the soil itself. Among the softer packages are some exceptional carpet bags, but most of the bags are rough: those, for instance, which hold tent carpets, tent pegs, and such like. On the deep clothes bags, well-known to British travellers, and which were once canvas, patches of different leathers and native skins have gradually encroached and superseded

* Münzinger Pasha.

the original material—changing all the time like the living camels' coats of greatly differing value.* Huge square drab sacks of palm-leaves or grass-ropes, holding native corn or dry bread—which sounds so terrible to civilization-chained tender people—are, perhaps, topped in an alarming manner by a pair of capacious vases of cooking grease or oil. These jars are stopped and hooded with clay, and are hung only by one crockery arm each—in apparent danger from the legs or frame of the rigid bedstead with its screen of narrow hairy ghazel straps, which appears chiefly to see-saw crossways. At a happy time such an entire arrangement was supporting a rough coop with poultry in involuntary flutter of distress. Scattered or grouped are camels laden with clusters of dark flat square iron chests, flattened cylinders of kegs and barrels of shining tin, headless black animals [smoked or tarred skins of ghazel chiefly]; bottles of glass, wood, gutta-percha, and leather: all these are used for water. The same camels usually carry also the spades for digging the wells, and the other implements required for obtaining water. Camels specially devoted to carry the water have the same name as the irrigating water-wheels, with their rosaries of pots on the river. Those venerable *arrosoirs* with their wreaths of pink pots—in form, when descending empty, of rose-buds, when ascending full, of a cow's full udder—might well have been the first types of those chaplets of piety, which, by their circulating beads of compressed rose leaves, were intended to quench the thirst of souls with the supreme water mentioned at a

* According to breed, age, treatment, and season. Geoffroy de Sainte Hilaire refers, in the fourth edition of his excellent book "*Acclimatation des Animaux Utiles*," to the experiences of a distinguished French manufacturer.

desert well.—As a change from the ductile rugs and blankets and worn sheep and goat skins, the stiff sets of hides, with varied horns, stand out conspicuously: gladdening, through memories they agitate, the hearts of those who killed them from a distance, in a Paris-like fashion, first sneaking and then explosively bragging; and gladdening by their mere picturesqueness those also who boldly, in close combat, fell to, to eat them cooked at festive occasions.

I speak of the above as pleasant memories, because game did not fall in our way every week. Neither have we always been so happy as now when we boast of these Roman-nosed thick and long-tailed sheep trotting alongside the train. Nomads to buy from, or their flocks, are not always near; nor are the men always in a position to sell. Nor even when we had obtained such sheep would our fluctuating water-economy always enable us to supply them with the necessary water, even with such small modicums of soapy lotion as we were forced to be satisfied with for daily ablution. Here you see a pair of these oval metallic drums uncased, rocking on the top of heavier loads, and sounding like a subdued compromise between thunder and drums and bells. Their sound when thumped and shifted is very agreeable to my Bedawinized ears; and whenever I see one of these tubs I am tempted to thump it. Powm! Doesn't it sound glorious! I can understand now why that kind Arab colleague of mine delights in the creaking tunes of the water-wheels. I should not object to hear them now—near Zagazig, amongst my Kopht friends. Of the missed bell—not the English muffin-bell of Catholic funeral sound—we have here only the pretty shapes—in the feet of the light burdened riding camels. The accommodating,

silent feet of the burden camels have their form changed, you see. The feet of these natural carriers increase with their burden, and, by flattening into shapes resembling pairs of hammers, even their "heels" extend in the shape of reacting spurs, as if, even by this view, to encourage men who bear and toil much.

... Ah, the fowls, which we got on the banks of the river of Egypt, were a still greater rarity than game. I was long opposed to the aggressive fate of the "twice-born"* chanticleer, strange bard of married home and emblem of other battles. But at last, after his hareem had gone the way of all flesh, the effeminate wretch became as melancholy as the culpable Jackdaw of Rheims: instead of dutifully cheering us up, he being complimented as the bird of Mars, and being sometimes carried about as an example with armies in war! Well, this one did not look at all like those at the other end of the world, which Sir John Bowring so glowingly describes: the fault was, no doubt, in the treatment he received. However, he was as I say. I consented accordingly—reluctant, of course—to his exit from life for the sake of an "entrée"—with onions and lentils: lentils, to compensate for the loss of my inheritance of enjoying the golden bubbles of his song. At any rate, my bargain was better than that of some of those dust-gazers gone wrong, who, for a syringe-ful of mock-lentils would sell off their inheritance to a better world. One morning, the whole timorous chorus of fowl, cock and all, dropped from on high, and escaped. You ought to have seen these camel-men—four or five of them just in a batch like the ghazel—as they pursued the excited wings, in high excitement themselves, their snaky chevelure flying about, as if they were the very

* An epithet of the "egg-born" dove in the Mahabharata.

serpent-haired Eumenides and Gorgones. At last they caught them all by means of their plaids thrown over them like gigantic kites. May be it is to the ancestors of these same fellows that Perseus owes his Libyan spurs, and "Medusa"—I speak under correction and under awe from the ladies of Dahomey—may be a corruption of, or an improvement on, "Bedouin."

... Yes, we are glad enough to have been able to keep up a small supply of exquisite desert milk at least—for all fresh provisions. Only these few camel-headed goats are very intermittent. There were times when the horns of each goat were a dilemma. We were told that if they are let browse their milk will be spent in the fatigue in walking; if, on the other hand, they are made into camel-loads, they cannot yield milk for want of pasture. But as this happened when somebody took a fancy to the sucking wild-cow now with us, it is just possible that this young monster is secretly provided with more wet-nurses than the one which confessedly passes for such. The fact that the wild-cow is twice the size of its alleged nurse increases greatly the suspicion in this case. Anyhow, this case is but a poor pendant to the canine nurse of Landseer's lion. The life kept glimmering in this awkward brute by the aqueous butter of the goats is fated to be extinguished by a surfeit from sappy greens on the River.

Let us cross over again. This advancing corps affords a splendid spectacle, as if of wattled giant turkeys with their tails a-fan. Those nearest, however, present, in the forms and proportions of their fore-quarters, the purest types of Pointed Arches ever designed—with the saddled loads for hood-mouldings or conjugate pelecuous blocks. Those with the boxes are the models

of complete barbicans, or of high—so-called—Gothic porches with pairs of bartizans. There again, two appear like a twin louvre, and almost like lancet-windows—the head of the one, somewhat fore-shortened as it appears, looking like a spandrel between. Farther back in the body, about the hump, the outlines greet you as those of flowing tracery. And now, as we turn forward again, the side-view of this lean-humped, unsaddled beauty presents an exquisite Tudor-arch. Others appear as ordinary four-centered arches; and the tall saddle-knobs, or rather saddle-pins, are very pretty pinnacles with poppy-headed finials. Did you not observe on the Nile how completely these lofty animals fit into the narrow avenues of airy palm-trees with their tops of synclinal fan-tracery? Who knows whether the first pointed arches, built thousands of years ago in the land of camels, were not formed in close imitation of these much-supporting animals. The large quilt, gaudy with the pattern of a tinted Cathedral-window, on the top of yonder camel's load, is a very suitable drapery; and, when seen during the sonorous concert, though *not* "heard for miles," of a loading or an unloading caravan, easily lures you into the belief that you hear the grand organ in a colossal "Gothic" abbey.

This harmonizing of the camel's shape with architectural design in the Orient seems merely one instance in a general law. I am thinking of the levelling tendency of Nature, which compensates in relative height for altitude. Animals, plants, architecture, all seem to conform to the law: pyramids, elephants, obelisks, giraffes, palm-trees, minarets, grasses, and wading birds. And the camel, carrying a mountain on a body tall and narrow, and with the broad feet of a wading bird, and knotty thin legs like grasses, seems

to combine more forms of this compensation in itself than I will further detail. This levelling tendency of nature is the only explanation I could give to an irritated friend, who asked me, why do all the tallest men of the United Kingdom keep walking in everybody's way in the London Strand? It is their fate, you see, being so tall, to keep in low places.

. . . What is the matter, incensed Arbâ? Doesn't he look splendid, with his apparently nicely trimmed moustaches and beard, as he frightens away from the small green bush the laggard animal, adorned sporadically with patches of hair, as this tract of land is with "box?" The incumbent horns into which the man's hair is trained form a natural helmet, more proof against sword-blows than the loose hair-tufts on the head-pieces of the Horse Guards. His drab-coloured plaid, now round his dusky groin, is a pendant to this sandy alluvium between the dun porphyry hills out of which this man seems to be formed. His dark, high and narrow shield, in the shape of a crocodile's back, hangs at rest by the saddle, along with the ghazel-traps—contrived in imitation of the desert scolopendra coiled into a terribly engaging ring. At rest hangs also his flame-like, straight sword in its leather-sheath—forged in imitation of the flat tail of his camel. In his hand he only carries a short, thin spear, with tip rough-edged, as if contributed by a straight-horned antelope, and afterwards metallified. Tied with a snake, a little above his left elbow, is his ostrich-beak-like dagger—and a small tortoise which conceals his charm. The leather soles, tied in a simple fashion to his feet, are like, and may be made of, the leather from the foot of a camel. The man's noisy upbraiding of his camel is followed by the obedient clatter and ding

of sooty pans and kettles against the rattling boxes which complete the load of the quadruped—which now bolts forward to find safety in society, like so many other culprits.

O! the sudden rushing of this camel into the way of Petro's animal, who came posting along the flank of the caravan! Petro is thrown from his elevated seat! Fortunately he springs unhurt from the sand. Arbâ has run to assist, while Bootroos—as the youth is called by these soft speaking Arabs—is madly chasing his expanded umbrella, or rather mine, which—a round shield stuck on a sword—usually shields him from the sun's javelins. For that umbrella is now exulting and gamboling in high glee, as it plays leap-frog with the lower wind. Bootroos has the consolation of not having fallen alone, as the small lunch-tent, field-bottles, water-skin, gun, a metallic "canteen" with somebody's elaborate lunch or "midnight-tea," and the saddle too, have been spilt with the rider:

Δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν, ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ' αὐτῷ—

("And as he fell he made a crash, and his arms rang on him.")—Don't get too tired, O Petro, with whipping that brute so unmercifully: you will soon have occasion to do it again—spill and all. These servants will not get girths to the padded gable-roofs of their saddles. These pack-saddles without girths look threateningly unsafe; and some justify their appearance,—at times when the humps subside and are not high enough to serve as a safe support for the centres of gravity: especially when these are not low enough, through a risky piling of goods. But with riders, ungirt saddles are bad at all times; because their centres of gravity are almost invariably above the hump.

There is a melancholy instance of a straggling, solitary wretch who lost her hump, and therefore dropped her loads too, in ascending this dry bank. She is like a professional man out of work, who loses in such plight his enjoyments, or the relish for them at any rate—while constantly tempted to spend more than while he was fully employed. The dropped loads are broken, too. A few drivers rush to, and some riders also gallop towards the scene of the catastrophe. Of the culpable gammâl's ("camel farmer's") whereabouts we are easily made aware. The clapping blows dealt with the flat tongues of his gossips or dismounted servants; the lashes from a soldier's round whip resounding on his flesh—but which I wish to damp, *οὐ πρᾶως οὐδὲ προτρεπτικῶς* (not softly nor persuasively); all these guide our quiet glance, which, though it is a bar to further blows, apparently pierces like a broach the culprit, who turns as if being roasted by his burning shame and regret. The appearance alone of the height of our authority just at this fatal juncture would have been crushing enough to natures hardened more than this soft-hearted and now remorse-eaten wretch. . . .

But, as wounds heal easily in this warm and dry climate, so, in the caravan, is sorrow short-lived, to compensate for its poignant intensity. After some carpentering to keep the broken contents together, some care to consolidate his advancing camel-batch, the application of the biting plaster of self-reproach to constringe the vagrant feelings and thoughts—the ever-youthful Bedawi had caused the accident by gossiping about fair woman—he soon presses onwards, collected and fresh, as if urged on by some personal motive.

Our Aâsharah, then, after continuing for some time to push on, at last overtakes the supreme group of his

wishes, with his charges kept herded well together this time. And behold Aâsharah, him, brightening up in unmistakable beatitude! There is a camel without saddle and load, a camel which—not to say more about it—would be much the better for some days' complete rest, but which nobly holds up her suffering head notwithstanding—though not quite like her master Aâsharah. But both man and beast look forward intently to one point—as if their lives depended on it. This point is the Flower of the Hamleh: * a gigantic Fleur-de-Luce, gently shaken as if by Zephyr, on the flank of the caravan, as if on the edge of a river. The first limbus of the corolla is the head of yonder most remarkably laden, saffron-coloured camel. The second blade of the Iris is the head of a big goat in a bag. This goat, with some waterskins, counterweighs the third petal. This third petal, most precious of all, has an attendant in a vigorous and active young man—who himself is, of course, the galeate top-part of the whole Iris thus completely described. It requires all the skill of the muscular youth to keep the new-born, saffron camel comfortable in the large bag. Isn't it pretty—à croquer! What large eyes! They are quite open or quite shut, like a Southern window or door, or like a child-like heart. The colt looks very vigorous, on account of the uniform thick fur all along its long neck. What a frolic for that posse of boys when they shall have come up!

Our persistent journeys seem to tell on Roobah, one of the ancient guides. But why does he not ride? He says it makes no difference in fatigue, and when he feels very, very bad, "il se constitue malade," lies

* Hamleh is one of the many Arabic names for camel-caravans, and the one most frequently applied to our own.

down on the ground—on his face, on his back, then on his side: to rise again, after a little while, as fresh and young as ever. . . . Now this youth, his great-grandchild, has done dancing askoliasmus* on him.

. . . Oh, hoary fellow, are you quite so nimble as that? By Pan, the askoliasmus has quickened his leaven (or fired the wine of his veins into clear and sparkling age), and his leaven has puffed him up to rise quite proud! Nay, see him perform this consummate war-dance in a masterly style—flourishing the short stick with the modest youngster, as a *vis-à-vis* in this "pas de deux." The old Pan—often, in good weather, without any clothes to speak of—would have pleased, nay, delighted, my Lord Chesterfield: so much dignity, decorum, grace, ay, grace and *brio* is there in this feat. As for the stamina alone, the old courtier is no exception among his contemporaries. I saw two others of these nimble old boys, of untold years, not a hundred years ago, or a hundred miles from this caravan either, laughing, and playfully wrestling on the skirts of a desert haven. One of them had his white mane not only unplaited, but perfectly aspergilliform—reminding me of what I once used to admire as a fascinating work of Art: the dear old nursery picture, the portrait of redoubtable "Shock-headed Peter," with the satellite stars of his wide-radiating fingers. That shock-headed one—O my gentle Synesius!—I did not know the next day. His radiancy was gone—ay, gone! Under the privacy of the smallest of caps—scarcely big enough to call a turban—his diminished head was discovered and pointed out to us. So, after all, he did not escape me. Nor did he escape certain rumours: rumours usually consequent on sudden movements or removals,

* Ancient Greek dance on a wine-skin.

especially of greatness. They said: There being a scarcity of water for sprinklings, he sacrificed the aspergill itself to the infernal demons at the importunate calls of certain officious messengers. It is a delicate matter, and I refrained from inquiring into it, *bien que* I was curious. Because the geographical distribution of these messengers—which would “make a little cover,” like Dido, “too much”^{*}—was set down, by the learned and eloquent French authority on the Sahara, as not extending so far South as our observations. Here is another of these strong, upright old men riding, the bald top of his otherwise grey head serving for a polished anvil from which the sun’s powerfully striking rays seem to spend themselves in shivered sparks. His having been kept, for a fortnight, in the dark by some friendly and retired tribe, near our operations, fledged a report about the violent light having dazzled even his shining mind. He is all right now; but as funny as ever: “Mahloooooo m!!! Ahö! ahö! ahö! ahö!” Have I caught your accent, eh?—the oxytone ultimate abrupt, and the long-drawn syllables of the far-speaking sons of the sound-pinching desert. Where is your chibook, my venerable Guiding Star, old Never-say-die! Give us a pipeful of tobacco. Here is a good guide. Yes, even like unto a guiding star, so lofty and grand is he in the puzzling vagueness of his anxiously-watched indications. Sometimes he would descend from the zenith of his camel, and make himself quite small and obscure, like a star humbly going to efface himself near the horizon—the level of our meaner understanding. There, settled on the ground, he would, in the obedient sand, mould relief for us, that is, a relief-

* “Travels through Syria, Palestine, and Greece,” by Dean S. Smith, in a happily conceived series of parish sermons, a little prejudiced.

map, a world in miniature. And having thus imitated a Titan, he would, strictly in the right direction, displace Mount Athos, fashion Olympus, top it with Pelion, and finally, bed our panting and vast curiosity into a miniature of the Grand Valley of Kings—Wady-el-Milk. Sometimes his truly wiseacre-like elucidations make us strain our eyes so intently upon the most blinding and fairest valley of this dazzling desert that we feel left completely in the Dark! That great resplendent Torrent Bed in this darkened Continent has become for us the River Styx. And as we are desirous to be conducted at last among the Shades, we must accept the Old Man for our *πορθμεύς*. The Grinning Man hath us in his power. He has already, though imperceptibly at first, made us divest ourselves completely of all our former notions. He has got us here, and no mistake. Well, well. Lead on, then. But give us first the ladder that we may embark in the saddle of our sublime camel! O, Camel! it is thou who hast saved us: I trust to thy instinctive wisdom which, piloting us, infallibly finds the place where, upon the humble knocking with our good steel spades, the gate of waters will be opened to us. Inshallah! We only want a small opening—not bigger than a needle’s eye, or the pores in our mothers’ paps.

RECONNOITRING AND MANŒUVRING OPERATIONS.

THE high-mounted gentlemen who have been all introduced to you look leisurely enough now: even those of them who are perched on the pinnacled and steep sloping saddles, like so many studious angels on gigantic lecterns. They look rather comical to me, as I think of an old bronze showing a rider reading, and his beast's head turned round and near to the pages, as if anxious to read also. Still it were a pity to disturb even this one at our elbow, as he is absorbedly and gravely nodding approval over a book he holds in the delicate, small, but "strong hand that manages the mighty camel:" while the other noble hand—if not just engaged in making a note—is floating about his eyes, as if to bless the author, but in reality deferentially to manage the sun with the insisting geste of an Old Egyptian prayer. The book looks, on this desert ship, like a sail: and acts as such, by quickening the passage. And if it were an Arabic grammar it would not only help to pass the time, but it would accelerate the student's attaining whatever his objects be among the people of the country.

But these gentlemen have not always been thus leisurely. . . . Holloa! what's up? Our noble friend,

F., usually gentle, is tearing along in wild excitement in the act of over-taming his high-spirited but gentle camel. F., you will make a general stampede of the caravan. I dare say you are just fresh from having—in solitary places away from the caravan—repeatedly brought her down to lash her into uncongenial silence: an improper proceeding. This camel was much gentler when, one morning, it just embraced our friend's arm between her jaws: gentler because, you see, his arm is not amputated. If I could not agree with my camel in a reasonable time, I should not consider myself wedded to her, were she as excellent as this one of Mr. F. I hope you don't mind my telling you, old man. Try for a few days a slow and quiet camel, and keep chiefly with the caravan. Both yourself and the camel is exhausted, for we travelled for a week like driven slaves, with hardly any sleep. This is the man—now, never mind, as you can never mend her—this is he who, having been told there are six thousand expressions in Arabic referring to camels, answered—hopelessly dead to appreciation—that he has called this one camel more than six thousand names in plain English. Shocking!

No, we were certainly not always so leisurely. Not that we had yet been attacked by any of the desert tribes of men, as Vertomanus was in the dawn of the Sixteenth Century, whose little party had to fight once twenty-four thousand Arabians who came to ask money for water. Nor were any of our civilized camels ravished by wing-footed lovers belonging to piratical free camel-herds—as often happens in Tibet, according to Colonel Perjevalski or Colonel Yule: though the two friends don't agree in everything. But the fact is, that we spent the bulk of our time in wholesome work.

There was one kind of work with which we kept racing all day, the whole caravan racing within itself—and we called this peaceful manœuvre Camel Survey. For not only the observations were usually made from camel-back in the caravan; but also because in several of these cursory surveys the distances between the points of reference were computed from the intervals of time and the caravan's even pace.

A second operation, the most conspicuous, however, was that in which everybody could freely change the pace of his camel. The aspect of this manœuvre would have pleased you for a short time. At times in rear, at others ahead, again in the middle of the caravan, a brilliant long thread would be visible, refulgent with shifting foci. There were the four mounted geographers, conspicuous with their light helmets on high, like snowy peaks. Sometimes one or another of these exalted beings suddenly subsided, in order to complete his observations and calculations, and sketches on foot,—whenever his animated observatory fell useless by becoming itself the fidgety observer of some tuft of inviting Halfah grass. Very exciting was the intent hide-and-seek of the active signalmen, running or riding with their flags through the caravan; and stopping now and then to cast catharine-wheels with their flags at points marked by prompt notes on paper, and pressed down with letter-weights of stone or handfuls of sand. At times, there was a greater disturbance among the caravan, when the rattling snake of a monstrous long chain, running along a given direction, cried aloud through the mouths of its team of soldiers for elbow room and clearness ahead. The steps of this survey—as I venture to call the successive operations at the transitory “stations”—were about five

hundred yards or longer. You might have called the whole business a clock-work arrangement, considering that it consists of the “engrenage” [allow me this word for “catch”] of such cylinders as a mariner's compass, aneroids, thermometers, telescopes, cylindrical pocket-sextants, watches, a pivoted table, at one time the perambulating measuring wheel as high as a bicycle—and called, on account of its quaint sounds, the baby—pencils, rolls of paper, flag poles, and the like. The “engrenage” of these phalanges among themselves, as well as with the three coats of the terrestrial “nut” is, of course, further connected with the celestial mechanism through the pivot at Greenwich: thanks to the immortal astronomers of the past, and the indispensable help of our contemporary prophets at Kew and Greenwich, prophets hardly esteemed at home even by ourselves while at home.

The third programme of the races, however, during the six or seven months we were overcoming the most important portion of the work, was more various than the first two; for the third programme contained two races daily, and sometimes three. But we are in the midst of the caravan; let us get to this flank. What should “fire” have to do with this pebble, indefatigable Aboo-Dyemel? Ah, I see! You want “*a* light,” as the classic phrase is. Give it to me for a moment, untiring Ibn-es-Shams. Look at this sandstone of three inches length, my gentle companion. The rough stone is admirable for its resemblance to a camel's head. But who would think, looking at it from a distance, that it is a complete pipe? The skull is hollowed out for the bowl, and the muzzle is well and wide bored like an Oriental amber mouth-piece; the camel's upper lip is made to repose, of course, on the smoker's nether

lip. Good. Here is your amorous amadou, flirting with fire, sporting with sparks, tender tinder.

Well, about the appearance of this other desert work. The pioneer race used to start with the sun, in the hottest season, when we, effeminate wretches, thought it best to cease being fried by two in the afternoon; after which time we submitted to the pleasant change of being stewed in tents; *entrée* after the *roûti*. During the other season, when we worked till sunset—with lunch “in the field”—we also rose with the sun: but remember the sun rises till noon. About twenty-five or thirty men, and a few camels, constituted the athletic census. A jackal—the last one frightened from the neighbourhood of the camp—usually ran for a Derby-dog. If there was any one among the four well-interworking castes of the motley party, with so little regulated brains and heart as to desire acting on the ass’s-race principle, it soon found itself saddled accordingly. There, then, are the apod (legless) tape-worms of the chains, eager to get a-head by stretching onwards in the heat; so that they had even to be checked, perhaps, by cooled standards. There are endless files of pedicellate or one-legged zoophytes. Of these one-legged ones, there are several species worth particular notice. And first the motley flags. Further, just graduated, and consequently conceited staves, exhibiting numbers, sometimes shaking their heads in a morosely top-heavy manner, as if the rigid general standard of what they call their learning were too much for their brains. Next in order the pedicellate pegs appear; audibly groaning as they are being malleted down; often liberating themselves with their arms freed by double oppression, and sometimes even derisively killing by splitting the tremendous but injudicious

mallet which, being of low origin—a root—has savagely striven to trample down the weak children of its former lofty “oppressors,” the branches. Conspicuous by the joyous flutter of crimson and white ribands, the pennanted chain-pins with their upright rings race on, overtake, and are caught up in exciting turns: in the manner of the flags, but with a minced and quicker pace. An authoritative-looking succession of tiny sign posts holding between their teeth little paper tablets are established for a permanency to record our achievements to coming racing generations. But why should we make such melancholy reflections? They may serve to guide and cheer us ourselves at some future time. *Γένοιτο, γένοιτο*. Intermanaging appear the two-legged tribe of men in all the glory of their brilliant variety of shape and movement. Most conspicuous among these are naturally the commanding servants of Venus Urania. They resemble the Egyptian idol Thoth, who observes a balance suspended on a stick, which is planted in the ground, while he is writing on a peach. Now comes the infusion of another element to note. It is the three-legged seal-tribe of optical instruments, incapable of living apart from the levelling element. Finally, the four-legged camels enter the lists in a variety of attitudes—ridden, led, or waiting.

Such were the competitors.

Our four-legged companions have already shown themselves engineers by the evenness of their pace, and the evenness in the selection of their roads—regulated and set out, for aught we know, by means of that partition of the stomach, which may act both as pendulum and water-level. They seemed unremittingly to watch us, and perhaps over us, with

those calm looks of natural superiority, out of and down from the prominent and hooded dormer-windows of their beautiful eyes, set over the commanding, stately neck. And as they over-looked and over-saw us, and sometimes uttered their dear grunt—of approval, let me tell you; I sometimes have felt as though being coached for a boat-race by an equestrian trainer—who, contrary to the ruling vice of his caste, keeps his greater garrulity against the time when the crew are refreshing themselves under shelter. The quickness of the camel to rise, and its occasional nightly rumination, reminded us of the griffin,—whom we may claim, for its promptitude and vigilance, as an emblem of our own nocturnal work of “plotting” and star-trapping. Indeed, our impatient risings to the stars are as offsets to our being chained by day to the ground. But envious people, who are usually lazy both of heart and brain, may call these irrepressible aspirations of ours the crowning of that “impudence” which pushes us, as an Hungarian epic and heroico-comic poet says, in jest, “to load our own sweet mother with chains.”

In the progress of the whole party described, through all the diversity in kind, and difference between the strides of twenty, and, say, a thousand yards in length, you would soon have noticed the four or five communities of crews—each pushing on hard in emulation—and the harmony of their paces. Having gradually mastered so much, you would have seen what there was of racing, and what of other movements, subject to laws, fluctuations, and disturbances. And, after having observed a whole series of these “runs”—we say we “run” our chains, our levels, our theodolites*—you would have been able to

* Future editors of Webster's dictionary—if, after Dr. Murray's

reduce all this bustle into yet simpler form, as the purely human traits would have risen into relief—such as the nature and degree of the leader's gift for organization. At last, perhaps after dreaming a little of the beauty of this supreme, delicate, and complex talent, the analysis of the power and niceties of which, in instances where properly treated, is such a charm in history and biography, you would have found yourself actually engaged as judge of the spirit and result of our performance. May be, you might have compared the features characteristic of our work—of everybody's and everything's turning at intervals—either to the convulsive writhings, painful to behold, of Pope's “wounded snake” that “drags its slow length along,” or to the easy evolutions of a set of progressive dances performed by accomplished people of sporting habits, in sweet obedience to rhythm and harmony.

To have done with this fascinating subject of administration, let us drink the health of such sovereigns, “sub-kings,” princes, spiritual and temporal, not forgetting even boards and other powers, who are well impressed by the duty of sparing no pains in studying human nature, and in hunting for, and selecting leaders of men. I have got cocoa in this flat bottle, kept hot all the time in this temperature, but others carry liquors which in this same heat—not during the season of hot winds—keep very cool, thanks to the evaporation from the soaked, felt coats of all these small bottles. But whatever you have got in your bottle, eat some biscuit before drinking.

You see that airily-dressed gentleman with the

coming great work such should be published—may just leave out of the etymology of this word the facetious explanation *θέω δολιχός*—“I run long.”

tasseled red cap, riding on His Eminence—bald camels are called “bishops”—under his umbrella. This should be made of, lined, or covered with thick quilt, light fur, or, best of all, ostrich feathers, such as those their Royal Highnesses the Egyptian Princesses used to have. I would not trust to less than some of these, or a proper helmet. This is the lieutenant who used to be in charge of camp and caravan—whatever there was left of either—while his compeer was at work with us. In hardly less than three or four hours after our own start he caught up to us. There being fewer men left in camp than when we all travel together, packing took them somewhat longer. This coming up of theirs was the second race of our daily programme: that is, the appearance of the caravan tempting our working race to unite in one grand spurt, with a view to keep up with parts of them as long as possible. What a subject this would have been for a Pindar, to describe as racing the very *κάμπαι* (goals), for such were the *camps* with the camels, whose front and back view, as appearing to us, is *metæ* or cypress-like. We fanned ourselves with the belief that the caravan were afraid of our speed, and that they put on extra spurts in our honour: which is very possible, because they might just have reflected how ignominious it would be for them to let us arrive at the camping-ground before it should have been prepared for our reception. Besides, there was this reason for our spurting, that the caravan was itself our landscape, as long as it remained above the horizon. And I am not sure whether we perverse people were not better pleased by the sight of our camels passing over us like a good sand-slipper, than we should have been by sights usually called romantic. I hate romantic places, overgrown landscape, and broken scenery;

which are so many obstacles to my busy theatre. Whereas, if a camel trespasses into the domain of my vision, and I have tried to ply—as the classic phrase is—“my noble” coolness by promptly turning the lafette, adjusting the vane, drawing the trigger, shooting the sight through the thicket of legs, checking and booking it—if I have done all this in vain, I sw—I can make the camel swerve easily in a trice. Well, considering the length of the caravan, we stretched and kept up with them usually for rather more than an hour, except when very thorny places impeded us with their hurdles; but we did not delay them much by following the compassionate compass-bearing and reaching in time the distance dictated to their leader by us as he passed. My own delight at these daily passages was like that of a timid boy's, who would eagerly trip along with a victorious regiment passing with colours, drums, fife, and bugles.

Less regular, and not so patent, were the movements of the third race of the daily programme; but these were as important as any, with much interest attached and thought bestowed on them. I mean the party on the road between our measured races and the last well behind, or the next ahead. Sometimes there were even two such watering-parties afloat in different phases, coming or going; while we ourselves were left working, shifting, and racing with reduced resources and in great expectation and anxiety.

Are you interested in the result of these perennial races? I will try to compress it for you in a nutshell, or a “cartouche.” If this word were written, I should grasp it between quotation marks. The result of our toil is to be a quotation of this country. Our telescopes with the lenses are like cartouches. Through

them the Prince who has sent us will be able to read the whole hieroglyphic record of this realm. And as the revived study of the columns of hieroglyphics on stone and on papyri has begun to unite into one column-like canal for infusing more life into the systems of our present knowledge,—so our columns of engineering hieroglyphics on these rocks and the papyri of our note-books, when reduced to a “column” formed by a pair of rail-strings, may contribute a little to restore the public wealth of Egypt.

MARTIAL DISPLAY.

ARE you getting tired? Change your position. I am glad you discarded your Soudani Venus-shell saddle, in which you cannot well change the crossed position of your cramped legs; it is a prison, and fit for slaves. Don't get too much used to riding in the single stirrup, ladies' fashion, either. Try a spell of riding side-saddle-ways on the right side, where there is no stirrup. Never mind that our camels, whether riding or baggage animals, are not treated and made worse with feminine or effeminate cruelty,* in the shape of a barbarous iron ring in their noses, at the mercy of amateur riders. [Our halters just embrace the “nose,” like the accommodating belt on the noses of Arabian, bridle-less horses.] Or, hitch your left leg over the saddle-pin, and then cross it with the right, in leisurely and comfortable bends. But bring over first, for a foot-rest, the suspended scarlet leather pillow slanting over her right shoulder, and adorned with a profusion of broad leather straps, gay with orange and carnation. That's it. But riding astride, ordinary horseback fashion—only without any stirrups—you will find the most pleasing position for long riding, especially when ambling fast.

* This refers to a celebrated passage about “woman's heel” in Major Whyte-Melville's “Riding Recollections.”

Speaking of feet, and surveying yours, do you notice the exquisite resemblance to a human leg and foot of a walking camel's prow when stretched out? It is proper that this "travelling merchandize" (caravan) should move with the raised and floating leg of a running Hermes—with the sole inclined [toe bent downwards, as is natural during running]. Indeed, in its own animal kind, be it said—with due reverence to my funny dear teacher, Professor Blackie—the camel unites the thundering head of Jove, the sailorly wide chest of Neptune, and the grace of Mercury all over—*τὴν τοῦ Διὸς κεφαλὴν, τὰ στήθη τοῦ Ποσειδῶνος, καὶ τὴν τοῦ Ἑρμοῦ χάριν*. The Adam's apple in the camel's neck appears as the knee of the floating Hermes leg; the back of the inclined foot, with its vigorous curve, resembles the animal's lower jaw; the bent toes look like the curved lips; the two waves of the sole and heel, with the depression between, correspond with the double-arched head; and the ornamental little wings are represented by the small ears. Allow some latitude for the straps round the lower part of the athlete's masculine leg, for the purpose of equalizing somewhat the thickness.

. That square white thing? That is the litter, carried tandem-wise between a pair of excellent and beautiful animals, each properly attended. The litter, or rather, the ambulance, contains and contents the happiest man in the party: if we accept what Gasparo Gozzi says in his beautiful essay "*Loda della convalescenza*." He has happily emerged from the ordeal of Cholera Morbus. What a gloomy week that was in the Tophet-basin of miasmata in air, water, and food; where almost everybody was ailing, or alarmingly ill—the healer himself included. And as if these evils had not

been enough, even we, miasma-resisting ones, could hardly sleep by our ready weapons, for the frequent, wailing watch-words which were necessary in that place of desolation and execution. The only fine old tree in that place had to serve as gallows just three months before—and all the dozen villages around were again infested by murdering robbers. Nor was it refreshing in the mornings, as we came from our tents kept infected all night by the sewer gas of our dismissed breath, to which poison we are inured,—to receive the Job's messages to the purport that more wells have been ascertained to be drying up. However, these are past fermentations, and, bottled up and labelled, may serve to cheer us whenever a sigh of relief makes the cork of an actual pressure easingly jump up. It is well worth notice how even the cooks of the party contrived to study the invalids, especially this gravest one, by inventing dainties in that wilderness amongst enemies. Each of us, I am glad to boast, had his hand, head, or heart, in the operation of raising the fellow. The couch is my own open-air bedstead. It is destined to be broken—under the weight of the great double lengths of joined iron well-tubes, if not under the parallelopiped of the tent—but broken just when Mr. G. will be able to dispense with it.

Yes; he seems happy enough. I even dare say he is happier reclining in his place, than the mighty gouty Kublai Khân was in his magnificent chamber carried between a four-in-hand of elephants. And as that sovereign let fly his falcon, with prompt, succinct, and vigorous wings, at tortuous-throated emphatic cranes; so our friend amuses the rather trailing-winged hawk of his intellect by letting this raptorial bird survey the flight of crane-like fancies of a novel of the day.

You know that anything will please a convalescent, imagining himself as charitably disposed as a sucking monkey. I say, G. my pet; look out and look up. There is a rare flight of cranes above. It is this which caused me to make the novel comparison: perhaps by instinct; because, seeing the cranes, I feel like a falcon. And as I cannot pursue them bodily, let my mind fly off after their likeness, the novels. Listen:—

“Crane-like” these “fancies” usually are for the following reasons. Unlike our noble and prompt camels, it takes them a tantalizing and ridiculous set of cackling runs till they dare fly up to the height of their professed subject. Such a run might send a crocodile soaring. If this Japanese pet bird did not get his agreeable lifts by the fortnightly Japanese earthquakes, and further stimulus by the houses and stones toppling over its ears, it would, with all that length of wings, never have learnt to fly. (It may be—judging from the constant example—the Japanese will be the first to practically solve the problem of human flight.) The greater part of their soaring is done in obscurity; their chief trick of attraction is to keep us poor benighted readers in the dark. As we go on approaching the poles of science, the times of unintermittent lights appear to many people inconveniently protracted; so these novels become popular with their interesting darkness, or their moonshine—not always chaste like Diana, but more commonly perplexing by being as mysteriously changeful as the orbs of her Egyptian worshipped symbols, viz., the cats. [Black surroundings intensify the effect from the achievements of these juggling necromancers; just as their names, written by their automata, dazzle on their monuments for an enchanting moment.] Though they, by nature, are addicted to low

flights, specially during twilights favourable to double-appearance and other ambiguity; they, in broad lights, ostensibly float high: which they can do easily, since they live on as little as camels, and do not take offence at being called light, étourdis, &c. These conceits being light, their blowers are, of course, fond of marching them in a playful dancing fashion: each whim taking the lead by turns or overturns—behaving like this caravan, an organized sand-slipper, and these classic birds, all shanks, who taught the old Greeks, and perhaps the new Trojans in Paris also, to dance. [Shame they did not represent Terpsichore with a crane by her side!] But as cranes can also be pugnacious, learned, and even wisely grave; so can novels: and what would you have more in this corner of the world than these four elements of erotic mirth, strengthening fight, eventually power-giving wit and learning, and balmy wisdom. For their pugnaciousness, witness the wars between novelists’ crane-like humours and their “high-minded” pigmy fancies! For they fashion and dress all sorts of monsters in this imitating monkey age of palim-Phœnician quodlibet taste, which cherishes also Japanese cranes and even worse Scythian barbarisms. Witness, I say, their Punch-and-Judy shows, and tremble at beholding how the enormous amorous shafts from the retiring eyes behind the fringed shields and cunning bows (I mean the lids) of their female dolls succeed in breaking the sweet brittle spoons in which the male puppets surrender their hearts, instead of manfully attacking. Woe to them if the apod imbeciles be wounded; and woe to them, forty-times more woe, if graciously taken prisoners! Sometimes, however, these kitten-delighting woolly balls have as much cunning as that chariot-inventing monster, Erichthonius; although

even in that case, those harpooning hooks on long ropes . . . but you will have read for yourself I fear, without much harm I hope. Like the good and prudent cranes friendly to Ibycus these fussy fancies (excuse the alliteration) are at great pains to find out all kinds of more or less lovely murderers. After so much excitement about all sorts of killing and other fascinating criminalities, you may well expect to hear of some havoc done by the love-philtres of cranes' brains among the tender-minded of the readers; for, as the cobbler of Canterbury saith, "as they read much of love, so, when they fall in love, there is no ho with them till they have their love," and so forth: whatever that "love" may be—a mania for display or mysteriousness, or any other inordinate affectation or gluttony for the futilities for the moment in fashion. If some persons think they can spell out from those conceits any knowledge worth the trouble of reading, let them rejoice in the old myth of poor Palamede, who was taught some letters by the Phœnician cranes who had picked them up here in Egypt; and let them share in the belief of those people who fancy that the shape of their flying columns exhibit elements of our alphabets. Without adducing the geranine shape of some archaic Greek types of two, and of one Egyptian form for the third, I hope to please by finishing with this, as I am gracefully going to descend to the level of our caravan, that some puzzling forms of the fourth Palamedic letter, the Ξ , will best show the lovely conformity of the flying bodies of our birds in three lines, with the repeated arrangement of novels in three volumes. There are more resemblances; but there is also a limit. Only *one* paragraph more about the moot "reason" of the vexing triad of these cobwebs, spun now-a-days so irrepressibly

by ladies and other women. Because they have no extent, substance, and weight as a basement, and are blown up by hot impulsive hurry like these sand-spouts, they can no more stand by themselves than the top-heavy trees growing here if rootless, or the icicle-shaped cocoons on them, or any pointed-bottomed vessel; hence the easy and étourdi pottering of a light, if not airy, triple vase, which I beg to call triang, inter-propped—each crutched by the other two—and thus, a marvel to behold. These three-pronged arrangements are well adapted to keep their footing on the surfaces of minds, how roughly prepared or warped soever: impressing, of course, pock-marks on the soft, scratching vilely the varnished ones, but gaining the least hold where they desire most, and where they often come to Narcissus' grief, to wit, on the hard, grainy, evenly polished, and reflecting minds.

Mr. H. calls our attention. . . . This is Mr. H. Now you have been introduced more or less to all the gentlemen of the party: the Effendis, and Messrs. A. to H. And the one following H., viz. I, the last—don't, O don't utter that sickeningly used compliment—I have been with you for some time lionising. I hope you are satisfied with the livery he wears to-day: shining multicoloured and long-tasseled heavy silk kerchief, pinned over the helmet so as to give it a due Crest; damask silk coat, on which the glittering arrays of all component changing pairs of colours keep chasing each other; what is visible of the rainbow of a sash, with pendant iridescent rain; wide, but not *quite* Oriental nether garment of satin, almost a Royal petticoat, with small openings for the feet. You see, the pattern of it represents a chessboard, with the shiftings of warlike play—in colours as if seen through a delusive near

evening rainbow. This wide garment is girt just below the knees, whence the high stiff knickerbocker gaiters begin, coloured like the glittering golden sand of this Desert, broad-seamed with gay leather, with rows of shining spangles at the outer sides: down to the slenderest part of the leg; clasping the tiniest of yellow boots, which sparkle with laces of pearls and buttons of precious stones—Egyptian lapis lazuli and ruby. The whole is the glorious solution, at last, of the great problem to square the Rainbow. To assume the occasional style of “Jean Têterol, who hath an Idea” [think of such a Man!] by Cherbuliez:—all these Arabs say of Us—as reported by Our amused friends, all of whom are Our superiors—that we are the “Bash” Mahandi(-z), that is, the Chief, under Solomon, of the genii and all the Caravan united. All your arguments would be useless for disabusing them. Our gorgeous appearance—and *they* know something besides, which is conclusive for these men. Well, yes: our well-beloved cousin wards our vision towards that upright, slender beauty walking this tremendous pace with ease: a beauty in a sack—all but eyes. On head a gourd, in hand, pendent, another. Captain Galton says women naturally prefer carrying to walking unencumbered. That is the same author who ignores Desert miseries—famine, water starvation, desertion of camels and men, marauders, dry wells, being lost in unknown paths, being lured into perdition by mirage, and the great consequences of every paltry mischance.

Yet Captain Galton saith this is Civilization:
And Captain Galton—is a very learned man.

Whatever common mismanagement can lead to in deserts, the world has heard from the time when Sennacherib and

Cambyzes ventured therein, to our own days, when, between the Nile and the Red Sea, two telegraph engineers with four thousand camels perished, and scattered the material of civilization over these deserts, as I am told. But to our “moutons.” Judging from the women I have actually known and well studied singly to my sorrow, our dear noble “Cousins and Sisters and Aunts” to wit, I have come to the conclusion that they are fond indeed of carrying away, in their carriages preferably,—preparatory to themselves wearing,—something new every day of the season from the shops. But there is something else, our noble relative, the Honourable Plantagenet H., *sub rosa* pointed out. Where Beauty is, Valour can't be far: foe-dispersing, ally-increasing Sergeant Abd-el-Bekr, with the peak of his porphyry hood, has left this his newly-wedded fourth bride—fourth, yet without his ever having been a widower—has left her, just fifteen paces, floating before his camel for some time. This distance affords the proper visual angle for his purpose of admiration suitable to his altitude. O, Abd-el-Bekr is a born astronomer. Perhaps he means not only to admire, but also to watch her: perhaps the philosopher is right who said that women, to be of no harm, must be “continually” kept watched or chained. Perhaps by this means Abd-el-Bekr means also to keep his capacity for martial vigilance in trained condition. He knows best what he is about.

. . . . Scattered over this our wandering Island of Delos (which, with its temperature, might well have given birth to a sun-god, nay, both to Râ and Tûm*), you have then seen our friends, the sovereign princes of this passing confederate realm, riding single or in changing pairs. They all wear helmets of some sort—

* The rising and setting sun.

in the refreshing shapes of mushrooms, flat or high—as they will be protected, like members of other fire-brigades, against these candent beams cast from the sun's garrison and toppling about their ears; and they generally cover even these head-pieces, along with their necks and backs, in true testudo-fashion of close besiegers, against the fiery missiles from above. The thick pad over the spine, and under the coat, as Surgeon Myers wore it, is in beautiful keeping with the narrow and elegant camel-hump. The outer covers, thick, and either plain, quilted, or shaggy, and white, or motley and brilliant, are allowed to advance above and fence the cheeks against the violent sallies of oblique rays during calm afternoons. That heat is well described in "Lucile," by "Owen Meredith" (if I remember right):

"Like a furnace, the fervid, intense occident
From its hot seething levels a great flame struck up
On the sick metal sky. . . ."

This additional shrouding of the princely cheek means, then, a shroud for a defeated flank of the prince's surrounding phalanx: because the spirited musketry of the ventilating pores and the valiant brandishing of the films in the wind ceases, and the front of the infantry lie prostrate and huddled up in moist heaps. [O, how different was it forty years ago when, snow assailed the Bedawins who conquered that assailant in glee because they had room. The commanders, at that time, could keep their armies of ascending sparks and martial smoke and ashes round them at a workable distance: as they assailed and laughingly dissolved the limbs of the sparkling armies clad in futile silver.] However, it is better to be thus blockaded than to be fatally struck in the neck or even shaved on the nape by the raids of the

solar rays. In the latter case the marshalling Mind is itself usually first unsettled, then laid prostrate. Then follows the quarrelling of the senses in office, the neglect of the mutinizing sergeancy about the inner organs, and finally the more or less speedy general rout of the whole army of tissue-indued cells. Our own generals, thank goodness, have been safe, up to this moment. One was once close pressed indeed; but he was saved by the prompt, almost surgical treatment of an observing brother just in the nick of time. But notice the continual skirmishes. Look at these battle-fields, red with blood, and white with bleaching bones, and covered as if under funeral chalk: in the splendid language of Lord Lytton's translation of the Serb "Battle of Kossova":

"Their bodies bleach in bloody mould."

They are fighting now: look. Can't you see the flying columns of our friends' hands? or the advance-guards of their lips and noses: all made red and raw and hot with their own blood—by the loss of skin. This skin has been and is being ruthlessly torn off by these old Egyptian sunbeam hands forked into five-pronged "harpagos" (the kitchen-forks of the Ancients for managing the stewing meat). And it is this lacerated skin which lies about after writhing, in coiling white "moslings," and which is here and there superseded by tissue-paper. There is a whole cigarette-paper bandaging yonder hero's wounded nose under his helmet, from the incumbent ventilating shaft of which a small ostrich-feather is nodding like Juvenal's exalted slave. He is well known in India as a ready hunter of tigers and alligators, and sure sticker of pigs; yet, as you must have noticed, his ever-mistrusted and therefore mutiny-ready camel is constantly being led by his squire.

Dreary, O, dreary! G., you are my "knight of the woeful countenance." But G., old fellow, I would not allow any one else to say as much. You remember the onslaughts on the British nation made by old General Reynolds? Poor fellow, he is dead now. This American friend of ours used to supplement each of his diatribes on British character with the clause, that he would be so far from allowing anyone else to say as much that he would *fight* for us: just as I for you, tender-hearted old humbug!

Please don't disturb the wounds by tilting any of your sallies as we ride by them; for the matter is serious. Though they all possess that ready cheerfulness which becomes well a succession of hot battles, they must not laugh—the dismantled chinks of bloodful trenches in their damaged lips would not improve by expansion.

You notice on the other side there, across the caravan, those princely coryphées we passed some time ago, coming up? You perceive the thick fluttering wrappers round those rein and whip-managing hands: those members look like ensign-bearers with their wounds tied up in treasured shreds of the flags. On this hand, the fellow to which rejoices in a newly washed white chamois glove, you see a gore-coloured thick "dog"-skin case, which, in the morning, before it thaws on the hand into a glove, is as hard as the rusty steel gauntlets its proprietor's ancestors used to wear once on a time. That important, though sometimes, unduly exalted department of the bodies which likes variety, but had better be kept from sudden change—the seat of the commissariat of stores and ammunitions—you see belted by thick and motley entrenchments of silk. Under everything, down to their ankles, they, very likely all of them, wear tight-fitting dresses of some soft chain

mail. Yet, through all these and more, the enemy made his alarming raids, espionages and underminings; and constantly aimed at the inmost vital parts of the camps: so that at times it is usual to serve out extra rations of bitter pills, I mean bullets and bitter powders, almost as regularly as rations of food. Will you lend me your camel-whip? [Mine, as my own camels do without, are all in the hands of those irregular jerky servants.] Thanks. . . . Oh, it will be gone in an hour, along with the original smart which is only near the surface: I merely struck my thigh with the handle of your fan to drill these wretched sentinels of cells, which are, like the present semi-Oriental or central-Europeans, alternately lethargic and bacchanalian. The blows startled my surprised camel, too, into an irregular jolt, salutary to these skin-deep hull wretches.* Here, Gîrgîs, take my rug. Now the reduction of my saddle-pads, and a little trotting of a certain style—they have been gaining on us, too—will do the rest. Take your whip again. I hope to get—in order to freshen up this infantry—the electric field-telegraph of some flannel, too: which stuff I have not wanted below-hips since my winter campaign in Poland. . . . Why, I have been treating this recently caught rheumatism or gout—or whatever physicians would term it—according to the precept in La Fontaine's fable of the "Gout and the Spider." [My wooden saddle, composed of two merry-thoughts and some ribs, is a proper pendant to the Peasant's mattress of maize stalks.] I wish La Fontaine had "stuck to the cows," and to the animals in general which teach men; and that he had studied camels better; and had left alone men and women

* "Sentinels," according to dictionaries, were originally the watchmen at the bottom and sides of ships.

whose beastly desires he dotingly describes; and it would have been well had he left Aphrodite alone. His description would transform the mythical sea-foam into something akin to the blushing nap of froth on the inflamed camel-stallion's lips: which froth "would rise" at unfortunate times, caused by unpurging neglect and morbid solitude, and then—fortunately—"subside again." Yes, the forces of piercing cold winds and sudden frosty night-chills are rather Vandal-like allies, to us: the sun has better auxiliaries in the hot winds discharging heated shrapnels. The heat, when it continues in action hotter than breath and blood through the nights also, seems to rush deep into the dark ranks of cells: making a gulping whirl of every pore, and a thirsting sponge of everybody. And as the immorally surviving thirst of that dead animal [I am speaking of the sponge] had kept it, while alive, degraded to the abyss of animal existence, by subduing and enslaving nearly all other appetites; so these cells, surrounded and hard beset, squeezed and wrung, are in open, bawling revolt—listlessly neglecting their functions—desiring more and more to Drink. Or, the cells may be so panic-stricken by the invading host, that they seem madly resolved to perish rather in internal brawls by their own or their friends' hands, by drowning themselves in drink, warm by nature or by drinking the cooler blood of the nobler ones among their own kin. With many men it is this side paroxysm to scorch themselves by seething water or their throats by boiling coffee—while they "water" their favourite camels by feeding them with the glowing embers. Woe to those who are not under firm discipline. "Le monde appartient à la discipline et aux disciplinés," says Cherbuliez, unknown in France; who says also, "L'homme qui n'a pas de besoins

devient tôt ou tard le maître de ceux qui en ont." We have a fresh French breeze now again, with only little sand drizzling from its wings; yet Sergeant Moosah (Moses), redoubtable athlete in the field among foes, and kind and ready Panurge, as well as exhilarating clown amongst friends, in camp, keeps his mouth and nostrils still muffled in a thick vizor. He thus economizes the coolness and vapour of his breath, by localizing an individual atmosphere: and, if I am not mistaken, he still keeps nursing a pebble in his mouth as a preventive against thirst. You see, he ultimately succeeds in finding relief by perpetually shaking his head with emphasis, as he keeps sitting askew the saddle—with both legs dangling on this side the altitude of his ground-despising Polar star. But "don't break your tender heart in pity for the horseman [and *à fortiori* camelman] because his feet hang," as the modern Greek proverb runs—Μὴ λυπᾶσαι τὸν καβαλλάρην πῶς κρέμονται τὰ ποδάριά του (if I remember right): you never commiserated my airy, lofty califourchon. During days across the irregular guerilla bands of horned snakes and spiky spiders, and unicorn scorpions, with their sneaking ways, hiding among the *chevaux de frise* of prickly high dry grass and spiny dwarf dry trees, you see the knights wear stout jambs, or greaves and buskins. Much desired, but not obtainable were leathern corselets for the sake of ventilation, perhaps in the style of a Roman corium, composed of fish-like scales (as another irony on this "sea of glass"), not too large to offer shelter to scorpions. I would not be surprised if the Viceroy of India should receive proposals of, and give sanction to, a Cobra Corps clad in complete leather-armour. The beginning, however, of leather dresses has been made, as you see: for the amber-coloured silk dress of yonder prince has been

overgrown by sundry large patches of chamois-coloured ghazel leather. For the rest, you may feel refreshed at the sight of these British mountaineering and more especially rowing costumes in colours of different clubs and crews: what was good on our boats on the River of Swans, is found very appropriate on these swan-necked "ships" over the sands and stones. These outfits, together with the reviewed modifications—have the variety which recalls gaudy tournaments. I have even seen, some time ago, a pair of black boots, and a pair of black jack-boots—more appropriate foot-gear having been worn out.

The well-hung bodies of the spirited and haughty chargers are, you see, also caparisoned for action. The hide of this Animal—ennobled when first kneeling before Man—is, though very soft and pliable, nearly as thick and strong as that of the pachyderms: it always felt soft to my fingers. The rest of its natural rich accoutrements seem the heirloom of a pedigree as polygenous as that of the Greek or English nation. The variety of its food compriseth sweet, sour, and bitter plants, many of which are touched by no other quadruped.* In their food there is also the range between the extremes of hard bones and soft fat. Its bill of fare is certainly more various than that of several barbarous Boreal nations of hardy men and women. Its weapons to conquer, and its implements to manage such a variety of food, are various accordingly. Its proboscial muzzle—related to that of pachyderms—and its hare-lips, as clever as a monkey's hands, convey its guarded and defended booty to the partially edentate jaws and practically

* According to its bill of fare given by Baron Hammer-Purgstall, and according to a deplorably off-hand summary in a note in *Nature* of March, 1875, about the camels reared in Nevada, U.S.

rodent teeth. The absence of horns, from this ruminant modified into intermammality, seems curiously compensated by the daggers of its cutting canines. Look how beautifully the hoof-substance, too, is distributed: recalling the armadillo tribe, on which it seems rather an ennobled improvement; because the substance appears as bucklers, more ornamental than large, over the exposed limbs and under the chest. These hoof-saving feet are very remarkable. The noiselessness of these liveries of feet comes up to the highest perfection of animal feet: those of the carnivora. These feet remind me also of the swimming paws of certain mammals. What is left to protect the feet is merely these claw-like hooflets in front and on top of the eight free toes. These modest hooflets are shaped like the ice-breakers protecting the exposed piles which support bridges. But, in proportion and situation, these pretty hooflets correspond with the knobs or buttons in a Bedawin girl's pretty ears, a pair of which, as we have seen at the start, are an exact miniature of a camel's beautiful foot. The double vizors protecting its eye are matched by the muscular bars* in its nostrils. These can be shut like the blow-holes of the whale. The occult pumping through the auchenal (neck-) syphon, from the camel's treasured ancestral patrimony, acts in analogy to the whale's spouting. Moreover, the camel's reservoir which fits it to go above water a hundred times longer than we in dry heat, tallies with that blood-reservoir in the whale, which enables it to live under water a hundred times longer than man. The "panaché" heads of ours—with their aigrettes—look like those of a tercel of a gerfalcon, with an artistic nosegay erect on its nose; besides, my squires had care to caparison it cap-à-piè,

* Sphincter muscle.

like an ancient war-horse. Less gorgeously caparisoned, but carrying the united panoply of Europe and Bedawinia—pistols, rifle, gun, sword, spear, shield, if not bow—you see that one on which yonder renowned relative of ours is modestly riding. Their caparisoning reaches under the very soles of their feet. The state of the air—if very dry and scorching hot or scorching cold—and the state of the ground—if very wet and slippery—necessitates cameline sandals or shoes, tied or even sewn on: because these heroic animals have their Achilles heels. The myth which degrades the noble Peleïdes into an abject armadillo was not accepted by our dear father Homer—let it be said to those inclined to reflect my noble Lord Chesterfield's sneer at the hedge-heroes of Archaic Classics. But, with the camel, it is not unlikely that these vulnerable heels facilitated their first subversion to man. [If the heels slip too far sideways the little joined hind-legs split with the abdomen.] The elastic and thick pads may also explain why these animals never know when they are tired. One sunny day, in Europe, on smooth hard ground, I wanted to do more check-levelling work than I ever heard or read man has yet done. Accordingly—after appointing three relay parties of assistants—I dressed somewhat like a jockey; but instead of boots I tied on a pair of thin and elastic sandals, after having imbedded in their soles a thick layer of fine hay. After fourteen hours' meteoric spurt and a bath, I heartily enjoyed several hours of joyous and animated society. Go, thou sluggard, and learn from the camel. The loads of these little ridden vessels you may safely call marine epaulets of admirals. The wool or silk-crested lengthy and narrow humps, carried on back like pilgrim Crusader's hat, may have suggested the first tufted *chapeaux-bras*

of Marshals, with their very mechanism. Or else, these ennobling crest-ornamented reservoirs of Reserved Power which assist to float them with us over pasture-void billows of stones, may lie at the bottom of the myth about the Golden Fleece which these humps resemble in shape, in matter, surface, and often in colour. You remember that this Fleece, while an unfleeced ram, effected the escape of hair-brained Phryxos over the wide thirsty salt wilderness of the sea. At times, when it is not worth while to dress their feet, they would walk over a succession of flowery carpets on slippery ground, and then they would fit well, with the small bannered or pennanted lances of their heads, and the festoons of the rest of their outlines—neck, saddle, belly—into the pageant of a town decorated with floral festoons and "Venetian" bannery poles, to receive and fête its victorious army.

For as these incomparable and intelligent* animals sustain the onslaught of all climates and all elements, so they assist man against, nay, rescue him from, worse enemies also: even the worst, that is, from man himself. What unsubstitutable tenacity to men's active and passive courage the camel is able to impart, even such accounts show as we have in Cope's History of the Rifle Brigade about the distinguished Camel Corps known by the battle of Goolowlee, in 1858. The camel's work is indissolubly welded to Sir Charles Napier's great desert feat, and his glorious, nay, magical, capture of that desert fortress,—a feat not less glorious because as well devised and well organized as it was heroic. The glorious conquest, for a whole conquest it was, is well recorded on the brilliant scroll of history, and ought to be read in his eloquent and

* Intelligent even in a wild state, according to Pallas.

just brother's book about the conquest of Scinde. [If written by a stranger of equal capacity, we might have had a more outspoken book about how enviously abused the hero was for a lifetime of agonizing sacrifices by reptiles in power.] What a pride of the French conquerors of Algiers and Egypt those magnificent looking Camel Corps have been which drill sooner and, *pour comble*, even parade more like perfection than the best horse!—perhaps, because men and officers were all picked, in these countries as carefully as in India, to worthily and decorously suit these superior animals. Would you, for even a moment, doubt the superiority of these French soldiers over all their ever-so-glorious predecessors and comrades if you were told in a passionately declamatory Official Report that they not only conquered whole tribes of never-before-subdued Bedawins, but—O, unmatched paroxysm of heroism!—actually persevered in tending and riding these absurd monsters; while all France kept showering on them the *ondées*, *goilées*, *giboulées*, *lavasses* and deluges of formidable ridicule!!!

It is perhaps as well to try here how we would explain a somewhat delicate point to our purely English-reading friends. The average Frenchman would find the camel as “ridiculous” as an average street-urchin would. The great nation have for themselves a cameline idol of Ridicule, which they worship with giggles. They have caricatured some natural law in physiology, or they have contorted some traits into their likeness or liking, or have exaggerated some feature in scenery or a flower; and it is such feats of their own that give them uproarious pleasure. Our taste (or you may say our developing senses), nurtured by the dynasty of the classics, and educated

in our palæstræ spread over the globe; our taste, which justly values humour higher than *blague*; our taste, which is heartily adopted as a standard by the most refined spirits of France itself, our taste, *enfin*, assigns no rank in human pleasures to the *postiche ridicule* springing from unbecoming grimaces. Scholars like to compare the Ancient Egyptians to Frenchmen: comparing the nature of the former's not quite-defined mirth to the latter's well-defined subjection to frivolous fits. Their quick glance, “*rapide coup d'œil*,” they are proud—beg pardon—vain of. Of this rapid vision, always on the morbid alert to snatch curiosities in order to make them ridiculous, the Egyptians themselves had something to say. The amusing Horapollon interprets “An irreverent” or, as a Frenchman would translate it, impudent, “man who looked with celerity, was expressed by a frog,” “*Ἀνθρωπον ἀναιδεί καὶ κατὰ τὴν ὄρασιν ὁξὺν θέλοντες δηλῶσαι, βάταρχον γράφουσιν*.” Could the Ancient Egyptians have slyly “foreshadowed” by this emblem, which, I am told, is also national, a peculiarity in a nation irreverently nick-named after these delightful and irrepressible creatures?

But to return to the ridiculous French camel. By what the average cultivated Frenchman recognizes the “camel” is a microscopic trait or so magnified and insatiably insisted on—but not the ovality of its blood-corpuseles which the bird-like quadruped has in common with the egg-born birds. If a French compiler is hired to write not more than twenty lines about the camel in a popular publication—and the authors of standing are worse—he would, nervously, and with an unhidden *démangaison*, shoot a “*rapide coup d'œil*” over the most noteworthy qualities of the animal; in order to dwell panting and *grimaçant* on

some stupid insignificancy. This unripe hobbledehoy procedure, so eminently French, is what is ridiculous to me, not the peculiarity which they hurry breathlessly to say. There are funny camels, no doubt; nay, every well-known camel can be very funny in confidence: so can most domesticated pets. A king's life was saved by a wise and prompt physician, who made the ulcerated throat burst by inducing the patient to laugh at a Trojan pig-dancer. In ordinary life we have our best laughs with our *intimes*, when joining in their laughter at our own shortcomings. Next in rank, though equal in heartiness, may be the laughs at our infant friends' *naïvetés*—or, with less heartiness, at the *naïvetés* of the cleverest of our neighbours. I don't know about its "heartiness," but I think the lowest order of harmless guffaw is that which is spent, for instance, on a camel.

Do you see a man and a boy riding on the same camel, there, across the caravan, in a line with the fellow who is stretched out sleeping on that heaving high deck formed by expanded furniture? Let us get nearer to the doubly-ridden animal. Are you not in fear for the safety of the boy? Far behind, and a good deal below the man in the high-raised saddle, the boy appears built on to the brink of a precipitous buttress, a living pinnacle or statue. I should not advise him to look back much. . . . There he goes, through giddiness. . . . Well done! He has cleverly caught hold of the tail to break his fall. . . . Oh, but he has not reached the ground at all—and there he is scaling the height again. The older one helps him by reaching a rope or camel-stick on the one hand, and on the other holding in the camel, which feels impelled to start off running, as camels usually do when someone is hanging to their tails, a peculiarity which camel-

thieves know. (An ass with a burdened tail would simply stop its infernal braying.) You see the ilium on top, I mean the flank-bone on either side, forms a good narrow saddle-back for the boy; while this short end of the huge animal's greyhound-like barrel is so slender that the youth can almost join his heels below.

This group may remind you of the groups in camel-battles recorded in passages of old classics, and in series of Assyrian sculptures in a silent vault of an Island Museum. Only the nine or ten of these sculptures which represent such camels as carry two riders differ from our youths in this, that those show the men both seated close on top the saddle; and the sculptures seem to disagree with the authors in not having the men ride back to back. Nor are the prince and the princess sitting back to back on the camel, as enamelled on a Persian tile of the fifth century.* (His Highness shows his skill in pinning from a distance a ghazel's hind leg to its ear, by a well thrown spear.) Riding, but seated the wrong way, I found in my endeavours for relief during excessive rides not very practicable; in battles, especially when the camel stands, surrounded by enemies, the backward position might be seen commonly enough. In shooting during retreat it is not necessary; nay, it would present a greater width of body to the enemy than is presented by firing while only half turned backward, as in fencing. Napoleon's Camel Corps was said, up to a couple of years ago, to have ridden back to back; but, according to the freshest researches of French savants, that style was merely a *groping* trial of *manège*, and was soon dropped for good.

But surely those Assyrian bas-reliefs, eminently

* In the South Kensington Museum.

sinewy and spirited, were worthy precursors of the immortal friezes of the Parthenon, now over them in the same building, upstairs, which they preceded by a thousand years. See the tracery, through my mind's eye, of those coursers, stretched in one or the other of their fieriest styles of gallop, rushing on unbridled, unaltered, unwhipped, unspurred: the beautiful relief of their pure muscles in action, muscles which break not, impede not, and drop not, are their only harness; a light directing touch on any part of this, with a bowstring, an arrow, or foot, seems hardly needed, and looks like the exhilarating task of conducting a well-rehearsed trio in orchestra. But not only spirit is expressed in the Bedawin figures on those stones, but even considerable variety and, what is more, both solidarity in the doubly-mounted camels, and interaction between these several mounts (if I may use the word—I am at a painful loss for another—in this comprehensive sense). The Assyrian figures in the same flags appear so ceremoniously uniform and meaningless that I think the combatants were chiselled by different hands. The Arabs are in an inimical inundation, as Achilles once was; but, unlike the then distracted Achilles, they are checking the pursuing waves with the *fascines* of their bows. Seated close behind one another on the height of the saddle, twisted round like scullers when looking ahead, they are levelling their backsights in full retreat; like the hymned Parthian horsemen whose models in this the Arabs possibly were. One and a fragment of the mounts (excuse again) have been felled, and a rider from each is tumbling down. The camel's legs on one side are knit like a snapped sinew or bowstring; on the other, stretched like a spent bow; while the palpitating arrow of the necky head,

with silent jaws split open, is drooping aside powerless. I have caught myself watching whether she be rising again

But now suffer my trying to eke out for you the fragments on the presses I may have taken, with omission of the Assyrians. The real situation of these, awkward though it may be, is nothing less than ceremonious. Running after something even harmless which is flying above one's head, is proverbially ridiculous if not seriously risky. Blindfolded by these high aims, the persevering swiftness and the wayward tactics of the Arabs; possibly also by the sun, and almost certainly by volleys of dust which running camels are so skilful in spouting up into the very eyes of the following equestrians, blindfolded by all this, and choked too by the dust, the panting pursuers must feel tantalized to the extreme. The dogging these piping sirens, truly womanlike in this also that they are never more dangerous than when exposed or exposing themselves to pursuit, is sheer folly; and the natural expression of the gasping Assyrians could be nothing else than the highest pitch of rage, shame, and swooning despair. These Assyrians have to manage their own bewildered horses, to spend half their strength and attention in making them do their utmost. Men and horses are parched, half blind, tottering; and when the Assyrians can catch an opportunity to aim at their airy enemies—who expose their narrow side only, and who are as hard to kill as the pretty-faced Furies in the “Æneid,” or our black desert-hornets—they often assist the enemy's work by injuring their own horses. Imagine also one of the Arabs deadly hit by rare chance: he drops from all that height to expire in a last scoff, a crushing garrison missile, on an enemy.

Suppose some of the flying citadels clogged, Arabs dropped alive, on purpose, or to give to the passive pursuers time to approach : what a bulwark in the legs of the camels the Arabs have to fight behind !—a bulwark itself fighting ! It has been seen in Spain and elsewhere. Again, let the whole weight of a camel be brought down : it is an excellent rampart with a splendid “breast-height,” and becomes finally, when abandoned, a dangerous hurdle to the fore-done rest of the Assyrians. They come up to the fag-end of the race,—no more in pursuit of the enemy who collect past the mirage, but in search of the multitude of their comrades at whose bodies, dead, hurt, or prostrate from sheer ignominious exhaustion, they are blaspheming in impotent distraction, as only baffled Orientals can when extremely exasperated. If the Arabs were meant to be shown as defeated, the Assyrians ought to have been shown conquering by cool foresight these far-seeing blazing Bedawins ; vanquishing them by rushing from the front and from every side. And among the proper weapons might perhaps have been shown fire-extinguishing squirts to make the ground slippery.

The meed of glory due to the animals themselves, however, is amply bestowed on them in the masterpieces of the “camel-stallions,” as the supreme amongst Arab classics are dubbed by the sovereign people. From these we glean and glue with our own cement some Arabic fragments into an amateur mosaic. “Eager for rank,” they would rush forward to get into the first ranks, “as if rushing” parched “to a well” ; not to drink, however, but to drench if need ; and if, when wounded, they do not “stand firm,” it is to combine the glory of a combat with the distinction of a race. Or if they, during

intervals of their “spiteful glare into the dust,” catch sight of “their masters and their own blood where-with they are over-running,” and which threatens to be doubly fatal under the close but short-joined treacherous legs in their rear, they would utter a watchful grunt or a festive ululatus. The language of the camel is well understood by the Moors, and their poets might interpret, if we are suffered to guess, that the animal means to say, “O, from the excitement of the action my eye is veiled with blood, red, like the draperies above our eye in marriage-trains : no wonder I fancy to see blood everywhere.” You may have heard that one of their historical dates is known as “the day of the camel.”

Of a truth, poor Darius may be said to have been vanquished by the quadrupeds of the extemporized camel-battalion of Cyrus. The victory was achieved by the camels alone ; as the men whom Cyrus put on those animals, or who were willing to mount them, are reported, unlike those of the modern corps, to have been picked men only in the sense of having been selected for the work. Recollect the panic which everywhere preceded these camels ; and that they were the puzzle of men, the terror of elephants, the spell of the enemy’s horses, though kind matrons to their friends’ steeds who prosper and are stimulated by that milk, which is intoxicating in quantities—though of pleasanter taste than the Asiatic kûmis.

I was thinking about the sort of panoply the Cataphracti carried. We know those “effeminate” nations of born warriors wielded, besides their bows and their even now familiar lances of twelve feet, heavy swords six feet long ; and judging from the feats of recent camel-artillery, among which was the firing of the pieces from

the camel's back, even standing,* we should fancy the panoply included occasionally a battering-ram or other siege-engine worked perhaps by the camel itself.

And, as if all these marvellously different forms of courage, power, and versatility were not enough, the Bedawin poets commemorate also the deeds of these animals trained as battle-camels, that is, camels who fought like bull-dogs with their teeth, and like Britons with unarmed fists. Thus they were superior to the sharp-armed battle-lions fed by great Rameses and other princes of glory.

Consider these and such deeds with the peaceful collaboration which I will not detail; and you will not be surprised that there are castes of camels so humanly considered that their representatives are no more sold than brothers, no more killed than fathers, and no more worked than distinguished patroxine guests.

* Compare the illustrations of modern camel-artillery in Lord and Baines with those of older ones in Cassell's "History of India."

FINAL TABLEAU.

. . . . Oh! I must be tired with all this racing, climbing, and wading on these embers; because I perceive that I begin to lag behind. [Lead her out from the throng, gentle Ibn-es-Sakhara.]

As looking up to the mighty beauty to caress her with my leisurely gaze, I see the sun has culminated. With what dignified ease she is descending! Cammy! . . . Eh? How proud you are, old lady! Well, I will eat the refused biscuit, the last in my pocket, myself. She disdains this after the spicy, thorny camel-biscuit I bribed her with when dismounting. There! She is gratified, it seems, by this resounding slap with my gloveless palm on her inviting neck. . . . Ah! this spouting from the lower air up all this eminence is as good at least as a plunge down a Nile bath from such a height. Now, culminating, I feel like this noon-day sun: shining, hot, but free in motion, although hungry. Did I not see the lunch-tent pitched ahead? Or was it a white rock, or a sand heap? . . . Oh! your camel only stamps to get rid of flies, or perchance of a scorpion: Let us spurt up among the proud heights of the vanguard.

Oh, ho, gallant Abd-er-Rahman Effendi! you look festive to-day. Where did you get these provokingly beautiful ornaments from? I was not aware such

things were in our simple camp. I can account for that thing blooming up your conceited camel's nose,—the ostrich bunch, dyed red with the same pigment you keep your coxcomb nails glowing with. But this gorgeous net ending in a long thick fringe of tassels, Ancient Egyptian or Mauresque combination, vermilion and blue silk and gold, this is surely the work of woman. And so is the motley tasseled raw silk net cast over the saddle-train or saddle-tail. And so is this huge extravagance, raw silk and leather, in the three colours, looking like magnified tresses of Arab ladies, prolonged by twists and chains of twinkling stones and cockle-shells. Your crimson foot-pillow, down on the camel's sloping shoulder, has got a new fringe of red-and-yellow long straps—the straps broad and barbed too, like the huge silk-and-leather trailing side-tresses; and the shorter, finer, and thicker-set fringe, from whence the longer one hangs out, is like the fine spicy desert grass which clings to and protects the taller al-fah. Those huge things reach nearly down to the ground. They will make your camel stumble or lose her way, as the vain creature keeps looking back on them. You smile! Is some Bedawin Rebekka answerable for this? And have you, besides, an appointment, an invitation to join a frolic somewhere in this desert? Your strong camel looks airy and moves gracefully enough for a dance—especially now, as you have given her these gorgeous pendent wings, bent in the wind as we move like real birds' wings. The bottom of the ladies' camel coupés, as shown in an illustration of Sir Austin Layard's, sends out to the right and left a pair of narrow rigid wings of tremendous lengths, fringed along the whole edges with pendent tassels. Sir Austin has not inquired into it, but I think these

floating wings, twenty-five feet across or so, may serve to reduce the jolting if they do not accelerate the speed as well. And besides, the wings may be intended to give to each lady a wide berth, lest they quarrel with each other. But to return to your festive bird-like camel, Effendi. Her head, even in inclination, is like the body of a dance-loving crane, as it would stand with its head under its wing. The back of her head projects a trifle over her neck when erect; as the breast of the crane with its head hidden, projects over its two legs, as both are seen in perspective.

No lunch-tent. Well, I do not see any necessity for its being as strict an institution as it has been. I have missed it on purpose—sometimes; as I thought it more pleasant to ride all day with the cheerful caravan, than spend the last three or, may be, six hours in being one of six or twelve uniform riders merely.

. . . This salt flour in the circulating desert air makes one hungry as much as thirsty. Well, we hope to be back singed, and smoked, and salt-cured, and preserved somehow. I don't care now if we don't halt for lunch: if I ride on to the end of the journey fasting—if I make up my mind. There are many compensations in the steady-going, ever-going camel-train. . . .

There is no lunch-tent pitched *behind*, I hope. . . . Does not this caravan look from here like a tremendous comet? The dry dusty spray shows, among the camels of the nearest group, what some might call the harsh lengths of the legs pleasantly softened. The rest, with the dark-blue background, is the tail of the comet.

With courageous Abu-Balta's fine camel my airy beauty is rubbing cheeks. These animals are very sociable in familiar and congenial sets. . . . What, old man, is my camel the other's daughter? She does not look,

however, as if she were likely to lecture or scoff at her mother, as girls of her age do in a highly civilised and seemingly pious but too lax country. But, on the other hand, Abu-Balta's camel looks powerful and sensible enough to strike down my often-kneeling beauty, if the latter did not know the true and full meaning of devotion. I am almost afraid of the hypocritical mother. Keep off, Cammy; camels who have the most excellent daughters are very peculiar. Such camels I have never seen caressing their offspring after they are weaned. But till the colts are full-grown, these kind of mothers may be caught dosing quite comically on their young *while they are asleep*. And it takes the young a long time to be full-grown; as the camel, the most perfect of man's animal friends, even lives as long as man himself: as if to be even literally his friend for life.

But, I say, ye venerable Father of Guides, you could surely afford to give to your towering palfrey licence of rein now and then to pluck a tuft of hay: which would prevent its being tempted to pick a man's pocket, which is as empty now as my gullet. The cheek of the brute feels like the richest velvet: its little ears are like dwarf tulip-leaves. Hêrê Boöpis might glory in those camel eyes, and the long thick fringes on the broad margins of the lids might be envy to a Greek maiden, and the high-arched eyebrow might well grace an Anatolian princess. I say, old guide, are you, perchance, in the pernicious habit of . . . er . . . supplementing the outlines of those eyes of hers—painting them, eh? Now, nobody hears us: whisper!

Nay, you will not escape me confessionless, my dear Effendi, the Slave-of-the-Merciful. Now, truly, which of the Bedawin damsels was it who wrought these gorgeous

ornaments? You managed very cleverly to have that accident near the long tents among the gum-trees, and, I suspect, you have been glued to the neighbourhood till I began to be alarmed. Or was there something settled with some one of the Bedawin caravan? I noticed some remarkable figures of "*chassez-croisez*" and such-like between the people of the two columns. And some one got lost for half a day again. Well, I liked that desert fantazeeyeh* forty times better than all I saw in the Nile valley put together, only this one was so quickly transitory—except for some sly people.

O, here is a sand-spout coming like a solitary dancer. Pity that a man is not usually best hinged for dancing—as some hostesses seem to think—when he is the lightest. With women it sometimes seems different; but as these have no law if not kept under dire subjection and dread, it is not worth while taking notice of their doings or appearances. It is very good for the riding camel whose living burden is being lightened as the hunger preys upon the rider. . . . But I am not certain, because pinched people become sometimes troublesome—as I did on a misarranged lunchless day, when I had a grand quarrel and *manège*, and a series of famous gallops with one of my camels. Well, it was only one quarrel, but it was settling. I am glad I did not use the spur welded to the side of my brass stirrup; but I never do it when I am angry. I tried gently drumming on her shoulder with the soft side of my heel's upper part—in understood order to make her speed better. She took no notice and kept walking, as if asleep. Then I hit her a few times with the end of my long and soft silk halter: to no purpose. As much breathing as would blow off the ashes of one's cigarette, or a slight agitation

* Amusement, frolic, feast, ballet, marriage, play, "lark."

of either end of the long halter, should blow her into faster pace. At last—after intimating to her what I am going to do if she does not answer—I dealt her, with the bottom part of my boot heel, a blow on the shoulder with such a momentum that it would have brained a bull if applied to its forehead. It made her mightiness stagger, and submit. She wanted to lead me a dance; but my one imperious stamp was enough to make her dance, showing a whole school of all her paces. She was of good lineage; but did not show her powers till almost knocked down—like some shy old-fashioned artists.

This sand-spout is a magnificent *pas seul*; as good of its kind as the ascolasmus of that old guide was, while our caravan was dancing past. But look, this is analogous to the boy's frisking on the back of the excellent veteran, followed by that graceful *pas de deux* which we saw an hour or two ago. That *pas de deux* was what I think the feats of those

ἀθύρματα θύραις

must have been, with the plyed camelsticks, now and then hooking together, brandished like thyrsi. It would have been a joy to old Anacreon. You see the waltzing and easily bending pillar, having excavated a sinuous bed in the sand, is being followed by another twisting giant, as if the first had been before dancing leaven into the new one: which began by wallowing on the ground. How the slim fellow, taller than the columns and obelisks at Karnak, dances, with his wide, twisted turban in pursuit of the first. The second spout has an opposite and a tighter twist, and looks quite stiff—it is perhaps the female. Man was moulded from obedient clay; but woman from a rib bent rigid and

fatal. If her turn be the right way, her soul is all embrace, ay! and stay; but if she be turned the wrong way, each contact is a discomfortable makeshift or a badly muffled offence.

More sand-spouts! . . . Five. . . . Six. . . . Nine . . . Twelve, frequently dipping and rising. . . . Why, it is another caravan, and a worthy vis-à-vis of ours. It is just on that side our lunch-tent would have been—such a good place! But one of these would surely have upset it, spite of deep and heavy precautions.

Ah! being prepared to miss one's lunch is not half so bad as bespeaking one and going without, because servants would lose their way if masters work or wander off the track. I remember being simply happy once or twice in camp—while my friends no doubt were distressing themselves as to my whereabouts. In this season of distressed flight, we clever genii allowed the institution of having lunch while lying huddled under the same small tent on the oppressive road, to be added to our other afflictions. Some of us go reconnoitring for hunting, others for mapping; the rest are scattered about the caravan. It was in these times, chiefly, nay, I think exclusively, that we often missed lunch. At times when I missed it on purpose, I arrived in camp very shortly after the caravan. They were just unladen or unlading, and tents were being pitched as if by clockwork. Descending, say, an hour before the sun, I found that square sieve which served at one time as my open-air couch, and my hand-box, in the half-shade of a few-leaved mimosa. A metal shell with a handle and single tin-shell holding many oysters were brought to me, opened as if by magic, and placed on the couch with suitable spices. Having made an easy hole in that, I

took a book in my hand, to calculate in or read from, and having lit a cigarette, I felt contented to wait for dinner, amidst the quiet and regular activity of the intelligent and exact men in the novel site. Then I said to myself THIS is true travelling! Its heads are soon rehearsed: restless inquiry, studious preparation, thoughtful management, the glorious exercise, the daily fresh expressions in the old features of caravan and country, and—I wish I could add as a rule—and Camp!

See the airy ballet continues. I hope it will make us forget our hunger. It is a pity I could not make you see those consummate ballet scenes which we ourselves performed with our most delightful work. I mentioned the turning of everybody at regulated intervals while scouring along the scientific waltzes—Strauss' Viennese music or better only wanting. And let me add now the ceremonious bows to our expectant staff or flag-holders, as if we had been craving, by the killing glances through our gun-like monocles, for the next turn—booked promptly and with the sense of victory. The varlets cannot complain of our having trained them into wall-flowers: as we took good care to have them trained to run free and joyously, and turn and climb promptly.

These sand-spouts seem to keep style with the shape and movement of our camels. Those farther off seem to skip away without turning round, and seem, as they caper, only to nutate and oscillate under the loads they are saddled with. Here is a fine fellow coming quite close to us, twisted like that bronze column of inter-plaited desert-snakes which was erected as warning at the confines of that desert which swallowed one of the fated legions. The wide turbans of these coming appear higher-vaulted than the past ones: these look

more like phantoms of palm-trees high as Saint Paul's. This last one looks most particularly like a palm-tree: and it seems hardly to move. Holloa: more "palm-trees!"

But, I say, A. . . . Why, bless you, man, they are palm-trees: I see now that we approach nearer. Now, here, a whole file of real palms is standing, fixed, green! Do you see? do you hear? Real palm-trees, with dark, substantial lofty stems and foliage green, ay, and the stupendous clusters of dates, sapphire, and ruby, and porphyry! And this a close and long avenue of them too, and a close grove nursing some smaller undergrowth I cannot yet distinguish clearly. That place must be a "well" then. Why did nobody tell us about this? I have not seen a palm-tree for ages: the only well there were a few dour-palms I never went to. Hey, Guide! and why are we not leading straight towards them? Ah! of course, there would be this plateau to cross . . . O! that is better: now we begin to veer round. We shall soon be there, eh? I begin to feel cooler already, and my hunger. . . .

Hi! Effendi! Are you asleep? The Nile, the Nile! I see you are awake now! Hah! . . . I was not sure at all, when we started to-day, that we should arrive to-day. Now, this is a most magnificent view of it. It is certainly gorgeously rich in comparison with the landscape at that place further North where we left the River for the Desert. How low down it looks! I suppose we are going to grate down a rather rougher descent from this table-land than we have yet done to-day. I never saw the glorious stream so silvery fair as this . . . It is because the brown water reflects the lightest sky to our high ground. How, as we made that slight turning, the sight burst on us at once! How that

half-belt of life, vegetation, and animation, seems coming to meet and embrace us. For now, by Nephthys and all the Nereids! it looks like a magnificently planted harbour, as it curves in a splendid sweep from before us towards our right, and quite up to our right. I was never more delighted with a river landscape. And there it sends out a small horn even to the left. We are just entering the concave of a grand serpentine. Do you see the minaret among the palms? . . . And there another—and even a lower cupola; and these two tall houses, and huts. And how crystal clear the air is below: when we were higher it was rather misty. The scene is developing still more beautifully. Now down there, a little to the right, we see the farthest point; and the bend seems so sharp and then so quickly straight as if it turned under a right angle; and its further part, this side the bend, looks exactly as if the pilastered steep shore were a long and lofty bridge planted close with rows of palms.

But where are we going to again? Why are we leaving the river again? . . . Boo, what a wind! . . . Ah, it is all right. I see. We are not leaving the Nile: the Nile has retreated before us. We might, by this time, have been looking gratified *backwards* to those farthest palms. Of course it was all a Fata Morgana. —Nevertheless it was a magnificent ballet scene: a figure of flirtation: it came gracefully up, stretched out its arms as if to embrace, then bowed and bowed lower, and lower; and when we expected to have her sitting at our feet, there came this rough wind as a master of misrule with its brilliant column of scaly butterflies—the scaly sand, I mean. We closed our eyes for a few seconds, turned round in our turn, and when we turned back our fair Fata was gone: all but

a pennant-like white streak of a cloud, as a handkerchief fluttering “congé.” On the ground remain a few juniper-like tufts, and a sprinkling of creeping mist-like shreds of crêpe and flounces in a ball-room just abandoned. The rest is bleak limestone rock, and sand of course; and the sky looks as if it had been long waiting for the painter. What made the delusion still greater was the apparent crystal transparency of the air . . . And we did not even suspect the supernatural magnitude of the objects.

Grand it was; and its disappearance from before the stately caravan is in doleful harmony with my dissolving hopes about lunch to meet our mighty hunger. Because, as they expect the Nile is somewhere on this day's journey, they did not even prepare for lunch by the way, as I hear: but it may be midnight before we reach the river. Such is human nature in these latitudes. The Nile is certainly not now visible, by either circuitous or straight visual vibrations . . . Ah! that is right: chaunt on, much wandered, much enduring comrades of bronze with sinews of steel! Compensate us! Think again of Orpheus and Tantalus. The men sing:—

“Strut along, O my joy, strut along. . . .”

And how they strut along! The style seems a combination between the stately and grave court dances of minuet, danza, palotás and pavan—the latter two with caps, full pomp, swords, and trains: true peacock dances. They do move their trains, some of them, with a stately swoop. That batch there behind, four deep, moves very prettily. Did you never see a set of consummate Arab dancers perform a camel-dance? They almost imitate the animal's descent and ascent:

but do not touch the ground with anything else than their feet and sticks.

Here comes another scene. And this is as real as the spouts, as I can see the advancing cloud transubstantiating into a flight of small birds. They are a floating shower of sparrows, rustling and chirping, who have smelt out the remainder of our crumbs. Look how the winged pretty beggars are clustering round to courtesy to us, as I am throwing up high these crumbs I left in my pocket for manners' sake. Thus might the crew of Cook or Columbus have rejoiced at the land birds, as these fellows smile on these satellites of the men of culture.

What is this? By Thoth, there is another party coming to meet us! But this dry wide bed, or rather strip, between the two low table-lands is not a caravan route I see: a night or two ago a couple of those indefatigable fellows rode ahead of us, to make arrangements. And—as the time of our arrival is thus known—the friends and friends' friends of our teamsters are approaching in a little caravan to salute: on horse, on donkeys, on foot. Many of these have come up several days' journeys from the North, and many came down all the way from Khartoom, and have been waiting here for weeks. There are even two women: one with gourds of milk, another with a baby.

Look at these youths, of all ages as they are, stopping now and again with becoming salutations, affected as becomes men, passing slowly through the troop and, after joining some particular friend, they come on with us. These salutations in the desert, dignified, and even ceremonious, are yet graceful and easy. The solemn gravity of the quiet and subdued movements

might well become a church. We cannot well follow everything from camel-back: and, to tell the whole truth, I do not care to pry too closely in order to see all things too exactly; but the attitudes alone are expressive enough—as the pairs stand erect and earnest, side by side, yet half turned towards each other, with joining hands. They, ever conversing as they come along, now look as if the questions and answers between them were more important than mere welfare: as if the topics were about solemn trusts and solemn accounts. The elders are naturally dignified, the younger ones attentively bashful. Thus several pairs follow, perhaps hand in hand. They would touch their own breast or lips, or forehead, and lightly place the arm on the friend's shoulder, or caress his back. Then one of them would stop his hand at his waist—but hardly touching any part: or he would place his hands in the friend's, both palms upwards or together, and slowly, gently capture the thumbs also, and such like movements. While they do similar things, they utter in a low voice something like a thanksgiving prayer.

I think the persuasive features of these youths may safely settle our last doubts about lunch: if the servants ask them how far, they will say the Nile is at hand. I will coil my rein around the minaret of the saddle-pin, for a mimic balcony; and with your leave I will tighten my sash, and thus clinch my resolution of forbearing road-side lunch: and, by the way, the time will soon look more like dinner.

Hear the murmur travelling through the caravan's length! Now a louder wave of chat breaks here and there in exclamation. Some fellows become demonstra-

tive as they jump up high enough to hug some huge camel's neck, and draw themselves up to climb the saddle. I suppose they are tired. Some camels too begin to behave unruly: clearing their throats—perhaps to prepare for a mighty chorus in some camp. Oh, ho, while I have been indulging this back-sight. . . . yes, yes: what looks like a pair of low streaks of porphyry-coloured clouds, in the shape of sugar tongs, down in the distance, that is the palm-bordered Nile, sure enough. Well, it is a long way off: but I have surrendered the last descendant in the prolific line of my hopes about that meal.

I say, Effendi, Deputy Master of Misrule, remember, before you speed ahead to chalk out the camp, to keep from the houses and trees as far as you can. Counteract that womanish proneness of the men to nestle where others have been. You know the finest of acacias and sycamores are beset, like the finest tree in Paradise, with animated nuisance.

. . . I believe our quartermasters have met with another batch of people. . . . It seems they are approaching. . . . They are headed by the chief of the village. . . . Ah! the doctor is just coming up to the van: he is the man, as the oldest European resident in Egypt, to receive the chief properly: and most likely the chief himself or some of his friends will want the doctor's advice too. Nay, but there is something hearty about the worthy old scribe. What do you say, Doctor? (I am quite deaf in this desert.) Ah! . . . They have heard terrible stories about our fate. And no wonder. . . .

Ha! this looks like a green meadow; though it is this side artificial irrigation. . . . But it is only rushes,

with shrubs, and I hail our old friends the buxom, blooming, buoyant asclepiads. They look like the balloon-lamps in a garden-party. . . . Ah! this irrigated Nile-bound zone is better, with its fresh and fragrant vegetables and blooming trees. There are some houses, a story high, among the mud-boxes beyond these palms. Yes! the palms *are* a grateful sight to the Bedawin wanderers. The wanderers, long masterless, rejoice at the sight of the "princes of the vegetable kingdom," as Linné calls the palm-trees. And as we advance, I see my camel keeps earnestly looking at a magnificent discoidal mimosa covered with flowers and foliage. The gigantic "ball-bouquet" looks as if the few men and women standing underneath it were bringing it to my appreciative camel. But I daresay my royal animal will not be prouder than the Prophet, who went to the mountain which did not come to him.

But yonder is the gayer though homelier scene of the bespoken market—the buffet of our entertainment! There has not been such a festive gathering in this small village for years, I dare assert! How bright it looks.

Now, as our heights are, like an Eastern Duncan's army, passing in files or pairs through the little grove of these lofty palms, we are concluding, you see, with the last figure of the decorous "Sir Roger de Coverley!" As in the ball-room the files of pairs pass under the pointed arches, each formed by a swain and a lass who keep their hands joined over their heads,—so are we now passing through couples of these "princely" palms—male and female—joining their pointed-arched branches close enough above our exalted heads. For a final fortissimo of the music there is the mighty organ in its

strength, now as the camels are about unloading. And as if I, as a steward, had been commanding the final "touche" of the music, I catch myself humming "God save the Queen!" and my mighty, yet gentle camel stops, and sinks heavily on her knees.

