

beheld with an astonishment which perhaps disturbed even his German stolidity, the head of a goat, the head of a dog, and the head of a cat, projecting from three separate bull's-eye panes of the wort-fermenting room.

An examination brought about the following explanation:—The fermenting of the wort generated carbonic acid gas, fatal to animals, and the imprisoned three were in imminent danger of suffocation. The door was locked, the window fastened, the glass was thick—but,

Eureka! so was the head of the goat. The secret will follow them to the grave if ever they receive burial, but whichever conceived and imparted the grand idea which saved three fond companions, it seems certain from the position and strength of the panes that the goat smashed one, and the cat's head was thrust through into the life-sustaining air; he smashed the next, and the dog was pilloried unto life; he smashed the last, and could gaze upon his rescued comrades with sidelong looks of affection.



## CHINESE GORDON.

COLONEL George Gordon, the fourth son of the late Lieutenant-General Henry William Gordon, of the Royal Artillery, was born at Woolwich, and at the early age of fifteen he entered the Royal Military Academy there. In 1852, he received his commission as second lieutenant in the Engineers. When the war broke out with Russia, he volunteered for service in the East, and in the last months of 1854 he joined the army before Sebastopol. While on duty in the trenches he was wounded in the forehead by a stone thrown up by a shot. Sir Harry Jones specially mentioned him in dispatches, and from the French Government he received the order of the Legion of Honour. On the fall of Sebastopol he joined the force that laid siege to Kinburn. Returning to the Crimea he was engaged, first in the survey of the Russian entrenchments, and next in the destruction of the docks of Sebastopol. On the declaration of peace he accompanied Major Stanton to Galatz, where he was engaged as Assistant Commissioner in laying down the new frontiers of Russia,

Turkey, and Roumania. On the completion of that duty he was employed in a similar work in Armenia.

In 1860, as Captain, he joined the army before Peking. In December, 1861, accompanied by Lieutenant Cardew, of the 67th Regiment, he made his celebrated tour, on horseback, of the outer wall of China, at Kalgan. We next hear of him at Shanghai, defending it against the Taipings, who threatened its destruction. In storming the town of Kintang, Gordon was shot through the leg; but the rebels were beaten off, and the Chinese Government, in its gratitude for his services, not only made him a mandarin of a very high order, but also gave him the rank of Ti-Tu, the highest in their army, and well did he deserve the honour. "Never," wrote the *Times*, "did soldier of fortune deport himself with a nicer sense of military honour, with more gallantry against the resisting, and with more mercy towards the vanquished, with more disinterested neglect of opportunities of personal advantage, or with more active devotion to the objects and desires of his own Government, than this officer, who, after all his victories, has just laid down his sword."





JAPANESE WOMAN AND GIRL.

In September, 1872, Colonel Gordon, as he then was, met Nubar Pasha, the famous Egyptian Minister, at the British Embassy in Constantinople. Nubar Pasha was anxious to find some one to take the place of Sir Samuel Baker as governor of the tribes which inhabit the Nile Basin, a province but little known,

but which almost up to that time had been in the hands of adventurers who thought of nothing but their own gain, and who traded in ivory and slaves. The Khedive was anxious to put them down, not so much, it is believed, on account of his hatred to slavery, but on account of his fears that these wealthy



slave-traders might be in time formidable to himself. They had been placed under the control of the Governor of the Soudan, but his authority had scarcely been able to make itself felt in those remote countries. It is to be questioned, also, whether he had any right to include them under Egyptian rule. Khartoum is the last Egyptian town towards the south. Gondokoro, the seat of government of the provinces of the Equator, was nothing but a miserable station, outside which none durst move except in armed bands, and is as far from Khartoum as Turin is from London. Egypt, in her greatest days, Colonel Gordon admits, never seems to have extended permanently further south than Wadi Halfa. It does not seem as if Colonel Gordon was able to effect much permanent good. He took up the work where Sir Samuel Baker laid it down. The mere organisation of his government required much time and labour. Till that was done he was not in a position to extend the lines of his posts. At first he had to depend, to a great extent, on the Governor of the Province of Khartoum, Yacoob Pasha and his subordinate Raouf Bey, who were both hostile to him. By the end of 1874, the Colonel had managed to cut them off, and to do much towards putting a stop to slave-hunting. In 1875 he was engaged in governing Gondokoro and Foweira by fortified posts, so placed as to be an easy day's march one from the other. In 1876 things were generally consolidated; posts were pushed on to Mrioli and Masindi, but it was evident that opposition would be made to the advance to Lake Victoria. Then the Colonel came into contact with Mtesa, King of Uganda.

"I returned," wrote Colonel Gordon, "with the sad conviction that no good could be done in those parts, and that it would have been better had no expedition ever been sent." It appears Colonel Gordon did not return a day too soon. In 1879 he rode 2,200 miles through the

deserts on camels, and 800 miles in Abyssinia on mules. In three years—1877, 1878, and 1879—he rode 8,490 miles on camels and mules. His average day's journey on camels was thirty-two and a-half miles, and on mules ten miles.

On his return to Alexandria after his mission to Abyssinia, he was examined by Dr. Mackie, the surgeon to the British Consulate, who certified that he was suffering from symptoms of nervous exhaustion and alteration of the blood, and recommended him to retire for several months for complete rest and quiet, and to enjoy fresh and wholesome food, as he considered that much of what the Colonel was suffering from was the effect of continued bodily fatigue, anxiety, and indigestible food. Under these circumstances, it must have been in a moment of weakness that the Colonel took the appointment of private secretary to Lord Ripon, the Governor-General of India. His last public act was to go to China, where, by his influence, it is said that he was able to prevent war with Russia. It does not exactly consist with English ideas to see English officers acting as agents and administrators of other governments. Yet in Egypt, from the time of Joseph, at any rate, it has been the fashion in a season of emergency to call in the aid of the foreigner. Nor could the Khedive have called to his side a man better fitted for his post than Colonel Gordon, who is now about to proceed to the Mauritius for the purpose of doing the ordinary duty of an officer of Engineers—a welcome position, if a humble one, we should imagine, after the Colonel's exciting life and heavy labours, not so much for the service of his country as for other governments.

His letters to his sister are very interesting, and give us graphic pictures of the slave-trade and of King Mtesa:—

"I sent you a memorandum of a visit paid Mtesa by one of my officers. It is



very amusing. Among other things, he was desperately alarmed at hearing of your poor brother's arrival at Magungo with the steamer. His faith in either the Mussulman or Christian religion broke down, and he sent for his magicians and had a conference of five hours with them. However, it was not satisfactory, for he then sent for my officer, and protested how he loved me, etc., besetting him with questions about why I came. My opinion of him, formed in 1873, on my arrival, is not changed. He is an abib (the Arab name for a slave) or native, like all the rest of them, not better and not worse. Half Mtesa's guns are flint-locks. He has no lead, and makes iron bullets. He has five little brass guns—no carriages for them and no shot. The guns are like the saluting guns of yachts. He will trust no one, and is constantly changing his officers. He has no man of note to command his men. He has some eight hundred muskets of one sort and another. I was afraid he would learn from my men's example how to make a stockade, but it appears not, for he has pulled down the one I made. The country is quite open, and there is never much grass, which was the difficulty with all the other refractory chiefs. He has moved more inland from the lake.

Imagine a huge hay-stack—that is what these towns are. In the palace-precincts are three or four thousand men, women, and children—imagine their flight. However, I hope it will never happen: *n.v.* it will never do so while I am here. The moment Mtesa evacuates Dubaga he loses all his power, and would weigh no more than one of his officers. The Arabs are angry and annoyed at Mtesa's proclivities to Christianity. The other day he called the Doctor (who, by the way, is a German, and who, now professing the Mussulman religion, pretends to me that he is an Arab by birth and religion. Emin Effendi is his name in Arabic).

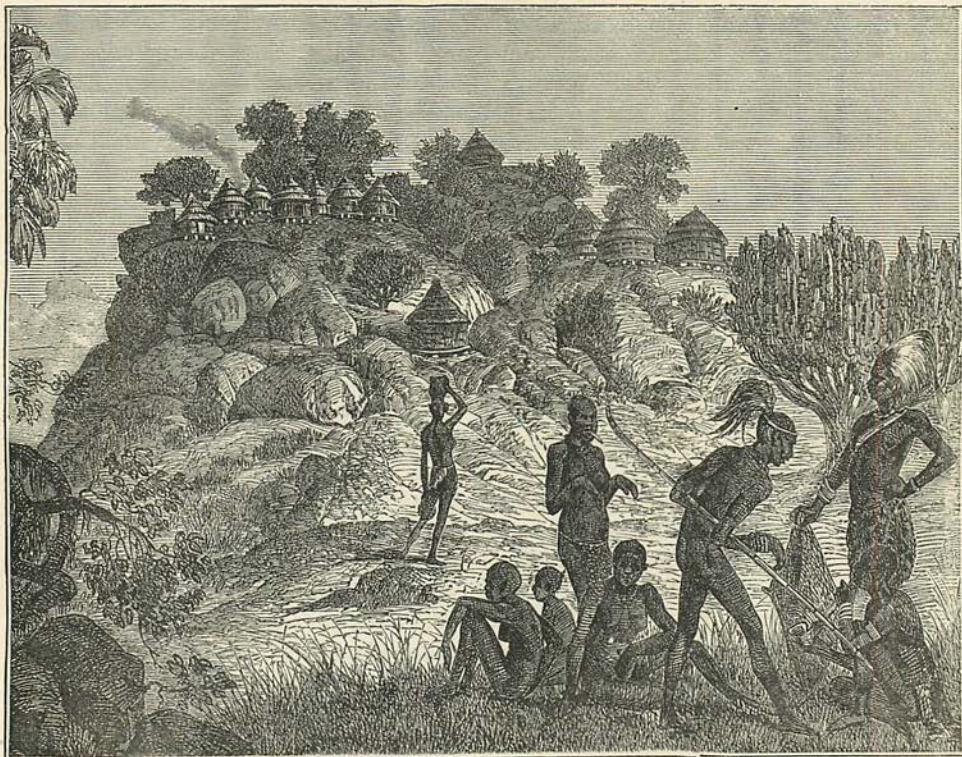
Well, Mtesa, sent for him, and showed him a bell, and said the Arabs (those from Zanzibar) objected to his ringing it when he went to prayers. 'What was he to do?' The Doctor said, 'What religion are you?' He said, 'Oh, I am Christian.' 'Well,' the Doctor said, 'ring the bell.' He said he would, and then, when the Doctor had gone, he sent for my Ulema, whom I had sent him by H.H.'s orders, and had public prayer after the Mussulman rites. He is also greatly distressed because the Zanzibar Arabs will not let him wear my Royal Engineers forage-cap with a gold band, which I gave him; he took advice with the Doctor about it. In fact, the Doctor had a time of it. He was asked whether the Bible was true or not. How he got out of it I do not know, but he was put through his facings on religious subjects. How could you explain in two or three different languages, each badly known, that the worship of God is in spirit and truth, not in meats and ceremonies?

I gave you a description of the Doctor's reception. He was ushered into a large long shed, on each side of which the viziers were ranged, ten in number, and all seated; at the end, in a sort of alcove, having an exit (for Mtesa to escape by, I expect), sat on a *daïs* Mtesa, with a huge white turban, dressed in gold-embroidered clothes, holding in one hand a silver-mounted sword, and in the other a sort of carved sceptre. The Doctor was given a chair, and sat down. For ten minutes no one spoke a single word. The Doctor, getting tired, then said he had brought presents, and after a few minutes His Majesty *congéd*-ed him. He then sent for him, and put him through his facings about Revelations, as I told you. He kept him till eight in the evening; then left him, but told him to wait. After awhile he was sent for, and went into the yard. Mtesa then appeared, with all his court, viziers, etc., and some hundred and fifty



followers with flambeaux, and defiled past him to the door of the harem, where he halted, and the viziers and the rest formed round him. He posed himself in an attitude, and all was silence. Then a secretary came to the Doctor, and asked him from Mtesa, 'If he (Mtesa) was not a great Sultan? If that was not the way all Sultans acted?' etc. The Doctor said that Mtesa was a wonderful Sultan, of great power and

marck said of Arnim, you cannot believe a word he says. The Doctor was fed, while he was new to Mtesa, and then was dropped, till Mtesa used to get into a panic about me; then he was *feted* again. I forgot to tell you that on the arrival of the Doctor (who, being a German, is white) Mtesa wrote to him and asked him whether he was a Christian or a Mussulman; that 'he presumed he was a Christian as he was



NATIVES OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

magnificence; that all Sultans, without exception, followed his proceedings when they went to their harems. Mtesa was delighted, and so the visit ended.

I am curious to know what happens with the Mission, for Mtesa, *on principle*, keeps his visitors on short commons, expressly to make them humble themselves before him, and that, I expect, the Mission will find irksome. As Bis-

white, and that he had found all Mussulmans *bad*.' The Doctor, in spite of his assumed humility that he puts on, fired up at the home-thrust, and wrote back—'He had come with presents, not to be questioned about his creed; that it was bad taste of Mtesa to say all Mussulmans were bad; that if he thought that, he would not come near him.' Mtesa got in a panic, sent over his secretary, and



said what had been written was wrong; that he did not mean it; that he was a Mussulman, and wanted the first letter back. The Doctor would not give it. However, after much pressing, he gave it to Mtesa, but has the copy. Mtesa is very sharp. The Doctor has no shirts. The viziers begged them all off him."

Colonel Gordon gives the following account of the King of Abyssinia:—"I will sum up my impression of Abyssinia. The King is rapidly growing mad. He cuts off the noses of those who take snuff, and the lips of those who smoke. The other day a man went to salute Ras Aloula. In saluting him his tobacco-box dropped out. Ras Aloula struck him with his sword, and his people finished him. The King is hated more than Theodore was. Cruel to a degree, he does not, however, take life. He cuts off the feet and hands of people who offend him. He puts out their eyes by pouring hot tallow into their ears. Several came to me to tell me this. I remonstrated with the King against his edict forcing men to become Christian from Mussulman. *He said they wished it.* I also remonstrated about the tobacco edict, but it was of no use.

No one can travel without the King's order if he is a foreigner. You can buy nothing without the King's order; no one will shelter you without his order—in fact, no more complete despotism could exist. It cannot last; for the King will go on from one madness to another. Orders were given that no one was to

approach me; nor was I to speak to any. The officer who conducted me to the King, the second in command to Aloula, met his uncle and cousin in chains, and durst not ask why they were chained. The King is a man of some forty-five years, a sour, ill-favoured looking being. He never looks you in the face, but when you look away he glares at you like a tiger. He never smiles; his look, always changing, is one of thorough suspicion. Hated and hated all, I can imagine no more unhappy man. Avaricious above all his people, who do not lack this quality, his idea of a free port is that fleets of steamers will arrive from the Powers of Europe with presents for him, to which he will reply by sending a letter with the Lion seal, saying, 'You are my brother, my mother, etc. How are you?' Johannis is delighted with Her Majesty, because she called him her son. He carries with him all his great prisoners—the poor Goo-basie, with his eyes out, and the rest. At the great feast, in September, he had *one* bullock killed for some hundreds of persons."

Abyssinia, or Upper Ethiopia, is a kingdom of East Africa, about 500 miles long, and 200 broad. It is bounded on the east by the Red Sea, and on the south by the Galla country. It is supposed to consist of 27,000 square miles, and to have a population (divided into several tribes) of about 4,500,000. Its chief commercial city is Massowah.

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