

ZEBEHR PASHA.**Visit to the Ex-Governor of the Soudan—His Remarkable Life and Adventures.****The Story of His Career as Told by Himself.**

On the outskirts of Cairo to the west, between a branch of the Mahmoudieh canal and the railway line, stands the house allotted by government to the ex-dictator of the Soudan. Everything about it bears marks of poverty. In the garden a small kiosk with a couple of divans and floored with gaudy carpeting, serves as a reception room by day. In one corner of the yard stands a Saïdy mare tethered to the wall. At sunset she is brought inside the house, and her night stable is at the foot of the stairs leading up to the siwan where Zebehr Pasha and his visitors dine and smoke their narghilehs, with now and then a cup of strong tea highly spiced with Nubian herbs. When I arrived yesterday, writes a correspondent of the *London Standard*, the pasha was attending the funeral rites at the Ismailieh palace, and the honors of the house were done by his relative Abdullah and the Sheik Senoussi, of Morocco, who is a rich merchant, now settled in Alexandria. He has travelled many a time in Europe, and visited every capital and town of importance on the continent. Pleased to have someone to corroborate his tales, which would probably have been otherwise only half believed, he launched into descriptions of all the Frank wonders he had seen, his descriptions of our underground railways being especially amusing. He himself was careful never to travel except on a Sunday, because the traffic was diminished and there was then less danger of a collision between the trains which kept revolving between the stations every moment like wild spirits. On the arrival of Zebehr Pasha the other visitors hushed their talk into attentive silence, only rarely interposing a remark. During a frugal dinner, à l'Arabe, when it fell to me, as guest, to dip first into the dish and pick out a choice piece from each to hand to the host, not much was said. After dinner, however, I put a few leading questions and the pasha, when fairly launched, spoke on incessantly for hours. In mere anecdote his manner was excited, and he kept snapping his fingers to accentuate surprise or scorn; but on more serious topics he weighed his words carefully, and his manner and voice reminded me curiously of Arabi.

Nothing could be more interesting than this conversation, or monologue, in the quiet little room lighted by two candles, and obscured by the smoke of cigarettes and narghilehs. Grouped around were sheiks from the far Soudan, a bey or two, and the servants; while the central figure in a chair fitted in well with the surroundings. Tall and spare, almost to attenuation, with sparkling eyes, mobile lips, and the beautiful hands of his race, the pasha was dressed in civil black, with a scarlet and white striped shawl thrown round his shoulders. Every look and gesture bespoke the commander, and as the ready words and proud laugh dropped from him, one could scarcely withhold admiration from the fallen general as he told the story of his past.

"I need not go over my record. It is probably well known to you, as it is to the world in general. No man now living in Egypt has rendered such services to his country as I did, and you see the reward. I do not complain, for it is the common fate to fail. I care nothing for the loss of wealth and lands and family in comparison with my honor. That was traduced years ago; but, thank God, in words, at least, it has been restored to me. It was Gordon's accusations which cut my heart out, but now he has confessed that he was wrong, which shows his true nobility. What amends it was in his power to make he has made. He has telegraphed for me to take his place, and to the government that the confiscation of my property was unjust, and it should be restored to me. He requested that some money should be given me at once, and I have been paid £5,000. That is a mere nothing, but the fault is not his. Do you know what the government owe me? Alone in the conquest of Darfour I spent some £300,000 or £400,000. Last year you must have seen four thousand hundred-weight of ivory advertised for sale by the government.

It was all, or almost all, mine, besides ships, a lot of feathers, gold, and silver, and cattle and furniture. They did not leave more than the bare divans in my home, not even a carpet nor a glass. Enough of this, however. About my son this is what happened: Jealous intriguers at Cairo had poisoned the ear of the khedive against me, and I was summoned to the capital. Conscious of no wrong, I came at once, leaving my family and my property in full confidence. Here I found Gordon. I protested my innocence, and at Kas-en-Nil I offered to go up with him and prove to him the falseness of the accusations made against me. He refused, but told me to write to my son Suleiman a letter, ordering him to submit to Gordon. I wrote to him, telling him that Gordon went up as the representative of the khedive and myself; that he was to treat him as a lord and a father; to serve him as a slave, if he wished, and to obey his slightest word. I gave Gordon a letter of this sort also. I accompanied him to the station, and my last words to him were to commend my young son of 16 years to his protection, and to beg him to watch over him as he would over his own son. How could I fear anything after that? When Gordon arrived my son met him, and Gordon treated him with great kindness, and gave him a rank, and made him governor of Bahr Gazal, and my son made him presents—180 tons of ivory, and other things. Shortly afterwards a servant of my house, one Edris, fled away and went to Gordon, and told him that Suleiman was treacherous at heart and working against him. Gordon at once believed this scoundrel, and named him governor in the place of my son without asking further. Suleiman, when he heard this, sent to Gordon one Ulema, to assure him of his respect and loyalty. Directly they arrived Gordon shot them all. Two more were sent, and they were also immediately shot. I can not understand this treatment of ambassadors. Suleiman then said he would go himself to Gordon, and started with twelve hundred followers for Dara, where he believed Gordon was. At six hours' distance from Dara he heard Gordon was at Khartoum. He turned to go thither and met Gessi, with 150 soldiers. Gessi summoned him to surrender. He protested against being treated as an enemy. Gessi replied that he was Gordon's representative, and Suleiman had better show the loyalty he professed by coming with him. Suleiman said that if Gessi would give him his solemn word that the charges against him should be properly sifted he would at once surrender and abide by the sentence. This was the greater proof of his loyalty, as he and his men so far outnumbered Gessi that had he wished he could easily have taken Gessi prisoner. Gessi, however, promised. Accordingly, Suleiman ordered his escort to lay down their arms, and then for six or seven days Gessi and he were friends, eating at the same table and living in each other's company. On the tenth day, however, Gessi called Suleiman and others of his family who were with him to come to him. They came to him and found him sitting under a great tree. In five minutes he had shot them all. I do not believe Gordon ever gave him the order to do such an act, for Gordon is a strangely merciful man. He can not speak our language, and so is often apt to get wrong impressions, but I do not think he would have shot my son without hearing him. However, that is a thing of the past. I have forgiven him, as we all hope to be forgiven. Gessi died at Suz afterward, and God will judge between him and me at the last day. I am very much afraid for Gordon now. If he loses his life it will be the fault of your policy in attacking the rebels at Suakim. The news has now passed from mouth to mouth through the length and breadth of Soudan, that the English are coming with fire and sword to destroy the Arabs. Of what use is it that Gordon proclaims peace whilst you carry on war? I think I could have settled the whole question at Suakim without firing a shot. I know all these people, and they know me. I would have gone to O man Digma and soon have persuaded him to cease war, as I shall go to Obeid to the Mahdi as a friend if I am sent now to Khartoum. I can not approve of the price set on Digma's head. If he were a murderer hiding in a mountain cave you might do it; but it is not a worthy way for a great nation like England to treat an enemy who is still at the head of an army. When I made war on Darfour I lost hardly any lives, but they were just as stubborn foes as these. And when, after six days' running

fight, when we were being perpetually attacked by the enemy, I reduced Hasb A lah, brother of the sultan, and leader of his army, to submission, how did I treat him? I myself went on foot to meet him; I helped him off his horse and led him to my tent. I never sat down in his presence, and served him at table, and washed his hands and feet, though he was my prisoner. So I brought him down to Cairo, and delivered him over to Ismail Pasha. That is how I would treat an enemy always. Kindness and soft words go farther than bullets and lances. I do not know how the idea has gone abroad that I am a slave-dealer. My people serve me gladly for the love they bear me. Let anyone go into my country and ask if Zebehr ever unjustly oppressed or killed a man, woman, or child. God is my witness, and I swear to you most solemnly that the charge laid against me is a false one. And is England afraid of a broken man like me? Can she not order me to put down slavery, and am I not forced to obey her commands? Am I a fool, if England sent me up, to go against her bequests? I am a soldier, and under authority, and the order given me, by God's permission, I will carry out to the last letter, as I have always done. And as for the pacification of the country, so confident am I of my people's love, that I will go up alone among them, returning joyfully to my dear home and I shall be received everywhere with the kisses of peace."

I will only choose one of his other anecdotes:

"I was down the river ivory-hunting, and heard some elephants trumpeting. On going in the direction of their voices, suddenly my boy M. Shouad and I came upon one of the largest crocodiles I have ever seen, basking in sleep in the sunlight. Motioning my follower to hand me my heavy elephant gun, I was stealthily creeping on him when I saw the underwood moving to the right, and a fine lion appeared, also evidently stalking the crocodile. I was so astonished that I hardly knew what to do, so merely stood still as a statue to watch. Unless I had seen it myself I should never have believed what followed, which you can credit or not as you please. Crawling along on his belly, the lion drew to within about two meters of the crocodile, and then gathering himself up, came with a tremendous spring on to the nape of the crocodile's neck, where his skin is soft for an inch or two in the crease. Fixing teeth and claws, he wrenched and tore at his hold, whilst the crocodile was fairly pinned, and could not open his jaws in spite of the most frantic efforts. In less than five minutes the struggle was over. I then gave a great shout, and the lion when he saw us moved growling back to the edge of the forest. My boy wanted me to shoot him, but I was so pleased at the way he had killed the crocodile that I thought he had earned his feast, so after cutting off parts of the crocodile we left him to the lion, and next morning more than half of his underside had been eaten."

Many such stories of adventure and traits of life in the wild Soudan passed the time quickly, and it was past midnight before I left. Without being able to vouch for the truth of the conversation above related, I merely repeat it much as it was spoken, losing, however, all the vigor of the native Arabic, and eloquent voice and gesture. No one, however, after speaking to Zebehr for long could fail to perceive his strength of character, and, in adding my own to the general opinion in Cairo, that we shall make a great mistake if we fail to avail ourselves of the keen tool ready to our hand, I only pay a forced tribute to the fascination of my yesterday's host.

In a paper read before Edinburgh Health Society, Dr. Almond referred to the custom of having the head covered out of doors and uncovered within doors as very injurious on account of it making people so sensitive to draughts of air as to cause them to take cold. Boys, he said, who went bareheaded out of doors could stand a greater amount of ventilation in schoolrooms and sleeping rooms than those who wear head coverings.

The hard fact, recently so often brought to the notice of English scientific societies, that two millions of bodies have been interred during the last twenty-five years within the limits of the London postal circle, has very greatly changed the popular view of cremation. Two years ago three of the scientific papers said that cremation was "unnatural" and "against human feeling," but they now think that self-preservation is the first and strongest of laws.

Niagara Falls Receding.

The "Bibliotheca Siera" has an article by Professor Wright, of Oboln, on the recession of the falls of Niagara, and the use made of it to compute the time that has elapsed since it began. He says:

All sorts of estimates have been in circulation as to the rate at which the falls are receding. Desor thought the rate could not be greater than a foot in a century; but there are probably few who would now agree with him in this manifest extravagance. In 1841 Sir Charles Lyell and Professor Hall estimated that the rate was probably one foot a year, which would make the lower part of the gorge about 35,000 years old. From the fact that Lyell failed to present any data upon which he based this inference, it seems probable that he had none which were at all definite, and that his estimate was a mere surmise arising from momentary impressions. On the contrary, Lyell's guide was confident that the American Fall had receded at the average rate of two feet a year during the twenty-five years he had observed it. And Mr. Bakewell, an eminent English geologist, who had given much personal study to the question, estimated that for the forty years previous to 1839 the rate of recession had been about three feet a year. Mr. Bakewell, having carefully studied the phenomenon again in 1845 in 1851, and 1856, finds no occasion materially to revise his estimate.

In 1841 Professor James H. Hall had an accurate map of the fall made for the New York Geological Survey, and determined with great care a number of points to which future reference might be made with a view of determining the exact rate of recession. In 1875 another and independent survey was made by the United States Government. Dr. Julius Pohlman, of the Society of Natural Science in Buffalo, after having thoroughly gone over the ground, carefully compared these maps, and reported upon the subject at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held at Minneapolis (August, 1883) where the question was discussed by the geologists of the country, including Professor Hall. Dr. Pohlman's conclusion is, that, after allowing even a wide margin for possible inaccuracies, we must admit that some portions of the Horseshoe fall have receded at least one hundred feet in these thirty-four years, while on the American side differences of from twenty to forty feet are seen, although the northern point of the falls on the American side as well as a monument which marked the edge of the Horseshoe fall in 1831 have remained unchanged."

Professor Hall, in expressing doubts as to the correctness of this conclusion, could only do so by supposing that one or other of the surveys was inaccurate; or that, being made by different persons using different methods, they could not well be compared with each other. Mr. James T. Gardiner, director of the New York State Survey, was led to nearly the same conclusion with Dr. Pohlman; and, in response to recent inquiries from Professor A. Winchell, says that the assumption that the Horseshoe fall has receded one hundred feet during the last thirty-three years cannot involve any great degree of uncertainty. Thus from the best light we now have, it seems altogether probable that the cataract is receding at a rate that would suffice to produce the whole chasm from Queenstown up in less than twelve thousand years; and if, as is not unlikely, any considerable portion of the gorge about the whirlpool had been formed by pre-glacial agencies, even that relatively short period must be considerably abbreviated."

The brokers of Mark Lane, London, say that people want 20 per cent more bread when the weather is cold than when it is mild and muggy.

The *Lancet* thinks that now it has become a penal offence to sell in France such wines as contain salic acid, they will be sent to England; it might have added America. Drownardel found 15 grains of the drug in a litre of wine.

Some of the English medical journals have already begun to point out the great importance of not over-feeding infants with starchy foods, such as bread, farina, gruel, etc., as the warm season approaches. According to authorities like Sir James Paget, such over-feeding is a fruitful cause of the large infant mortality in warm weather. The one article most necessary to the life of the child at all times is water.