THE CASE OF JOHN BULL IN EGYPT, THE TRANSVAAL, VENEZUELA AND ELSEWHERE

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The case of John Bull in Egypt, The Transvaal, Venezuela and elsewhere by G. Montbard

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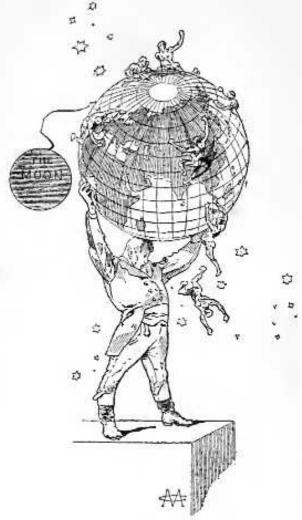
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G. MONTBARD

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JOHN BULL'S SPHERE OF INFLUENCE.





Fristed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury-

TO THE READER

THIS is merely a desultory conversation between my old friend John Bull and your humble servant, his guest in London for some

five-and-twenty years.

It is the fantasy of an artist plunging for once into the politics of the hour, and finding pleasure in giving full scope to the conjectures and reflections suggested to him by the sudden imbroglio of events and the present disconcerting

development of circumstances.

I have merrily heckled my amiable host, of set purpose and in all friendship, and I know Johnny has too much sense to turn nasty at Froggy's onslaughts, and too much *finesse* not to read between the lines the good fellowship I feel for him, and my undisguised desire to see this cordial understanding, which is on every lip and, I trust, in every heart, shortly become an accomplished fact.

In questions of this kind, so pregnant with possible quarrels, this would be the solution which would cause the greatest satisfaction in both camps, and would indubitably have the most useful results.

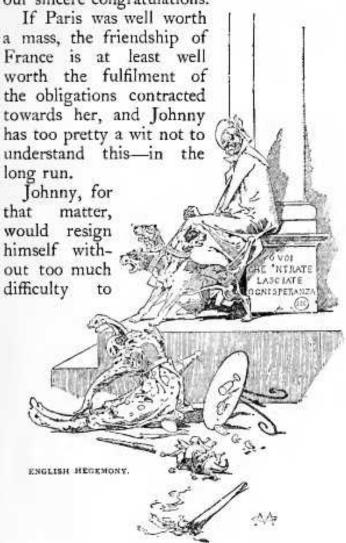
But for mercy's sake let Johnny finish once and for all with this ridiculous farce, prolonged beyond measure, of the Mahdi, who darts up like a Jack-in-the-box at the first word about evacuation, to hide himself under the lid again as soon as attention is diverted from the subject.

The pleasantry is monotonous and in very bad taste, and singularly compromises the good intercourse between

the two countries.

Either this horrible negro is really a danger—and in that case let Johnny, as the authorised gendarme of Egypt, go to Khartoum, shut him up or shoot him and his satellites, and leave an Egyptian garrison there to prevent such a thing being repeated; or, he is a sham, an articulated bogy, a sort of mechanical doll with a black face, whom Johnny dexterously causes to work according to the exigencies of his policy. If so a term should be speedily put to this deplorable humbug, which has already lasted too long.

After that let Master Johnny take leave of the Khedive, allow Egypt to be mistress of her own destiny, re-enter his legal domicile, and come to receive our sincere congratulations.



the evacuation. Very positive and very clear-sighted in his interests, he knows how to give way at the right time for his own benefit, and is not the man to let go his hold on anything without amply compensating himself in one way or another.

Instead of embarking at Alexandria, Master Johnny might very well, as seems to be his idea, after having shot or made a prisoner of the Mahdi, whose power is already on the wane, return by the south viâ Khartoum and touch hands with Captain Lugard, who at this moment is ascending northwards by the Bahr-el-Ghazel, leave the Khedive the Egyptian portion of the Soudan, and keep the largest and best—Kordofan, Sennaar, and Darfour; that is to say, the whole Upper Nile—with Suakim for an outlet.

That would be a pretty good haul, a very reasonable compensation for his forced departure. From this admirable position, joined to his other possessions in South Africa, it would be easy for him to watch over events, concentrate his forces, and await a favourable opportunity again to place his hand on Egypt. He would thus forge the last link northward in the chain of his possessions and com-