

THE TRUE PROPHET IN THE SOUDAN

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649235438

The true prophet in the Soudan by Anonymous

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ANONYMOUS

**THE TRUE PROPHET
IN THE SOUDAN**

THE
TRUE PROPHET
IN
THE SOUDAN.

1884.

LONDON:
WILLIAM CLOWES & SONS, LIMITED,
13, CHARING CROSS.
1885.

2. 102 52



PREFACE.

KIND and indulgent readers. A few words of explanation before you peruse this feeble little book. I am not publishing it for notoriety, hence withhold my name. It is placed before you merely because many of my friends, after reading my pencil notes (in a common little penny account-book), taken in Egypt, have expressed their opinion that, in the present state of affairs there, added to the fact that the Government of this country has changed, a great deal of it will be interesting to many.

The original notes were made from time to time between January and March 1884. I have not attempted to elaborate them in any way, the only alterations I have made are the suppression of names likely to lead to my identity. If you

THE
TRUE PROPHET

IN

ERRATUM.

Page 19, line 18, *for* "peaked," *read* "packed."

say hourly, occurrence was a quarrel between a soldier and an officer.

Having bid — good-bye, we started at a crawl from Cairo station at 10 o'clock, on about the finest day since my arrival at Cairo. The only incident of interest that occurred until we arrived at Zagazig, was the only example of affection I have ever seen in Egypt between man and

beast: a poor wretched dog followed the train as long as the pace was not too great for him, and at last dropped back exhausted; we had no doubt that it belonged to one of the soldiers, as it kept looking up at the trucks in which they were; had it not been that we were still so near Cairo, we would have stopped the train and taken him in, but had this been done some of the men would have been sure to get away.

At Zagazig we had lunch, and a very good one, too. I forgot to mention that up to this point I had been suffering from the kindness of the mess at which I dined on the previous night, and the many "One-more, —, you're-going-away-tomorrow-you-know" after-dinner lotions. But the effect of these soon passed off, and I left Zagazig in accustomed health. The train went dreadfully slowly, and we had to wait about thirty miles outside Suez, to let the mail from Cairo, which had started from there half-an-hour after us, go by.

At last we reached Suez, at about 9 o'clock, after a long and dusty journey (although I must say, in justice to my companion, it did not seem so long). There, alongside the dock wall, lay the ship we were to embark in, but not a soul on board and no possible chance of getting anything

done that night, so after a deal of bother we got a pilot engine and ran up to the town, and made ourselves very comfortable at the Hotel de Suez, where we found Mr. Roe, the Agent from Cairo. I was much surprised as well as pleased to find Captain — there, who was on his way up to Cairo. Early to bed was the order of the day, or rather night, so we turned in. Sleep came uncoaxed.

Early next morning — went down to the ship, and returned to breakfast to say there was no chance of getting away till daybreak the next (Tuesday) morning, so we went to work to kill time, which we found no difficulty in doing, thanks to Mr. Roberts, the Peninsular and Oriental Agent there. Mrs. Roberts interested me very much with her collection of Oriental curios, especially her china; and being Scotch we made *grand freends*. She pressed us to stay to lunch, and have some real English beef which had just arrived by one of their ships, and a real treat it was after what is called beef in Cairo. After lunch, our little private train, consisting of engine, carriage, and guard's van, came to take us and our baggage to the ship, as we had decided to sleep on board that night. On the way down I went on board the '—,' Peninsular