IN FAR OFF LANDS.

Our Own Correspondent Flirting With the Sphynx.

THE OLD WOMAN USES ROUGE.

The Bedouins and Their Ancestors—The Genesis of Ingersoll—Our Consulate at Cairo—Views of Harem Life.

CAIRO, Egypt, June 28, 1889.—[Special Correspondence of THE HERALD.]—I have made to-day one of the greatest discoveries of modern times. I have unearthed

THE GENESIS OF ROBERT G. INGERSOLL,

and I am able to prove that in the veins of "Infidel Bob" flows the most aristocratic blood on the American continent. In the wonderful museum of Boulac, at Cairo, I find a statue of wood, which is the perfect likeness of him, and the records show that this statue is at least six thousand years old. It is of life size and its plump proportions, its smiling face and bright eyes form a photographic resemblance to the Ingersoll of to-day, and there can be no doubt that in the transmigrations of souls the man who to-day lectures on the mistakes of Moses, knows whereof he speaks and that his data were gathered on the ground, for he was here in Egypt more than two thousand years before Moses was born. He knows all about Abraham and Jacob, for they came down into Egypt nearly twenty centuries before he watched the building of the pyramids. This Bob Ingersoll of the past lived at the time that the greatest of pyramids was being built, and he was such a prominent man at that time that the artists of the day considered it worth while to

COPY HIS FORM IN WOOD.

They did it well, too, and the work will compare with that of our best sculptors. The elder Bob has a staff in his hand and his bright eyes of rock crystal have the same honest look of his great descendant. He has short hair and his fat, round head seems to be verging on baldness. His mouth is as pleasant as that which utters orations against the doctrine of brimstone damnation, and his attire is that of his illustrious great great—or of his one hundred and eightieth great grandson, when having read a chapter in his Shakesperian Bible and sung one of Burns' [illegible] ns for a hymn, he disrobes his portly form, and clad in his innocence and slightie he gets ready for bed. The statue was found in the tombs at Sakahra or old Memphis near Cairo, and it stands in company with some odd hundreds of mummies in this greatest museum of Egyptian antiquities.

THE MUSEUM OF BOULAC

has been greatly increased in size within a few years, and there is no place like it in which to study the Egypt of the past. There is room after room walled with the coffins of these monarchs of thousands of years ago, and in other mummy caskets the bodies embalmed are exposed to view. I looked a long time to-day upon the face of King Ramases, who, it is supposed, went to school with Moses. The face, though black, was wonderfully life-like, and the teeth shone out as white as when he brushed them after his morning tub, something like four thousand years ago. I noted the silky, fuzzy hair over his black ears and longed for a lock of it for my collection of relics. The dead past became wonderfully real in looking at another box in which a mummied princess of about this time lay with the mummy of her little baby, who was not many days old, in the coffin beside her, and when I saw the jewelry of gold bracelets of the same patterns which our belles wear in Washington and New York, and of the ear rings which are quite as beautiful as those made by Tiffany.

THE DRY BONES BEGAN TO MOVE

and the pickled flesh resumed its tints and I could see that human nature was the same six thousands of years ago as it is now and that these people of the past had the loves and hates, the troubles and the vanities, of the world of to-day. The food shown in another case as taken from these tombs brought their very stomachs back to life and I wondered what Ramases took for the colic and whether Queen Ashotepe, who lived before Moses, and who now lies here, had the hysterics. I noted the flowers which were put in another mummy case beside a king and I could not reconcile the beautiful teeth and the fine intellectual face of King Seti, whose daughter is supposed to have found Moses in the bullrushes, with the fat, bloated fingers, which show that he had the gout. There was as good living in the days of the Israelites in Egypt as there is to-day, but it was then as now, only

THE RICH HAD THE FANCY COOKS

and the poor ate the scraps. In the tomb of Ti, near Memphis, I saw wall after wall in chambers of granite away down under the sands of the desert. These walls were covered with painted pictures of the life of the time when the tomb was made, thousands of years before Christ, and among these pictures I saw that pate de fois gras was one of the dainties of that time. The feeding of the geese by stuffing them with food to enlarge the liver is there faithfully pictured, and the eggs, mummied chickens and other dear departed delicacies which are found in the pyramids and tombs, show us that the people of the past have not suffered and that they know how to enjoy life as to as well as we do.

I have paid my second visit to the pyramids during the past week, and I find these great piles of stones unchanged. The same gang of Bedouins surround them to-day as preyed upon me when I paid my first call on the Sphynx, eight years ago, and

THE ETERNAL CRY OF BACKSHEESH! BACKSHEESH! BACKSHEESH!

still sounds upon the air of the desert in which they are located. I climbed to the top, assisted by three Arabs, and I penetrated the gloomy recesses of the interior, and attempted to take photographs of the king's and queen's chambers by flash lights. The pyramid which I climbed covers thirteen acres of ground, and it was at one time higher than the Washington monument. It has in the past been a quarry from which Cairo has drawn the stones for much of its building and there is still enough left to make more than eight hundred Washington monuments. The Sphynx is now well pulled out of the sand and there are iron cars at its base ready to be used for further excavations. It has put on a new aspect within the last few years and it seems bigger, more somber and more wonderful than ever. Its face is that of a remarkably good looking negro girl, and it is said that its complexion was

ORIGINALLY OF A BEAUTIFUL PINK.

All of this pink has been now ground away by the sands of the desert, which have for more than six thousand years been showering their amorous kisses upon it, and all that is left is a little red paint just under the left eye. The Sphynx is the oldest woman in the world and it is painful to think that even she is addicted to rouge. She is certainly big enough to know better. Her head alone is so big that if you would build a vault the size of a parlor, fourteen feet square and run it up to the height of a three-story house, it would be just large enough to contain it, and even though you measure six feet in your stockings and had arms as long as those of Abraham Lincoln, stood on the tip of this old lady's ear, you could hardly touch the crown of her head. I rode on a camel the quarter of a mile between her and the pyramids, and the Bedouin who owned the beast grew quite confidential in telling me of his property and his family affairs. He said

HE LIVED NEAR THE PYRAMIDS

and that he had just married a new wife who was as beautiful as the sun and as graceful as a camel. He invited me to go and see him at his home near by and I saw a Bedouin girl who may have been his wife, as I went through this village on my way back to Cairo. She was a magnificent looking maiden of perhaps twenty years of age, with a gorgeous head dress of white and gold and with four great silver rings, as big around as the bottom of a tin cup, hanging to a string on each side of her face. Her complexion was that of Ethiopian blackness, but her nose was as straight as that of a Greek and her eyes—large, dark and lustrous—were fringed with long eyelashes. She had a beautiful mouth and her picturesque head was well poised on shapely shoulders. Her gown, of dark blue, fell in graceful folds from shoulder to ankles and her feet were bare. She was a noble looking girl and

THE BEDOUINS ARE THE NOBLEST IN APPEARANCE

of the people of Egypt. You see them in the bazaars and on the deserts, and they have the monopoly of the care of the pyramids. They are very proud and they are the descendants of the Arabs of the sands. The most of them are Mohammedans and they make the best of soldiers. It was under their forefathers that the followers of Mahomet made such great conquests in North Africa, and during the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, the bravest of the Egyptians were these men.

I find our consul-general very popular in Cairo, and that he is on the best of terms with the khedive and with the leading officials of the Egyptian government. His majesty spoke very highly of him during the audience I had with him a few days ago, and during this conversation the contrast was drawn between him and several of the other consul-generals who have represented America here in the past. One consul-general who is dead now and who served during the reign of Ismail, the father of the present khedive, was

A NOTORIOUS DRUNKARD,

and during his sprees he went at times to Khedive Ismail and whined about the poor salary his government gave him.

"The United States," said he, "do not give me enough to support me and I wish your highness, who has such a vast treasury, could add a trifle to the amount as a present." Khedive Ismail did this again and again, and the American government never knew how it was being disgraced. Another consul-general of the United States at Cairo was mixed up in the rebellion of Arabi Pasha, and when I mentioned to the khedive the report I had heard here to that effect, and said that the statement had been made that this man, who is still living in America, had combined with Arabi against the khedive, and that the understanding between Arabi and him was that in case of Arabian success, he, the American, might have a place in his cabinet, his highness nodded his head in the affirmative of its truth.

OUR CONSULATE AT CAIRO

is now in the most fashionable part of the city. It is a large two-story, flat roofed house situated in a beautiful garden in which the roses bloom and the orange flowers grow. The front gate bears a large oval shield on which is painted the American eagle, and over the front door our great American bird looks down on the visitors as he waves the flag in his talons. Passing under this you enter a wide hall, at one end of which there is a pair of portieres formed of American flags, and at the right is the reception or waiting room of the legation. Entering this you are reminded of our national capital. Pictures of the great buildings at Washington hang upon the walls. There is the capitol, one of the finest buildings in the world, the state, war and navy building, which has not its peer in size among the granite buildings on the face of the globe, and the pension building, which is the biggest thing that now exists in brick.

THERE IS THE SOMBER TREASURY

looking more tomb-like than ever and wonderfully at home in this land of sarcophagi, and there among them all is the stern face of old George Washington himself with two little American flags peeping out over its frame. The flag looks better here than it ever looked to me before. There is nothing like travel to develop one's patriotism and I think one needs but to get away from our petty political fights in order to appreciate our country in its national beauty and greatness. The consul-general, at this writing, is a Texas editor; his name is John Cardwell, and he is an accomplished man of about forty years of age. His wife and family are with him and his home, which is in the building occupied by the legation, is elegantly fitted up with rare Persian rugs, with fine carvings and with many beautiful Turkish embroideries of satin and gold. Among the paintings of the house are a number of oils which show more than ordinary skill. These are the work of Mr. Cardwell's daughter, who is still in her teens, but who promises to make an artist. Her mother intends to take her to Italy upon her departure from Egypt and she will there study under the Italian masters of to-day.

CONSUL-GENERAL CARDWELL

has some striking ideas about the harem as it exists in Egypt to-day. He pronounces the word as though it were spelt hareem, and this is the pronunciation I hear everywhere in the land of the Mohammedans. Colonel Cardwell says the harem is not the vicious institution it is painted. "It means," says he, "simply the women's apartments of the household in Egypt, and I believe it is a great eleemosynary institution. Its members are often merely the servants of the true wife of the husband. They are taken into it as children and are raised there and are better cared for than they could possibly be elsewhere. They are not necessarily the mistresses of the man, and the khedive, though his wife has a large harem, is true to her. The harem is, here in Egypt, managed by the women. The husband has very limited rights within it, and there was an instance here in Cairo not long ago of a princess who was displeased with the actions of her husband who, by the way, was also of royal blood, ordering her servants to

WHIP HIM IN THE HAREM.

They obeyed her, too, and the man was soundly flogged. Another case was that of a lady of high rank, who not long ago brought a divorce suit against her husband and got a divorce from him. This fact will be surprising to the people of America, who largely believe that the rights are here altogether on the husband's side. This woman when divorced took the harem with her, and she is now living with the rest of her establishment here in Cairo. Monogamy," continued Colonel Cardwell, "is in fact growing in favor in Cairo. The khedive has set the example and the upper tendom shows a disposition to follow it. One of the princesses said the other day that a good Moslem could, according to the Koran, have but one wife."

"And how is that?" she was asked. "The Koran states that he may have four and Mahommet himself said, 'there are two things in this world which delight me, these are women and perfumes. These two things rejoice my eyes and render me more fervent in devotion.' The great prophet had something like a dozen wives and he especially gives all devout men the right to four."

"I assert, however," said the princess, "that the Koran intends that man should have only one wife. And this is because he cannot be good and have more. The Koran says that you must not love one wife more than another and that is impossible if you have more than one."

I drove out this afternoon past

A ROYAL PALACE,

which was for years occupied by one of the widows of Mehamet Ali, who, it is whispered here at Cairo, was one of the worst women Egypt has ever known, including in the list the long number of bad, beautiful dames, extending even back to Cleopatra herself. This woman had a large income and she kept up a grand establishment here in Cairo with her eunuchs by the score and her servants by the dozens. Her palace was on the banks of the Nile and it had many secret chambers. From time to time, such men as this royal lady fancied, were invited by this lady's slaves to come into the harem and it is stated here that such as went in were never seen to come out. Her ladyship received their attentions until she was tired of them and then got rid of them by having them quietly strangled and thrown into the Nile. There was a dark passage leading down from the palace to the river and the lover awoke from elysium dreams to find a silken cord around his throat being twisted by two black-faced eunuchs and a force standing around large enough to make him submit if he struggled unduly.

THE FATHER OF THE PRESENT KHEDIVE

is Ismail Pasha, who is now living in Constantinople and who receives a pension from Egypt of $300,000 a year. He holds a different theory from his son in regard to monogamy and his harem is a large one. He took it with him when he went to Naples to live, but a young Italian, if I remember correctly, ran away with one of his prettiest wives and he moved his establishment to Constantinople, where his harem would be more sacred and where he can, if he chooses, drop a faithless wife into the Bosphorus without comment of courts.

Mehamet Ali had also a number of wives and I went out this afternoon to Shoubra palace in which the old man spent some of the last days of his life. The guides here show you a beautiful garden and in a summer palace a lake about four feet deep with a marble resting place in the center. It was upon this seat that the Napoleon of Egypt used to sit with his ladies in boats on the water about him. The boatmen were posted by him; at the crook of his finger they would overturn the fair Circassians into the pool and Mehamet would laugh in his old cracked voice as he watched their terrified struggles in trying to get out.

Year by year, however,

THE KEEPING UP OF THE HAREM

in the Mohammedan countries becomes more expensive. The introduction of the western civilization is inspiring new wants in the minds of the hour, and the noblest of them want French kid slippers and their dresses from Worth. They want diamonds and modern jewelry and if they have children they must have French and English governesses for them. The majority of the Mohammedans of Egypt are too poor to keep more than one wife under the new customs and this number is being reduced by the increased cost of living. Even the ordinary wealthy women of Cairo now have some European dresses in their wardrobes and the veils which they wear when out driving grow thinner and thinner each year. The wife of the khedive wears a veil of thin gauze through which her features can be plainly seen when she goes out driving, for the windows of her carriage are open and an American tells me he could see the sparkle of her magnificent diamonds through this veil when he passed her a few days ago. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

BY ALBION W. TOURGEE.

All day long the river flowed,
Down by the winding mountain road,
Leaping and roaring in angry mood,
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood;
Sallen the gleam of its rippled crest,
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast;
The dripping banks on either side
But half imprisoned the turgid tide.
By farm and village it quickly sped—
The weeping skies bent low o'erhead—
Foaming and rushing and tumbling down
Into the streets of pent Johnstown—
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
Down through the dam of chale and straw,
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour.
Through the arches wide, with dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide,
Babbled of death on the mountain side;
And all day long with jest and sigh,
They who were doomed that day to die
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
They had heard so oft, and despised before.

Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes
Turned off to the lowering, woeful skies—
And shuddered to think what might befall
Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.
So all day long they went up and down,
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

All day long in the chilly gloom
Of a thrifty merchant's counting room;
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care
Old Periton's only son and heir,
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit and credit the highest truth.
And profit and loss a more honored game
Than searching for laurels or fighting for fame.
He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er;
Then saddled his horse—a black-pointed bay,
High stepping, high-blooded—grandson of Dismay—
Raw-boned and deep-chested—his eyes full of fire—
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire—
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these—
The foal of a racer transformed to a colt
For the son of the merchant when out of a job.
"Now I'll see," said Dan Periton, mounting the bay,
"what danger there is of the dam giving way."

A marvelous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.
Seventy feet the water fell
With the roar like the angry ocean's swell!
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest!
Seventy feet fell the ceaseless flow
Into the boiling gulf below!
Dan Periton's cheek grew pale with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide
That hung on the rifted mountain side,
Held by that heap of stone and straw
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!
The raw-boned bay, with quivering ears,
Displayed a brute's instincitve fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized to the curb and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed its breeding—the close gripping knees
Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease,
As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away.
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down
With the message of warning to perilled Johnstown,
Past farm house and village, while shrilly outrang,
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron clang,
His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
"Fly! Fly to the hills! The waters are out!"

Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
As never had shaken those mountains before!
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress;
"Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?
A mile farther on and behind him he spied
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the shout,
"To the mills! To the hills! The waters are out!"
Thus horseman and flood tide came racing it down,
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry:
The blood ran off from his good steed's side;
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the ogre's breath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death;
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop—
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!
But clear over all rang his last warning shout:
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"
Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully down
On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse is a hero, so poets still say,
That brought the good news of the treaty of Aix;
And the steed is immortal which carried Revere
Through the echoing night, with his message of fear;
And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,
From Winchester town, "twenty miles away;"
But none of these merits a nobler lay
Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned bay
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,
Rearing and rushing and tearing down
On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!
In the very track of the ogyre's swoop,
With Dan on the saddle and Death on the croup,
The foam on his nostrils flew back on the wind,
And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the merrow saw
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,
But its way was choked with the heaped-up dead,
'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;
And under it all, so the searchers say,
Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,
Still wedged in the drift of the Conemaugh,
A goodlier statue man never saw—
Dan's foot in the stirrup, his hand on the rein!
So shall they live in white marble again;
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup.

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