however, any or all of Mr. Schmidt's conclusions be accepted or rejected, his book displays so much ingenuity and research that it should not be neglected by any student or collector of the literature bearing upon ancient Egypt.

A. L.

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., WATERLOO PLACE; LONDON.

16. *Southern Arabia*, by THEODORE BENT, F.R.G.S., F.S.A., and MRS. THEODORE BENT, with a portrait, maps, and illustrations. A very readable and highly interesting volume of their travels in portions of Southern Arabia and the Soudan, scarcely ever explored by English travellers. The book is published under a very sad circumstance, as Mr. Bent died four days after their return home from their last journey; hence the burden of producing the work was thrown upon Mrs. Bent, who has performed her task with excellent results. Besides having recourse to ancient authorities for special information in bygone times, the book for the most part is collected from Mr. Bent's note-books, and from the "Chronicles" that Mrs. Bent always wrote during their journeys. The regions explored were Manamah and Moharek, the mounds of Ali, Rufa'a, Maskat, the Hadhramout, Dhofar and the Gara Mountains, the Eastern Soudan, the Mahriplaud of Sokotra, Beled Fadhli, and Beled Yafei. In the authors' narratives and descriptions there is much to interest the English reader, and their routes and troubles, difficulties and discomforts, will form an excellent guide to those who desire to follow in their footsteps. Some of the interviews are rather amusing. At Khaila and Sief, for instance, Mrs. Bent tells us: "We saw among others a boy who had a wound in his arm, and therefore had his nostrils plugged up; bad smells are said not to be so injurious as good ones." Some women came and asked to see me, so I took my chair and sat surrounded by them. They begged to see my hands, so I took off my gloves, and let them lift my hands about from one sticky hand to another. They looked wonderingly at them, and said "Meskin" so often and so pityingly, that I am sure they thought I had leprosy all over. Then they wished to see my head, and having taken off my hat, my hair had to be taken down. They examined my shoes, turned up my gaiters, stuck their fingers down my collar, and wished to undress me, so I rose and said, very civilly, "Peace to you, O women! I am going to sleep now," and retired. We have only space for another scene. On leaving by boat to Aden from the harbour of Kosseir, and looking quietly at the ship being laden off the shore with all manner of things, animate and inanimate, she says, "A man came suddenly behind me and whipped me up, seated me on his shoulder and carried me off into the sea. It required all my balance to keep safe when so suddenly seized. I did not know I was being scrambled for as the lightest person. I hate that way of being carried, with my five fingers digging into the skull of my bearer, with one of his wrists lightly across my ankles, while he holds up his clothes with the other; and I do not like being perched between the elbows of two men whose hands are clasped far beneath me, while I clutch their dirty throats. It is much better to be carried in both arms like a baby."

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A very singular natural phenomen is recorded with respect to the water-supply of the islands of Bahrein lying near the Persian Gulf, remarkable for pearl fisheries, now under English protection. "The town of Moharek gets its water-supply from a curious source, springing up from under the sea. At high tide there is about a fathom of salt-water over the spring, and water is brought up either by divers, who go down with skins, or by pushing a hollow bamboo down into it. At low tide there is very little water over it, and women with large amphoræ and goat-skins wade out and fetch what water they require. They tell me that the spring comes up with such force that it drives back the salt-water and never gets impregnated. All I can answer for is that the water is excellent to drink. This source is called Bir Mahab, and there are several of a similar nature on the coast around, the Kaseifah spring and others. There is such a spring in the harbour of Syracuse, about twenty feet under the sea."

The fauna and flora, as well as the other natural productions and scenery of the various regions are pleasantly described. In an appendix there is a list of plants communicated by Mr. Bent to Kew Gardens in May, 1895, and a list of land and fresh-water shells collected by Mr. and Mrs. Bent in Sokotra, as well as inscriptions and other fragments. There is also a list of Sokoteri and Mahri words compared with the Arabic dialect of South Arabia and the literary Arabic, of much interest. The maps and illustrations are distinct and remarkably well executed.

THACKER AND CO., LIMITED; BOMBAY, 1899.

17. *My Jubilee Visit to London*, by SUBADAR MOHAMMAD BEG, SIRDAR BAHADUR, 1st Madras Lancers; translated by K. SRINAVASA RAO, B.A.; edited by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. E. M. LAWFORD, 1st Madras Lancers. We have seldom read a book which gave us more genuine pleasure than this simple little Diary of a gallant Madras lancer. It is flattering, no doubt, most people would say far too flattering, to the ruling race; but the flattery is so hearty and so evidently sincere, whilst the criticism is often so friendly and yet so acute, that one cannot but be pleased with both. It may seem absurd exaggeration, but we doubt if any book of its size has ever been published so well calculated to bring about a better feeling between the Indian and the Englishman.

We learn from Colonel Lawford's genial preface that Mohammad Beg, a lineal descendant of the great Tippu Sultan, rose from the ranks of the 1st Madras Lancers after ten and a half years' service, and that "he is one of the most loyal, honest, and devoted soldiers." It is for this reason that he was selected to represent the Madras army at Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. What inspired him to write a Diary of his trip to England and to put it into language of such fascinating simplicity we are not told, and can only attribute it to his innate kindliness of heart. No wonder the translator (who has evidently done his share of the work most admirably) was "irresistibly drawn to him," and was much struck with his keenness of observation and correctness of judgment." Both author and translator are entitled to the gratitude of everyone, no matter what the colour of his skin may be, who takes a genuine interest in that great though

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much-afflicted country. The mere fact that a Brahmin should co-operate with a Mussulman—and on terms of such enthusiastic good fellowship—is of itself most encouraging, and Mr. Srinavasa Rao's reasons for undertaking the task of translating this unique work do him the greatest honour. He was not only much impressed with Mohammad Beg's "breadth of mind and freedom from prejudice," but it was, he says, his "strong conviction that intelligent Indians who have the good fortune of visiting England, and who could form a correct estimate of the great English nation as seen in that land of liberty should do everything in their power to make the Indian public understand them aright." All honour to Mr. Srinavasa Rao for such an admirable sentiment! One is all the more impressed with the strength of his goodwill towards the English when one knows that he and his family have suffered much from what many besides themselves believe to have been grievous injustice at the hands of certain English officials.

As we have said before, the picture of the English is all too flattering; but if such evidently genuine affection for the ruling race can be so easily implanted in the Indian breast, it is a thousand pities we cannot have a jubilee every year and have our Indian fellow-subjects over by the score to be converted!

We have spent so much time over the preface and the translator's introduction that we have very little space left for the Diary itself. Fortunately it is not too long, and there isn't a dull page in it, so that one can read every word of it without fatigue. It is so fresh and so naïve that no one who takes it up will lay it down till he has finished it, and no one can read it without feeling the better for it, or without a deeper and fuller sense of the true brotherhood of man.

It would be impossible to give an idea of the peculiar merits of this little book by extracts, but we must call particular attention to a few of the author's remarks which struck us most forcibly. Familiar as he must be with poverty and even famine in his native land, it will surprise many to hear him say of the Italians at Brindisi, that he had "*never seen in his life* a more miserable-looking people"; and yet it is certainly true that *except in the case of actual famine*, which, alas! is far too frequent nowadays, poverty is not so terrible in India as it is in Europe, nor do the people suffer so much from it as they do here. Surely, too, our rule in India cannot be quite so bad as some few say, when a native gentleman can speak of it as our author does at the end of Chapter XIII.

What better proof can be given of the good of foreign travel and of the necessity for Indians to come to England for their education than that given by him at page 51? "The slow, difficult, and, after all, doubtful process of learning by books is nothing compared to the quick and striking way of learning by visits to great countries. The result is truly magical, and one is spellbound. . . . Why fight these jungly tribes? Take them all to England and show them England but once. They will never fight any more."

Mohammad Beg's remarks on male and female dress in England are well worth quoting, and show his usual shrewdness and sound common-sense, though we do not know where he found the "old rule" that men

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