

The occasion was but a skirmish between the advanced guard of Turkish Infantry and a body of Cossacks, and the scene was a grassy slope rising from a ditch beside the road.

The Turks had mounted the slope, when the Cossacks in number appeared on its crest, and opened a heavy fire which drove them back to the shelter of the ditch. And in this retreat—it was a matter of twenty yards maybe—three of the Turks had fallen, two were killed, the third living but wholly helpless.

Into this writhing figure the Cossacks fired once and twice. And then from the ditch leapt the ombashi of the Moslems, and, rushing up the slope, threw himself between his comrade and those murderous muzzles, and thus pushed the prostrate man down the grassy sward to shelter.

What became of this obscure hero I know not, but surely here was an act of gallantry of no mean order.

Again, another case, and one that comes nearer home to us than the act of an unknown Moslem.

Early in the reconstruction of the Egyptian army a mutiny broke out in one of its battalions. (I abstain from mentioning which, or the time or place, in order to avoid casting a slur on that now magnificent force.)

Bimbashi Grant (son of Sir Patrick, of glorious memory) was the English officer in charge. A number of the mutineers with their arms and ammunition had taken shelter in a mud hut—a building, like all such in Egypt, with no window, walls two feet thick, and a low door-