

It is perhaps too soon to speak with confidence of the part which these men have performed on the Nile. Our information is necessarily too scant to enable us to go into particulars. Enough, however, has transpired to justify the belief that Lord Wolseley has not been disappointed in them. Our picture represents them before they had reached the scene of their labours. So long as the Nile was navigable by steamers of this description there was no need of the dexterity and skill of the *voyageurs*. It was when they had passed that part of the river in which there was fair sailing and entered the rapids, that their value to the Expedition became apparent to such as had possessed no previous knowledge of their skill. They were not long in demonstrating their immeasurable superiority to the native pilots—and though the difficulties which confronted them were unquestionably very great, their first experience in the navigation of Nile rapids furnished good ground for hope that they would prove equal to the occasion.

The following extract from the correspondence of the London *Standard*, containing the description of the passage of the first rapid near Wady Halfa will no doubt be interesting to our readers: Although deeply laden, and carrying nearly two tons of stores, besides twelve men each, they seemed to have sufficient freeboard, and appeared under perfect control. The leading boat, I could see with my glasses, carried the native reis, told off to act as guide. He stood in the bows beside the Canadian, endeavouring to direct the soldier who steered, but for a long time they remained motionless under the current and made little or no headway. At several points they essayed to ascend, but always, apparently, found the current too strong, and drifted back again to their former position. All the time the *voyageur*, seated in the bows filling his pipe, evidently abstained from interfering with the reis. There cannot be two captains to a boat any more than to a ship. But boat No. 2 was all the time rapidly approaching. Her *voyageur* I could see go aft and take the tiller himself. Coming close in shore he made for a rock, behind which a long eddy tailed for a hundred yards. Up this he sailed with great velocity, and just as, apparently, he was about to collide with the rock he sheared out into the stream, steadied and paused for a moment as his boat met the rush of water—her timbers, as one of the men told me afterwards, quivering with the shock—