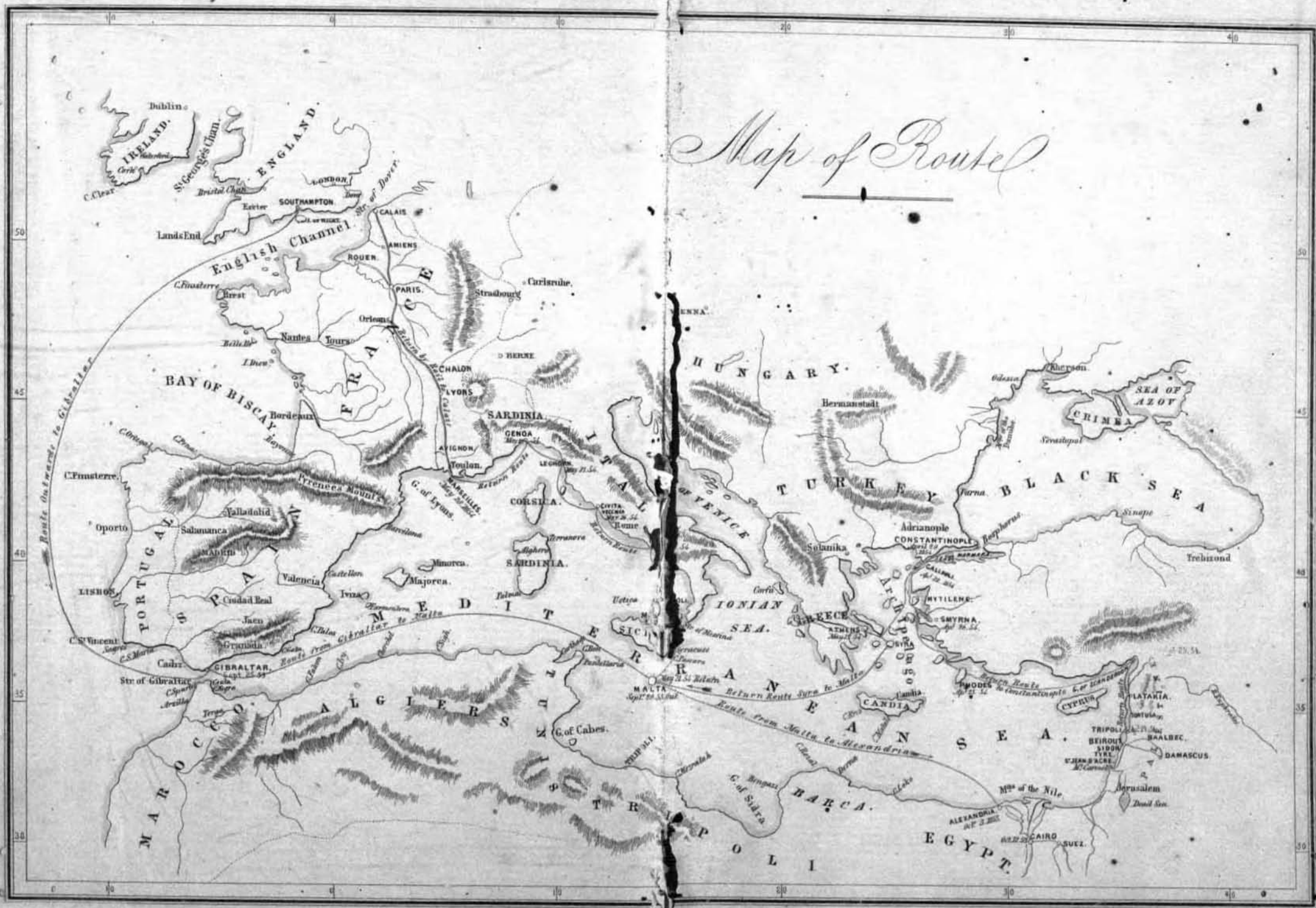


SHADOWS OF THE EAST.



SHADOWS OF THE EAST;
OR
SLIGHT SKETCHES
OF
SCENERY, PERSONS, AND CUSTOMS,
FROM OBSERVATIONS DURING A TOUR IN 1853 AND 1854,
IN EGYPT, PALESTINE, SYRIA, TURKEY, AND GREECE.

BY
CATHERINE TOBIN.

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Arise, shiuc; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

"For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the LORD shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee."

ISAIAH lx. 1, 2.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
1855.



TO
THE RIGHT REVEREND
JAMES,
LORD BISHOP OF CORK, CLOYNE, AND ROSS,
THIS VOLUME
OF
EASTERN TRAVELS
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

OUTLINE OF JOURNEY.

1853.

Sept. 20	Left Southampton
„ 25	Arrived at Gibraltar
„ 29	„ Malta
Oct. 3	„ Alexandria
„ 8	Left Alexandria for Cairo
„ 9	Arrived at Atfeh
„ 12	„ Cairo
„ 14	Commenced Voyage on Nile
„ 16	Arrived at Beni Souef
„ 18	„ Carm Abou Omar
„ 19	„ Shekh Abádeh
„ 20	„ Abou Fayda
„ 21	„ Siout
„ 22	Left Siout
„ 24	Arrived at Menshécéh
„ 25	„ Girgeh
„ 26	Remained at Girgeh
„ 27	Arrived at Ilow
„ 28	„ Keneh
„ 29	Left Keneh
„ 31	Arrived at Luxor
Nov. 1	„ Erment
„ 2	„ Esné
„ 3	Remained at Esné

1853.

- Nov. 4 Arrived near Edfou
 „ 5 „ at Kom Ombo
 „ 6 „ at Assouan
 „ 7 Visited Island of Elephantine
 „ 8 „ Philæ
 „ 9 Left Assouan
 „ 10 Arrived at Kom Ombo
 „ 11 Arrived at Edfou
 „ 12 „ Esné
 „ 13 „ Erment
 „ 14 „ Luxor
 „ 15 }
 „ 16 } Remained at Luxor
 „ 17 }
 „ 18 Visited Temple at Erment
 „ 19 „ Tombs in Valley of Kings
 „ 20 }
 „ 21 } Remained at Thebes
 „ 22 Left Luxor and arrived at Kenh
 „ 23 Remained at Kenh and Visited Dendera
 „ 24 Arrived at Ballianeh
 „ 25 Remained at Ballianeh and Visited Ruins at Abydos
 „ 26 Arrived at Bardées
 „ 27 „ Girgeh
 „ 28 On Voyage—no stopping place
 „ 29 Arrived at Siout
 „ 30 Remained at Siout
 Dec. 1 Arrived at Shekh Abádeh
 „ 2 „ Beni Hassan
 „ 3 „ Minyeh
 „ 4 „ Beni Souef
 „ 5 „ Sakkára
 „ 7 Visited Pyramid at Geezeh
 „ 8 Arrived at Boulak
 „ 9 „ Cairo
 Remained at Cairo until the 24th.

OUTLINE OF JOURNEY.

ix

1853.										Hours.	Miles.
Dec.	24	Left Cairo, (on camels), towards Suez	5	15
"	28	At Suez, arrived at Ayoun Moussa by water	4	0
"	29	In the Wilderness	8½	26
"	30	The Same	8	24
"	31	The Same	8½	26
1854.											
Jan.	1	The Same	9	27
"	2	The Same	9	27
"	3	The Same	8½	26
"	4	The Same	8½	26
"	5	Arrived at Mount Sinai	5	15
"	6	Remained at Mount Sinai—ascended by Gebel Moussa									
"	7	Remained at Mount Sinai—visited Convent of Forty Martyrs									
"	8	Remained at Mount Sinai									
"	9	Left Mount Sinai	6	18
"	10	In the Wilderness	8½	26
"	11	The Same	9	27
"	12	The Same	9	27
"	13	The Same	9	27
"	14	Arrived at Nakhel	9½	28
"	15	Remained at Nakhel									
"	16	Left Nakhel	5	16
"	17	In the Wilderness	9	27
"	18	The Same	8½	25
"	19	The Same	9	27
"	20	The Same	9½	29
"	21	The Same to Gaza	11½	36
"	22	In Quarantine at Gaza									
"	23	The Same									
"	24	The Same									
"	25	Left the Same and arrived near Askelon	6	12
"	26	Passed Ashdod through the Town of Youbna to Ramla	11½	24
"	27	Ramla to Jaffa and back to Ramla, (horses)	6	24
"	28	Ramla to Jerusalem	10	36
"	29	Remained at Jerusalem until 7th February									
Feb.	7	Left Jerusalem for Jericho	7	30

1854.		Hours. Miles.	
Feb.	8	To the Jordan	2 8
		To the Dead Sea	1½ 6
		To near Mar Saba	6 24
"	9	To Mar Saba	1 3
		To Pools of Solomon	1 4
		To Bethlehem	2 8
		To Jerusalem	2½ 10
Remained at Jerusalem until the 28th February			
Feb.	28	Left Jerusalem for Beerli	3 12
March	1	Remained at Beerli	
"	2	Returned to Jerusalem	3 12
Remained there until the 14th March			
"	14	Left Jerusalem for Beerli	3 12
"	15	Arrived at Khan Leban	4 12
"	16	Arrived at Nablous	6 22
"	17	Remained at Nablous	
"	18	Arrived at Sebaste	3½ 13
		And at Djenin	4 16
"	19	Arrived at Nazareth	5 30
		Arrived at Mount Tabor	2 12
"	20	Arrived at Tiberias	4½ 18
"	21	Remained at Tiberias	
"	22	Arrived at Cana	4½ 26
		To Nazareth	1 6
"	23	Arrived at Caifa	5 30
		To Mount Carmel	1 7
"	24	Remained at Mount Carmel	
"	25	Arrived at St. Jean d' Acre	3 18
		To Bassa	4 24
"	26	At Stairs of Tyre	2 12
		At Tyre	3 18
		At Asmia	3 18
"	27	At Sidon	3 12
		At Nebbi Yunas	6 24
"	28	Arrived at Beirout	5 30
Remained at Beirout until the 31st, when we started for Damascus			

1854.

Hours. Miles.

March 31	Arrived at Khan Hossein	5	20
April 1	„ Khan Meredjed... ..	6	24
„ 2	Remained there		
„ 3	Arrived at Khan Madje	4	12
„ 4	Remained there		
„ 5	Arrived at Damas in	6½	20
„	„ Damascus... .. in	5½	20
	Remained at Damascus until the		
„ 9	Arrived at Zebdani	7½	30
„ 10	„ Baalbec	7	32
„ 11	Remained at Baalbec		
„ 12	Arrived at Ixera	7½	30
„ 13	„ Khan Hossein	7	30
„ 14	„ Beirout	5	16
	Remained at Beirout until the 20th		
„ 20	Left Beirout by French steamer in evening		
„ 21	Arrived at Tripoli in	8½	hours
	„ Tortosa	3	„
	„ Latakia	3	„
„ 22	Arrived at Scanderoon, visited Nebbi Yunas		
„ 23	At Messis		
„ 24	At Sea		
„ 25	Arrived at Rhodes		
„ 26	„ at Smyrna		
„ 27	„ at Mitylenē		
„ 28	„ at Troas and Gallipoli		
„ 29	„ at Constantinople until 10th May		
May 10	Left Constantinople by French Steamer		
„ 11	Arrived at Gallipoli		
„ 12	Arrived at Piræus, in Quarantine		
„ 13	Arrived at Athens		
„ 14	At Athens		
„ 15	Visited Plains of Marathon		
„ 16	At Athens		
„ 17	Visited Eleusis, to the Piræus, and from thence by French Steamer		
„ 18	Arrived at Syra		

1854.

May	19	At Sea towards Malta
„	20	The Same
„	21	Arrived at Malta
„	22	At Malta
„	23	Left Malta in French Steamer
„	24	Arrived at Messina
„	25	Arrived at Naples
„	26	Arrived at Civitá Vecchia
„	27	Arrived at Leghorn and Genoa
„	28	Arrived at Marseilles
„	29	Arrived at Avignon
		Remained at Avignon
„	31	Arrived at Chalons
June	1	Arrived at Paris
„	2	Arrived at Calais
„	3	Arrived in London.

P R E F A C E.

THERE is an interest in what may be termed the “Biblical Eastern Countries,” that no supply of information seems to satisfy ; and the demand for which appears to be as unabated as the mine is inexhaustible.

The volume now presented to the reader, is compiled from notes written while the facts they record, and the feelings they excited, were still vivid in my thoughts and memory ; and, in most instances, it is nearly word for word with my journal.

Not the slightest attempt at erudition or political speculation will be found in the following pages : on the contrary, they chiefly dwell upon the trifling incidents of a tourist’s life in the East, and his intercourse with the different classes of society.

To Lieutenant Colonel R. F. Crawford, Royal Artillery, I am greatly obliged for an admirable drawing, taken by himself upon the shore of the Dead Sea ; and which more correctly represents the awful desolation of that dreary spot, than any picture I have hitherto seen.

I also beg to return my most sincere thanks to Messrs. Day and Son, London, for their kindness in

allowing me to make use of several illustrations from Roberts' "Syria;" of which magnificent work they have purchased the copyright, with intention to republish it; and for that reason I feel particularly indebted to their liberality.

Alas! since this work was written, four of the friends whose names I have occasionally mentioned are now no more. Captain Moresby of the "Ripon"; Mrs. Klein of Nazareth; Lieut. Col. Carpenter, 41st Regiment, a brave officer and truly excellent man, was killed at the battle of Inkerman, November 5th; lastly, Captain Henry M. Bouverie, Coldstream Guards, who fell in the same action at the Crimea: this amiable young man, deservedly esteemed by all who knew him, was only son of the late Lieut. Genl. Sir Henry Bouverie, G.C.B., formerly Governor of Malta.

The heroic General Pennefather still lives to adorn our gallant army. May he long be spared to reap the just reward of his valour, and witness in those around him the good effects of his noble example both in public and private life.

C. T.

BALLINCOLLIG,

January, 1855.

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IX.V.IV

SHADOWS OF THE EAST.

ON Tuesday the 19th of September, 1853, we left London for Southampton. Our party consisted of four. The weather was lovely, and we were glad to escape from the crowded and busy streets of the metropolis. About half way, the two vacant seats in our railway carriage were amply filled by a good humoured Jersey couple, whose dimensions and jollity would not have been lost upon Dickens or Cruikshank. In fact the lady fairly stuck fast in the doorway for a moment, and the gentleman carried a bundle nearly as large as himself.

We slept at Radley's comfortable hotel, and at two o'clock the next day went on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steam ship "Ripon." The weather continued fine enough to *calm* the apprehensions of the most desponding. The band was playing, leave-takings were going on; crying, laughing, scolding, pushing, &c., amid sorting of baggage, and all the confusion and noise inseparable from such occasions. I confess that my extreme aversion to sea voyages, makes me an unfair judge; but in truth the first sight of our sleeping cabin was not very cheering; the best berths had been secured, as usual, long before we had applied for accommodation. Our fellow passengers, eighty in number, (including children and servants, one hundred and thirty-three) were

chiefly officers proceeding to join their respective regiments stationed at Gibraltar, Malta, India, or Australia. We had five newly-married couples on board, three of whom were going out to India; a pleasing family of Portuguese Indians; a Missionary of the Church of England, a German by birth, whose vocation it is to preach the gospel at Nazareth, and who has lately married an English woman; an English girl, travelling under their care, to join the Jewish mission at Jerusalem, &c. Those who felt well enough to take an interest in what was passing, watched the porpoises sporting around the ship, and reports were current that a whale had been seen. We did not approach sufficiently near to the coast of Portugal to discern objects on shore. Between three and four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, we had a distant view of Cape St. Vincent. We also hailed a merchant vessel bound from Trieste to Lisbon; she had been delayed by contrary winds, and already had been seventy-five days at sea. The weather continued most propitious (even the dreaded waters of the Bay of Biscay were perfectly still) until our arrival at Gibraltar, on the morning of Sunday 25th; Captain Moresby expressed some fears, which however proved groundless—that our landing might be opposed on account of two or three cholera cases having lately appeared in London.

The well-known rock of Gibraltar has been made so familiar by pen and pencil to every British subject, that I need not attempt fully to describe it here. We stood gazing with admiration upon the bold outline of the Spanish coast, the rock itself with its wondrous galleries, the picturesque towns of Algeiras and San Roque, the more distant shore of Africa, the blue and cloudless sky, the sea, the ships, and the pretty boats with their lateen sails, manned by Spanish boatmen. About ten o'clock we passed Tarifa, and came to anchor soon afterwards. The gossips declared that a *proposal* was made and accepted that morning, and furthermore, that the parties never met until the Wednesday of our departure. They must be a fascinating pair indeed who could make a conquest of each other on board

a steamer! Anxious to escape the deafening uproar caused by impatient passengers and eager watermen, we secured a boat as soon as possible. The sun's power had increased as we proceeded southwards. It was now intensely hot, and there was a considerable swell on the water. We were literally *tossed* on shore in about twenty minutes; and on the landing place hired an intelligent Cicerone, a Moorish Jew, born at Gibraltar. After walking a short distance up a narrow street, we seized upon two *calesas* for our party. These vehicles are a sort of high phaeton studded with brass nails, and have hoods that can be raised or let down at pleasure. The wheels are enormously large, the cushions are usually red or some other bright colour, and are often fringed with gold. The horses are decorated with fringe and tassels. The driver smokes his cigar with perfect *nonchalance*, wears a red sash round his waist, and a becoming head-dress of black velvet, somewhat turban-shaped. These *calesas* contain two persons, and the driver sits on a narrow seat in front. We were famously shaken, but what a charm there is in novelty! we talked and asked questions, admired and wondered, and declared we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The heat of Gibraltar must be nearly unbearable in summer, judging from what it was at the end of September, and from the dry parched aspect of every species of vegetation. There was little to remind one of England, save the numerous signs in our language over the shop doors, and the uniform of our soldiers and sailors.

Here are congregated the natives of many a foreign land. Our drive presented a strange and attractive succession of groups in various costumes and attitudes. There was the snowy white turban of the Moor—the Jew from Barbary—the dark-eyed Spaniard—and among the women we saw a few who wore mantillas. We were met by a fine flock of Barbary goats, several of them without horns. As we drove up the Alameda towards Europa Point, the road was bordered on each side by the aloe, cactus, and geranium in full flower; there were also a few palms, and the paper tree.

A little creeping plant indigenous to the soil, finds its way all over the rock. Two thousand Jews reside at Gibraltar; their burial ground was pointed out to us. We noticed some rather pretty villas, but no fresh verdure surrounded them. The view of the sea from Europe Point is magnificent. Descending from thence, by a lower road, towards the town, we alighted at the gate of the English cemetery, but were civilly refused admittance by a British sentinel.

The glimpse we obtained from the outside shewed us a few unostentatious monuments among the tall cypresses. Instead of visiting the batteries we drove across the neutral ground, and entered a hamlet within the Spanish line, occupied for the most part by coffee houses and fruit shops. Fine melons were lying in heaps upon the ground. We regaled ourselves with prickly pears and peaches, at the price of twelve for a penny. Standing near these shops were donkeys adorned with gay tassels, and loaded with panniers of fruit from Malaga. When we returned to the landing place we were besieged by a clamorous mob of fruit vendors, &c. Our steamer was under weigh soon after four o'clock.

Captain Moresby told us that this was the best passage he had made during the year; but we now began to endure a disagreeable ground swell, and few of our fellow-passengers escaped its annoyances. The heat too was almost insufferable, and the sea ran so high that we could not open the port-holes: we got on, however, at the rate of 11 knots an hour.

Soon after six, p.m. on Thursday the 29th we anchored off Malta, and luckily at no great distance from the shore, for it was nearly dark. The uproar that ensued was terrific, and worse than all the noise, was the coaling of the steamer. We speedily found a sharp loquacious guide, and by his aid were dragged into a small boat, and in five minutes were landed near the fortress of St. Elmo—but dimly visible through the surrounding gloom. We groped our way up some broad flights of



Drawn by John Brennan.

Day & Son, Lith^{rs} to the Queen.

steps, and along narrow streets, whose quaint old buildings of massive architecture, with their projecting upper stories, made us long for a daylight view of them. We bemoaned the Captain's positive order that we should be on board again at midnight. Our guide first conducted us to Muir's library, where we made sundry purchases of books and maps; and ate ices, frozen by snow brought from Mount Etna. For six of these, and cakes *ad libitum*, we were charged 1s. 4d. At Dunsford's hotel, where we took tea, we bought some specimens of Maltese jewellery, mittens, and lace; and what was more necessary to our comfort, engaged a Maltese dragoman, Vincenzo Belluti by name. A contract with this worthy was quickly concluded, according to which he was to receive five pounds per day from the time of our arrival at Alexandria. For this sum we were to be free from all other expenses during the journey, wine excepted.

As we retraced our steps towards the landing place, we passed several men stretched at full length on the bare stones, and fast asleep; one man slept soundly, with a couple of the pretty long-haired dogs of Malta lying across his feet. We need not have returned to the "Ripon" so punctually. The coaling was not completed, and the general confusion was as great as ever. The conveying of some specie on board delayed us until three o'clock, a.m. On the following Sunday, divine service according to the Church of England, was performed twice by Mr. Klein, the German missionary. The sea had become calmer, but we suffered much from the heat. At one o'clock on Monday we assembled in the Saloon to partake of an early dinner. I did not observe many signs of grief among our companions at the idea of our *speedy release*. The health of Captain Moresby and his officers was drunk with due honours, and the attention paid by them all to the comfort of the passengers was gratefully acknowledged. Captain Moresby has been several years in the East. He is an excellent draftsman. Our dinner was soon over,

and we hurried on deck. The Egyptian pilot, in a yellow turban and red sash, was standing on one of the paddle-boxes. Alexandria lies very low, and when approached by sea, can only be seen at a distance of eighteen miles. Whenever a steamer chances to arrive after dark, she always defers entering the harbour, which is very dangerous, until daybreak. We vainly tried to count the numerous windmills near the shore. The catacombs, as we saw them from the deck of our steamer, resembled huge molehills. As soon as we came to anchor, our dragoman went on shore to secure rooms at the Hotel de l'Europe, and we were left a full hour to amuse ourselves with watching the Arabs who crowded round the "Ripon" with their boats. Their brown skins and gay dresses were set off to advantage by the bright sunshine, and the deep blue of both sky and sea. At last Vincenzo returned with a boat, manned, as they generally are by Arab *fellaheen*. On the landing-place were camels laden with water-skins—fruit-stalls—Arab women seated on the ground, one of whom, of darker complexion than the rest, was pouring cold water from a tin can over her feet—low long-shaped carts with small wheels, drawn by two horses—and a countless number of donkeys ready saddled, waiting to be hired, and each attended by a gaily attired leader, almost invariably a young boy. Vincenzo having put us into an omnibus, open at the sides, set off with the luggage to the custom-house, and away we started, thoroughly disposed to relish this our first transit through the streets of an eastern city. The ten minutes drive to our hotel showed us processions of loaded camels, groups of turbaned individuals smoking their long pipes in the doorways, veiled Turkish and Egyptian women, soldiers and police (a lazy looking set), and here and there a European carriage driven by an Arab coachman. The idlers who thronged the entrance to the hotel differed but little from those thus encountered elsewhere, save in their picturesque costumes. Our apartments, uncarpeted, were spacious and lofty. In the Saloon were

broad well stuffed divans, large mirrors, and a handsome glass chandelier which hung from the ceiling. The beds were clean, and we found them very comfortable after the hard and narrow mattresses of the "Ripon." The "housemaid's work" was done by a goodnatured looking Arab.

Having taken possession of our quarters, we were introduced to Mr. Layard's friend, Mr. Ross, and then walked to the Damascus bazaar, where we saw some handsome silken stuffs, many of which were interwoven with gold. On our way we met a party of veiled slaves on *donkey back*, and bought some sweet-scented bouquets, each of which was tied round a piece of stick about six inches long, and the whole were stuck into a large cucumber, and thus carried by the men who sold them. The golden tint of the sky at sunset, to which darkness almost immediately succeeded, was very beautiful. Tired as we all felt after our long voyage, the extreme heat of the weather and the excitement of novelty, we in vain went to bed early—we could not sleep—the noise of dogs in the streets howling, carts rolling, and the call of the watch echoing from street to street, were incessant. We rose betimes the next morning, and rode to some clean and well-appointed baths not far from the hotel. We were mounted upon the pretty, active little donkeys, so well remembered by every traveller in Egypt. Their ordinary pace is a quick ambling walk. An avenue of date palms, then laden with fruit, leads to the bathing establishment. The baths which are covered and lined with gaily-coloured tiles, were filled by a man in Greek costume, who brought us an abundant supply of linen. On our return we found that our only companions at the breakfast table were the missionary party. They had lost the chief part of their luggage the day before, but fortunately had found it again after great trouble and anxiety. Our meal concluded, we started on donkeys once more, and rode out of the town along a broad esplanade, where were extensive barracks and officers' quarters, to a new summer palace of the Pacha situated on the Port.

Owing to an order previously obtained, not the slightest objection was made by the guard to admitting us. We walked up an avenue paved with large flag-stones, and bordered with date trees, the oleander with its lovely pink flowers, &c., and entered a circular hall of marble, the roof supported by columns. The staircase, corridors, and apartments are well proportioned, the decorations in admirable taste, and from the windows are charming views of the harbour and shipping. Every luxury which Europe and the East can produce is here combined, and yet the Pacha dares not inhabit this splendid palace, from dread of poison! In the afternoon we bade adieu to Mr. and Mrs. Klein, whom we promised to visit (D.V.) at Nazareth. They journeyed across the short desert from Cairo to El Arisch.

It was no small amusement to stand on a balcony, and watch the proceedings in the great square where this hotel and some others are situated. There are numbers of dogs, whose appearance confirms the assertion that the Arabs consider they are performing a religious duty by feeding them. Each dog has his own peculiar beat, and will not patiently allow intrusion. We had a third ride after taking leave of the Kleins, and passed a large convent on our way to the English Consulate. The latter is a handsome building, and adjoining it is a stiffly laid out garden, open to the public. While walking there we fancied we heard the humming of bees, but the sound was in reality produced by a water-wheel. We soon saw another to which earthen pitchers were attached, and which was turned by two donkeys. Of the far-famed obelisks called Cleopatra's Needles one is standing, the other prostrate, and half buried in the sand—the latter is destined for the British Museum. We had, as the Americans say, *done* a good day's work, and were hot, tired, and hungry, when we re-ascended the steep staircase of the Hotel de l'Europe. Mr. T. and Vincenzo were absorbed in preparations for our Nile voyage. A boat nearly new, the best and largest, had

been hired for two months, at £70 per month, and our Maltese cook was the most talented *Chef* in Alexandria. Vincenzo said we must prove the truth of all this by giving a grand dinner on board whenever we chanced to meet a "genteel party." V.'s brother (Salvo by name) accompanied us from Malta as his deputy. There was another Maltese too, called Antonio, the "ladies' valet." Our crew consisted of a Reis (Captain), second Reis, sixteen sailors, a cook for the crew, and a black boy attendant on the first Reis.

Wednesday, October 5th, we passed some remarkably fine buffaloes, as we rode along a broad avenue of acacias towards Pompey's pillar. How does the traveller of taste turn away in disgust from the names of our countrymen barbarously defacing this noble relic! Not far from hence, and nearer to the town, we dismounted, and walked through an Arab burying ground. The graves were simple, and generally oblong. Upon all of them grew a shrub of the aloe tribe, with straight prickly leaves. Some of the tombs were curiously and gaudily painted. Under a column beneath a plastered canopy, the roof composed merely of wooden rafters, are deposited the remains of a son of Mohammed Ali—Hossayn Pacha. Close to this monument is a fountain for the convenience of passers by, but how the water is supplied we could not satisfactorily understand. As we approached the city, our guide informed us that the Arabs were now celebrating their Christmas, and we soon found ourselves in the midst of a great fair. The stalls were supplied chiefly with fruit, vegetables, and fish: children were diverting themselves with swings and merry-go-rounds. The noisy urchins were seated in large wooden creels, and shouted with delight when they were put in motion. To our left were barracks, and near them some wretched mud hovels, which are constantly washed away by heavy rains. They are nearly all alike, and have each two small rooms. They are inhabited by soldiers' families. Women and children, wretchedly clad, were seated

on the ground, or loitering in front of their no less miserable abodes. It was a pitiable sight to behold.

Our guide next conducted us through the Arab quarter of the town, by far the most interesting part of Alexandria, to the Turkish and Jewish Bazaars. As we rode along we purchased a few of the trifles in daily use; such as the paper lanterns with their brown wax tapers, pincushions with two droll little glass bottles (for kohl and henna) stuck into them, purses, &c. The Turkish bazaar is covered in, and light is admitted through apertures between the rafters; the shops are open, and their owners lazily recline within them, smoking their pipes. The goods consist principally of woollen and silken stuffs, and slippers. The Jewish bazaar is not covered in. We purchased some Egyptian women's ornaments, such as are worn by the lower classes; among others, bunches of silk, beads, and cowrie shells—worn in the hair as a protection from the "Evil eye."

Of course we were located in what is called the Frankish quarter of Alexandria; the hotel is comfortable, and the table d' hôte good. For dessert we had bananas, fresh figs, and dates. The Belgian Ambassador's house is nearly opposite: when finished (for it is not yet completed) it will be a handsome building. Its architecture reminds one of Venice. The windows are pointed, and have Moorish ornaments. The arrival of an Indian mail was rather exciting; the passengers, among whom were several puny children, *looked* very sallow, and *were* very noisy. They came from Cairo to Alexandria in two steamers, one of which got aground, and was delayed fourteen hours after the other, much to Captain Moresby's dismay, for he was in haste to depart. Mr. Ross told us that the inundation of the Nile was higher this year than it had been heretofore, within the memory of man. In one respect this circumstance might be in our favour, as we should thereby be enabled to see above the banks. To the country at large, however,

the immediate consequences were deplorable, as whole villages had been destroyed.

Our next ride was to the Catacombs. We passed an Arab marriage procession; there were a few grotesque figures, and some discordant music. A gaily dressed little boy, about five years old, on horseback, was, at the same time, on his way to be circumcised. It is usual for Egyptian parents to parade their children through the streets on these occasions; and as a means of avoiding unnecessary expense, they willingly avail themselves of the occurrence of a bridal.* On our left were some extensive barracks, lately occupied by a large body of troops destined for Turkey.

The Catacombs are of immense extent, and still retain specimens of Doric entablatures and mouldings; some of them, close to the shore, and on a level with the sea, have obtained the name of Cleopatra's *baths*. Not very far from hence is a *kiosk* (summer palace) belonging to Said Pacha, son of Mohammed Ali: we were not admitted into the building, which is of very ordinary exterior, but were allowed to walk through the neatly laid out garden. Channels and little embankments, for the purpose of irrigation, border each parterre. Orange and lemon trees, the date palm, roses, geraniums—and beautiful jessamines, with blossoms much larger, but not so sweet-scented as those of our own country, here flourish luxuriantly. From the *kiosk* lead four avenues of acacias. In the course of our ride we saw several *sákiyehs* (water wheels), some standing idle, others turned by oxen. The tamarisk tree is very common.

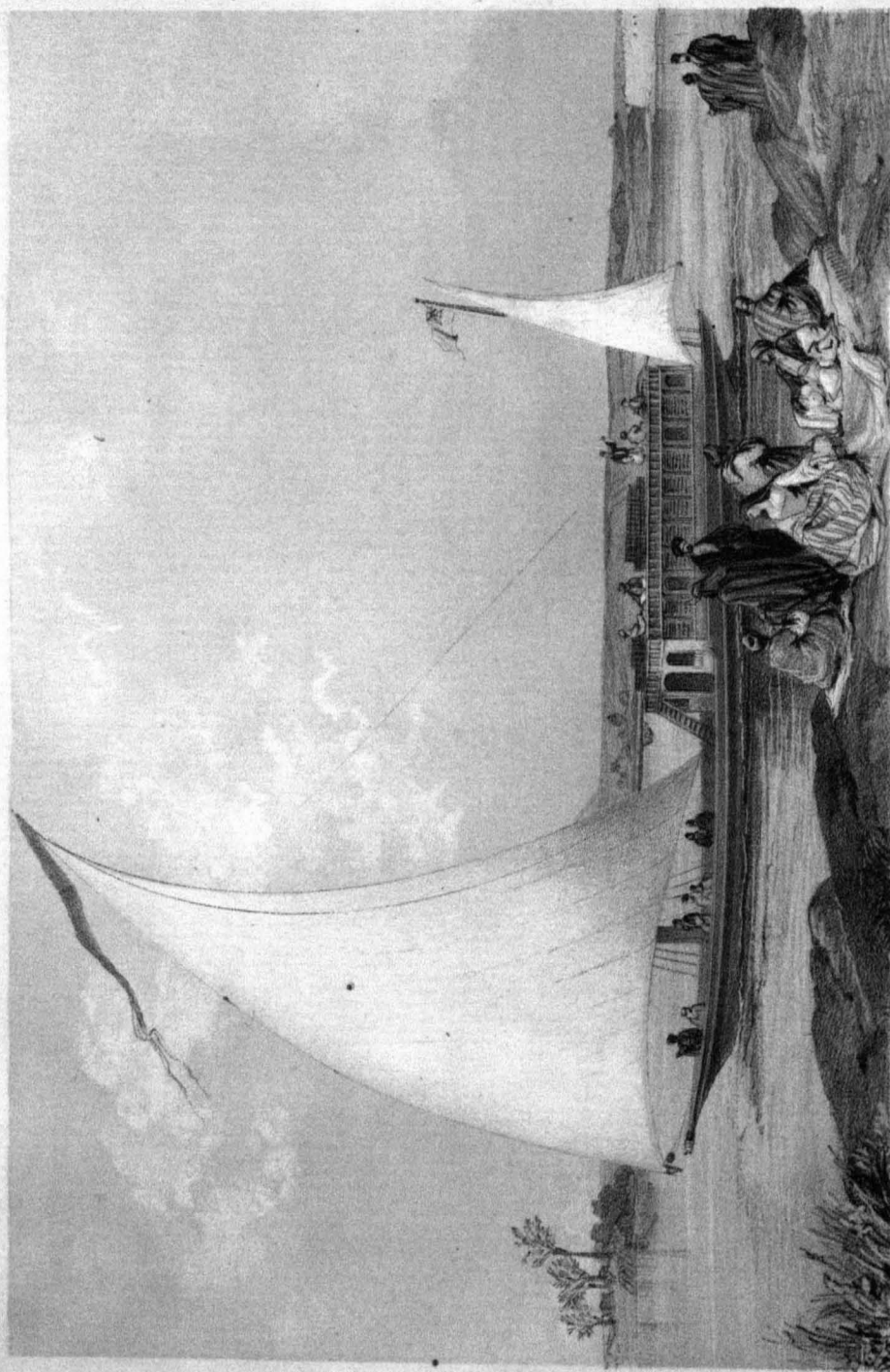
On Friday, October 7th, the heat during the early part of the day was so intense that we could not venture out until after three o'clock; when we set off on foot to make purchases for our voyage up the Nile. One must pay ruinous prices in Egypt for all European articles; indeed the cost of provisions, and everything else, has increased four-fold within the last few years; consequently an Eastern tour is now-a-days far more

* See Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, vol. 1, page 87.

expensive than formerly. Thanks however to the firm rule of Mohammed Ali, and his son Ibrahim Pacha, the traveller has been enabled of late years to pursue his way *unmolested*, if he will but observe common prudence. The streets of Alexandria are much cleaner than those of the generality of *Italian* towns.

Having finished our shopping, we rode to the Mahmoodéeh canal, about a mile and a half from the hotel, to see our Nile boat. We were quite satisfied with its appearance: it looked very comfortable. The saloon was painted white and gold, and was eleven feet square. There was a large mirror in a handsome gilt frame; there were brackets, hooks, and book shelves; cushioned divans, with lockers underneath them; a round table, chairs, two luxurious *fautcuils*, footstools, and an ample supply of fly brushes. There were curtains to the windows, which, like those of the sleeping cabins, were furnished with Venetian blinds and wooden shutters. Over the beds were hung mosquito curtains of snowy whiteness. There was a bath room, provided with a plunge, shower, and slipper bath. On deck were divans, mats, carpets, footstools, chairs, and an awning to keep off the sun. There were large store places, abundantly stocked with provisions; and a meat safe. The pantry showed a bright array of silver forks and spoons, tea and coffee pots, glasses, and crockery; and the compact little baby-house kitchen displayed its new and shining cooking utensils. In short, the perfect order and cleanliness manifest in all the arrangements, promised us every possible alleviation to the fatigues inseparable from such an undertaking as ours. Vincenzo was justly proud of the whole affair.

Considering how many donkeys there are in Egypt, we were surprised to hear that ten pounds is the cost of a really good one. The largest of these animals come from Nubia, and are chiefly employed for carrying goods. We greatly admired the flocks of goats, as they were driven along to be milked—with their long pendant ears. There are a few nice



Dry & Son Ltd. to the Queen

Drawn by John Brunner

country houses between Alexandria and the Mahmoodéeh canal, the two best are those of the English and Dutch consuls. We passed a handsome Greek Catholic Church, with an enclosure. There is likewise a large English Church not yet finished, within the city, the stone for which was brought from Malta, but unfortunately, will not stand the climate of Egypt, and must be painted over. No wonder the soldiers have a poverty-stricken and spiritless look, and that their families are destitute of every necessary of life. Their daily pay amounts to one penny-farthing; they are allowed one pound of bread per day, and two pounds of meat during the week! The military bands are execrable!

We felt no regret at leaving Alexandria. The sights are speedily exhausted; and after the excitement consequent upon one's first arrival in an eastern city (however little Alexandria may now claim to be thus considered) has passed away, one begins to find out that the dust, heat, and noise of its streets, make it anything but a desirable residence. Our rooms were grand and spacious, it is true, but they were without bells—a wise arrangement, considering there were no servants to answer them. The doors, with one or two exceptions, pretended to have locks and latches, but could only be kept shut by means of boxes and chairs; and the two French clocks in our saloon were evidently placed there for *ornament*.

We left the Hotel de l'Europe for our Dahabéeh ("Clothilde") about ten o'clock p.m. on Saturday, October 8th. All was ready for our reception. Two charming bouquets of flowers graced the round table in the saloon. We were soon under weigh; and although, from the experience of other travellers, we had been led to expect trouble with the Arab crew on starting, our departure was peaceable and in good order. We soon felt quite at home. Salvo and Antonio (the *valets*) under Vincenzo's direction, arranged the table for dinner; making all the time constant and vigorous use of the fly-brushes.

While our meal was preparing, we amused ourselves by watching the proceedings of our sailors; seven of whom seated themselves in a circle, sang, and clapped their hands; while an eighth man danced in the centre, and blew a wild sort of accompaniment through a red trumpet-shaped tube. One of the sitting Arabs beat with his hand upon a small earthenware drum (*darabukkeh*), the ends of which were covered with sheep skin. Judging from the frequent bursts of merriment, this performance must be very enjoyable. It was repeated many times during the first evening, and on several other occasions.

Our dinners were elegantly served in the Italian style. We had indeed greater variety than we needed. Our breakfasts also were most comfortable. We usually breakfasted between eight and nine, dined at three, and had tea at seven. Salvo and Antonio always worked hard with the fly-brushes while we sat at table, otherwise we should have swallowed more flies than anything else. If the servants paused for a moment to hand a plate, our enemies swarmed upon us and our food by *millions*. They do not sting, but they annoy one dreadfully by crawling into one's mouth, and into one's eyes. Ever and anon we succeeded in beating them out of the saloon, and then closing both windows and doors; preferring even suffocation to the unwelcome company of our persevering tormentors; but the instant the door opened, back they came in greater numbers than before. If we particularly wished to employ ourselves, our only chance was to sit upon our beds, and draw the musquito curtains closely all round.

During the first few days of our voyage the wind was in our favour, but there was very little of it; and our progress was rather slow, the men occasionally towing us. For many miles, the banks of the Mahmoodéeh canal are studded with substantial villas and farms, belonging to the citizens of Alexandria. We passed some immense dredging machines. The heat was dreadful, and we wearied ourselves

with gazing on the monotonous banks of either side. We occasionally glided past some ancient mounds; and saw an Arab burying-ground with tombs of clay. Of course our whole *establishment* were great smokers. The pipe of the common sailors is a rude description of Nárgeeleh, consisting of two tubes, the lower and thicker of which is fixed into a cocoa-nut. The first and second reis use the ordinary Turkish pipe. Vincenzo smokes his *cigar* in solemn dignity, while giving the necessary orders.

In the afternoon of Sunday, October 9th, we reached Atfeh, where the canal joins the Nile. Here a few sycamores and acacias flourish close to the water's edge. Atfeh itself is but a wretched village of mud huts—most of them round. We hurried over our dinner, and went on deck to watch the motion of our little vessel, as she passed through the locks into the river. We had been delayed a full hour, to comply with certain French custom-house regulations. The reis ran us aground for some minutes, in his efforts to avoid swamping a boat belonging to a small steamer. Once clear we began our voyage up the Nile in good earnest. We remained on deck, admiring the glorious sunset, richly colouring the sky, land, and water, with a reddish golden tinge; and watching the graceful *cangias* and *feluccas*, which looked at a distance like birds with their wings spread, as they glided or lay at anchor on the surface of the noble river. The view from the Nile up the Mahmoodéeh canal is very beautiful. Near Adfeh is a line of white houses, occupied by government officers. As darkness rapidly approached we were attracted by the lights of Fooah, whose pretty minarets rise on the opposite side—a short distance up the stream—to Adfeh. The current was very strong, but our fine fellows pulled their oars vigorously, and accompanied each stroke with their own peculiar chorus. These oars were remarkably large and heavy, and three men were required to each, one of whom only was seated. Our first reis, Regib-a-Bournabout, had an excellent expression of countenance,

which did not belie his character during the two months he was in our service. He was a *dandy* too, and had such a well stocked wardrobe that he seemed to have a different dress for every day in the week : some of his vests and *kufťáns* were really beautiful ; and had been given him by gentlemen with whom he had travelled, in token of approval. His turban of snowy white muslin was folded to perfection round his red *tarboosh*. The second reis was remarkably handsome, and his conduct also was very good. He would have made the fortune of an artist, for he was the *beau idéal* of an Egyptian Arab. His costume was carefully studied, and very becoming. He usually wore blue linen *libás* (drawers), a red cloth vest, richly embroidered with gold, a sash of crimson silk—and over all he threw a white *burnoos*. He had for some time been steersman on board a barge, kept for the use of Said Pacha's *hareem*, and never saw the ladies but once ! When they wished to go on shore, the boatmen were sent off to a distance ! All our Arabs behaved well, and were on every occasion ready to assist us when we came to difficult or dangerous places on shore. Great firmness and kindness united are the best means of ruling them. The common sailors receive three shillings per week as their pay. Their fare is simple ; their dinner being of coarse bread and cucumbers, or some other vegetable. They are extremely fond of dates when they can have them. "We remember the fish, which we did eat in Egypt freely ; the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlick."—Numbers xi. 5.

The sun rose in all his glory the following day upon a lovely scene. Scarcely a cloud was in the sky, the Nile was covered with boats and rafts, and many fine palms and sycamores grew on either bank, some of which reared their tall heads out of the river, so high was the inundation. The small towns with their minarets, and the mud villages, looked most picturesque as we approached them, but were sadly disappointing in reality. Their inhabitants seemed poor and wretched in the extreme, and the

children ran about quite naked. Their round huts have usually flat roofs, but are sometimes pointed at the top like a sugar loaf. We saw now and then a whole village built in this way, of mud or unburnt bricks.

On Wednesday, October 12th, the Pyramids were in sight. Wonderful and mysterious creations! They stood distinct in the desert before us. No other object was there to turn our attention from their clear outlines. We were not even in motion, for the wind had become directly contrary.

While we were at dinner, a large cargo boat coming close alongside of us, and some mutual offence being taken (from what cause it was impossible clearly to ascertain), a grand quarrel ensued—luckily of *words* only—between the two crews. The *hubbub* was terrific for ten minutes. Our Arabs stood prepared for fighting, if necessary. On the first alarm one of the men ran below and brought up a bundle of thick sticks, which were kept for the purpose of driving away wild dogs. His companions were speedily armed, and had it not been for Vincenzo, who rushed into the midst of them, and enforced his authority, they would have come to blows.

We awoke the next morning to the sound of a heavy shower of rain; but the wind had changed in our favour, and we were advancing rapidly towards Cairo. Said Pacha's elegant little steam yacht was cruising about. Antonio was once in his Highness's employ as a servant, and told us there was nothing to remark in him except his enormous size. We passed the new and beautiful bridge of *Barrage*, the object of which is to retain the water of the Nile, for the purpose of irrigating the land, after the inundation has subsided; and thus avoiding the great expense of water-wheels. This gigantic work—although begun fifteen years ago by a French engineer, M. Linant, who was also its projector*—is not

yet completed. As we approached the capital, the scenery became more and more interesting. The palace of Shoobra was pointed out to us on our left. At noon we came to anchor at Boulák, the port of Cairo, and immediately despatched Antonio to secure donkeys. He soon returned with the number required, and we were thereby enabled to mount them without being torn in pieces by rival competitors. We ladies found ourselves ill at ease on the Arab saddles just at first; but speedily learnt to think them as comfortable as any others, though not so safe—according to *our* mode of riding—as they are for Egyptian women, who sit astride upon them. We passed quickly through some narrow streets; up the broad road that leads from Boulák direct to Cairo; and entered the city, by the Uzbekééh gate, into the immense square of that name, which contains about 150,000 square feet. It is laid out partly as a garden, partly in fields; and trees are planted along the banks of the canal which surrounds it: a road runs through the centre. We were shown on our left the house in which Kleber was murdered. On one side of the Uzbekééh is the Copt quarter; on another that of the Franks, where the best hotels are situated. Grand Cairo, though bereft of her ancient grandeur, is still, even in her decay, a noble city. Many were the objects of interest that attracted our gaze as we proceeded. We met a group of ladies walking, or rather *shuffling* along. They were attired in rose coloured *tóbs* (gowns), with gold-embroidered girdles. Except the eyes, they entirely concealed their faces with their *burkos* (veils), which were made of single stripes of white muslin, reaching nearly to their feet. Over all they wore the black silk *habarah* (a kind of cloak). Lane remarks* that the veil is of very remote antiquity; but that judging from the sculpture and paintings of the ancient Egyptians, it was not adopted in early times by the females of that country. “For she *had* said unto the servant, What

* See Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, vol. 1, page 76.

man is this that walketh in the field to meet us? and the servant *had* said, It is my master: therefore she took a vail and covered herself."—Genesis xxiv. 65.

The most common dress of the lower orders of women consists merely of a blue linen shirt, and an upper garment of blue linen or muslin, thrown over the head and shoulders—a portion of which is often made to supply the place of the usual black crape veil, by being stretched across the face. They are very fond of ornaments, however trumpery, and adorn their persons with a profusion of rings, bracelets, necklaces, earrings, &c. Some of them stain their lips blue, which has a very unpleasing effect; and among all classes, the custom prevails of blackening the eyelids round their edges, both above and below the eyes, which are almost always beautiful, with *kohl*—a powder made in various ways, and applied with a moistened probe of wood, ivory, or silver. This was a very ancient practice with the Egyptians, as well as among other nations. They likewise frequently stain the nails and other parts of their hands and feet with the leaves of the henna tree, which impart a deep *orange red* colour. The henna is prepared for use by being made into a powder, and mixed to a paste with water. Some ladies put on a second paste immediately after the first has been removed, composed of linseed oil, quick lime, and common smoke black; and thus change the *orange red* hue into one of black or deep olive.* A great many of the peasant women of Egypt are tattooed upon their faces, limbs, and bosoms. Some men too make these marks upon their arms. The dress of men of the higher and middle classes generally consists of a linen or cotton *libás* (drawers), a *kamees* (shirt—How like the word chemise!), a *kuftán* (long vest)—round which is wound a shawl or girdle—and a *gibbeh* (outer robe of coloured cloth). Their shoes are of red morocco, pointed and turned up at the toes. A *tákeeyeh* (closely fitting cap of white cotton), over which is worn the red

* See Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, vol. 1, pages 61–67.

tarboosh—with a long piece of white muslin twisted round the head, to form a turban—completes their costume. Men of the poorest class usually wear a long and full shirt of blue linen or cotton, or of brown woollen stuff, with wide sleeves, and open nearly to the waist. Those who can afford a turban, wind a piece of coarse cotton or muslin round a *tarboosh*, under which is a white cap, or a *libdeh* (cap of brown felt); but a great many are too poor to have a turban, and wear the latter only. In cold weather they often envelop themselves in a coarse, 'abáyeh, generally striped brown and white. All ranks of Muslims wear a seal ring on the little finger of the right hand. They are generally of *silver*—because the prophet disapproved of gold—with a stone set in them, upon which the wearer's name (and frequently a few words from the *kur-án*) is engraved. The impression of the seal ring is considered more valid than the sign manual. A little ink is dabbed upon it with one of the fingers, and it is pressed upon the paper—the person who uses it having first touched his tongue with another finger, and moistened the place on the paper which is to be stamped.* This is the *signet of Scripture*.

The modern Egyptians, of whom the Arab population is by far the most numerous, are a handsome, well-proportioned race; but the expression of their countenances is remarkably unprepossessing. Their clear brown complexions become gradually darker towards Nubia. The young children are dirty and neglected; they have shrivelled limbs and swollen bodies; it is strange they should improve so much in mature age. Infants are generally carried by their mothers and nurses seated astride on one shoulder.—“And they shall bring thy sons in *their* arms, and thy daughters shall be carried upon *their* shoulders.”—Isaiah xlix. 22. The group of ladies whom we met as we entered the city has caused me to make a long digression.

* See Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, vol. 1, page 56.

We were obliged to lay in a supply of soft boots and shoes of *colossal* dimensions—(for alas! we had already begun to feel the *plague of boils*!)—at the shop of a Maltese, which was pretty well stocked with European goods at very extravagant prices. We purchased here, among other things, English side-saddles. From thence we went to the Turkish bazaar. Each trade has its own street, wherein the workers ply their craft. We could hardly bear the heat, and pressure of the crowds who thronged them; and we shuddered at what *might* be the consequences of such close contact with their filthy persons. It is extraordinary how seldom *accidents* occur, for the stranger passes along in *terror*! These bazaars are for the most part covered in, to exclude the burning rays of an Egyptian sun. No where are so many blind beggars to be seen as in this country: our pity was excited on all sides by dreadful cases of ophthalmia. There were, however, a few pictures more agreeable to our feelings, as we threaded these intricate and narrow passages, and the quaint old streets of Cairo. We saw many gay and varied costumes—flocks of curly-haired goats—long tailed brown sheep—dogs—camels—water carriers with large jars upon their shoulders, out of which they pour water for the passers by into small tin cups—houses with latticed windows in the true oriental style; and men watering the streets from pig-skins slung across their backs.

We returned to the “Clothilde” to dinner, much overpowered by the excessive heat of the weather. A *khamisin* wind, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, blew during the evening, and covered every thing on board with dust and sand. We should have relished some good English cream with our tea; for buffalo’s milk (and we often were without even that) was a very unwelcome substitute.

The quay of Boulák was covered with merchandize. There is a custom-house here, where duties on exports and imports to and from Alexandria are levied. The town formerly stood on an island, and attained the

advantages of a port when the channel which divided it from the main land was filled up.*

If "a bird in the hand, &c.," is an approved proverb *at home*, it is still more applicable to the traveller; who, by neglecting its wise precept, may repent his laziness when too late. We were—if all went on well—to return to Cairo in December, for ten days at least, to prepare for our Desert journey; but who could foresee the events of two whole months? Accordingly, no time was lost after breakfast in mounting donkeys; and away we rode through some of the curious streets of *Boulák*; passed a very ancient mosque, built of stone—painted in red and white stripes; and likewise the palace (a large unsightly building) of the late Ismail Pacha, youngest son of Mohammed Ali; who was assassinated about thirty years ago, in the province of Shendy, by the Ethiopians, in revenge for his brutal conduct to their chief, Melek Nimr. We came out of Boulák upon the Shoobra road, and made the best of our way to Cairo, with the post-office and British consulate for our two first objects. At the latter, we were shown along a narrow passage into an open court-yard, surrounded by balconies, and up a stone staircase into the apartments above. The streets in this neighbourhood are infinitely narrower than any of those we had so greatly admired the day before. In many of them, the projecting upper stories and latticed windows of the houses nearly meet; sometimes they even intersect each other. We met parts of two funeral processions; women were wailing; and some men were chaunting and carrying banners. Then came one of those processions that take place previous to a marriage: several large baskets on the backs of donkeys, contained presents for the bride, and likewise her trousseau. We next saw a party of Copts; that race which, although claiming descent from the ancient inhabitants of their country, now forms a very small proportion to the rest of the Egyptian

* Murray's Hand Book for Egypt.

nation. The greater number reside in upper Egypt, where some villages are entirely peopled by them. Their dress is the same as that of the Muslims; except in the towns, where they may usually be distinguished by a blue, black, or brown turban, in preference to a white or red one. They are of the sect called "*yaakookees*" (Jacobites), and cordially detest all other forms of christianity, preferring even the religion of Mohammed. Their head, who represents St. Mark, is styled the Patriarch of Alexandria. He is said to have considerable wealth at his disposal. Confession and fasting are required from members of the Coptic church, which has likewise its public festivals. Their domestic habits are in most respects similar to those of their Muslim neighbours; nor are they now so degraded as they were for centuries before the accession of Mohammed Ali. A little further, we were attracted by a group of *Shereefs* (descendants of the Prophet), wearing green turbans, their *distinguishing badge*.

The Egyptian women are remarkable for their upright carriage—particularly those of the lower orders, who so constantly walk about with large earthen jars or other heavy burdens upon their heads. It is wonderful to see people of both sexes carrying enormous trays in this manner, piled with flat loaves of bread—generally of a coarse kind—and safely treading their way through crowds of pedestrians, loaded camels, donkeys, &c. Such bread as this was doubtless eaten in Joseph's time. At every step some well remembered text of Scripture forces itself in all its truth upon the memory. Eastern customs have undergone but little change since that sacred book was written. The *potter's wheel* is at work in the street; its owner still has "power over the clay."—Rom. ix. part of v. 21.

The exterior of the mosque of Mohammed Ali is yet unfinished. It is erected near the citadel; and save the outer wall, is built entirely of oriental alabaster; consisting of an open court, with a fountain in the centre, where the *faithful* perform their ablutions before they presume

to enter the place of prayer. The court is surrounded by a single row of columns, supporting round arches. Service was going on (this being Friday, was the Mohammedan Sabbath), and we were not admitted until it was over. Before crossing the threshold we were required to take off our boots. An *Imaum* clothed in red was seated just within the doorway. The interior of this mosque is splendid, and of noble proportions. On the right is the tomb of the late Pacha, covered with black velvet richly embroidered with gold, and protected by a high wooden railing. The pulpit of carved wood is richly painted and gilded; and the windows of coloured glass admit a softened light, which sets off the lofty columns supporting the dome to great advantage. The *mehráb* (that portion of the building in the direction of Mecca) is of white marble, with revolving pillars; on each side are huge bronze candlesticks, and the floor is covered with the richest Turkey carpets. The guide informed us that a fine prospect might be obtained by ascending a dark and steep staircase, but we were too lazy to make such an exertion. This mosque is brilliantly lighted up every evening by means of a superb glass chandelier and numerous lanterns suspended from above.

The platform immediately outside the citadel commands a magnificent view of Cairo, the valley of the Nile, and the pyramids. From hence we were shown the spot, a little to the north of the Roomáylee gate, where Emin Bey escaped during the famous massacre of the Memlooks. Within the walls of the citadel is the Pacha's palace; and a well, hewn out of the rock, which bears the name of *Beer Yoosef*, (Joseph's Well), in honour of the Caliph Yoosef el Saláh-e'-deer, the *Saladin* of the crusades, and founder of the Eiyoobite dynasty in Egypt. It is supposed that the ancient Egyptians were the authors of this stupendous undertaking, which in the course of ages became filled up with sand; and that it was rediscovered and excavated by Yoosef Saláh-e'-deen. Having procured a guide and candles, we descended for some distance the winding staircase that leads

to the bottom—a depth of 260 feet—where mules turn a wheel which raises the water into a cistern, from whence it is conveyed above by means of another water wheel of prodigious size, worked by oxen. Saláh-e'-deen likewise founded the aqueduct which at the present day supplies Cairo with water from the Nile. Originally of wood only, it was handsomely re-erected of stone by Sultan El Ghorée, in the year 1518.

Emerging from the gloom and damp of *Beer Yooscf* to the heat and glare of a midday sun, we remounted our donkeys, and rode to the mosque of Jama-t-e'-Solán Hassan, unquestionably the finest in Cairo. Its porch is lofty and beautifully ornamented; and its spacious court, in the centre of which is a fountain, is surrounded by Saraccenic arches. Here, instead of taking off our boots, we were required to put on over them slippers of the rudest form, made of plaited palm leaves. Many legends are said to be connected with this mosque. The interior affords specimens of rich and curious carving, and conveys an idea of solemn grandeur suited to the period of its erection. The tomb, whereon is laid a copy of the Kur-án, bears the date 764 of the Hegira (A.D. 1363), two years subsequent to Sultan Hassan's death. From the side walls are suspended two rows of Syrian glass vases. The dome is of wood and plaister, on a basement and walls of stone. The ornamental details are also of wood and plaister. Like several other edifices in Cairo, this mosque was built of blocks brought from the Pyramids. Close by, is the Soog-e'-Sullah (arms market), kept by Turks from Constantinople. We rode through this and several of the other bazaars.

How truly do pipes and coffee form the staple comforts of Oriental life! In fact, nothing can be done without them. The numerous coffee houses are open to the street, and are furnished with a raised stone seat and a table. All day long individuals hasten through the crowded bazaars, carrying trays of full coffee cups to the shopkeepers and others who cannot conveniently leave their respective employments.

Our guide pointed out to us the Square where Muslim culprits are beheaded. The blood of the *faithful* must not mingle, even in crime, with that of the unbeliever! Christian malefactors are hung in another place set apart for the purpose. We met a party of male slaves, fastened two and two together. By five o'clock we were seated on the deck of our Dahabéeh, and once more gliding gently up the Nile, under a favourable breeze. We had much to occupy our thoughts regarding the many objects of interest we had so lately seen.

The evening was delightfully cool, and we remained in conversation until a late hour; the white buildings on each bank being alone discernible through the surrounding darkness. We passed Old Cairo, where are some large store and government houses; and the island of Rhoda. The wind continued in our favour all the next day; but, contending against a strong current, caused a most unpleasant rolling of our little vessel. It was *consoling* to be told that the same thing would probably occur pretty often in the course of our voyage up the river! The usual monotony of the scene was broken from time to time by a glimpse of some of the smaller pyramids, a few mud villages, rocks, mounds, ruins, groves of palm trees, and—late in the afternoon—the quarry whence the alabaster was procured for erecting Mohammed Ali's mosque.

Our crew performed their devotions five times a day, as enjoined by their religion. Turning in the direction of Mecca, they repeated their *salahs* (prayers) with great seeming earnestness and devotion, prostrating themselves and bowing their heads at frequent intervals. Poor fellows! how hard they worked when exertion was really necessary! and what a noisy, light hearted set of beings they were; sometimes keeping us awake the whole night with their songs and laughter! At Cairo our stock of musical instruments received considerable addition in the shape of fifes, small cymbals, and a tambourine. The heat was at this time too overpowering for any enjoyment on our part, and was almost as intolerable

by night as by day. The wind varied continually, and whenever it favoured our progress we did not fail to take advantage of it. Near Beni-Souef we passed some fields of Indian corn. This place—the capital of a province, and residence of a governor—is a station for two regiments of cavalry. The troops were mounted on small Arabian horses, purchased from the Bedouins; and were drawn up on the bank, close to their barracks, at the moment of our arrival. One of the officers paid us a visit in the course of the day. He spoke French pretty well; and talked to us, according to Muslim notions, of the former state of Egypt. After dinner we went on shore, accompanied by Antonio and two of our sailors; and walked through the town, followed, I imagine, by the entire population, to whom we evidently afforded great amusement. There was the usual proportion of blind beggars with their boy leaders, and neglected naked children. One of the women wore a nose ring. Luckily, we were no less desirous to avoid touching these dirty people than *they* were anxious to keep aloof from *us*, for they carefully gathered up their garments as we approached. Considering the general aspect of Beni-Souef, the bazaar was better supplied than one would expect. On each side of the narrow unpaved streets are lofty walls of mud. The dark wretched looking houses are entered by low doorways; and small apertures, instead of windows, are pierced high above the ground. In many instances pottery is introduced into the buildings as part of their construction; and a row of earthen jars for pigeons, each jar containing two birds, is ranged along the top of the walls. The largest coffee house serves also as a court of justice. Silk and cotton were at one time manufactured here; but at present the inhabitants are chiefly labourers, terribly ground down by the Pacha, who monopolizes three fourths of the soil's produce.

As we again passed the barracks the soldiers were going through their exercises *on foot*. We met camels, doukeys, and some very fine buffaloes.

After sunset the lieutenant of cavalry—Osman Effendi by name—honoured us with a second visit; and came accompanied by a friend, a Memlook. The Reis, who had relations living at Beni-Souef, gladly made the excuse of a damaged sail, and persuaded us to remain where we were until the morning. The crew took advantage of the leisure thus afforded them by most thoroughly enjoying their music and dancing. Their wild songs were accompanied by the tambourine, cymbals, drums, and fifes; one man meanwhile brandishing a long pole and twisting his flexible body, like a monkey, into every variety of attitude; while another darted in and out like a madman, stood upon his head, then sat down for a minute to take breath, and began again! It was a pleasure to see them so happy. With few sources of comfort in their now degraded state, they keenly relish those enjoyments which a kind Providence has spared them. The effect of this strange performance was considerably increased by a bright moon, and the light from the lantern in front of our cabin. A guard of six Bedouin Arabs sat upon the edge of the Dahabéeh all night. For this service they were paid one shilling each. One of the sailors had a *coup de soleil*, the day before, and was seriously ill.

Muslims have no faith in medical aid; they maintain that as God *sent* the affliction so He alone can *remove* it: and yet, with strange inconsistency, they have a great respect for those whom they believe understand the treatment of disease, and willingly take any remedies offered to them. We rose at sunrise (and a beautiful sunrise it was), and hurried on shore to keep an appointment with our new friend, Osman Effendi; who had kindly offered to show us the barracks, and take us to the drill ground. How slovenly and uncomfortable did the interior of those barracks appear in our eyes, when we remembered the order and cleanliness of a *British* soldier's quarters! The Arabian horses looked well fed and carefully groomed, and their stables were spacious and airy. A walk of about a quarter of a mile across a sandy plain led us to the place where the

cavalry were exercising. Little attention was paid to keeping straight lines in the manœuvres, and the dress of the men was very untidy; they wore white neckcloths, and shoes without straps. The Colonel in command immediately came forward and addressed us in French, the knowledge of which Abbas Pacha took great pains to spread throughout his army. Near the barracks is the residence of the *Chef d' escadron*, and also the Governor's palace: the latter stands in the midst of a plantation, surrounded by a wall. The "Clothilde" sailed the instant we came on board: we were glad to move away, for the dust and hornets were extremely annoying. Our progress was wonderfully rapid, past chalky cliffs, mounds, and—on the eastern bank—a Saint's tomb built of mud. We anchored for the night near a village, prettily situated in a grove of palm trees. There were pigeons in abundance; and a large flock of sheep and goats gave animation to the foreground. Not far from this village we descried the Coptic convent of Sittéh Mariam el Adra (Our Lady Mary the Virgin), hence called Dayr el Adra, and by some Dayr el Bukkar (of the Valley). It stands on the summit of the Gebel e' 'Tayr (mountain of the bird). Here ends the district of Beni-Souef. The scenery now became more interesting; the hills and rocks considerably increased in elevation, and villages, cultivated fields, and plantations, were no longer of rare occurrence. At Minych, which place is famous for its fine fruit and vegetables, we remained three or four hours. Our Reis would fain have halted until the next day, on the plea of laying in a stock of bread for the sailors; but travellers with whom time is an object, must be cautious how they listen to such excuses when there is a fair wind.

We passed no town on the Nile that could boast such neat and well built houses as those of Minyeh. We even saw outside shutters and glass windows! A Sheikh's grave, with its whitewashed dome overshadowed by a tall sycamore tree, is a very picturesque object from the river (which has

a slight bend here). Few Egyptian towns or villages, however insignificant, are without the tomb of some Sheikh, or Patron Saint, which is held in great sanctity by the inhabitants. There is a manufactory of rum, and another of silk and cotton stuffs at Minyeh; the latter was established by Mohammed Ali. We saw some Greeks walking about—one solitary Frank—and a native of Corfù. Each dwelling is furnished with a pigeon house upon its roof; but even these show architectural taste, and are adorned with miniature domes and pagodas!

The banks of the Nile displayed the ordinary routine of rustic life in Egypt. Women were washing cloths in the muddy stream. There were children, buffaloes, and dogs; men were riding on donkeys—walking—or sitting cross-legged, smoking their long pipes, and telling stories.

Nearly opposite, and on the eastern bank of the river, are extensive plantations of sugar cane—the catacombs of Kom-Abmar—and close to these—the modern cemetery of Minyeh. Three times a year do the people of that town go thither on a visit of solemn ceremony. It was customary with the ancient Egyptians to ferry dead bodies across the Nile, and the well known fable of Charon and the Styx was doubtless thence derived. As the day wore on we passed bold sandstone rocks with bright green fields of rising crops at their base, interspersed with fine clumps of *sont* (a species of acacia) and date trees. At Sooádee is a rum distillery belonging to the Pacha; and near it are some mounds, and old limestone quarries. We anchored at a village called Carm-Abou-Omar; and on the following morning passed Beni-Hassan; contenting ourselves for the present with a distant glance at its celebrated catacombs, hewn out of the rocks on the side of hills that rise high above the river. There was more than one village formerly at Beni-Hassan; but the people became such notorious thieves, that Ibrahim Pacha burnt their habitations to the ground.

Early in the afternoon of Wednesday, October 19th, we anchored off Shekh Abádeh, the ancient *Antinoë*; built by the Emperor Hadrian, in

memory of his favourite Antinous; who was drowned here, close (as many writers suppose) to Beza, once so famous for its oracle. We went on shore, and in ten minutes came to a large collection of sandy mounds, and heaps of stone fragments, bricks, and broken pottery. Parts of fallen columns were lying about in all directions. The inhabitants closely followed us, in hopes of gaining a few paras by the sale of old coins, lamps, and little idols; and by picking up bits of marble, glass, and fossils. They showed us the remains of an ancient bath, the outside wall of which is built of baked bricks, with an extraordinary quantity of cement between them. We would gladly have prolonged our ramble, for many vestiges of former magnificence were yet to be seen; *in spite of the Turks*, who in 1822 caused every calcareous block they could find to be burnt for lime, and carried off other valuable relics for the erection of a bridge at Reramóon. A similar fate has befallen nearly all the limestone monuments of Egypt.

Darkness came quickly upon us, for the sun had set: moreover, this was reported to be a *bad neighbourhood*; and we were surrounded by noisy groups of men, women, and children, whose demeanour and countenances inspired us with anything but confidence. Preceded by two of our sailors, armed with thick sticks, and Antonio with a brace of pistols bringing up the rear, we walked steadily on towards the landing place; and when safely on board our little vessel, had ample leisure to gaze upon the placid waters of the Nile, and admire a pretty *cangia* that lay at anchor near us.

This locality was once famous for the fertility of its soil, and with proper culture would probably be so still. We noticed a Pharaoh's fig tree of enormous size: it measured thirty-three feet in circumference. Some writers maintain that the magicians for whom Pharaoh sent, resided here. On the opposite bank of the river, which winds considerably at this part of its course, are the remains of an ancient town. We continued to

suffer dreadfully from the heat; and as there was scarcely any wind, our poor Arabs were constantly employed in the slow and toilsome process of tracking; accompanying their labour by an unceasing and monotonous chaunt. The plague of flies and hornets had increased to an insupportable degree. When *they* retired to rest, out came the sand flies, covering a cup of tea, a glass of lemonade, or whatever might be upon the table, as though a nutmeg had been grated into it! Near Abou Saide, where are curious grottoes cut in the rocks, we observed some rich crops of Indian corn. The scenery gradually increased in beauty and grandeur as we advanced. Large quarries, perforated tombs, lofty stratified cliffs with boldly marked outlines and natural caverns—in olden times the abode of ascetics, and where Athanasius also is said to have sought shelter—jutting headlands, the noble stream with its busy craft—over all these the glorious tints of an Eastern sunrise and sunset, of which in our colder clime we have no conception—and last of all our first sight of a crocodile (at least we were positively assured by Vincenzo, that a long black object which lay motionless upon a sand bank *was* a crocodile), filled our minds with delight and wonder. We were excited too by hearing that the navigation had become more difficult, and that in order to keep clear of certain rocks and shoals, the pilot must keep a vigilant look out! Suddenly one of those squalls or khamsin winds came on, by which so many Nile boats are capsized, and obliged us very reluctantly to retire below. The storm continued with more or less violence during the night, and was accompanied at intervals by broad flashes of sheet lightning. We anchored until day break near Aboufayda. A guard of twenty Arabs kept watch for us, sitting in a circle round a blazing fire with their pipes, and enlivening their vigils by relating strange and daring adventures.*

* The day had been intensely close and sultry—not a breath of air to ruffle the surface of the sluggish stream—suddenly the clouds became black and lowering all round—the

On Friday, October 21st, we passed Manfalout; which stands rather high above the river on the western bank. Here, according to the assertions of modern Egyptians, was Lot's place of exile. The current has carried away large portions of earth, and indeed great part of the town itself. In the opposite mountains are to be found the celebrated crocodile mummy cases, but it is difficult and dangerous to explore them.

lightning was continuous and vivid. Flash succeeded flash in solemn grandeur from three quarters of the Heavens. From the anxious manner and appearance of the Reis it was evident that something was about to happen—either a violent thunder storm, or heavy rain, or a gale of wind. The loud and incessant talking—the bustling of the sailors running to and fro in no small degree of agitation, with anxiety depicted on the countenances of each—confirmed our apprehensions—suddenly our fears were verified—a violent squall lay our Dahabéeh on her *beam ends*—in an instant the sails were loosed and *trailed up*—the mast trembling from stem to stern from the violence with which the flaunting canvas beat against the masts and yards, as if terrified at what was likely now to happen—in an instant the Reis tore off his *'abáye*h and his snowy white turban, threw them on the deck, and with the rapidity of lightning—regardless of all danger—ran up the shrouds, and out to the very extreme end of the long taper yard to furl the sail—every one of the sailors, excepting the second Reis who remained at his post at the helm, followed him up the rigging, and with the agility of monkeys scrambled out on the yard, singing a merry chaunt—with their hands and feet they gathered in the weighty sails, which in an incredibly short space of time were stowed away, and every thing made secure for the storm—our gallant vessel, no longer under the pressure of the heavy sails—*righted*—and all was safe except a few cups and glasses which had broken adrift when she was thrown on her side.

The Nile, which before was smooth and still, had become agitated and foaming—our brave Nile boat, buoyant as a cork, plunged head foremost into the foaming waves, which threatened to swallow her up at the instant—in another moment she rose to the surface of the troubled waters, and swiftly wended her way through the storm—fortunately the wind was favourable—our bark scudded before the breeze—as she flew rapidly along with the gale the wind whistled and howled through the rigging as if in mockery of our helpless condition—in the darkness around us we could faintly see two large *cangias* close astern, heavily laden, bound in the same track as ourselves. In the noise of the storm we could hear the loud voice of our Reis desiring them to keep clear of us—their Arab sailors, from

Beyond Manfalout, the eastern and western banks approach each other more nearly, and are clothed with fine plantations of bright verdure and beautiful growth, among which the most conspicuous are palm and sont trees. In the afternoon we reached the village of El Hamra, the port of Siout, where we remained twenty-four hours, not only for the sake of seeing many objects of interest with which the latter place abounds, but to lay in a fresh stock of provisions, and have our clothes washed *brown* and returned to us *unironed*! The laundress who came to receive our orders was in extacies when she saw her coarse uncomely person reflected in the large mirror of our saloon, and her gesticulations

fear or a desire to take care of themselves, paid no attention to his hailing. Onward they sped; and being larger and heavier than our vessel, threatened every moment to run us down, which they inevitably *must* have done had not our Reis altered his course to allow them to pass clear of us—our sailors shouting and crying out to the heavy sailing *cangias* to steer away, made a fearful noise, which sounded the more when for a moment the storm lulled as if to acquire renewed strength—and only to recommence with redoubled violence. For a while we continued our course unable to distinguish any object on either bank of the river—the Reis now took his stand at the prow of his vessel to direct the helmsman how to steer, and never left it until our Dahabéeh was safely run aground on the mud at the left bank of the river, there to remain until the storm had abated, the dark clouds which hung around had disappeared, and the moon's clear light should show us precisely where we were. In two or three hours the storm began to be less violent, and by midnight it was calm—the waters rapidly became as tranquil and smooth as they had a few hours previously been restless and angry. A gentle cooling breeze of wind followed; and after mooring the vessel to the bank for the night, and setting a watch of twenty Arabs, who had come down from the neighbouring villages to render us any assistance we might stand in need of—or to enrich themselves by any accident which might have befallen us—our well behaved sailors sat down on the deck to sing their native melody to the accompaniment of music, smoked their *nargeeleh*, and drank the coffee given them by Vincenzo after their exertions—when one by one, wearied by the labours of the day, robed in his thick *'abáye*, stretched himself on the deck and sank into a refreshing sleep, as if nothing exciting had occurred during the day.—Note by Mr. T. Tobin.