were truly ludicrous. When dinner was over we mounted the active little donkeys selected for us by Antonio, and rode to Siout. The soil appeared remarkably rich and fruitful; and the trees, of unusual variety, were all graceful and ornamental of their kind. There were sont and the common acacia trees—the doum and other palms—and more numerous than the rest, fine specimens of what are called "Pharaoh's fig trees." We passed through a long avenue of the latter, loaded with ripe fruit—like a small insipid brown pear—which grows in clusters, close to the stem. In the distance on our right, the declining sun shed his golden beams over the rocky range, perforated with grottoes, that rises above the valley. In the foreground were groves of palm trees; and all these objects—sky, sunbeams, rocks, and groves—reflected on the calm bosom of the Nile—completed a picture worthy of Paradise!

Before entering the town we crossed a bridge, on either side of which the view is of surpassing loveliness. Near this bridge stands a large oval tomb. The gate of Siout was thronged both within and without by picturesque groups of camels, donkeys, soldiers on guard, turbaned figures sitting cross-legged smoking, &c.—all seen to infinite advantage as the rays of approaching sunset fell upon them. Near this gate is a Square surrounded by trees, where are the courts of justice and public offices. We rode through some narrow streets into the bazaar; and although most of the shops were closed for the evening, it was still crowded with people. Siout is a place of considerable size, and contains several handsome mosques and minarets. We heard the not unpleasing sound of the *muezzin* to announce the hour of prayer. There are also many substantial dwelling houses; and over the doorways of some of them may be seen, as at Cairo, arabesque patterns in black and white marble. The public gibbet is erected near the river, on a large open space, but no criminal has been executed at Siout for the last four years.

Arrived in front of a low and well secured portal, where stood about half a dozen armed soldiers, we halted: this was the Gaol of Siout. Passing through a court yard, the soldiers pursuing us with cries for "backsheesh"—that word which the traveller in Egypt so quickly comprehends, and which he is certainly never allowed to forget—a second portal was unbarred, and what a scene presented itself! In one large room with lofty walls, and—although open to the sky, the stench and heat of which almost overpowered us—were incarcerated—some for their lives—hundreds of our fellow creatures! A few were standing and unfettered, but they bore a small proportion to the rest. At the further extremity of this hall were long rows of malefactors—their necks chained together—their hands in wooden manacles—their feet left free! They were seated on mats upon the ground. I stood for some minutes speechless with horror, afraid to raise my eyes upon such degraded misery; and when at last I *did* look up, I was even more shocked than before to observe the ferocious and hardened aspect of these wretched beings, and the air of careless curiosity with which they regarded us! Surely a system like this must in a very short time destroy both life and intellect. One man was actually dying, and rested his head upon another's shoulder! May the hearts of those in power take pity upon Egypt's criminals, and with other praiseworthy improvements, reform her *prisons!* Were the government of this country less oppressive—were there higher incentives to industry and good conduct—were education more widely diffused among the lower classes of society—the number of inmates of these dens of filth and infamy would be reduced tenfold. The turnkey who accompanied us made free use of a *courbash* to keep these unfortunates in order.

Our next visit was to the Roman Catholic monastery. Two gentlemanly and intelligent Italian monks of the Franciscan order reside here, sent as Missionaries from the Papal See. They received us very kindly in an apartment whose only luxury was a broad and soft divan; and without

complaining of their banishment, looked forward with natural feelings of pleasure to the probability of their return to Rome. One of them has lived at Siout for six and the other for ten years. They did not share in our pity for the unhappy prisoners, assuring us that they were "Cattivissimi," and richly deserved their fate. These monks wore the Egyptian costume; their turbans were crimson, with the white cotton *tákeeyeh* underneath. They gave us some excellent coffee, and seemed very grateful for a small present we offered them. The columns and walls of their tasteful little chapel are painted white and gold colour. Over the grand altar is a well executed portrait of St. Ferdinand, the work of a German artist, and presented by the Emperor of Austria, who is the protector of the mission. There is another picture by the same artist, above one of the side altars, representing St. Anna and the Virgin Mary.

Siout is divided into quarters, and closed by a gate. The modern town occupies the site of the ancient Lycopolis, the city of "wolves"—so called from the sacredness of that animal. Little now remains of bygone times, save here and there fragments of granite blocks, some mounds, and substructions. In 1822, the head of a statue and the basement of a large stone building were discovered under a mound on the south side; both were supposed to be of the Roman period. Siout has succeeded Girgeh as capital of upper Egypt and residence of the Governor, whose palace was erected by Ibrahim Pacha. A broad canal conducts the water from the Nile to Siout during the innundation. The road between the town and its port runs along a dyke, or causeway, which extends even to the mountains and modern cemetery at their feet.

We had long looked forward to the gratification of viewing an Egyptian sunrise from some favourable eminence, and the opportunity had now arrived. Putting no trust whatever in either Antonio or the donkey boys, we undertook to *call each other*—lay awake nearly all night—got up a great

deal sooner than was necessary—and finally started at half past four—casting many an anxious glance eastward as we trotted briskly on, lest the sun should *win the race*, and rise too soon! We rode towards the Mountain of Siout (one of the Libyan chain), in the limestone sides of which are excavated innumerable tombs—burial places of the dwellers in old Lycopolis. We thoroughly enjoyed our moonlight ride along the dyke we had traversed the evening before. The moon's rays faded gradually away as the sun approached the horizon; and this blended light rendered the scene we had previously thought so enchanting, still more beautiful. The donkeys carried us up half the ascent, by a frightfully precipitous path; and when their sure feet could proceed no further, we dismounted, scrambled as best we were able, and sometimes were dragged or lifted up the rocks by our stout Arab followers—until we reached the summit, where we gladly seated ourselves on a projecting crag. Eagerly did our eyes turn eastward as the golden tinge—at first so faint—spread more and more over the magnificent prospect before us. We had leisure to dwell upon its details.

Siout lay far beneath, to the right—its mosques and minarets like children's toys. On one side of the town were to be seen pretty gardens; on the other the modern cemetery with its neat tombs, each within an enclosure. The innundation had extended far and wide, and in its state of partial subsidence exhibited a charming panorama of lakes and rivulets, with a variety of picturesque islands and promontories; while here and there we beheld patches of verdure as green as that of Ireland. A gentle breeze passed over the waters, and a sound reached our ears as of waves breaking on a pebbly shore. There was the distant hum of human voices too, and a troop of camels were crossing the bridge.

Since our arrival in Egypt we had never felt such a cool pure air as we were breathing then. At length the sun burst forth—over mountain, river, mosque, and minaret! A soft haze was spread beneath and around us.

"These are *thy* glorious works!" How forcibly did those oft repeated words recur to my memory at that moment!

In a crevice of the rock whereon we were sitting, Antonio found a sparrow's nest, and showed us a large grey lizard. The Arabs discovered also under a stone a horned snake about a foot and a half in length, and of a yellowish green colour. They said it was venemous, and immediately killed it. We now began our descent towards the caves, some of which are of considerable size. Though not particularly celebrated for their sculpture, they are said to bear the names of some very old kings. Both Salt and Belzoni made many of their earliest investigations among these grottoes, a few of which are of considerable size. One in particular has a large outer chamber, or porch—with a vaulted roof—which still exhibits trăces of elegant ornaments in the Grecian style. An inner apartment is adorned with various sculptured designs, and there are besides these several other rooms, much injured by smoke. Remains of wolf mummies are plentifully scattered about the smaller caverns and recesses. The tombs are arranged in successive tiers at different elevations. The smaller mummy pits are very narrow, and slope gradually for the purpose of enabling the coffins to slide down into them. Some of these sepulchres consist of a large chamber, with niches to contain a single mummy each, and the usual pits in the floor. We gladly availed ourselves of the cool retreat which one of these caves afforded, and did ample justice to Vincenzo's luncheon. At the entrance of this grotto we found some honey combs—"Honey out of the stony rock."—Psalm lxxxi., 16.

On a lower part of the hill we were shown five figures sculptured in relief. These tombs, like most others in Egypt, were used as habitations by the early Christians. We were subsequently informed that our ascent of the Mountain of Siout had caused quite a sensation! The caves are peopled by notorious robbers—which of course we did not know at the time—and that we escaped *unmolested* was considered almost a

miracle! When Mr. T. went into one of these tombs later in the day, *a wolf* actually rushed out of it, passing close to him!

On our way towards the town we turned a little aside to see a manufacture of coarse earthen jars. We then met a funeral procession. There was the customary attendance of *neddábehs* (wailing women), as the bier—a wooden coffin without a lid, and covered with a red shawl—was borne along upon men's shoulders.

We next visited the slave market. The dealer, a stern looking man, was sitting smoking his pipe near the entrance; he demanded "*backsheesh*" there and then, and I believe Antonio was obliged to pay him some trifle in advance before he would allow us to proceed. Like the generality of Egyptian houses, a narrow tortuous passage led into an open court, where some fine boys were loitering about—ready for sale. The females were located in an apartment by themselves. The dress of the two black eunuchs in charge of them was a wide shirt of coarse white linen, drawn in round the waist, and on their heads wore close fitting caps of white cotton—they wore rings and armlets of silver. Three slave girls were shown to us: the youngest, apparently not more than twelve years old, was much frightened by our appearance, and screamed violently. As soon, however, as she perceived that there was no cause for alarm, her terror gave place to curiosity; but still she clung fast to the arm of the eunuch who led her forward. Another of these girls, whose age might be from sixteen to eighteen, was particularly graceful. Her stature was tall and slender, and her limbs beautifully formed—her nails were dyed with henna. Her sole garment, as also that of her companions, consisted of a large piece of black cloth which she folded round her person; her hair was plaited all over in little corkscrew ringlets, and a cowrie shell was twisted into one of them at the top of her head. She had silver bracelets and a profusion of trumpery rings. These poor slaves seemed unconscious of their degraded state, and did not look unhappy. They were Nubians,

and almost black. For drinking water, they were provided with the *calibashes* of their country.

From the slave market a few minutes' ride brought us to the gate of the Coptic convent, where—smoking within an open divan—we found some Superiors of the order, who politely offered us seats, and conversed with us through the medium of Antonio. A monk then took us into the church, which is divided into compartments—one of them boarded off for the use of females. A panelled screen, covered like the walls with gaudy paintings, concealed the *heykel* (chancel). In the centre of this screen was a door with a curtain drawn before it, upon which was worked a very large cross. No images are allowed in Coptic churches. The floor was covered with mats. Pursued even *here* by that never ceasing demand for "*backsheesh*," we returned to the divan; and the Abbot was sending for coffee when a message came from the Bishop, inviting us to pay him a visit. We accordingly followed our priestly conductor up a steep staircase into a comfortless apartment with two rather small windows, in one of which stood some porous *kullehs* (water bottles), and also what seemed to be two earthen salt-cellars. Close to the door were a couple of plain wooden benches; and in the opposite corner of the room was spread a Persian carpet, the size of a hearth rug, with well stuffed cushions placed against the wall. Here we were requested to seat ourselves; and we had hardly done so when the Bishop made his appearance, saluting us in the usual manner by touching his forehead and breast with the right hand. Notwithstanding that he was suffering from toothache, he had a most good humoured expression of countenance. He was a fat, roundabout little man; and with his head wrapped up in a black cashmere shawl with a coloured border, which he wore over his turban, looked the personification of a *monthly nurse!* He sat down cross-legged by us on the divan, and almost immediately sent for chairs, remarking that he knew European ladies preferred high seats;

and in truth it *does* require some practice before one can sit at one's ease upon a carpet for any length of time, or rise from it without being exceedingly awkward. The Bishop spoke no language but Arabic, and therefore we were again compelled to have recourse to Antonio's services as interpreter. Coffee was handed round by a servant in little *zarfs* and *fingáns* (coffee cups), and was succeeded by glasses of sherbet; a second domestic following with an embroidered napkin over his arm—none of the cleanest—but as a matter of course we *pretended* to make use of it! Several priests came to pay their respects to the Bishop during our visit: they each kissed his hand, and sat down on one of the wooden benches without speaking. When we took our leave he saluted us as before.

We then rode through the bazaars, where I tried in vain to find a pair of European boots or shoes; and was obliged to content myself with *mezz* (inner shoes or rather half boots) of soft yellow morocco, with soles of the same, and *báboogs* (slippers to wear over them), likewise of yellow morocco, with pointed turned up toes! We left El Hamra at day break next morning. The scenery on both sides of the river presented a succession of rocky ranges, plantations, fields of corn and other crops. We anchored for the night near the shore, but not at a village. Sickness had attacked all our party, one of whom was seriously ill.

On Monday, October 24th, we passed Tahta, and at sunset anchored off Menshéëh, where are some mounds. Vincenzo went to solicit the Sheikh's protection. Judging from the noisy uproar which both men and dogs kept up all night, the inhabitants must be a lawless set. In the morning a number of women were washing clothes, filling skins or earthen jars with water, and endeavouring to gratify their curiosity by peeping into the windows of our cabin.

Beyond Menshéëh are high limestone cliffs, perforated with natural and excavated caverns. These cliffs descend more abruptly to the water's

edge than any we had yet passed upon the Nile; and we were fortunate in escaping those violent gusts of wind which not unfrequently render this part of the voyage extremely unsafe. Further on, until we reached Girgeh, we glided past groves of trees, villages, and corn fields. Naked children were diving and swimming about, in hopes of gaining a few paras. The moment we came to anchor, Vincenzo set off in quest—as he *fancied*—of an *Italian* doctor; and an individual forthwith made his appearance—a genuine *Egyptian Arab*—who evidently knew no words out of his own language, except "Signore" and "Bon jour." In spite of this *hakim's* intelligent countenance, we did not like the idea of trusting implicitly to his guidance; but what was to be done? Vincenzo and Antonio explained our several grievances, for which he luckily prescribed simple remedies; and to give these a fair trial we agreed to remain stationary for at least forty-eight hours. He wisely *saw* us take the medicine he ordered; and stood by my bedside with a slopbason, half full of castor oil mixed with rice water, in one hand; while the other held a piece of orange very much in the *background*—lest I should seize upon the latter before I had drained the bowl till not one drop remained! Girgeh is a pretty little town as seen from the river, and was once the capital of Upper Egypt. At present it ranks next in importance to Siout. Its name is of Christian origin, being derived from *Girgis* or *George*, the patron saint of the Egyptians.

On Thursday, October 27th, we were progressing rapidly under a favourable breeze; passed Farshoot, where are sugar manufactories, and anchored for the night at How. The next day we were all too ill to enjoy the fine scenery on both banks of the Nile, and reached Keneh in the evening. This town is the residence of a provincial governor; and is famous for its manufacture of porous water vessels, so much prized all over Egypt. On the opposite (western) bank are the ruins of the Temple of Deadera. The wind had fallen considerably, and we did not

arrive at Luxor until noon on Monday. We passed an immense number of *shadoofs* (machines for raising water, worked by one or two men) and *sákiyehs* (water-wheels); as well as many rich plantations of Indian corn, millet, and beans. Doum palms were frequently to be seen among trees of commoner growth, among which the tamarisk pleased the eye with its light and graceful foliage. We deferred visiting the ruins of Luxor until our return from Assouan and Philœ, contenting ourselves for the present with a view from our cabin windows of the Temple, and that Obelisk of red granite—whose companion was removed by the French, under Napoleon the Great, and now adorns the Place de la Concorde at Paris. A caravan from Mecca was hourly expected, and some people were walking about carrying banners, while others paced in all directions upon gaily caparisoned horses. Our *poultry* were released from their crates, and allowed to enjoy a stroll on shore. In the mean time we had a visit from the English Consul, Mr. Mustafa—an Arab—who kindly offered us apartments at his house, and in the evening sent us flowers from his garden. He came on a donkey—attended by a servant dressed in white, who amused himself during his master's absence on board the "Clothilde" by parading up and down with the animal's fore feet resting on his shoulders.

The Consul himself was attired in the ordinary Egyptian costume; viz., a red *tarboosh* and white turban, a brown cloth *gibbeh* (coat), red sash, vest, &c.; to which I must not forget to add a pair of tightly drawn white cotton stockings, and new red slippers. After sunset we witnessed the performance of six *Ghawázees* on the deck of our *dahabéeh*. There was nothing indecorous in their mode of dancing, nor were their movements altogether devoid of elegance. They beat time with brass castanets or small cymbals, attached by a loop to the thumb and one finger of each hand. They were loaded with coins, rings, bracelets, armlets, anklets with little bells, necklaces,

chains, and ear-rings. Their head-dress consisted of a red *tarboosh*, and a spangled gauze kerchief wound round it to form a turban. Their thick black hair hung in plaited braids nearly to their sandal'd feet, and was adorned with silk cords and gold coins. They wore a *yelek* (long vest) of striped gauze or muslin—a *shintiyán* (pair of white trowsers)—and a square embroidered shawl of some slight material, doubled crosswise, and tied loosely round the waist. Their fine dark eyes were edged with kohl, and their hands and feet stained with henna. They were all young, and most of them handsome. They seemed very fond of brandy, and it was wonderful what a quantity they were able to take without becoming intoxicated. Banished from Cairo, the *Ghawázees* make their head quarters at Esné. Twelve men accompanied them on board our vessel, six of whom were musicians.

There was scarcely any wind the next day, and we could not advance further than twelve miles from Luxor. We anchored at Erment, on the western bank, where are ruins—and also some sugar manufactories. The *plague of flies* become every day more unbearable, but we had the advantage of cooler weather. We remained a couple of days at Esné, but were all too unwell to land. Crowds of people came continually to the water side, whose complexions varied from a dark clear brown to nearly black—bringing baskets for sale, made of bark and stalks of Indian corn. Two men were working a *shadoof*, which—although an exceedingly laborious mode of raising water—seems to be preferred in Upper Egypt; as the *shadoof* is much more frequently seen there than the *sákiyeh*—turned by oxen, buffaloes, mules, horses, or donkeys—that is so generally used in the lower provinces. The *Basha* (Governor)—a greasy, copper coloured personage—came on board to offer his services; accompanied by his secretary, whose skin was a shade or two darker than that of his superior. According to their own request, we entertained them on deck with pipes and beer!

The morning of our departure from Esné, Antonio led into our cabin a little girl about four years old; she was without clothes, but wore a girdle composed of loose thongs of leather, and ornamented with beads, coins, and cowrie shells. A string of blue beads was tied round her dingy neck. Poor child! the mother hoped we should buy her for a slave!

On Friday, November 4th, we anchored beyond Edfou, near a fine crop of millet; passing on the opposite (eastern) bank, some pretty detached hills, villages, plantations, and the ruins of an ancient town. *Shadoofs* were every where at work; and men crossed to and fro on inflated skins, or on rafts formed of three bundles of canes or reeds bound together, and propelled like a canoe, by a paddle with a blade at each end, which was turned from side to side as occasion required. The next day we passed Hagár (or Gebel) Silsileh—the "Stone," or "Mountain of the Chain"—containing extensive quarries of sandstone, from whence the blocks used in almost all the Egyptian temples were taken. The ancient Silsilis stood on the eastern bank; but the quarries are less interesting than those on the western side, where are several curious grottoes (some of them yet remaining unexplored by the antiquary)—tablets of hieroglyphics—statues in relief—and columns; all remarkable for that distinct sharpness of outline for which Egyptian architecture is so famous. The Nile is comparatively very narrow here, and tremendous precipices descend perpendicularly into the stream, which gradually widens again. Antonio showed us a crocodile asleep on a bank; and we soon saw another, a very young one, rush headlong into the water, disturbed from his slumbers by our approach. On both sides were rich crops, and the finest groves of palm trees we had seen in Egypt. The millet was already cut.

We reached Assouan—the Syene of old, so famous for its granite rocks—on the first of November. The principal part of this picturesque frontier town crowns the summit of lofty wooded cliffs, and overlooks

Drawn by John Brenan

Day & Son, Lith^rs to the Queen.

a broad expanse of river and numerous islands. The scene near the landing place was gay and animated beyond description, from the many boats of different build, and various costumes of the Egyptian and Nubian population. The acknowledged superiority in character of the Nubian to the Egyptian is stamped upon their countenances. The latter are fully sensible of this fact, and prove their conviction by the prefcrence they invariably show towards the Nubians as servants; great numbers of whom emigrate to Cairo, notwithstanding a prohibitory proclamation issued by the Egyptian government, and there find more lucrative employment than in their own country.

We crossed over to Elephantine the following morning in our own little barge (or row boat) with its tassel'd awning. Parts of this island are cultivated, producing crops of grain and palm plantations. From its highest point we enjoyed a magnificent view of the Nile, the rocky banks on each side, and those countless islets and granite boulders which render the navigation here so dangerous. As we clambered over mounds of sand, stones, and broken pottery—the *débris* of former edifices—we passed a mutilated statue of red granite; and not far from this came to the ruins of an old gateway, still retaining sculpture.

We gladly rested for a few minutes near the remains of the famous Nilometer, not far from whence a *sákiyeh* was at work, turned by oxen. While we were waiting to re-embark a crowd of children beset us, eager to sell dates and little curiosities. A single rag comprised the attire of most of them—some had not even *that*—while others wore round the loins only a fringe of leather adorned with cowrie shells. There was scarcely one child that had not a necklace of beads; a few had bracelets of some base metal, and two or three of them wore nose rings.

Besides temples, Elephantine once boasted of her quays and other public buildings—and a Christian church. Coins and divers objects of antiquity in the shape of idols, &c., are found by the Nubian peasants who

inhabit the island in their search among the mounds for nitre, which serves them for agricultural purposes. We felt much refreshed by a cool breeze as we were rowed back to the *dahabéeh*. Assouan contains few ruins of ancient edifices, although the elevated position of the half demolished mud houses gives them the effect of dilapidated fortifications. At comparatively late periods this place had been garrisoned by both Persians and Romans. The environs are barren and sandy; the dates however are still as celebrated as they were in days of yore. Dates, henna, charcoal, senna, and slaves—from the interior, Abyssinia, and Upper Ethiopia—are forwarded from Assouan to Lower Egypt. After dinner we sent for donkeys; but their saddles were so badly secured that they turned at least half a dozen times before we could start, or a rope be found strong enough to hold them in their proper places. We traversed extensive mounds, interspersed with scattered bricks and pottery—(where unburnt bricks are now made)—and rode *through* and *round* the wretched town—with its miserable dwellings—its filthy, ill supplied bazaar—and its walls built of stones, bricks, and mud. The very young children had cowrie shells, beads, and occasionally coins also, twisted in their hair. Some of the *sákiyehs* (which are much more common here than the *shádoofs*) are covered with matting to protect them from the sun. On our return to the "Clothilde" we found another *dahabéeh*, rather smaller than ours, moored close to us. It belonged to two English gentlemen who had come from Cairo in fifteen days.

We were seated in our barge betimes the next morning (Tuesday), with Philœ for our ultimate object. In about a quarter of an hour Antonio suddenly discovered that he had forgotten the provision basket. Accordingly we suffered ourselves to be pulled under the rocks below the quarries, while the "*ladies' valet*" (Heaven defend us from travelling with him again!) was despatched in due haste to the "Clothilde" to fetch it. Our crew, always noisy—however well conducted they might be, and

were—for *Arabs!*—appeared that day more than usually vociferous. Certainly their exertions were almost incredible as we ascended the First Cataract—or *Succession of Rapids*—by which Nubia is entered from Upper Egypt. They hauled—pushed—and rowed with all their strength through the narrow channels, and amid those picturesque islets and boulders of granite we had so much admired from Elephantine. On our right were sand covered hills—on our left high rocks and groves of trees. Here and there might be seen a *sákiyeh* or a *shadoof*; for wherever it was possible to find a spot on this singularly sterile soil that would admit of cultivation, we observed crops of Indian corn, millet, beans, lupins, or *bamiahs* (a sort of cucumber). Now and then we descried a Sheikh's tomb or the ruins of a mosque. There was an evident jealousy between our second Reis and the Pilot of the Cataract—their looks and gestures were not to be mistaken! At the first convenient halting place we took the opportunity of giving our men some refreshment; while we amused ourselves with watching a host of children floundering about fearlessly among the rapids, upon logs of wood. They darted below the surface and reappeared where we least expected them! Sometimes we saw a couple of these dusky urchins astride upon one log, but in general they went separately. Men, and even women, were using this mode of *water conveyance*. The children surrounded our boat in crowds, roaring for *backsheesh*, and balancing themselves with one hand as they extended the other towards us. Whenever Mr. T. produced a five para piece, there was a grand rush towards it—the lucky winner instantly stowing it away in his mouth, and diving again!

After witnessing these strange antics till we were tired, we pursued our intricate course; our crew mingling with the natives, as their united efforts drew us along, in animated and grotesque groups—until we came to an apparently impenetrable chaos of rocks and whirlpools. We darted

quickly from one side to the other, the men springing like monkeys from rock to rock! At last we were taken on shore, for the double purpose of lightening the boat, and viewing the effect of this exciting scene from the heights above the Cataract. We were dragged—supported—carried—to the top of a hill; where we sat down to gaze in speechless wonder at the turmoil beneath, and watch with anxiety the struggles of our little barge and her motley crew—the natives meanwhile gathering round us with a few tiny fresh water shells. We re-entered the boat, and passing through what is called the *third gate* of the Cataract, landed on the sacred island of Philœ. A short but steep ascent up a wooded bank led us to the great Temple of Isis. This superb relic of an era when Philœ was held in peculiar sanctity as one of the reputed burial places of Osiris, is considered by the learned as an elegant specimen of the lighter Ptolemaic architecture. It is in truth a noble ruin! The paintings upon the walls of the inner chambers—the sculpture and painting of the columns and outer walls—still remain as perfect as they were thousands of years ago, and seem destined to be the admiration of ages and ages to come! Here we behold, portrayed to the life—human figures—animals—and the customs and ceremonies of by gone days; with their yet undeciphered tales in clearly traced hieroglyphics! A staircase leads to small chambers in the wall of the eastern adytum; but a hurried glance was all we had to spare for what—even according to *tourists' rules*—ought to occupy four days. Some of the ceilings are painted dark blue, with white stars, to represent the heavens. We walked along the gallery extending from the propylon to the water's edge, and which *rests* upon a wall that formerly surrounded this island as a protection from the current. The view from hence, as indeed from every part of Philœ, is very fine. The small temple of Esculapius, with its columns and doorways still perfect, stands at the end of the eastern corridor in front of the great

temple. The whole island is covered with mounds and the ruins of ancient edifices, whose fragments appear amongst the mud hovels and scanty vegetation of the present day. Little more than an hour's pleasant row before sunset, by the *Western Channel* as it is called, to Assouan, brought us back in safety to our *river home*—the gay "Clothilde."

Our next excursion was to the celebrated Granite Quarries. They lie southward of Assouan, on the road towards Philœ. We rode through an old cemetery containing tombs and cenotaphs of former Egyptian Saints and Sheikhs. On many of the tombs are cufic inscriptions. Arrived at the quarries, we were shown a huge prostrate obelisk, which—being broken before it was detached from the rock—remains in its original position. Here are great varieties of granite and quartz, of which our guides procured for us several specimens. We then traversed a desolate expanse of stone and sand—where our poor donkeys picked their way with wonderful sagacity—to an immense rock of white alabaster; and returned to Assouan along a sandy road shaded on both sides with palm trees. The heat, bad odours, and noise of the bazaar were more offensive than ever; and as we entered our cabin we rejoiced to think that the fatigues of the day had ended. Nubian baskets, spears, shields, courbashes, and curiosities without end, were brought to us for sale. Meanwhile the "Clothilde" was preparing for her *downward course*: seats for the rowers were laid across the deck, and the great sail was replaced by a lesser one. Had we extended our voyage as far as the Second Cataract we must have taken a common cargo boat, our *dahabéch* being too large to pass the rapids; and as we all suffered more or less from *Nile maladies*, we could not endure the prospect of increased discomfort for an entire fortnight. Seven monkeys were added to our *live stock*, and were prime favourites with the crew. The finest of them belonged to Paolo (the cook), and was named Abder Aboo!

We were under weigh during the night, and soon after breakfast reached Komombo—where we remained twenty-four hours, to give the Reis an opportunity of seeing his wife and children, who resided there. We walked to the famous Temple over a strip of parched ground, between the cracks of which lupins were springing up—and along the edge of a field which some Arabs were preparing for cultivation. Near this field was a fine cotton plantation, where several Nubian slaves—the happiest of Egypt's population, for they are generally well treated and have nothing to lose—were busily employed. The Temple of Komombo is still for the most part embedded in sand. It was founded in the reign of Ptolemy Philometor, and is singular among the existing temples of Egypt in having a double entrance and two parallel sanctuaries. Among an endless variety of admirably preserved sculpture and painting on the walls, friezes, and columns of this majestic ruin, one ceiling particularly attracted our notice from its extremely distinct and fresh appearance—the colours retaining all their pristine brilliancy. Close by, towering above the river, is an edifice erected upon an artificial platform. It is now in so ruinous a state that very little can be traced of its original plan. On the evening of Friday, November 11th, we anchored at Edfou. We saw during the day three crocodiles and some storks.

A few minutes' walk early the next morning—through fields of millet, beans, lupins, and *bamiahs*—brought us to a wide canal, across which we were safely carried by three of our sailors, who contrived to make a capital *arm-chair* with their hands and arms. We had to pass a manufactory of earthen jars, and along a street of the miserable town of Edfou, before we found ourselves in front of that Temple so worthy of its fame. From the summit of the massive gateway we looked down upon the noble court (now used as a granary) with its yet perfect rows of columns—and the rich and fertile valley of the Nile. The river here

makes a very considerable bend. Close to the Great Temple is another building, but of very inferior dimensions.

We did not land at El Kab, although some grottoes and two or three small temples are to be seen there. Those of our party who were *able* to visit the ruins at Esné, described the portico of the Temple as exceedingly beautiful. The outside of this edifice is almost concealed by earth and sand, but its interior was entirely cleared in 1842, by order of Mohammed Ali. A fair was going on in the modern town of Esné. We anchored at Erment during the night, and reached Luxor the following afternoon. The Consul, Mr. Mustafa, repeated his kind offer of apartments in his house, but we were too ill to feel any desire beyond staying where we were. Mr. Brüksh, a Prussian gentleman—sent out by his government to make drawings and prepare a work on Egypt—had taken up his temporary abode at Karnak, in one of the lesser temples, and was introduced to us by Mr. Mustafa. Our desire to procure antiques received a sad check from the tidings that a French Commissioner had arrived at Luxor with authority from Abbas Pacha, not only to collect antiquities and take photographic views of the different buildings, but also with strict orders to prevent travellers from carrying away or purchasing even the merest trifles that might be found in the tombs or elsewhere!

On Thursday, November 17th, Mr. T. rode to Erment, the ancient *Hermonthis*—first crossing to the opposite side of the river in our barge—and on his return late in the day Miss —— and myself were each placed in a sort of litter—borne aloft upon the shoulders of our strong and active sailors, who chanted all the way—and proceeded to Karnak across the plain; advancing up that wondrous Avenue of Sphinxes which formerly extended from the gateway of the Great Temple to Luxor! Mr. Brüksh, who acted as our cicerone—giving us the advantage of his graphic descriptions, and the facility with which he deciphered

hieroglyphics—had contrived to make himself very comfortable in his classical dwelling, whose interior walls were rich in elaborate sculpture; and where both Champollion and Sir Gardner Wilkinson had lived before him. We actually *saw* but very little of the ruins! It seemed a hard case to be compelled to *grope* about Karnak, but there was no help for it. We took tea with Mr. Brüksh, and *tried* to look at his drawings and some curious old Coptic manuscripts which he had purchased. In spite of certain drawbacks we really enjoyed the cool evening air; and aided by a bright moon and the glimmer of our torches were soon safely carried on board the "Clothilde." In the morning Mr. Brüksh joined our early breakfast, and we crossed the river to the western bank. The litters were again put in requisition, and a hard day's work I fear it must have been for the twelve Arabs who bore them; although they now and then rested for a short time, and were relieved by others occasionally. The sun's glare prevented my seeing much of the wild and desolate track, and narrow gorge by which we approached the Tombs of the Kings. The tomb opened by Belzoni is considered far superior and in much more perfect preservation than any yet discovered at Thebes: it is entered by descending a rather steep staircase. The paintings on the walls are as clear and brilliant, and their outlines as distinct and sharp as they ever were. I cannot attempt to describe them: suffice it to say we had the full benefit of Mr. Brüksh's valuable explanations. He pointed out the leopard's skin, worn as an ensigna of priesthood—the funeral rites, &c. Told us—as exemplified by paintings—how the ancient Egyptians acknowledged four nations in the world; viz., the Egyptian, European, Asiatic, and Negro races. In one of the numerous chambers into which this tomb is divided are scenes of warfare—in another are rows of prisoners; while the Victor, attended by his scribe and other dignitaries, is in the act of receiving the various spoil of his vanquished foes. Among the paintings relating to religious ceremonies, the hawk-headed god, and a deity with the head

of some horned animal frequently occur. These chambers are supported by columns elaborately painted, and their deep blue ceilings are studded with golden stars. Many of the designs are unfinished, their outlines being *cut out* ready for the colouring; and in several places portions of the walls are left blank. The occupant of this tomb was king Zithis. Belzoni sold the richly sculptured alabaster sarcophagus found here to Sir John Soane for £3,000. It is now in the British Museum. The sepulchres of the Queens are in a valley to the north-west of Medéenet Haboo: they are said to be much dilapidated. Those of the Assaseef, remarkable for their extent and the profusion of their sculpture, are situated not far from the Memnonium. We next passed along a ravine, the arid sides of which presented not a vestige of vegetation, towards a small temple—built by the same monarch whose tomb I have just described—and remained there while our men had some refreshment. Thence we proceeded to the Temple Palace of Rameses II., the fragments of whose colossal statue lie scattered around its pedestal. This stupendous monument of Egyptian sculpture was wrought at Syene and transported to Thebes, 188 miles distant, in a finished state!—since the quarry where it was hewn can yet be distinctly traced. This statue—one single piece of granite—weighed one hundred and eighty seven tons, five and a half hundred weight! How could any human power destroy such a colossus at a period when gunpowder was unknown? is the still unanswered question of every traveller. But what pen can describe the Memnonium!—its massive architecture!—its gigantic statues!—its highly finished sculptures! Numbers of sun-dried bricks of which the outward enclosure of the Memnonium was constructed lie scattered about. They are composed of clay mixed with chopped straw, like those described in Scripture, and *may* therefore have been the work of the children of Israel when in bondage in Egypt. Sir Gardner Wilkinson supposes that these bricks were a *royal monopoly*, from the oval names of Kings

stamped upon them. Not far from the Memnonium are the "Vocal Memnon" and its fellow statue, which have sat for ages in the midst of the vast plain of Thebes—that wide area once covered with the streets of a mighty city! Both these statues are scarred and injured by time and the hand of man. The brightest sunrise now fails to awaken the response recorded by poetical tradition, but Miss —— was determined to try the effect of a blow from her hammer! It succeeded admirably—a clear and ringing sound was produced—but the hammer at the same moment disappeared within the statue, and was about being left there to be discovered by future ages as a wonderful relic of antiquity, when one of the Arabs destroyed the romance we had conjured up by reproducing it! The period when Thebes was founded remains—as also regards Memphis, the Capitol of Lower Egypt—in great obscurity, nor has its extent been clearly ascertained: nevertheless, its immense wealth and power are freely acknowledged by all ancient authorities. The first step towards its decline was the removal of the seat of government to Memphis, and the flow of its commercial riches into other channels on the accession of the Ptolemies. It was subsequently destroyed, after a three years' siege, by Ptolemy Lathyrus. The principal part of the city lay on the eastern bank. At the time of Srabo's visit, Thebes was divided into small detached villages. From the sculptures on the tombs it appears that the inhabitants of superior degree had extensive gardens attached to their mansions. That portion of the city on the western bank which included the Memnonia and Necropolis, bore the name of the "Libyan Suburb."

A burning sun was over our heads as we recrossed the vast and arid plain to Kóorneh, where we had left our barge. Two *fellaheen* offered us antiques for sale; but were immediately seized, severely beaten, and carried off by the spies of some Shiekh in petty authority. We however purchased from the unfortunate men, and contrived to *keep*,

a part of the spoil. During our absence a *dahabéeh* had arrived at Luxor, with four English gentlemen on board; Captain Holden and Mr. Browne Clayton of the 13th Light Dragoons, a Mr. Starkie, and a Mr. Crosse. Mr. Brüksh and Mr. Mustafa dined with us, and in the evening we made up a merry party to Karnak by torch light. We all rode donkeys except Captain Holden, who was mounted on the Consul's horse. Again we enjoyed Mr. Brüksh's hospitality. The noble ruins rose before us in the clear moonlight with all their splendid proportions! Well might Napoleon marvel at the magnificence of the Great Temple of Karnak—the oldest ruin at Thebes—the largest in the world! This stupendous edifice was erected by several successive monarchs, each of whom strove to surpass his predecessor in the extent and richness of his own additions!

We returned briskly *homewards*; with other *steeds* than our well trained donkeys, and less experienced leaders than our Arab guides, our path might have been deemed somewhat *perilous*; for there were holes, rocks, and mounds to avoid. We passed close to the beautiful Temples and Obelisk of Luxor; and encountered a troop of the odious dogs of this country (like evil spirits) near the river's bank. The next morning, accompanied by Captain Holden, we again crossed the river, mounted donkeys at the landing place, and rode to the Temple Palace at Old Kóorneh—which was dedicated to Amun, the Thebian Jupiter, by Osirei. This building, though of no great size, is rich in sculpture. Fragments of brick walls and other ruins denote that numerous edifices must have stood in its vicinity.

From Kóorneh we again went to the Memnonium, to which we devoted more time than on the preceding day; and thence to the Great Temple at Medéenet Háboo, supposed to be one of the four mentioned by Diodorus; the rest being those of Karnak, Luxor, and the Memnonium. This temple, like many others, was used as a place of worship by the

early Christians. We had leisure to examine the sculpture and paintings on the walls and columns. Some of the ceilings are studded with stars and zodiacal signs. Of course, wherever we went we were hotly pursued by vendors of *spurious* antiques; *they* at least were quite free from government hindrance! We lunched within the spacious court; and then turned towards that range of sandstone hills, whose sides are honeycombed by the enormous Necropolis of ancient Thebes.

We dismounted at a spot beyond which our donkeys could not keep their footing; and scrambled up a most toilsome ascent composed of rock, loose stones, gravel, and sand—in the vain hope of finding a large mummy pit, described by Mr. Brüksh as being easy of entrance, and full of mummies of men, women, and children. The guide led us from one pit or cavern to another; but they were all so dark and apparently impenetrable, that we were on the point of abandoning our object altogether; when Captain Holden allowed himself to be carried by some Arabs down a yawning chasm, to the threshold of one of these sepulchres, where he beheld a confused assemblage of mummies and painted sarcophagi; but the dust and effluvia prevented his remaining more than an instant. Greatly disappointed, we with difficulty retraced our steps; and after a fruitless examination of some other tombs, we were told by our guide—who either was, or *pretended* to be ignorant of what we wanted—that he knew of a mummy pit, the mouth of which, although narrow, *might* be entered; and that it contained large chambers full of mummies! Nearly exhausted with heat and fatigue we at length reached the base of a very steep hill, where our conductor *called a halt* and pointed upwards. I am ashamed to confess that I suffered all the rest of my party to proceed on foot, myself staying behind with the donkeys and Antonio. After a long search—to give the most remote idea of the extent of this burial ground, with its pits and caves, thousands of which have been opened and rifled of their contents,

while countless numbers are yet unexplored, would be *impossible!*—they discovered a narrow entrance which the guide assured them led to the *promised chambers.* They accordingly took off some of their clothes, *slid* one by one on their hands and knees down the sloping passage, and *squeezed* themselves through a hole two feet square into a dark room—beyond which were doubtless *others,* for the Arabs had come provided with candles. The heat and stench were so exceedingly overpowering that they could not take more than a momentary glance at the mummies—whole and mutilated—which surrounded them above, below, and on all sides! As we traversed the plain of Thebes we took a last farewell of the "Vocal Memnon" and its comrade.

We had had a fatiguing day, and felt refreshed by a cool breeze from the river, for it was near sunset when we reached the "Clothilde." We passed a flock of fine pelicans: they allowed us to approach within a short distance before they took flight. There were gay doings on board our *dahabéeh* that evening! Vincenzo had arranged an entertainment for our sailors. We had fire-works—and no bad ones either! The vessel was lighted up most brilliantly! In addition to abundance of *glass* lanterns—lamps—and candles—were eight *fáuoos'* (folding lanterns of waxed cloth), which the dragoman had purchased for our *Desert* journey. Music and dancing, aided by the performances of *Ghawázees,* were kept up until a late hour. The Consul, accompanied by the Governor of Luxor and the Government Corn Agent, paid us a visit by torch light, and seemed to enjoy witnessing our festivities. We gave them *beer* and *sweetmeats!*—for like good Muslims they declined wine or spirits. Mr. Mustafa insisted upon our dining with him the next day—an invitation we gladly accepted, as we should thereby see an Arab dinner; and Miss —— and myself be introduced to the Consul's Egyptian wife and children.

Monday, November 21st, was an oppressively hot day; but as we

had not yet seen the edifices of Luxor, except from the river—or as we rode near them on our way to and from Karnak—we sent for donkeys about noon, and visited the Great Temple. Dismounting among the ruins, we walked past mud walls and hovels, and through an Arab school; where a troop of noisy urchins—to whom we evidently gave considerable amusement—were learning to read and write, by means of white wooden tablets—upon which their lessons were written—and reed pens. The temple was erected by Amunoph III and Rameses II, and a *dromos* connected it with Karnak. The noble court, with its peristyle, is choked up by mud dwellings and the mosque of the modern town. There are statues—sculptured chambers—and also a well preserved painting of the time of the Romans—(who had a place of worship here)—on one of the outer walls; but the glaring sunshine was so distressing to my eyes, I could not bear to look at it. Behind the temple is a stone quay, which by its direction shows a marked change in the course of the river. There was a report that Abbas Pacha had given the remaining Granite Obelisk of Luxor to the British government; and surely, covered as it is with beautiful hieroglyphics, it would be better worth removing than *Cleopatra's prostrate Needle* at Alexandria!

We enjoyed a few hours of welcome rest; and a little before six o'clock set off *on donkeys* to Mr. Mustafa's dinner party—duly equipped in white kid gloves, and—*au reste*—in that *demie toilette*, so easy for *French* and so difficult for *Englishwomen* to assume! Our host received us at the door—assisted us to dismount—and led us into an apartment with a skylight, a carpeted floor, and broad divans. There were also two or three chairs and a small table. The guests invited to meet us consisted of the Governor of Luxor and the Pacha's Corn Agent, Mr. Crosse, and Mr. Starkie. Two servants entered the room just before dinner was announced; one carrying a copper *ibreek* (ewer) of cold water—the other a *tisht* (bason) of the same metal, with a pierced cover that had

a raised receptacle in the centre containing a piece of soap. We washed our hands in turn; and a napkin richly embroidered with gold and coloured silks was given to each individual, with a request to keep it until the meal was concluded.

Mr. Mustafa then ushered us into a sort of gallery, in the centre of which—on a Persian carpet—were two large round trays, raised about a foot from the floor. Candlesticks were placed upon them, and flat pieces of bread were arranged like plates—and indeed were intended as their substitutes. On each of these trays was also a round tureen of soup. We were all soon comfortably seated upon the eight cushions laid ready for us—ate the soup *out of the tureen*—and were greatly amused by watching how the Arab gentlemen carved the two roast turkeys stuffed with raisins, tearing them with both hands limb from limb, and arranging the morsels round the dishes for the guests to take with their fingers. We helped ourselves to the gravy and raisin stuffing with our own spoons. The turkeys were succeeded by a variety of well cooked savoury viands, vegetables, pastry, custard, and indescribable sweetmeats: lastly, a dessert of oranges and dried fruits. Antonio had brought a supply of plates, knives, and forks from the "Clothilde;" but we preferred the novelty of dining for once in our lives *a' l' Arabe*.

When we rose from *table*, water was again poured over our hands, and Miss —— and I returned to the apartment we had first occupied, leaving the gentlemen to smoke their pipes. In a few minutes our host came to conduct us to the *hareem*, which was on one story with the rest of the house. Here, in a dimly lighted chamber—with two long shaped windows very near the ceiling—some shelves—a bed—a couple of chairs—and a raised divan—sat the extremely pretty lady we had come to visit. She rose as we entered, and extended her hand, saluting us by touching her forehead and breast with one finger, and making signs that

we should seat ourselves by her side. Much we regretted our inability to speak Arabic; but although we could not talk to each other, we contrived to be exceedingly merry. *Sitteh* Mustafa had large black eyes, a clear olive complexion, white teeth, graceful and unaffected manners, and a countenance beaming with goodness and intelligence. She wore a *kamees* of some thin material, a *shintiyán* and *yelek* of white muslin, an embroidered shawl round her waist, and a *gibbeh* (outer robe) of bright blue cashmere. Her *mezz* were of black leather, and when she stepped down from the divan and crossed the room she put on a pair of *kubkábs* (high wooden clogs or pattens). Her red *tarboosh* was encircled by a broad gold band, and a black gauze kerchief formed the turban. Her beautiful hair hung in plaited braids down her back, and was ornamented with gold coins: her long pendant ear-rings were also of gold. There was a lady with her—a visitor—who kept her plain but good humoured face carefully concealed until Mr. Mustafa had retired, and whose dress was comparatively simple. Her *gibbeh* was of crimson cashmere, her *mezz* of red morocco, and she wore a blue linen *tarhak* (head veil). She appeared rather older than *Sitteh* Mustafa; who, although only nineteen years of age, had been married seven years. According to Muslim custom she and her husband never met until they were actually united; and Mr. Mustafa's explanation in broken English of the way in which he procured his wife by commissioning the lady of the English Consul at Alexandria to choose one for him, was very ludicrous. They have three little boys; the eldest, Hassan by name, is an intelligent little fellow of four or five years old, with sparkling black eyes. The youngest was roused from its slumbers, and came squalling to be exhibited; while the third was permitted to sleep on undisturbed. These children looked very dirty, making all due allowance for their dark complexions; and their pink cotton shirts were sadly in want of washing. There were two young slave girls, one of

whom, called Leida, evidently prided herself upon knowing two or three words of English. The ladies showed no vulgar or troublesome curiosity in examining our dress and ornaments; but they seemed pleased when we showed them anything, brought forward their own belongings in return—and placed a chair opposite to the divan, with a candle upon it, that we might see each other more distinctly. We made a trifling present to our hostess, and after partaking of a cup of rather too strong and sweet tea, we bade farewell. The *Ghawázees* were dancing outside. Mr. Mustafa gave us two large bouquets of flowers, and promised me portraits of himself and family; but considering they are yet to be painted, and that pictures are contrary to Muslim prejudices, I have prudently resolved not to *set my heart* upon them! He then accompanied us on foot to the river's bank, where we parted—with many *civil speeches* on both sides. The Governor sent us a present of a sheep.

We left Luxor at eight o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, November 22nd—the Reis finding some plausible excuse for not starting earlier. A discharge of fire-arms from our vessel announced our departure to the other boats, as well as to the good people of Thebes. We had a favourable wind, and reached Keneh during the night. Our Nile maladies compelled us next morning to invoke the aid, not of some high sounding Egyptian Divinity, but of a most loquacious *French doctor;* who was so delighted to hear himself chattering his own language, that out of pure compassion we invited him to stay for breakfast, and he saw us off in our barge, bound for the opposite shore—beyond which, at the distance of an hour and a half, are the ruins of the Temple of Dendera. Mr. T. and myself were again obliged to tax the strength of the Arabs, and be carried on litters. The day was one of the hottest we had had since we came to Egypt, but nothing could subdue the cheerfulness of our sailors. Their labour was increased by the unevenness of the ground; and at one spot we were obliged to

cross a considerable piece of water, left by the inundation. We passed over land in process of culture, as well as much that was wild and barren.

The Temple of Dendera was dedicated to the Goddess Athor or Aphrodite, represented by a Hawk (the emblem of Horus) within a *House*. Two modern brick walls about a hundred yards in length extend in front of the portico, probably as a protection from injury, but the general effect is thereby much deteriorated. This portico, which bears a Greek inscription, was added during the reign of Tiberius to the original building. The antiquary discovers in the latter many imperfections, although few can deny that the edifice is grand and imposing on the whole. It moreover boasts of being the best preserved of the Egyptian temples. Whatever may be the opinion of *wise critics*, the flat roof and massive columns of the portico have a very heavy appearance to those who, like myself, know nothing of just proportions and conventional rules. The Zodiac is depicted on its ceiling; and here, as likewise at Esné, the *Sign Cancer* is represented by a Scarabæus instead of a Crab. On both its exterior walls occur the hieroglyphical names of the Cæsars. The portico, which is supported by twenty-four columns, is succeeded by a hall of six columns, with three chambers on each side; and through this first hall is a second, or central chamber, with two small rooms on one side and a stair-case on the other. The disgusting smell of bats, the total darkness—whose gloom our candles could scarcely penetrate—and the dread of snakes and scorpions, speedily drove us away from the former; but we mounted the stair-case to the roof, whence we *ought* to have had a fine view of the surrounding country. Alas! the heat and glare were beyond our endurance, and we speedily descended. A passage leads round the sanctuary, and communicates with six chambers. A *dromos* formerly extended in front of the Temple to a stone *pylon*, one hundred and ten paces distant, and bearing the

names of Domitian and Trajan. Behind the Great Temple is a smaller one, called by Strabo "the Chapel of Isis;" and in this and another not far from it are lateral columns, whose capitals bear representations of a Typhonian Monster. In the first of these lesser temples, to which also belongs a *pylon*, the Cow is figured; and it is said that the Sepoys prostrated themselves before it when our army was in Egypt. We were shown a closed doorway outside the *great*, and another outside one of the *smaller* temples, which had resisted the efforts of Mohammed Ali to force them open. Anxious to see the famous *kulleh* potteries at Keneh, we made the best of our way back to the *dahabéeh*—hired donkeys on the eastern bank—tried to forget our fatigues and infirmities—and as the sun was going down, enjoyed a cool ride across rough ground, and past fields and clumps of trees (among which were Pharaoh's fig-trees) towards the town—near whose gate was an artillery barrack. We entered an open enclosure within one of the narrow streets, and stood for some time watching the manufacture of those porous water bottles, the graceful forms of which—to say nothing of their utility—we had so long admired. The clay, ready kneaded with water, was handed in large lumps to a man seated on the ground before a small horizontal disc—which he worked with his foot—and who with wonderful dexterity and expedition shaped them according to his fancy. The necks were added after the globe of the *kulleh* was completed: they were then baked at a furnace. The clay is found in a valley to the northward of Keneh; and when prepared for use it is mixed with the sifted ashes of *halfeh* grass in proper quantities. In another street we found a court-yard with an abundant supply of earthen *dóraks* and *kullehs* ready for sale. The former have *narrow*, and the latter *wide* mouths. We purchased eighteen of them for sevenpence halfpenny!! How refreshed we felt by the evening air after the burning heat of that day's sun! Keneh is the chief starting place of the Mecca pilgrims for the port of Cosseir.

Late in the evening we anchored at Bellianch, and the following day made a long excursion to visit the ruins of Abydus; setting off at a very early hour on donkeys which proved better than they *looked*, and performed their task admirably. Five hours elapsed before we reached our destination, and we felt but ill repaid for having exerted ourselves so much to see the remains of two Temples nearly lost in the sand. The small portion, not choked up, of the interior of one of them is so dark, and the smell of bats so exceedingly offensive, that it was impossible to take more than a hasty glance. The famous tablet found at Abydus, containing the names of several Kings, and agreeing with a similar one discovered at Thebes, is in the British Museum. Among the ruins we remarked some blocks of painted and sculptured granite. The cemetery, whence *stelæ* of many of the early Pharaohs have been brought to light, lies to the northward.

Our journey from Bellianch to Abydus led across a generally wild and desolate tract of country; but here and there we saw fields where *fellaheen* and slaves were at work, and occasionally rode through a mud village or a grove of palm trees. At one place our sailors, of whom we took a sufficient escort, carried us over a canal; the donkeys following as best they could, after the saddles—our newly purchased English ones—had been taken off. The guide had not *studied his lesson*; for—having passed an extensive farm belonging to Said Pacha—we came to a wide sheet of water, almost too formidable for even our Arabs' strength to brave: however, with the help of their stout arms and shoulders, we were soon—to the infinite entertainment of a whole village—safe on the opposite side, the donkeys bringing up the rear. We went back to Bellianeh by a more agreeable route, the guide at last recollecting the existence of a certain bridge, built by Mohammed Ali; and notwithstanding that the distance was somewhat greater, we accomplished our return in three hours and a half; scrambling over

ditches, embankments, and all kinds of impediments. Our saddles turned continually—they were of course a great deal too large for the donkeys' backs—and besides, contrasted odly enough with their rope bridles and *very* shabby trappings. We saw some beautiful buffaloes, and fine flocks of long-tailed brown sheep; also a flock of white birds that we were told were ibises. Bellianeh stands on high ground, and is surrounded by a palm grove.

A strong breeze was against us all the next day, and we advanced no further than Bardées, which town gave the title El Bardéesee to one of the principal Memlook Beys. A *dahabéeh* going *up* the Nile passed us rapidly by with spread sails. We did not stop at Girgeh, and on Tuesday, November 29th—there being no wind at all—we floated gently down the river with the current. The weather had become much cooler, and we began to discourse upon the prudence of providing warm clothing for Syria.

After sunset we observed three fires on the eastern bank; their light had a pretty effect against the clear sky. As we approached Siout, or rather the port of El Hamra—where we remained twenty-four hours, to lay in provisions and have bread baked—the choruses of our Arabs became louder and louder! Mr. T. went on shore to buy earthen stoppers for the Keneh *dóraks*, and during his absence Miss —— and myself received a visit from a Sheikh of the Hadji (pilgrims) just returned from Mecca. He was a curious individual! His thin figure was clad in a coarse linen shirt, and on his head was a closely fitting cap of the same material—the back part of which was ornamented with cornelians. He wore large ear-rings, bracelets, and a profusion of rings set with stones (most probably *glass*). Over his shoulders were slung a number of common ropes. Round his body was a leathern strap, to which a padlock and other articles were attached—as well as a kind of drum, or tom-tom, covered with hide, and suspended from his waist by a steel chain. When

Vincenzo requested him to sound it, he instantly complied, turning it in the direction of Mecca; and accompanying its music—if such it could be called—by a sort of howling prayer. His pipe was of copper, and round its tube were no less than thirty-five trumpery finger-rings, set with bits of blue, green, red, and white glass: it was likewise adorned with festoons of beads, and near the mouthpiece was a brass button with a *French eagle* upon it!

We passed Manfaloot on Thursday, December 1st, and glided swiftly down the stream beneath a lofty range of excavated rocks. About seven in the evening, when we were drawing close to Shekh Abádeh, our sailors sang in chorus with all their might and main a most *boisterous love ditty!*

After breakfast next morning we visited the caves of Beni-Hassan. My litter was confided to the care of six Arabs, whose exertions I should have pitied as they toiled up the steep ascent of sandstone and fossil rocks—their feet continually sinking in the deep sand—but for their extreme hilarity, and their animated songs chaunted in no mournful cadences! The interior of the first tomb has a vaulted ceiling, chequered like a draughtboard, and supported by four sixteen-sided columns, slightly fluted: they are fifteen feet high, and nine in diameter. The walls are divided by lines into different compartments, representing the Egyptian manners and customs of former times in endless variety; and the colours of the paintings are marvellously preserved, considering their extreme age. Here one clearly discerns the processes of agriculture; the plough and the oxen—the former in no respect varying from that in present use—gymnastic exercises, revels, boating, the punishment of the bastinado, dogs, candlesticks and other articles of domestic utility, trades—in short, whatever pertained to daily life seems to be minutely and accurately delineated. Facing the entrance is a deep recess in the wall, containing an upright statue with a large stone slab at its feet. This tomb is of the

time of Osirtesen I, with whom Joseph is supposed to have been contemporary. All these grottoes have deep pits, and are unique in Egypt from the resemblance of their porticoes to the Grecian Doric: many of them are supported by two columns in front. Upon the walls of the second tomb are representations of the Nile, boats, fish, trees, buffaloes, goats, musical instruments, various occupations, and games. Some of the tombs have less pretensions to grandeur than others, and are without porticoes: they mostly communicate with each other, and several of the interior columns present specimens of the early Egyptian architecture, which imitated the lotus and papyrus. In one large chamber the roof is—or rather *was*—supported by three rows of columns, three in each row; the columns formed of four water-plants bound together by cords, to form their capitals: they are tapered at their bases, and swell out in the centre. We seated ourselves before the portico of the first grotto we had entered, our elevated position commanding an extensive view of the Nile valley.

A sudden change occurred in the weather about three o'clock, and it became extremely cold. A high wind arose, blowing clouds of sand (which at first we took for mist) from the Desert, and obliged us to remain at anchor. The Reis and crew put on whatever warm clothing they could find; and as I have before observed, the former has no contemptible wardrobe! His brown cloth *'abayeh* (cloak) looked remarkably well over his bright blue shirt. At night we had the novelty of some heavy rain, and the next morning—after leaving Minyeh, where we anchored for a few hours—we met a small *dahabéeh*, with an American family on board, bound for Wady Halfa. Vincenzo, hoisting his Maltese flag, went in the barge to enquire from them the "latest news" from Cairo; and brought back tidings of successes of the Turks against the Russians.

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The sky was a bright orange colour, shading into green, and the rocks on either side—we were floating down a comparatively narrow part of the river—appeared tinged with the most gorgeous hues! On the eastern bank appeared that range of steep cliffs, called the Gebel é Tayr, whose craggy sides afford shelter to great numbers of waterfowl. As we passed the Coptic convent there on our *upward* course, the *mendicants* who inhabit it allowed us to proceed unmolested by their importunities. This time, however, we were not destined to escape so easily; for, as we approached, a monk very much *en déshabille*, was descried swimming towards our vessel, and vociferating loudly for *backsheesh*—causing no small amusement to our servants and Arabs. The ascent and descent to and from the convent, which is situated on an exposed level space, is achieved by means of a natural tunnel in the precipice.

We continued to meet travellers going up the Nile—wisely preferring the months of December and January to those of October and November. The breeze was decidedly in our favour, and we glided on most rapidly. Having passed Beni-Souéf without waiting to renew our acquaintance with Osman Effendi, we reached Sakkára early on Tuesday, December 6th. Vincenzo had some difficulty in procuring the requisite number of donkeys from the country people, but was finally successful; and we were rowed on shore, having, for the only time during our long voyage, anchored in mid stream. We then mounted our *steeds* and trotted briskly through groves of palm and sont trees, and fields of vetches, beans, &c.; till we came to the village of Mitrahenny, near which are the mounds of ancient Memphis. Here it is supposed that Joseph was brought after being sold by his brethren. Tradition asserts that Memphis was built by Menes, the first king of Egypt; who is also said to have changed the course of the river, which previously flowed under the Libyan mountains. Before arriving at Mitrahenny, the Arabs carried us over a canal or dyke, which extends from thence to Sakkára,

and probably succeeded the ancient one that conveyed the water of the Nile to a famous lake, excavated by Menes. Across this lake, whose site is doubtful, the bodies of the dead were transported to the neighbouring tombs.

To the left of a large tank, surrounded by palm trees, we found the tent of *another* French gentleman employed by the Egyptian government to make drawings, search for the antiquities, and prevent their being taken away. Close to his temporary abode were arranged a number of peculiarly interesting relics, the result of his labours during the last six months. Our admiration was keenly excited by beautiful fragments of columns, capitals, the foot of a colossal statue, a small statue of red Syenite granite—resembling the Hindoo Gods in its posture and general appearance—another figure of some dark coloured stone, similarly proportioned, but which had two feet *at each side*—and numerous treasures equally valuable, though less striking to the eye. Traversing an enormous plain bounded by sandhills—the Nile, and now and then a plantation of palms, visible in the distance—we dismounted near an opening into a large tomb, lately discovered by the French Commissioner; and slided, jumped, or were lifted down this *excavated—not original*—entrance; until at last we stood within a great hall, whose roof is vaulted—or rather *arched*—in the centre, and supported by four columns on each side. Some sculpture adorns the upper part of this hall, out of which lead several smaller chambers opening one into another, and enriched—as is likewise a long corridor—with elaborate sculpture, still retaining traces of colour and well drawn hieroglyphics. Most of the ceilings—that of the corridor is particularly distinct—are covered with hieroglyphical cartoons. Deep pits were in the floors of all the apartments, except the great hall.

Having scrambled out again into the open air, we continued to ride over the same vast and sandy expanse, honeycombed with mummy

pits rifled and unrifled; and halted for a little while to examine a recently found sarcophagus of red granite, ornamented with hieroglyphics: the cover, whereon a human mummy was sculptured, lay close beside it—both were in perfect preservation. We then descended by a steep sloping entrance into a second recently discovered tomb, consisting of a single chamber without columns. The walls are richly painted on stucco, and the colouring is wonderfully vivid. The execution of the designs is however ridiculously incorrect. Here are portrayed the sacred cow, the ibis—and a number of human figures with blue hair; some of whose faces resemble that of the fox, and are red, while others are black like that of a wolf. There are also a few bird-headed human figures A blue border embellished with golden stars runs along the top of these paintings.

It was now time to retrace our steps, and we found luncheon prepared for us within an enclosure before a mud dwelling. Fragments of sculptured stone lay scattered about where we sat; and leaning against a wall was a slab, displaying a finely wrought female figure and hieroglyphics. The ride back towards the Nile was delightful, for the day was like an *early* autumnal one in England. The pyramids of Dashóor were discernable on our right, and those of Geezeh on our left. We passed several deep pits, dug in the fields for purposes of irrigation: a trench is sometimes cut round a single palm tree to retain the moisture at its roots. Our donkeys were strong and active: the occasional turning of a saddle was no fault of *theirs*! The drivers of these useful animals often treat them very cruelly.

After one of the most glorious of Egypt's sunsets the "Clothilde" went on to Geezeh; and very early in the morning Vincenzo started for Cairo, with the combined objects of sending donkeys across the river to convey us to the Pyramids, securing rooms at Sheppeard's Hotel, calling at the British Consulate and Post-office for our letters, and giving orders for

tents and divers matters connected with our future journey. The donkeys were not long in making their appearance; and escorted by Salvo (brother of our dragoman, and called "the gentleman's valet,") some of our crew, and Antonio—the latter *of course* forgetting the footstools which were to facilitate our ascent of the Great Pyramid—we rode away from the busy bank of the Nile towards the curious old town of Geezeh. The costume of the men, who in winter generally wear *zaaboots* (long robes of brown woollen stuff) trimmed with fur, is even more picturesque at that season than it is in summer. Being anxious to see the place where eggs are hatched by artificial heat—a practice which dates from the time of the Pharaohs—our guide conducted us to a large mud building: into this we entered; passing through two low doorways and *a hole* into an apartment lighted from above, and perhaps thirty feet in length, the floor of which was thickly covered with straw. Here the eggs are laid round circular ovens. The place swarmed with fleas, and we quickly made our escape. From Geezeh our road lay along a broad avenue of sont and other trees, and through an extensive palm grove, to the canal; which we crossed by a bridge built by Mohammed Ali. Thence our track became more difficult; but we trusted to the unerring instinct of our sure footed donkeys, who bore us without accident over steep embankments, and across fields or swampy ground, until we reached a spot—the site of Napoleon's famous battle—in full view of, and *apparently very near* the Pyramids. We were in *reality* two miles distant!

And now commenced a confused clamour among the Arabs—for a crowd of people had followed us from Geezeh in hopes of being employed in some way or other. Fortunately we were aware that two Sheikhs are stationed in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids, and in charge of them. It was therefore advisable to select *their* men from the disputants, a task by no means easily accomplished; and after arranging

the necessary preliminaries of *bargaining for going and returning*, we were each hoisted up on the shoulders of two Arabs—who carried us nimbly and safely through water both deep and shallow; and over bogs, stones, and hillocks, to the base of that sandy mound which leads up to the Pyramid of Cheops. Whenever we *could* walk a little, we willingly did so.

The ascent of this mighty structure is dreadfully fatiguing; but the Arabs are familar with every crevice, and so strong and active, one need not fear trusting entirely to their guidance. One man drags you up by your right hand, another by your left, while a third pushes you behind or prevents your falling backwards.

The French Commissioner chanced to ascend at the same time as ourselves. His tent was pitched on the plain below, and his photograpic machine stood near it, ready for use. Although we rested on a broad ledge about half way to take breath, we were scarcely more than twenty-five minutes in reaching the summit; where, completely exhausted, we gladly seated ourselves upon some of the detached fragments that still remain. I believe the platform is thirty-two feet square. The view from thence has been minutely and enthusiastically described by every traveller in Egypt. For my own part, I was thinking not of *fine prospects*, but of how we should ever *get down* again! We *did* descend safely, however, and with alarming rapidity! It was many days before we recovered from the effects of such an uncomfortable straining of the muscles!

The only time my head felt giddy was when I was treading the narrow ledge that leads to the entrance—a third of the height from the base. We sat down in front of that pointed arch, formed by two great blocks, which tends to support the roof of the sloping narrow passage. The Arabs lighted candles, and we all groped along for about a dozen yards; but the foul air, dust, and dread of bats and lizards, proved beyond our

endurance in addition to the labour we had just undergone. Accordingly, with the exception of Mr. T.—who pushed his way into the interior as far as the Sarcophagus—we turned back; and continuing our descent, ended by doing ample justice to a luncheon which Salvo had laid out on one of the lowest blocks of the Pyramid itself. These enormous masses are of limestone, and full of fossils. A French lady and gentleman had come from Cairo with the intention of seeing sunrise the next day from the top of the Great Pyramid. They were to remain all night in one of the excavated tombs.

We could not linger, for the day was wearing on apace; and turning to the right, we beheld at the extremity of a sandy ravine the colossal head and shoulders of the Sphinx. The whole of this enormous figure is cut out of the solid rock, with the exception of the fore feet, and a small temple formerly rested within its paws. The accumulation of sand was in ancient times prevented by walls of crude brick, vestiges of which may yet be seen. We found a *drier* but rather *longer* way back to the donkeys, and were ever and anon hoisted up and carried as before. The Arabs had picked up a few sentences of English, and tried to win our favour by the constant repetition of "Lady, no fraid, Arab strong man." In the midst of all their attentive care the prevailing word was "*backsheesh*." These men live in tents near the Pyramids, and their encampment is in perfect accordance with the scene around them. A heavy shower of rain came on, but the most splendid rainbow I ever beheld made me entirely unmindful of the discomfort of damp clothes. One of our *escort* attempted to throw his cloak over my shoulders, and I hope I expressed sufficient gratitude for his well meant act of kindness, although I obstinately refused to profit by it. How quickly the crops spring up in this rich soil! and how fresh and green the fields appear even while they are still partly under water! We rode *homewards* at a very slow pace, the moistened ground being so

slippery that some of the donkeys could not keep their footing. It was quite dark when we entered our cabin, where our fatigues were for a while forgotten in the piles of welcome letters that awaited us. We proceeded to *Boulák*, our sailors chaunting their chorus in tones absolutely *deafening;* but as it was the last we were destined to hear, we bore the noise *most patiently*, and retired to rest rejoicing that our Nile voyage was completed. It had not been devoid of both pleasure and interest, but there were also many drawbacks. The *dahabéeh* and its arrangements were excellent, and we had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of the Reis and crew. Not once was the bastinado even *threatened*. I believe few travellers in Egypt can confirm this statement by their own experience. Our Maltese servants had latterly disagreed among themselves; as *Christians* they ought to have set a better example. Antonio and Paolo left us at Cairo.

We bade *adieu* to the "Clothilde" on Thursday, December 8th, and drove in an open carriage to Sheppeard's Hotel. It was market day at Boulák. An immense number of loaded camels were standing or lying on an open space to our left, and we passed many more on the road. This *Cairene* Hotel is the largest I ever saw; with its handsome stone staircases, wide corridors, and lofty apartments. There are good baths too, and a well supplied *table d' hote*. On the other hand, the beds are by no means so free from *creeping things* as they *might* be with proper care, and the attendance is woefully deficient. Certainly what *we* call good servants must be extremely scarce in Egypt.

The constant arrival of passengers to and from India keeps up an unceasing bustle and excitement. Young and old, married and single, black *ayahs* and English nurserymaids, sickly squalling children, yellow faces and dowdy dresses, disappointed hopes and ardent expectations—all assemble here! Of mere *tourists*, the Americans are at present the most numerous. They leave their own country with a fixed resolve to

see so much and *spend* so much within a specified time, and almost invariably perform to a hair's breadth what they have undertaken.

Seewáns (tents), vying with each other in gaudy decorations, were erected in the Uzbekéëh—for the annual festival had begun which celebrates the birthday and death of the Prophet, and is called the *Moo' lid en-Nebbée*. During the afternoon we rode through quaint old streets, where we had not been before, on our way to some of the shops and bazaars. I was never tired of admiring those high, projecting, elaborately carved and painted lattice-windows; from childhood rendered so familar to my imagination by books and pictures. The weather was cool and pleasant.

Shopping again the next morning—a slow process in the East, where the seller not only makes a point of demanding for his goods at least three times their value, but appears perfectly indifferent as to whether the purchases are eventually made or not! While *im*patiently awaiting the result of one of these bargains, my attention was attracted towards a water carrier, of whom I would gladly have made a sketch. His figure, already bent by age, stooped still more under the weight of the elegant, long-shaped jar of porous earthenware attached to his shoulders by ropes. Within the neck of this jar was a bunch of orange leaves. He held two or three brightly polished copper cups in one hand, into which he poured the water. Of the Bazaars, that for shoes is the most showy, with its gay colours and embroidered slippers. As we returned to the European quarter we passed several handsome old Mosques: they are generally painted externally in horizontal stripes of red and white. We met two marriage processions; and unless some of the covered baskets were *empty*, which I understand is not unfrequently the case, the brides must have been endowed with noble *trousseaux*. We also met a party of Hadji carrying banners and burning incense.

There was a grand *leave taking* that day—beginning with Paolo and Antonio, and ending with the first and second Reis. Reis *number one* was very proud of a new suit of clothes and a signet ring given him by Mr. T. in token of approbation.

We were by no means destitute of amusement at the *table d' hôte*. Flirtations were going on, while papas and mammas pretended not to see them! Many interesting topics were discussed, for the guests were of various nations and contrary pursuits. There were a few *genuine* Turks and Egyptians—and also some *Anglo-Arabs* (of course the least well bred of the party); English Officers; English speculators; English tourists; Americans; French; Italians; a German general; and a German baron. Lord Elphinstone was also at Sheppeard's Hotel, and a very indifferent band of music now and then played in his honour.

On Saturday, December 10th, we rode through the Bazaar of Arms, and Turkish quarter of the city; and beyond the Roumaylee gate, we dismounted near the Mausoleum of Mohammed Ali's family. Before admitting us a man carefully removed the dust from the soles of our boots with a cloth. This building, which is also a Mosque, is divided into two apartments and a long corridor. The inner chamber contains the yet unfinished tomb of Ibrahim Pacha. Workmen were busily employed upon it, and the adjoining tombs were covered with matting to protect them from injury. Each apartment has a dome; and within the corridor, from whose ceiling a large chandelier is suspended, every sepulchre has a separate one. Below these domes are windows of coloured glass. The tomb of Abbas Pacha's first wife, near the entrance to the outer chamber, struck me as particularly beautiful: it was of white marble, sculptured and painted. Among the rest that attracted our notice were those of Abbas Pacha's father (Toossoom Pacha, Mohammed Ali's son), of Hossayn Bey, of Ismail Bey, of Ali Bey Saloniklee, of Mohammed Ali's first wife (the mother

of Ibrahim Pacha), of one of the daughters of Mohammed Ali, and the tomb of an infant son of Abbas Pacha. The sepulchres of the male branches are, as usual, surmounted by a sculptured turban; while those of the females are sometimes adorned in like manner with a sort of cap. The *muezzin* was calling to prayer in loud and discordant tones. This edifice is approached by a narrow passage, on each side of which are the dwellings of people in charge, who extort *backshcesh* from travellers. Passing through a house close by, inhabited from similar motives, we entered the cemetery of the Memlooks. The most conspicuous of these tombs is that of Imám e' Shaffaee. It is said to have been erected by Yoosef-Salah-e'deen (Saladin), and is of white marble: its dome is supported by six columns. This tomb is richly sculptured, and beneath its lofty cupola are also two other scarcophagi; said to be those of Imám's daughter and of Ali Bey—the tomb of whose wife is at hand, its dome supported by four columns. Each quarter of Cairo has a distinct burial-ground; some of the sepulchres are very handsome, and are surmounted by domes or arches. Our intelligent young Arab guide (who had been employed by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and spoke English pretty well) now led us immediately behind the Citadel, down a ravine, past a succession of Santons' and Sheikhs' tombs—and the cemetery of the 'Ool 'ama, chiefs of the Mohammedan priesthood, within the sacred boundaries of which none but Muslims are allowed to enter. A few houses in the neighbourhood are set apart for the wives of deceased 'Ool 'ama, when they visit their husbands' graves. Riding quickly onwards, we soon reached the tombs of the Circassian Memlook Kings—or Caliphs—of Egypt. Within the enclosure are several large old houses. Each tomb is a Mosque; and wherever any object of particular curiosity remains, they have their separate guardians. We first directed our attention to the beautiful Mosque El Kaitbay. The whole cemetery is thus denominated by the modern Cairenes; but the name is more properly

Káëdbai—who was the 19th Memlook Sultan, and was buried there A.D. 1496. We greatly admired its dome, minaret, and elegantly sculptured doorway. The exterior exhibits alternate courses of red and white; and a steep flight of stone steps leads up to the entrance, across which are suspended a lantern and some ostrich eggs: the latter are mostly imitation, being of fancifully coloured china. The massive portal of carved bronze is in wonderful preservation; the floors are of inlaid marble—red, white, and black; the windows, many of them broken, are of stained glass; and the pulpit, remarkably curious as a specimen of ancient carving in wood, is ornamented with painting. Facing the pulpit is an elevated wooden platform, from whence prayer is announced. Over every door—whose ponderous locks are quite in character with the rest of the building—is inscribed a text from the Kur-án, in white characters upon a black ground. The sarcophagus is covered with yellow cloth, whereon is a red scroll pattern; and its railing and canopy are of latticed and painted wood. Close behind the sarcophagus is an arched niche adorned with Arabesque patterns; and on each side of this niche is a wooden box—one of which contains a copy of the Kur-án. This chamber is surrounded by a painted surbase; and upon two raised platforms—one surmounted by a wooden, and the other by a copper canopy—are large stones, said to be marked by the right and left footprints of the Prophet; but where and on what occasion we were unable to discover.

The tomb of El Eshraf is less magnificent; and judging from the long time we were kept waiting until the rusty lock could be unfastened, not so frequently visited. The floors are of inlaid and polished marbles, like those of the Mosque I have just described; the inside of the dome is curiously painted, and is supported by four white marble columns, two of which are circular and two octagon. The chamber containing the sarcophagus is surrounded by a surbase of different marbles; as likewise the tomb itself, the upper part of which is of white marble. Behind the

sarcophagus, whose lid appears very much injured, is a niche most beautifully inlaid with mother of pearl and coloured stones in tasteful and elaborate Arabesque patterns—with a painted arch, or semi dome. The tomb of El Bêrkook, first Sultan of the Memlook dynasty, has two domes and two minarets. A rather narrow passage—paved with square stones, most of which are broken—leads into an open court, with a large tamarisk tree in the centre, where was once a fountain. Cloisters surround this court; their arches are slightly pointed, and some more so than others. We were not admitted into the interior of this Mosque. Within the cloisters are two rows of octagon columns; arched, and supporting domes. These still gorgeous mausoleums of the Desert are fast hastening to decay. Time, neglect, and the hand of man will ere long, it is to be feared, entirely destroy them. As we approached Cairo we passed an immense number of windmills, erected upon a range of hills. The *Sibeels* (public fountains) abound in richness of sculpture: we saw two of them above which schools were established.

When dinner was over we walked along the Uzbekéëh in front of the *Seewáns*, which were gaily and prettily illuminated with small lamps of coloured glass. Each tent belongs to the head, or Sheikh, of a set of Dervishes from some particular town or village; and in many instances the decorations are costly, and the lighting up brilliant; while others are nearly dark and of very mean appearance. The *seewán* of the great Sheikh of the Sáadéëh—who was not present himself, but sent his deputy—was, as might be expected, the *grandest*: that of his brother was almost as splendid. But every feeling of admiration ceased when we heard and saw the revolting performance of the *zikr*, as it is called, which the interiors of these *seewáns* displayed. In the centre stood the Sheikh, directing the movements of his followers, who surrounded him in a circle holding each others hands, jumping, dancing, bowing, shaking their heads violently, and—in loud and