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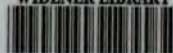
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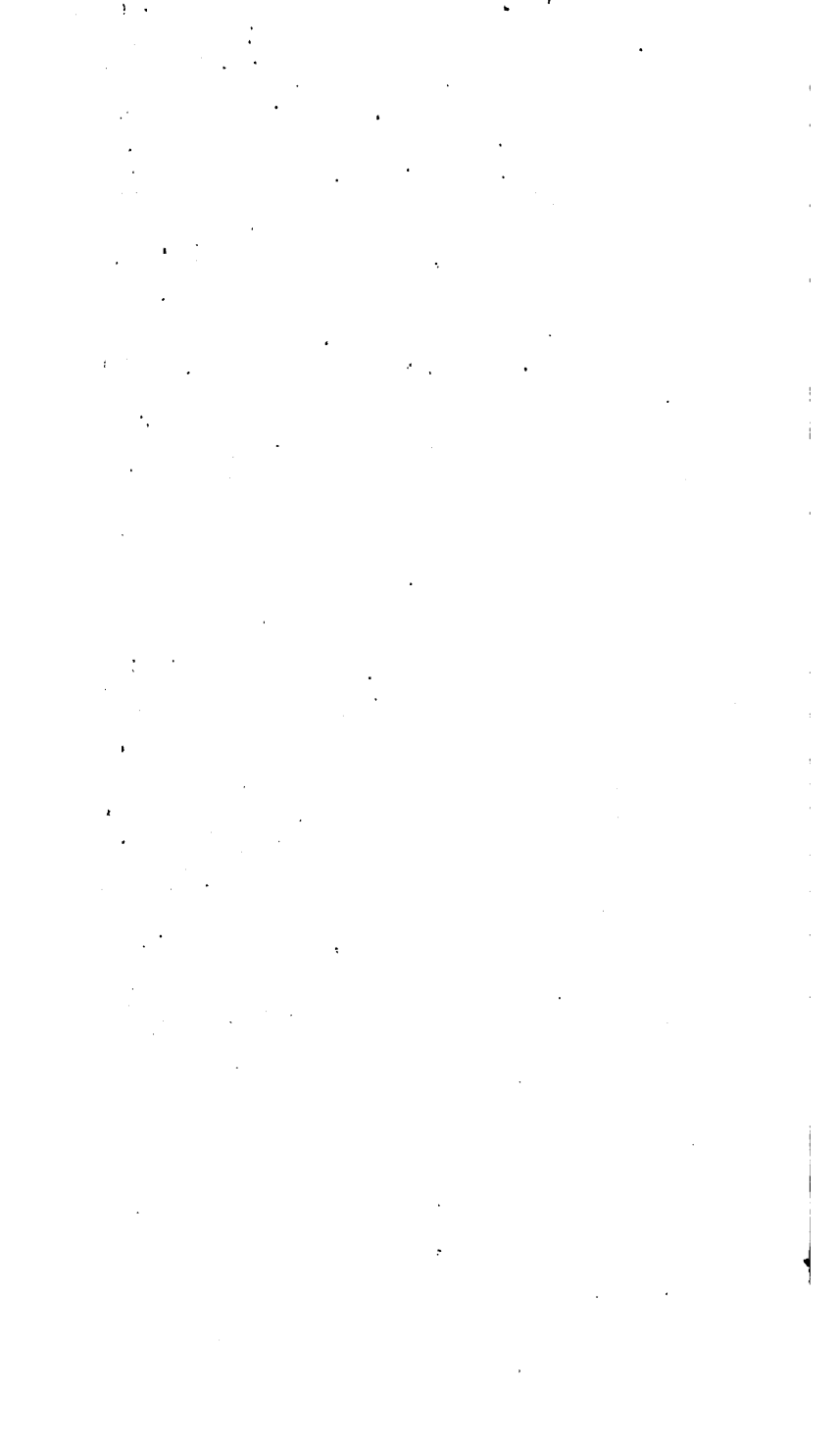
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A

JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS

THROUGH

EGYPT, NUBIA, ARABIA PETRÆA,
PALESTINE, AND SYRIA.

BY

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, M.P.

*Frederick W. R. Stewart, 4th Marquis of
Londonberry.*

WITH

Illustrations from Original Drawings.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,

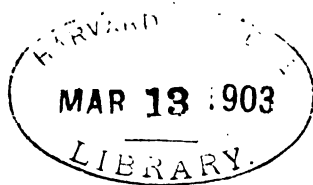
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P R E F A C E.

THE time that has elapsed since these notes were written, and their cursory nature, afford sufficient proof that they were destined for the amusement of a family circle, without the remotest intention that the reading world, already so amply provided with descriptions of the East, should be called upon to endure their perusal. Nor could I have ventured upon their publication at this time had I not entertained the hope of thus being enabled to add some slight contribution to the magnificent charity afforded

by this country towards the relief of her afflicted sister.

The plates are selected from a large collection of drawings taken on the spot by one of my companions, Mr. A. Schranz, of Malta.

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DIARY
OF
A JOURNEY TO DAMASCUS.

CHAPTER I.

Sail from Southampton — Cadiz — Gibraltar — Malta —
Island of Servi — Alexandria.



CHAPTER I.

ON the 3rd of November, 1841, I sailed from Southampton, on board "The Circassian," bound for the East, with my friend Captain Lyon, who was kind enough to give me a berth. We made Cape Ortegal on the 7th, and, having been favoured by cloudless skies, were enabled to admire at leisure the bold scenery of Cape Finisterre, Monte Cico, and Cape St. Vincent, and to arrive off Cadiz about midnight on the 12th.

Nov. 13th.—A thick haze to-day prevented our seeing more than the outline of the town, rising from the sea. The small village of Rota, the shape and features of the bay, and Port St. Mary, with the bold hills of Ronda in the background, gradually disclosed themselves as

the mist rolled away. The shore is sandy and parched, with scanty verdure, and few trees. The harbour extends for four or five miles up the bay, and a canal surrounds the city to the south and west. After landing among a crowd of idlers and vagabonds of all sorts, small soldiers, ugly hags, and noisy beggars, we passed through a low archway into the market-place. Every costume of the country was to be seen here. The peasant in his *macho*, the water-carriers, the scowling ruffian, muffled in his cloak and *sombrero*, as well as the dirty dandy, whom we sometimes hail as an exotic in Regent-street or the Quadrant, formed their respective groups. Some were smartly dressed in jackets covered with gold or silver buttons, with brilliant sashes; others held their mantles raised closely to their eyes, evidently wishing to conceal the deficiency of their wardrobes, or to shun a too familiar glance. There were but few women present, and, as far as I could judge, the men appear to have the advantage in personal attractions, for in general they are tall, with handsome faces, lighted by the fierce and brilliant eyes peculiar to this people. The ladies, on the contrary, appear short in

stature, and brown as their own olives, resembling, in colour and limited growth, the stunted trees which are thinly scattered over the land.

On entering a café, where there were all sorts of loungers, from the man who sold lottery tickets, and the beggar who came to light a cigar, to the wealthy merchant, or the more important official, or military chief,—the ease and politeness of all were as remarkable as they were praiseworthy; there was no rude stare or loud talking that could either annoy or offend. In their apparent good-nature and obliging disposition, they presented a striking contrast to our own countrymen, whose characteristic it unhappily is to be generally overbearing and uncourteous in public places.

Nov. 14th.—To-day we landed and sauntered through the town. Mr. Cuthbert gave us a Spanish dinner. The olla-podrida is made of beef stewed to rags, with a lump of lard, a sausage of garlic, and a hotch-potch of vegetables; formidable as it sounds, the mess is rather good. Roast pig, red mullets, sweet potatoes, olives, acorns, and Catalan wine, made up our repast. It certainly was not an

epicurean feast, but we had the satisfaction of knowing that it was national.

Nov. 15th.—We started for Port St. Mary, where there are extensive cellars. The usual practice of tempting visitors to taste different mixtures of sherry was resorted to, but with little effect on us, for after trying a few varieties, we declined intoxication so early in the day. It is amusing to recollect the erudition of some of our English friends, who talk so fluently about good sherry. The whole business consists in mixing different ingredients to suit various palates, for if the pure juice of the grape were tasted, in all probability it would not be swallowed. The mixtures of Manzanilla, a weak, dry wine, Amontillado, which is stronger and better, and a certain quantity of brandy, for the English palate, constitute the material of the various vintages. Wines of different years are also added, and, in the weaker and dryer ones, recourse is had to the skins and stalks.

We saw palm trees, for the first time, near Port St. Mary, rising above the aloe hedges, and dwarf pines. They are more graceful and picturesque than the surrounding objects,

and decorate the flat and sandy shore, on which they bestow an eastern character.

Nov. 16th.—We went to the ramparts and strolled round the walls. By the land side the town is so strongly fortified as to be almost impregnable. There is a narrow causeway, extending for some miles, commanded by upwards of eighty pieces of cannon. These are partially dismantled, and probably steam would render this fortification useless, but in former times it presented a formidable barrier to any approach. Along the ramparts there are large hotels, imposing enough from a distance, but on a nearer view they resemble ruined barracks, decayed like the fortunes which originally created them. These were the dwellings of the merchants of Cadiz, in her palmy days, when her port teemed with the wealth of successful commerce, and she boasted and deserved the name of the Tyre of the west.

Nov. 18th, Gibraltar.—The schooner came to anchor near the quarantine boat last night, and we saw the lights ashore, twinkling under the black mass of rocks which towered above them. On the other side of the bay were the fires at Algeziras, marking out its position.

This morning we received pratique, and moved off to the Mole, anchoring close to shore.

We visited the celebrated galleries, which are too well known to require description. Having seen St. George's Hall and St. Michael's cave, we descended the hill in a storm of wind and rain which effectually spoiled our prospect. The rock is covered at the summit with dwarf palms, and lower down flourish the aloë and the cactus. The gardens are chiefly laid out upon terraces, and countless orange and lemon trees, covered with blossom, load the air with perfume. Jessamine, heliotrope, and verbenæ, flourish in rich luxuriance, of which, in our colder climate, we have no idea. The African hills, when visible, rival the splendid ridge near Ronda, which is seen here to greater advantage than at Cadiz.

Europa Point is low and bluff, and covered with cannon, under which the smugglers lie for shelter, carrying the English flag. British goods are prohibited in Spain, principally to benefit the province of Catalonia and town of Barcelona; but there is scarcely a Spanish peasant who has not a printed cotton dress from Glasgow or Manchester, or a mountaineer

who will not have his shirt of English manufacture. Handkerchiefs, shawls, and muslins, are poured into Spain by scores of contrabandistas, who, when the government vessels are off their guard, effect the landing of their goods along the coast. If chased, they retire under cover of the English guns, and the batteries would not hesitate to fire at any guarda costa chasing within range of the fortress.

We arrived at Malta on the 26th. The church of St. John is the first object that attracts attention. It covers a good deal of ground, but there is nothing in the exterior particularly remarkable. The magnificent hotels in the main street are now used for purposes far different from those to which they were destined in the days of chivalry. As we passed the Hotel de Castille, a military band was playing, and the halls where the knights of St. John had banqueted, resounded with the drums and trumpets of England. Other large establishments belonging to the Order, such as the Hotels de Provence, France, and Angleterre, have likewise been turned to some account. The former is, I believe, a club.

The age of chivalry is past, but not forgotten, and one cannot but love the vestiges it has left behind. At home there are also our grand masters, and our political warriors; but we look back to the great leaders of other days with even a more reverential feeling than we can bestow on those of our own time. The Church of St. John is an oblong hall, of considerable size, and not very like a place of worship. The arms of England surmount a throne close to the high altar. The edifice is paved with flag-stones of marble, covered with escutcheons and armorial bearings, and there are some fine monuments still remaining, and a pair of massive silver gates.

Dec. 6th.—We left Malta on the 1st, and proceeded on our voyage, meeting with alternate calms and squalls. On the evening of the 5th, it blew a whole gale. The wind shifted from S.W. to N.E., and it was too thick to see our way. We lay to between Cerigo and C. Matapan, and until twelve next day endured the brunt of the blast. At one it began to clear, and we made sail to look into the bay in which the island of Servi is situated. Passing under Cerigo, with the mountains of

Matapan rising round us, we seemed almost enclosed in a basin. The mists were rising from the hills, and, as the sun set, the colouring and the shadows on the high lands were worthy the attention of the most ardent admirers of tint and tone. The island of Servi seems to be but a barren rock; Cerigo little better. The forms of the highland peaks of Arran and Skye are far more grand than the outlines here. I have seen the former, as I behold these islands, shrouded in mist, with the clouds sweeping through their glens and valleys; and think that both in fine weather and in storms, the western isles carry off the palm of picturesque grandeur from their southern rivals. We are lying close under Servi, waiting for daylight to go ashore and look for some swans or other wild animals which the tradition of previous explorers hands down to us. A great many sails passed through the passage, bound to the west, and one or two brigs have taken shelter in the bay, where there is an anchorage.

Dec. 7th.—All turned out at seven, and after breakfast prepared to go ashore. We ran into the bay, and round the east point of

the island, which is rocky and abrupt, with villages perched upon the hill tops. A few small hamlets near the water with boats drawn upon the beach, and some miserable enclosures marked the abodes of the inhabitants. The nearest land appeared low and sandy, and covered with brushwood. We pulled ashore in the gig, and as we beached the boat, some wild ducks and two or three snipes, rose inside the sea bank; these, however, seemed to comprise the whole sporting stock of the place. We walked and beat over the ground for some time, and saw nothing but larks and water-wagtails. The swans were, I presume, at the "vada Mæandri."

Some fresh mutton was highly desirable, and, therefore, we made for a flock of sheep and goats. A little boy clothed in a blanket made his appearance from under a rock, but from him we could get neither mutton nor swans. He would not sell the one, nor did he know of the other. In despair it was determined to advance inland to a low ridge of rocks, near which a primitive plough, without any iron on the share, drawn by small wild looking oxen, and handled by as ugly a looking fellow as I ever beheld, was doing duty on the sandy soil.

After a parley the Greek could not tell us anything. He referred us back to the pool near the shore, where he said there were some ducks, and he talked of a few quails sometimes at certain periods of the year; but knew nothing at all about swans. Upon which, we decided to return to our boats.

The natives dwell in the rock, and it was impossible to have guessed that a human habitation was there, had not the people been found on the spot. They seemed half stupid, not even stopping from curiosity to look at our party, which to them must have been an unusual one. Nothing appeared to surprise them; they neither asked for money, nor offered their services as guides. I believe they are grievously oppressed under the paternal government of King Otho, having to pay ten times as much for their independence, in the way of taxation, as they had under the Turk, with very little difference as to the extent of tyranny under which they labour. But freedom is, I am afraid, unsuited to them. All over the world the modern Greek is the same. He is indolent and careless. There is no trace in him of his ancestral blood, nor of pride of his

race. Fit victim of any master, liberty would be useless to him; for he would not understand its purpose. It is said that the mountaineers of Albania, and the chiefs who fought for their independence, are fine fellows in their way; but that even the best of them could not lay aside their predatory habits and native jealousy. Though some are under the Porte, and others under Otho, they still retain the wilder features of their national character, and are as little civilized as ever.

On our way back we had time to admire the scene. Taygetus was in the distance, covered with snow on his five peaks—a magnificent mountain—marking the spot where Sparta “was founded, flourished, and decayed;” Eurotas winds at its base. Mistra is the town nearest to the site of Lacedæmon. The sun was shining upon the hills, lighting up their peaks and valleys with minute distinctness, and pouring a sheet of fire on the Gulf of Colokynthia, which lay between us and the land. In our front was Servi—low, dark, and barren; beyond it, Cerigo; and on our left, C. St. Angelo, with Mount St. Elias.

The soil we walked over was light, sandy,

and covered with stones. Various herbs, wild thyme, marjoram, rue, and others, of which I know not the names, were growing in the greatest luxuriance. Dwarf rhododendrons and azalias, prickly shrubs, box-trees—a vegetation entirely new to our eyes—were spread before us, and the air was filled with perfume.

Dec. 8th.—To-day we passed Cerigotto, and are now coasting along the western side of Candia, with C. Chrío before us, and holding our course for the small island of Gozo.

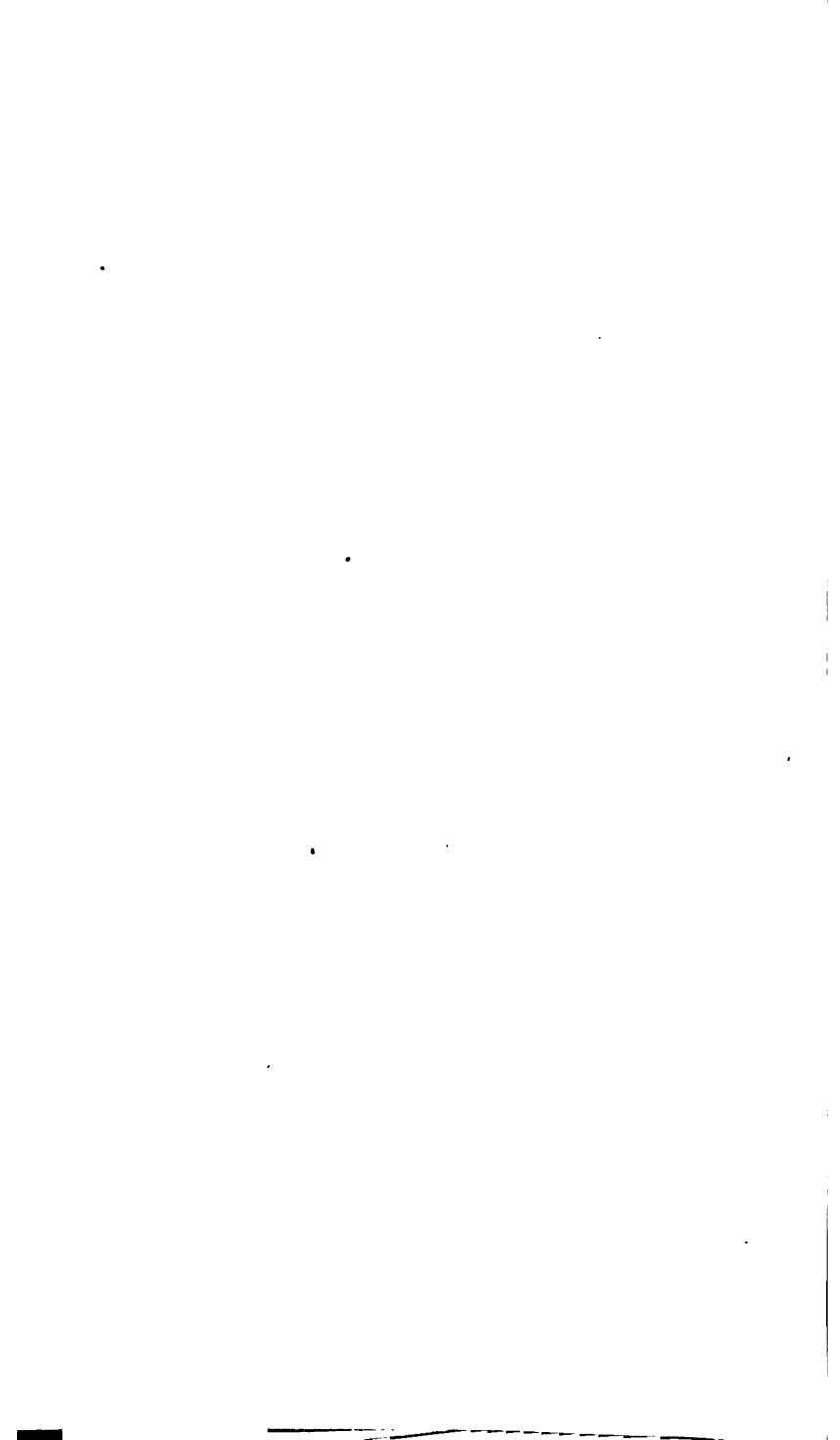
Rounding C. Chrío, we steered for Alexandria. The coast of Candia is rocky and mountainous, the hills high and bold, but there is no sign of vegetation anywhere, nor are there any harbours on this side of the island.

Dec. 11th.—Went on deck at seven; saw nothing but a thick white haze over “all the land of Egypt.” We were making great way, however, and soon the lighthouse rose slowly from the water, with Pompey’s Pillar near it. Gradually the city broke upon us. First the shipping, (about fifteen sail of the line, besides many merchantmen,) then the Pacha’s palace or harem, and a square tower, with a lighthouse masking the new port.

Dec. 12th.—We moved from our anchorage of last night, higher up the harbour, and abreast of the harem and palace of the Pacha. There seems to be only one ship here actually in commission. Many of those in the basin present an imposing appearance, and are said to be well built; though I suppose, if we took them in hand at home, we should find plenty of faults, and have enough to do to make them suit our notions of naval architecture. The contrast is remarkable between these handsome ships and the poor and wretched buildings along the shore. The Pacha's palace is situated near the meanest and most miserable dwellings,—some nothing more than apertures cut out and burrowed in the rocks or sand,—it is an ugly edifice, in the French style, and the harem is a flat-roofed mass of walls, with latticed windows, surrounded by a garden. Next to it in importance as a building, is the arsenal, and a small mole, newly constructed. The lighthouse is a fine work, and will be very useful.

We landed, and, after seeing the bazaars, slave market, and the principal square, paid a visit to Pompey's Pillar. It is situated on a

hillock, above a burying-ground. We duly admired the matchless shaft, at the top of which we saw the name of "the Gem," inscribed by its adventurous master. The slave-market is an enclosure, shut out by high walls from air and light. In this space, dirty, and reeking with horrid smells, we saw a crowd of human beings, male and female, adults and children from the lowest caste blacks, to the more comely Abyssinians. Many of these excited disgust rather than pity. Some were miserably thin, with short woolly hair plastered down with oil or fat, and bound into tresses with beads or coins; others had bracelets of different kinds by way of ornament. They grinned in order to show their teeth, played all sorts of antics, like monkeys, and were very clamorous for "backshish." Their average price was about 10*l*.



CHAPTER II.

The Bazaars — Boghos Bey — The Pacha's Commerce —
Sanitary Regulations — Palace and Gardens of Seyd
Pacha — Arsenal — Departure from Alexandria —
Atfe — Boulak — Cairo.

CHAPTER II.

DEC. 20TH.—Atfe is distant from Alexandria about 40 miles, at the termination of the Mahmoudieh canal, the work of Mehemet Ali, which connects the Nile with the city of the Ptolemies. To the point of junction the traveller is towed up in a boat by horses; after this, when once on the river, he is dependent upon wind and stream; the journey to Cairo being made in boats propelled by large lateen sails, or towed by the crews in case of calm or adverse breeze.

The bazaars disappointed our expectations: the best are not much better than a booth at a country fair. The wares are exposed for sale on each side of a narrow passage, and there is scarcely room to pass through the crowd. Camels and donkeys walk through the mass of

people, and every one pushes his neighbour to avoid them. The stranger should beware of stopping to look at some lazy old Turk smoking his pipe, or saying his prayers, in the middle of his shop. He will be hustled, or run over, by animals of every variety of colour, dress, and form.

Dec. 3rd.—This morning we paid a visit to the Prime Minister of Méhemet Ali, Boghos Bey. His house has nothing to distinguish it. A throng of slaves and dependents were waiting round the door. We found a wooden staircase, whitewashed walls without any appearance of state or comfort, a low small door, and close to it, a plainly dressed old man, whom I nearly fell over. This was Boghos Bey. He led us into his room, which was furnished with the utmost simplicity, with two French clocks, a mat, that covered the whole floor, and a divan at one end. He desired me, in French, (which he speaks perfectly,) to sit on the divan, and placed himself on a chair by me. Pipes were brought in, and coffee, and afterwards sherbet.

After hoping that my health was good, and that I liked the country, he assured me that Méhemet Ali, his master, whom he had served for

thirty-seven years, was determined to act upon the promises he had made to the Great Powers, that his Highness was in Upper Egypt, turning his mind to commercial and agricultural matters ; that he wished to live peaceably, improve the people and the country, continuing his plans and his domestic policy, without giving cause for foreign interference, and hoping that circumstances might be favourable to him in these views, at the decline of a long and stormy life.

Boghos Bey seemed to have got his lesson by heart, and spoke it well. I was very much struck with his mild and pleasing manner, sometimes playful, but acute and guarded, and with a turn for the sarcastic. Once when the Consul began, as I thought, with doubtful tact to say something about the Custom regulations, and to make some complaint, Boghos said quietly, having previously been talking of his master's long difficulties and position, "*Monsieur le Consul, vous savez bien que les petites choses sont souvent plus embarrassantes que les grandes.*"

He was overpowering in his offers of being of use—said all he had was ours ; that he would

write to Cairo, and prepare our way, and that he would acquaint the Pacha of our intention to ask to see him. That he would order our goods and chattels to pass unvisited, and, in short, that he was our slave, and that we had only to command him. He finally sent for more pipes; and when we took leave, came to the head of his staircase, and ordered his carriage to take us back.

On entering the mansion of a Pacha, or Bey, where ceremony is to be observed, each person receives a pipe, or not, according to his rank. One man attends to each pipe, and brings it lighted to the guest. Coffee is given in the same way, with one man to each coffee-cup, so that there are sometimes ten or fifteen slaves, or servants, in the room, for four or five people, whose orders are usually communicated by signs. A man's station is measured by his seat at the divan, and the number of pipes he receives. If the master of the house does not get up, the visitor is nothing in his eyes. If he goes to the door, it is a great compliment; but if he receives him outside, it is the highest respect he can pay.

Dec. 14th.—There are few mansions, as we

should call them, except in the neighbourhood of the "Place." These are built in the French style, and appear to promise well, but the interior presents nothing but dirt and discomfort. The dwellings in general are shaped like a square box, perforated with holes, the top of which, in summer, is the sleeping quarter of the inmates. The palace is like a French villa, with a great scarcity of furniture. It is fitted with French paper, chairs, and silk hangings. We saw one handsome circular room, with an indifferent chandelier, which did not seem to be much used.

Dec. 15th.—To-day we sallied out into the country, by the Rosetta gate. Here there is desolation on all sides, except in the vicinity of some European-built houses, with gardens, on which a large sum has been expended by the proprietors, who are either officially employed, or merchants of the town. Palm-trees abound, with the cactus, the fig, and the orange, among hillocks of sand, covered with broken stones and fragments of buildings. Wherever the traveller advances, he treads upon the ruins of palaces or huts, both equally laid low. We saw the famous battle-field, and at a distance

the bay of Aboukir, lake Mareotis, and the canal. The whole land has a dreary aspect. Desolation has set its seal upon it, and there appears to be little or no attempt at improvement. The road or track out of the town is covered with large stones. Dirt accumulates in heaps, and in some places it is a service of danger to move.

The account given of the Pacha's commerce is curious. He buys everything in the shape of produce, such as grain, cotton, &c., and sells it at his own price to the exporting merchants. The importers are less in his power, because, what they buy elsewhere, they sell to the native population without interference, and dispose of as they choose. But the exporters, of whom it seems there are not many, are obliged to accept the Pacha's terms, and by receiving a commission for goods or stores, arms or ammunition, at a large profit, sometimes sixty or seventy per cent., they repay themselves for the hard bargains of their master. The whole system of his policy is, however, so well known, and has been described so often, that it is useless to enter further into it.

The sanitary regulations ought to command

immediate attention from our government. Can there be anything more absurd than a quarantine between this port and Beirout? This is enforced by a Board of Health. If you come from Beirout overland, there is no regulation, nor any guard to stop you. If you proceed by sea in the Emetje mail packet, you are unshipped with your goods, and put into the lazaretto (which is part of the same building, as the Plague Hospital) for fifteen or twenty days as it may be. Besides this annoyance, in the very town you are prevented entering, cases of plague are occurring daily, whereas at Beirout there is frequently no plague at all. We were told that six people arrived in the packet, and were at once crammed ashore into the lazaret, which was neither weather tight nor large enough to hold them. Here they passed seven or eight days under the greatest privations, totally unable to obtain any necessaries from the town. Either there ought to be no quarantine at a port which is itself *foul*, or a proper place should be appointed for quarantine, where there is no risk of catching the plague on landing, of being crippled by the weather, or devoured by the rats.

One poor man landed at Damietta from Syria. They would not let him enter the town, but picketed him on the sea-shore, half a day's journey off, where he spent seven days under a burning sun, with no sustenance but a few biscuits and half a bottle of brandy. The Board of Health alter their regulations constantly, without notice, and if any one suffers there is no redress.

Dec. 16th.—We rode out to visit Seyd Pacha's palace and gardens, passing through a gate on the right of the Rosetta entrance, and along the banks of the canal. The houses, which resemble sheep-folds, are divided into partitions not more than seven or eight feet square, with low doors or holes into which the inmates creep on all fours. Let the reader imagine these habitations with human beings of all sizes and ages, dogs prowling about for offal, here and there donkeys and camels threading their way along the narrow divisions, all reeking and steaming under a hot sun, covered with sand and dust, and still he will have but an imperfect idea of the horrors of an Egyptian suburb.

We passed by several mounds, among which

are tombs inhabited by those who have no other abode. The dead have given place to the living, and the latter seem created to be swept off by plague or fever, after a life of privation and wretchedness, from which there is no hope of release. And yet they are gay and careless, patient and passionless. They submit to be beaten by any one whose brief authority confers a privilege; never repining, or returning an imprecation for a blow. The people in authority are as careless in disposing of human life as the "Fellahs" seem to be indifferent to the enjoyment of it.

We fought our way through crowds of native soldiers, Bedouins of the desert, with their long guns and loose blankets, sitting near their camels; fruit stalls, tobacco sellers, and various dealers in small wares; till we arrived at the entrance of the gardens in which is situated the palace. Seyd Pacha, the son of Mehemet Ali, is said to have been well educated. He has lately been visiting the Sultan, and was received with great honours. The palace is, as usual, in French taste. The stucco work is falling to pieces; the glass is so bad that it is not worthy of a place in an alehouse window,

and the rooms are large, without any furniture except divans. The harem is distinguished by lattices on the lower part of the windows, so as effectually to exclude a prying glance. The gardens are irrigated by canals from the Nile, the water being forced up by large wheels. The soil is beyond measure productive, the river fertilizing it better than any manure. All the ground appears to have been excavated or built upon, and every step taken is upon the remnants of the busy life of by-gone ages.

Dec. 18th.—I started this morning to go over the arsenal. Mahomet Bey, who has been some years in England, studying under Mr. Fincham, and others, received us. He speaks English perfectly, as did another officer employed under him, who had also passed his time in the dock-yards at Sheerness, and Portsmouth. The establishment is very extensive. There are above 2000 artificers employed, besides convicts, of whom there are 2000 more. All necessaries for state purposes are furnished here—not only stores and provisions for the army and navy, but clothing and accoutrements are manufactured and provided. There is a rope-walk, 1200 feet long;

near this we saw some Paixhan guns, which have been purchased since the Syrian War. They are now being fitted on carriages, for immediate service, and I presume are intended for batteries along the shore.

From this arsenal all articles required for public works in the country are produced. Agricultural implements, cloth, linen for the workmen, &c., are mixed up in the same establishment, with sails and spars, bunting and nails, copper bolts, and all the material of the navy. There are joiners, carpenters, tailors, tinkers, sail-makers, and mechanics of all trades in active employment. We were asked to observe several scientific instruments, which had been constructed, and there is a printing and lithographic press, which is a great innovation upon Eastern customs.

Dec. 20th.—We took leave of Alexandria, having stowed our baggage in the track-boat, which was to land us at Atfe, the termination of the Mahmoudieh Canal. A pair of gaunt and wiry horses drew our vessel along, at a much faster pace than I could have expected from them. The country, after passing a few villas belonging to the richer merchants, is as

flat and desolate as can be conceived. On the right the Lake Mareotis, on the left the desert plains of the Aboukir country, and its lake, are dimly seen; and before the traveller extend Lake Etko, Lake Bourlos, and the distant wilds of the Delta. The canal is a work which must have cost the Pacha dear, both in money and human life. It is said that 40,000 men were originally employed upon it. Mehemet Ali was told that it would take him six months, with 10,000 men; his answer was, that the work must be finished in two months. The banks in general are higher than the deck of a small boat, such as the one we had. Here and there, were perceived glimpses of cultivation, and the soil appeared more like black mud than sand. A line of semaphores is established along the canal, and occasionally we passed a small watch-tower. The villages have the same character, so that when one has been seen, it will pass muster for all.

On the right, we saw the town of Damanhour, and the junction, with the Mahmoudieh, of a branch canal from that part of the country, which supplies and keeps it full of water, when occasion requires. The opening into the

Nile is closed, for if the water had a free passage, the sand would speedily choke up the channel. Occasionally we passed some solitary palms, the only picturesque feature of these dreary wastes. Our horses were changed six times between Alexandria and Atfe, and the distance was performed in seven hours.

When we arrived at Atfe, it was nearly dark, and we found each side of the canal lined with vessels loading grain, and other cargoes, so that we had great difficulty in reaching our boats. This was, however, at last accomplished, and we lay down to rest, surrounded by most of the plagues of Egypt, among which that of creeping things was not forgotten.

Dec. 21st.—Having resumed our voyage, we are going merrily along with a fair wind, and have passed Er Ramanieh, the first village of any note. Here, there is a country palace, and an encampment of the Pacha's troops. Their tents are low and dark; scarcely to be distinguished from the soil on which they are pitched. Many of the soldiers were bathing, others praying devoutly with innumerable prostrations. This ceremony takes place four times a day, and as the men always wash

before prayers, they ought to be tolerably cleanly. The country at first, from its novelty, is interesting, but as the last village, with its mosque and mud huts, palms and burying-ground, is the same as the first, the traveller is soon wearied. The country is as flat as the great river itself; scarcely any novelty strikes the eye, and instead of refreshing turns of the stream, dreary reaches stretch away to an extent that seems interminable.

The Rais of our boats is an old gentleman, with a blue shirt which hangs down to his ankles, a red turban, and long white moustache and beard. He passes his time sitting near the bow of the vessel, smokes all day long, and seems as if nothing could move him except his prayers, at which time he warms up into something like energy. The crew are a mixed mass of all colours and clothes. All dirty and wretched, but good humoured, and perpetually talking and laughing.

Dec. 23rd.—Very little wind, and not much progress. We shot a few doves on shore, and walked through a large and dirty village. Many of the children are stark naked. Kites and crows hover over the roofs, and dogs

prowl about half famished, and as eager as jackals for prey.

Dec. 24th.—To-day we descried the distant pyramids. The pictures and descriptions that have been made and written, portray them so faithfully that I hailed them as old friends. But they appear to great advantage here from the extreme flatness of the country, which, except near Cairo, boasts not a hill on which the eye can rest.

Dec. 25th.—At one in the morning, we reached Boulak, the port of Cairo. The noise was so intolerable that sleep was out of the question. As soon as it was light, we made all ready to go ashore. My companions remained on board with the servants to guard the baggage, while I went up to the hotel. Such a scene I never saw as the inn-yard! Imagine a small court containing a half-starved ostrich, looking like a spectre, a monkey, a lynx, donkeys innumerable, camels, dromedaries, Arabs, couriers, dragomen, waiting to be hired; and in the midst of all, various specimens of the John Bull tribe, starting for India, by way of Suez, in Mackintoshes, straw hats, pea-jackets, and every variety of costume.

I must not forget a bevy of ladies in green veils and poke bonnets, waiting to be shut into boxes like diminutive sedans, to be jolted across the Suez desert, or looking in utter despair at the broken-down donkeys on which they were to trust themselves, if they preferred a quadruped to a packing case. In spite of all the noise, crowds, and scramble, we found capital rooms, and good accommodations for this country, where, in general, you have four walls, a stone floor, and a divan, as your stock of furniture.

Dec. 26th.—To-day we had an explanation with the Rais's of our boats, who have demurred to sink them. This process is necessary in order to get rid of the rats in possession, and there is no end of the trouble and manœuvring and chicane to which you are obliged to resort, to make the owners comply with your wishes. First they say, "God help them, do you wish to destroy them, and their boat?" Afterwards,—they hint that you are mad, and they cannot understand why you object to rats and cockroaches; then they get into a passion, and scream so loud that you might hear them a mile off; and all this is for the sake of a little

advance in price, which being given, they assent to your wishes. But if you offer this at once, and without the squabble, it is of no use whatever, and they only increase their demands.

Dec. 27th.—I cannot help thinking, that our diplomatic position here is defective, not from incapacity in the persons employed, but because they neither have the means nor station necessary to cause themselves to be respected by the authorities. Their information is rarely as good as that which the French obtain, and France is infinitely more alive to all that concerns this country—has tenfold the influence that we possess, and endeavours in every way to injure our interests. If she could prevent our communications with India, she would desire nothing better.

Dec. 28th.—To-day we went into the Bazaars and bought some shawls, tobacco-bags, and other articles. The Bazaars are more roomy and the streets more solid in appearance than at Alexandria.

Dec. 29th. — I visited the Slave-market, which differs little from that at Alexandria. The poor creatures are huddled together, swarming with vermin, and covered with filthy

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ragged masses of grease and dirt, with nothing in their favour but their misfortunes. We groped our way into some dark dens in this miserable abode, where the better or handsomer victims were said to be kept. I saw nothing that could boast of beauty. It is strange that these poor creatures do not seem to mind their fate. But let no admirer of the fairer part of the creation go to a slave-market with the idea that he will see anything to charm or please the eye. Nakedness is fearfully hideous when it exposes filth or deformities. We stayed as short a time as possible, and departed, leaving a tribe of our countrymen, who were satisfying their curiosity with wonderful perseverance.

Our evenings are long and tedious. The city seems asleep at nine o'clock, and, but for the barking of the dogs, there is complete silence. The deep shadows are so well-defined, and the buildings so picturesque, by moonlight, that I advise any one who wishes for a pleasing delusion to stroll out after sunset in this climate. In the day, all the dirt and misery are too readily distinguished; at night, things are blended together in fantastic and pleasing

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shapes, and minaret and mosque, gable and porch, harem and cottage, harmonize together in the yellow refulgence which is cast over all.

Nothing takes off so much from the interest and beauty of these regions as the total absence of female forms. The Fellah women, who are the lowest and poorest of their sex, dressed in long blue gowns, opening a little at the throat, with a veil over one eye, conceal their coarse features as much as possible, and of their figures very little can be seen. The better class either waddle along with each hand on their stomachs, and the thumbs turned up, slip-shod, dowdy-looking, and almost completely hidden by silk capotes, with white veils; or else get astride upon donkeys, and in either case there seems to be but a slight difference between them and a bundle of clothes. The face is very much disfigured by the veil they wear, which is suspended by a piece of tape from the forehead, making each individual resemble a person who has had his face plastered and bandaged at the hospital for a broken nose.

There is much uncertainty with respect to money in this country, and it is difficult to

know what to take. Plenty of gold pieces are in circulation, and before we arrived, the currency of the Sultan was legalized, as well as that of the Pacha. Since the late events, however, the latter has prohibited the Turkish currency, and many who held it were severe losers. The consequence is, that every one who pays, endeavours to pass away some Turkish money, and in the gold currency it is extremely difficult for a foreigner to tell the difference. Then again, many of the Pacha's pieces of gold have been depreciated, and clipped or split. These the people object to take at their value, and deduct half or a whole piastre, as they think expedient, and you have no chance of righting yourself, unless you condescend to wrangle, and bargain, and scheme, like the persons you have to deal with.

Jan. 2nd, 1842.—We explored to-day the environs of the citadel. There is a magnificent view from the walls, comprising the whole city, the Nile, pyramids, and tombs of the sultans. Climbing an eminence, we found ourselves close to a large burial ground. There is nothing impressive or solemn in these last abodes of mortality. Two small stones mark the ex-

tremities of the graves. A few of these are more ornamented than others, according to the station of the deceased. Some have a turban roughly carved at the head of the tomb. The sepulchres of the rich or great have domes over them, and these sometimes are richly ornamented and exceedingly picturesque. They seem like miniature mosques, but the distinction is, that the tombs have no minarets, which are the places appointed for the muezzin, or priest, to call his congregation to prayer. These are the greatest and the most important features in all Eastern towns. The number in Cairo is very great, and at a distance they are beautiful objects, but when examined closely, are like everything else in this country, out of repair and left to fall into ruins.

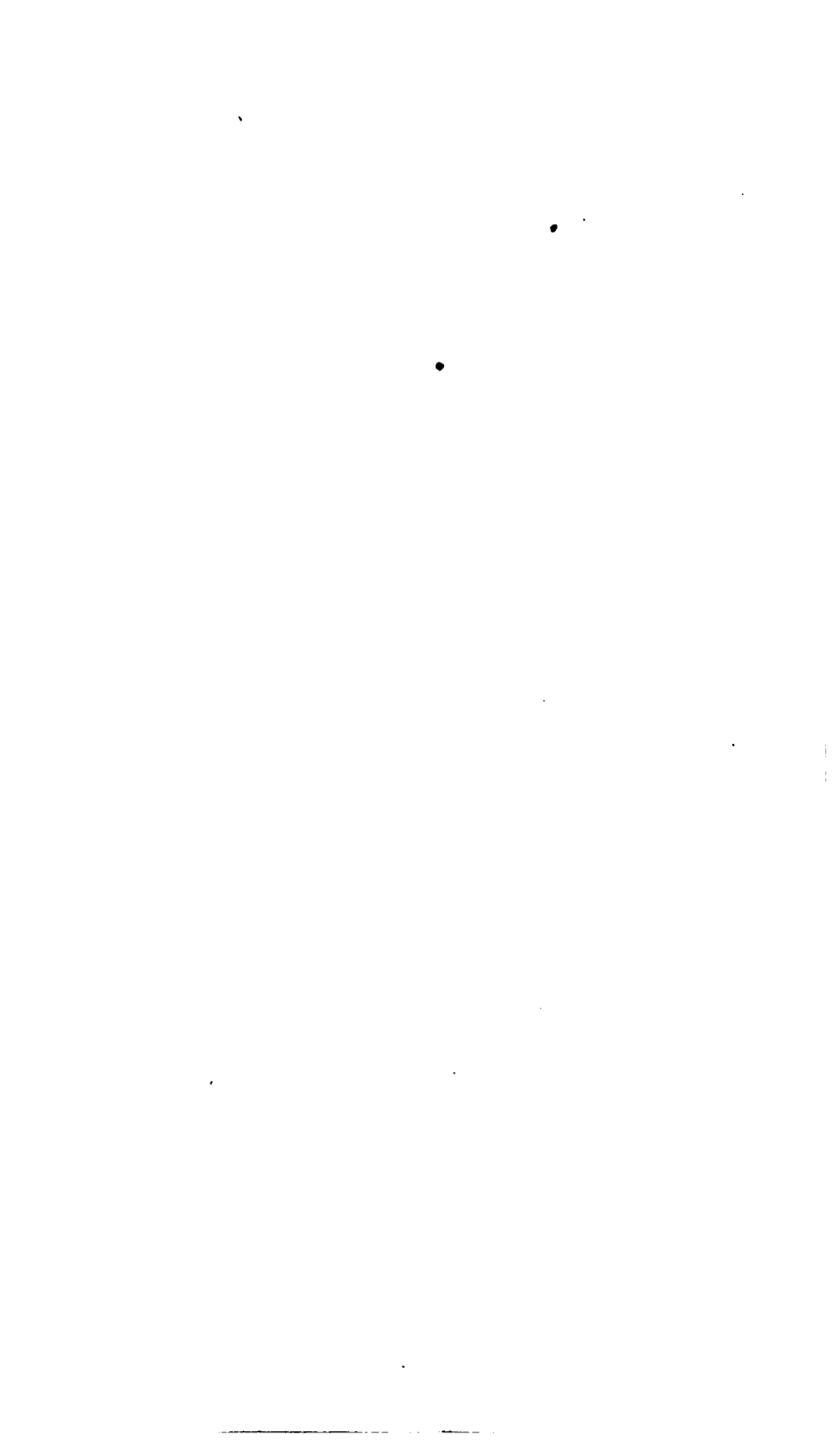
It is the same case with the houses—as well the hovel as the palace. It appears as if the whole city had been built at one time, and not one touch of repair had been given to it since its original construction. Strange is the contrast of the eternal pyramids, which will lift their bared summits to the sun long after these modern attempts at grandeur shall have passed away. One would almost suppose that these

enduring monuments had been raised as a sign to nations, the more impressively to mark the almost universal decay of this devoted land. Ruin is all around. Hopeless misery is the lot of the people. Dilapidation and wretchedness the landmarks of the country. Nothing seems to thrive or prosper. No one can amass wealth for fear of having it wrested from him. No one cares to improve his house or his land, lest it should excite suspicion of his riches. Men live in fear and trembling, and all is swallowed up by the despotism which takes everything from the people, and gives nothing back but blows.

Dreary and gloomy as this prospect is in detail, and when the mind reverts to the real state of this country, nevertheless the view to a traveller from this height is one of the finest in the world. The pyramids form the background, of a picture which embraces all Cairo. Mosques, tombs, palaces, harems, cupolas, and minarets, rise in endless variety, and in the indistinct mass it is impossible to distinguish the heaps of ruin and rubbish which disfigure every portion.

Jan. 5th.—To-day has been entirely taken

up with packing baggage. Six or seven camels carry our stores to the boats. These consist of chairs, beds, tables, trunks, crockery, kitchen utensils, rice, macaroni, potatoes, fowls, bread, oranges, and lemons. Add to this, wine and beer, and boxes of made dishes, and pots, and pans, and kettles, and tins of every sort, and a faint idea may be entertained of our start for Boulak. I subsequently went to the baths, and feel haunted by the figures of the lean, gaunt Arabs, who shampooed me. They look like imps of darkness, grinning as they clutch one.



CHAPTER III.

Departure from Boulak — Beni Souef — Colosaneh —
Siout — Excavations — The Saxon Temples — Kar-
nak — Temple at Edfou.



CHAPTER III.

JAN. 6th.—This morning we left the port of Boulak. The wind was blowing up the river, and in about an hour we were abreast of Ghizeh. It however soon dropped, and we are now lying under the banks, with no chance of moving before morning, as there is scarcely ever a breeze in the night when it has fallen to a calm at sunset. The boats are more agreeable than at first. A small closet forms the stern, which serves very well for dry packages; next to this is a room about seven feet square, with a fixed bench, or divan, on one half of the floor. The adjoining cabin is double the size, and in it is a large divan, which good cushions and cotton have made very comfortable.

Jan. 7th.—This morning we halted at a small village, where we got milk and eggs, and some turkeys. We have on board a Janizary from Cairo, who belongs to Ali Bey, the governor, and has been lately employed in carrying dispatches to the Pacha. I am told he may be useful in case of any difficulty, but it is a bad plan to let these people go ashore to buy provisions, as they sometimes frighten the natives, who are so much used to be under forced contributions, that they dread the sight of a Janizary. Your servants, also, if they are not honest, will use the Janizary's name, to get food and provisions, without paying for them.

The stream here is wide and rapid. The view of Cairo, with the chain of the Mokattan, the sand-cliffs above it, and the tombs and mosques rising into the blue sky, is very striking. We passed powder magazines of the Pacha's, and a railroad he has made, on which, however, there is no steam. Stone for building is the principal article conveyed. Along the cliffs are numerous excavations and tombs, some of which are converted into granaries. The land appears covered with pyramids, the

larger ones rising conspicuous above all. One glance takes in Ghizeh, Saccara, and Dashur; round the latter, less imposing than those of Ghizeh, are innumerable smaller ones, most of them crumbling to decay, in the waste of sand, which extends as far as the eye can reach.

Jan. 9th.—We had an adventure last night. After dark two shots were heard: on inquiry, the firing was said to have come from two Nubian boats, whose crews were quarrelling; but the sharp reports of an English double-barrel were not to be mistaken, and soon after I heard a third. In about five minutes, Captain Lyon was abreast of us, having hoisted his mainsail, which we both had agreed previously not to do, in order to let the small boat keep up with us. He hailed, saying that a large boat had run into him and carried away his mizen, and wished us to give chase, as the crew had given no answer when spoken after the accident, and the vessel being rigged with larger sails had passed us. The shots we heard had been fired to induce them to stop.

After a long chase we caught her. She turned out to be a craft laden with corn, and

belonging to Ibrahim Pacha, having some soldiers and a Nubian Rais on board. He, of course, thought he had it all his own way. Our Janizary, however, now came into play, and stating that we were travellers, proved that the people in the offending boat were clearly in the wrong—first, for running foul of the boat, and then not answering when hailed. Captain Lyon insisted upon all going ashore, and having the matter settled, taking our Rais Ali as umpire. I believe they wrangled for about an hour about the value of five piastres, and the affair ended by the Nubian Rais paying for the damage. Meantime, we lost two hours in the delay, and as soon as the contending parties got on board, the wind fell away, and it became calm.

This morning after breakfast we landed to shoot across a plain studded with groves of palm trees and fields of corn. There were magnificent crops, but no birds, except hawks, kites, and crows. At last we arrived at Boussa, where the Pacha has a store of grain. Here we found flocks of doves and hoopoes. These birds are extremely tame, and run about the villages, scarcely moving out of the way of the

stranger, so that there is neither skill nor sport in destroying them. Far different are the wild fowl, which swarm in myriads. There are geese, ducks, cranes, pelicans, swans, spoonbills, and many other kinds of water birds; but the sportsman can scarcely ever approach them or do any execution, except with a rifle.

Jan. 10th.—Beni Souef, at which we have at last arrived, is a village distinguished by a cotton manufactory belonging to the Pacha. Here we found some squadrons of cavalry quartered, and a public market. Soon after leaving this place, our crew began to dance and play on the tomtom and pipe. The whole performance is extremely grotesque, consisting in certain contortions and gestures, frequently repeated to the sound of very monotonous music.

We heard that the Pacha was at Feshn, a small town about twenty-five miles off, where he has a palace. Many droves of cattle are passing along the banks of the river, which are purchased by his highness, in his journeys to the provinces, and sent down to Cairo or elsewhere for sale. He buys sometimes in person, accompanied by his officers, and always fixes his own price in the markets, or when the

people come to him, which they are more frequently forced to do. He does not always pay badly, but the money is pillaged by the subordinate officers before it gets into the hands of the sellers, so that the latter are almost always losers.

Jan. 11th.—We passed Feshn at about five in the evening. In the morning, as usual, we made an expedition ashore, and found some miserable huts, and a party of peasants, who possessed only one goat among them, which was for sale. We gave their children a few paras, as they were evidently frightened at the sight of strangers. The Sheikh of the village rode by—a wild-looking personage—followed by crowds of miserable wretches, who are employed on government works. About three o'clock, there being no wind, and the Rais declaring that we should be two hours before we could reach Colosaneh, it was determined to walk, leaving the boats to proceed the usual way. Rais Ali grumbled at our decision, and declared that it was dangerous, and that we might be robbed or get into a scrape. Then he said the distance was twice as great as he had originally declared, and endeavoured by every means he could to dissuade us from

the attempt. However, the Janizary accompanying us, we set off.

Our expedition began pretty well. We wandered on through very fine crops of corn and beans, and a rich and luxuriant vegetation, with here and there a village containing its usual dogs and date-trees, dirt and dove-cotes. It at last became clear to us that the Janizary, who declared he could show us the way to Colosaneh, knew nothing about it; and after two hours walk we were forced to ask our road at a village called Nesle Benim-hamed. Here we found the Sheikh, who declared that the town was before us, but begged us to stay at his house, as it was late. We, however, declined his hospitality, and trudged on, not knowing which path to follow, as we soon left the village, and lost the track. In a field near, we caught sight of some jackals, at which we fired without effect. We saw more of them afterwards, and heard them hunting like a pack of fox-hounds.

Evening set in fast. We were in an immense plain, covered everywhere with thick reedy grass, above our knees, without a track; the atmosphere was thick and hazy, and there were plenty of holes and ditches, but not a

solitary star to guide us. At last some lights were discovered, for which we made. In half an hour's hard walking and scrambling, we reached a number of camels, donkeys, goats, sheep and dogs, with a dozen wild-looking Arabs, men and women, clustered round a watch-fire. We asked the way, but for a while they were afraid, or unwilling to show it.

It was clear that our Janizary was frightened. The wild cries of these people, and their gestures were anything but friendly; but eventually we prevailed on one of them to point out the track. At once all the rest rose and followed. I thought it very likely that the Janizary might find himself in a scrape, caught at night among these poor Fellahs, over whom he might, perhaps, have been formerly an instrument of extortion or injustice; and he was evidently not happy till he got out of their clutches. We followed the track, and soon after met the Pacha's post on the way to Cairo. From the messenger we got directions, and pursued our weary journey. At last, after a walk of nearly twenty miles, at nine o'clock, we reached the village.

In the meantime our boats were wending

their way slowly up the stream, and there was little chance of their being at Colosaneh before morning. Hungry and tired, we found Assan Bey encamped on the bank of the river. Clot Bey had given me a letter to this chief, who is governor of a large tract of country, but it was in the boat, and probably miles off. At last, I determined to apply to him, and state our case. He sent back word, that there was a place to which we might go. This did not seem civil, but shelter was better than the open air, and we were taken into a circular tent, close to the Bey's. Very soon we received cushions and pillows, coffee and bread and milk. Many of the Bey's people came in to stare at us, but at last we sent them away and prepared to sleep.

At this moment our cook appeared with a lantern, announcing the arrival of the boats. We hurried as fast as we could to our old quarters, too happy to be there, instead of lying to be gnawed by rats, or stung by mosquitoes in the Bey's tent. When I got on board, we sent off the letter, to prove to him that we were not impostors. It appeared very soon that our cook and the old Rais had been

quarrelling. The cook, very properly, had insisted upon the Rais bestirring himself to get on to Colosaneh, but the other, in sheer obstinacy, tried to move the boat as slowly as he could, in order to punish us for disregarding his advice. The Rais, at last, threatened to give the cook the bastinado. As I had found out previously, that Rais Ali was obstinate and sulky, I determined to have him up before the Bey.

Jan. 12th.—This morning we went to the Bey's tent. We paid him the usual compliments, and he ordered coffee and pipes, and said, "all he had was ours." After some time I brought forward my complaint against the Rais, begging he might be admonished, but not beaten. The Bey frowned, and looked as if he would have liked having recourse to the ceremony of the stick; however, he sent for the old man, who came up, and made a very good fight, as we were told afterwards, obstinately disputing inch by inch, every foot of debateable ground. I complained of him simply upon his threat to beat my servant. His defence was, that he was not obliged by his contract to go on after sunset; which was not true. After a great deal

of wrangling between the parties, I professed to be satisfied if he would ask pardon, which the Bey declared he must do, and also make friends with the cook. It was amusing enough to see their two heads knocked together by force,—for neither would embrace the other,—to the evident disgust of both parties.

We soon took our leave, and seeing the Bey taking snuff, I asked if he would like a fresh supply, and as he graciously nodded, I sent him some. In return, he gave us a sheep. After this ceremony, we started with a foul wind, and are tracking slowly along. Certainly, the best part of last night's adventure, was our reception in the encampment. The scene was wild in the extreme; the watch-fires round the Bey's tent, the camels and horses picketed near, and the dark scowling faces gleaming among the lights, which fluttered and streamed up to the tops of the highest palms, and danced across the river, were well worthy of an artist's pencil.

We have just passed the Mountain of Birds. Several Christian monks live upon it, who subsist on charity. Some of them descended from the rocks and swam across the river, to

ask alms. It seemed no easy task to stem so wide a stream, but it was evidently nothing to them. The convent is built upon a sand rock, two hundred feet above the river. Here we saw some enormous rafts, guided by long branches of trees, instead of oars. The people on them were as strange-looking as their crafts, which came from Ghene, where there are earthenware manufactories.

Jan. 13th.—To-day at two o'clock we are abreast of Melawi. The breeze freshened yesterday in the afternoon, and soon after losing sight of the convent, near the Mountain of Birds, we found ourselves at Minieh, which a recent traveller calls minareted, I suppose for the sake of alliteration, as there are no more minarets at Minieh than anywhere else in this part of the world.

Abreast of Wady Metaghara, and near Beni Hassan, are some extensive catacombs and excavations, where the early Christians sought refuge at the time of their persecution. They are dreary and desolate abodes, fitter for hawks or jackals, than for man. The country now seems bolder, but there is nothing like a mountain to be seen from Alexandria to this

place. The landscape is bleak and dreary, without variety or beauty, and neither affords interest for the painter or the sportsman. Near Manfalout the cliffs are filled with excavations. There is nothing to distinguish it from other Egyptian towns, or to vary the usual features of mosques, palm-trees, mud walls, ruined houses, dirt, and misery. We passed two or three boat-loads of wretched slaves. The Government has been accused of paying its troops, when the treasury was empty, by allowing the soldiers to hunt these poor creatures down like wild beasts, in the higher regions beyond Nubia, and afterwards bring them for sale to Cairo.

Siout is beautifully situated, under a hilly ridge of sand-cliffs, perforated with innumerable excavations. The road to the town leads through richly cultivated soil, deposited by the periodical overflowing of the Nile. The verdure is beautiful, and the acacia and Palma Thebaica, which you now first meet with, vie with each other in their picturesque appearance. This town, the capital of Upper Egypt, is the ancient Lycopolis. Here, formerly, the jackal was worshipped, as were the crocodile

and other animals elsewhere. There are some pretty buildings in this place, as well as some baths, by which we profited. The latter were even better than those at Cairo. The bazaars are poor, the shops dirty, and the wares inferior in every way.

Jan. 16th.—This morning we started to the excavations above the town. The ascent is neither steep nor long. In several places are tiers of cavities, like the port-holes of a frigate, and occasionally larger ones, which seem to have been the principal edifices, whether temples or tombs. The first we saw was approached by a doorway, cut in the solid rock, with figures on each side. These are nearly effaced and broken by the chisel, or blasted with powder. Inside, are two or three chambers, which have been hacked and hewed by ruthless hands, so as to have lost all resemblance to what they originally might have been. There are also remains of pillars, with shapeless capitals, the bases and shafts of which are broken and demolished. The inscriptions are almost entirely gone, and a few years more will complete the work of destruction. I should doubt whether originally these excava-

tions were highly ornamented. They are curious as the last vestiges of an age whose memorials will gradually but surely be extinguished.

A second temple contains some chambers, the roofs of which have been painted with various designs. The ground is blue, spotted with stars, and there are, here and there, squares, chequered like a chess-board; but the cement has been broken off, and the same ruin which has visited the sculptured hieroglyphics, has not spared the painting. Round about are innumerable fragments of earthenware, bones, and mummy clothes.

Pursuing our way up the hill, we found the ground covered with large masses of rock, apparently basaltic. Here there are several fossil shells. From the top of the hill the view was superb. The course of the Nile, for miles above and below Siout, was seen winding through an edging of green, sometimes expanding into sheets of water, at others appearing like a silver string, with the stern and dreary desert, hemming in the bright verdure on its banks, and distinctly marking the course of the river. The crops over this vast district

were magnificent. Clover of the most luxuriant growth, barley, beans, lentils, in a mass of the richest green, were spread out under our feet, with the river winding through them; the framework of the picture being the yellow sand, boundless and desolate. Clusters of palm-trees occasionally marked the site of villages, so picturesque from a distance, so dirty when near. Under us was a large burial-ground, in front Siout, with its minarets, and behind us the great Lybian desert.

Returning down the mountain, we passed more excavations, some deep and wide, others left unfinished. There is little to justify the walk, except the prospect from the top of the hill, and the curiosity which prompts the traveller to visit the graves of an unknown race. The larger excavations are said to be of an early date. There were, probably, places of interment at hand, so that the dead might be buried near the edifices in which they had worshipped. After this, successively, came the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman, who laid a rude and ruthless hand upon these once sacred places, and by converting them to other purposes, set the first example of destruc-

tion. Subsequently the persecuted Christians fled for shelter to these caves of the rock, and hid themselves near the fanes, once sacred to Isis and Osiris, but destined in after ages to receive within their precincts the persecuted worshippers of Christ. By these hermits, probably, the smaller cells and passages were constructed, which are cut through the rocks. Civilization brought another spoiler. The chisel, the hammer, powder and pick-axe have done their work, and to crown all, the Pacha has established quarries, and destroys more than Greek or Roman, antiquary or traveller. A few more years will pass, and then the stranger will gaze upon yawning caverns where the marks of blasting and of iron will tell their destructive tale.

The natives believe that Europeans come to seek for treasure, and our donkey-boys, while we broke some stones, looked on in silent astonishment, saying they knew when we got home we should turn them into gold. Even the Pacha, when Colonel Vyse went to so much expense in excavations, could not believe that a man would throw money away if he did not expect to recover its value in hard

metal. However, his highness is now about to establish a museum, in consequence of which he will not allow antiquities of any sort to be exported, without special leave.

Jan. 18th.—Last night we made but a short run. The breeze failing, we halted near Catieh, a small village, formerly celebrated for being the abode of a horde of robbers, most of whom Ibrahim Pacha destroyed. Our crew never consent to stop at a reasonable distance from a village, but prefer running alongside, or into the middle of as many boats as they can find. In vain I order it otherwise. They like society, and smoke and chatter the whole night through. Too lazy to go ashore, they generally take up their position exactly over my head, and at starting before daylight the noise is indescribable. Often the river is so full of sand-banks, near the shore, that no tow-rope will reach from the boat to the land. The only resource is to push her along with heavy poles. When the wind is strong against them, the crew cannot drag the boat. The river, too, winds so unceasingly, that we appear all day to be under one sand-bank, or close to the same village.

We sailed by Aboutij, where there is nothing worthy of remark, and afterwards two villages, eastern and western Gau, the former, I believe, the site of Antæopolis. At Mishte, we passed the dark hours. At Temeh, about twelve o'clock, we saw a barge with a Turkish flag flying, and two smaller boats near. A group of people were collected on shore, and one of these was protected from the flies by a huge flapper, which an attendant was vigorously using. When we got near, we found it was no less a personage than the Governor of Upper Egypt. Having a letter to him, I stepped ashore, and passed into his boat, which differed but little in size or accommodation from our own. Having asked me to be seated, he hoped my health was good, and sent for coffee. He offered to give me a giraffe (which, however, I declined), and requested me to visit him on my way back. He told me he would give me a letter to facilitate the hire of boats or camels at Assouan. On my thanking him, and accepting the offer, he sent out his secretary to write the dispatch; this done, the Pacha rubbed the ink over his signet with his finger, and stamped it, according to the

usual fashion in the East. He was originally a Circassian, and a Mameluke (I believe), who, having been protected by Mehemet Ali, escaped the fate of his comrades. He is a man about sixty, with a long black beard, very polite, but ignorant of European affairs, like most of those I have as yet seen, excepting always Boghos Bey.

Having received the letter, we parted from the Governor; our crew resumed the towing-ropes, and running round the outer edge of the Pacha's boats—containing his domestics and suite—which were moored to the shore, soon dragged us out of sight of the great man. The remark is quite true, that you can trace in all these people the wandering "nomade" habits of their ancestors, and the tribes from which they spring, to which they cling with curious tenacity. Their tents are ready for striking, if they are encamped. If they are in their houses, their divan and a carpet or two, some cushions and cooking utensils, make up all their furniture. They are here to-day and off to-morrow—always prepared for a start. They never read a book, seldom write a line, and yet some are supposed to be as able diplo-

matists as Talleyrand or Metternich, in all that concerns themselves.

Jan. 19th.—The river presents the usual features. Winding along, it pursues its course, sometimes through flat sand-banks, at others, round the base of the low hills which form its margin. The only new occurrence has been a quarrel between the Rais and one of his people. They first had a screaming match, and afterwards the Rais told the man he would not keep him, and that he might find his way to Cairo as he could. He accordingly was paid; his bundle was pitched ashore, and he was sent after it. The Janizary is utterly useless, and I believe if there was a disturbance would be the first to run away.

Jan. 20th.—We passed the night near Er Reineh, opposite to the tomb of Sheikh Heredy. Our Rais declared this place dangerous, as he said there were robbers in the mountains, and told us a long story of Selim Pacha having been robbed of a diamond decoration, by an Arab who swam across the river in the dead of night, climbed by the rudder of the boat, and let himself into the window of the room in which the Pacha slept. He was not discovered

till some months after, when, as a matter of course, he was put to death. As, however, there is no instance known of Franks being attacked, and having plenty of fire-arms, we went to rest without any idea of receiving these nocturnal visitors.

Jan. 22nd.—We passed last night at a village called Ghezireh Shendowil, where we were treated to the old story of robbers, which I believe to be pure fiction. To-day, at dusk, as usual, the wind died away, when we were close to Menshieh, about five miles from Ekhnim. About three in the morning I was roused by the howling of the wind and waves. I found the people on deck rolled up in their blankets, and either unconscious of danger or too idle to move. The scene changed, however, suddenly enough, for the boat struck on a bank. In the midst of the noise and confusion of getting in the sails, the sleepers got up as they best could, shaking themselves with fear and cold. The Janizary looked white as paste, and the others no better. Luckily our suspense lasted only long enough to wake us thoroughly, and in an hour or two we found ourselves at Girgeh.

Jan. 23rd.—We reached a small village called Haou last night, and are now scudding past Dendera, celebrated in earlier times for its umbrageous palms, and the beautiful temple which we hope thoroughly to inspect when we return.

Jan. 24th.—Last night, as usual, we were stopped by the calms, which succeed to sunset almost as regularly as darkness to light. All day long the breeze was unkind, but at last we came to a turn in the river which disclosed the obelisks and propylon at Karnac. The first feeling was curiosity, the next disappointment. From a short distance the Luxor temples look poor and almost unsightly. The columns strike the spectator as large and noble, but being buried so deep in the sand they appear dwarfish, and are deprived of grace and majesty.

In a few minutes we jumped ashore; guides came by the dozen, headed by an old Turk appointed to look after strangers. We soon found ourselves under the shadow of the now widowed obelisk, and in the front of the portal of the temple. Two giant statues are seated on each side. Of these masses scarcely a form or feature is unbroken; but imagination comes

to the rescue, and furnishes what the destroyer has defaced. There is something solemn and striking in these figures. But the whole effect of the scene is destroyed by the Arab huts and dove-cotes, which rise on every side. The spaces between the pillars of the temple are turned into dwellings or stables. Pigs, goats, and donkeys, with squalid and dirty children by swarms, are pent up together with their dirtier parents, among walls covered with the most elaborate hieroglyphics, and rich in the most coveted and admired treasures of the antiquary and the *savant*. There are here five boats with English colours flying, and we have manfully disregarded the Pacha's order against the use of foreign flags, finding all others do the same. A party, with tents pitched, were bivouacking on the sand near the river. Nothing could be more picturesque than the scene, with the camels lying round a watchfire in front of the ruins, and the guides sleeping beside them.

In the evening, by the rays of a beautiful moon, after looking again upon the dark portal of Luxor, and its gloomy sentries, we started for Karnac. There was formerly a broad road leading from the portal of Luxor to the great gate at Karnac. We passed through fields of

long bent grass, and in half an hour reached a village, with its mud walls and straggling palms. The dogs turned out, snarling and howling, as usual. At first, we could see nothing, neither temples nor ruins. Everything seemed low and indistinct. Turning round a bank we arrived at the famous avenue of sphinxes, and here the first propylon of the great temple was before us, with the moon streaming upon it, and its long deep shadow sleeping upon the plain. As we came nearer, it seemed by degrees to grow upon us; but not till we stood under it were its colossal dimensions evident. The guides and horses seemed like dwarfs. So matchless are the proportions, and so simple and so grand the form, that no idea can be formed of the size until it overwhelms one. Passing through it, we entered a small temple, from the neighbourhood of which, the view which presents itself is extraordinary. Mass upon mass of stones, fragments of pillars, blocks of granite, heaped in endless confusion, meet the eye everywhere, looking as though shaken down by some superhuman power. Wonderful must have been their elevation, but more wonderful still, their fall!

I can give no accurate measurement of the

size of some of these fragments, but a horse and rider would disappear behind many of the single pieces. Beside the portal are two sitting statues of granite, facing each other. The great hall of the temple then appeared in all its sublimity. We felt that to behold these magnificent remains more than repaid us for what we had endured. The sight surpassed both all I had heard and all I had anticipated. Who can describe such majestic desolation? How came such enormous masses to be shaken to their foundation? No human power, one would suppose, could have worked such ruin. Dread, indeed, must have been the scene, and the hour of the downfall of Karnac; for column upon column, tower on tower, walls, roofs, and even foundations broken up and cast down, lie on every side.

The "abomination of desolation" sits upon Karnac. The wind has carried the drift of the desert round about it, but still the vast fabric remains. Mountains of sand could not conceal these vestiges of an earlier and mighty age. Wondrous must have been the power and genius of the people who raised them; and yet how signal is their doom! The Persians and

Greeks may have defaced, the Mahometan may have mutilated the records of the past, but it must have been a mightier hand and a stronger arm which accomplished this destruction. It was not with the tramp of war-steeds, the noise of chariots, or the march of legions that the earth shook, and the temples reeled; but it would seem that the judgment of Heaven descended upon the land, and left an awful lesson to future ages, to be read and pondered on among the silent halls of this greatest of earthly temples.

Leaving this impressive scene, we arrived at another portal, before which there are two statues of colossal size, as usual, disfigured and broken. Passing them, we entered a second avenue of sphinxes, which leads through palm trees to a reservoir of solid masonry, built to receive the waters of the Nile at the time of the inundations, and rode back to Luxor, our guides with their long lances keeping pace with us. I possessed a rarity in the shape of a good horse with a light mouth, and was agreeably surprised to find myself more at home than I expected in a high Turkish saddle.

Jan. 27th.—This day nothing occurred to break our monotonous life. We reached Edfou

about sunset, and set off to visit the temple. It is in good preservation, but the workmanship and execution of the figures and sculpture are far inferior; and this structure is modern, compared with the splendid edifices of Karnac. The portal, which is entire, leads into the *dromos*, or court, surrounded by numerous columns, of which, however, little more is to be seen than the upper part. All the interior is profusely covered with hieroglyphics. On the outside and inside of the gateway are traced gigantic figures of the various deities, but the proportions and workmanship are bad. The temple seems entire, and would be well worth clearing from the huts of the surrounding Arabs.

Jan. 28th.—We are nearly abreast of Hagar Silsili. The quarries here have furnished the materials for many of the finest works of this country. The river is becoming gradually more narrow, and the cultivation is, like the river, within more confined limits.

CHAPTER IV.

Boat upsets on the Nile—The Cataracts—Temples of
Philæ—Irrigation—Wady Halfa—The Nile at the
Cataracts.



CHAPTER IV.

JAN. 28th.—We passed Ombos, where there is a sudden bend in the river, so that the traveller approaches the ruins of the temple sideways, but at the turn there is an admirable view, as they present a commanding front to the stream which washes their base.

We had a Nubian Rais on board, who had asked a passage of Rais Ali to his own country, and took upon himself to pilot us into Assouan. Rais Ali was not much acquainted with this part of the river, having been chiefly engaged between Cairo and Atfe. I had gone to fetch something out of the after-cabin, when suddenly the boat struck on a sandbank. This was no unusual occurrence, but it happened this time with force sufficient to knock several

of the crew down, and throw the Janizary, who was half sleeping over his pipe, sprawling upon the deck. There was a sudden confusion, the boat reeled on her side, and, in one instant, over the deck, in at the cabin windows, in every direction where it was open to its force, the relentless river poured in upon us.

When I was struggling to make my way to the front window, I heard Tardrew calling to me to catch hold of a rope which he held; and, shivering the panes of glass to pieces, which impeded my progress, he hauled me through the window. The boat was on her side. Everything was adrift, and all our light baggage was floating about us. The Arab sailors sat motionless and cramped up, and Rais Ali was squatting on part of the rigging with our servants, who were half-drowned, and shivering with cold. Not one of the crew seemed capable of exertion, and prayers and threats were used in vain. At last two of the Arabs, through much pressing, yielded to the usual talisman, a bribe, and got into the water to see if any brandy could be recovered from the hold. After a good deal of ducking and diving, two bottles were produced, which,

drenched to the skin as we were, probably proved our salvation. This supply we distributed among all our fellow-sufferers, and did not find any religious scruples interfering. We next determined to send off to Assouan for assistance. The people declared it was not above a mile distant, and another present induced two of the crew to swim ashore. There was an island between us and the mainland, which they had to cross, and the distance could not have been more than a quarter of a mile. But they never came back.

Hour after hour passed, which seemed like centuries. The wind was bitterly cold, and the moon, which had risen behind the hills, only served to show us the horrors of our position. At times, in the uncertain light, we fancied the boats were coming, but our hopes were always frustrated. One of our mattresses floating on the water was picked up, and behind this we nestled together.

At last help came. By great good luck, a boat belonging to Mr. Lyall, which we had passed the day before, took the same channel we had followed, (which was the wrong one,) and seeing our wretched plight, instantly came

to the rescue. This gentleman was accompanied by his wife and three children, who were going from Calcutta to England, and were adventurous enough to take the Nile on their way. They proved themselves good Samaritans, by their kindness and the assistance they rendered us. They gave us dry blankets, tea, and brandy, and shared every comfort they possessed. But the delay prevented their getting to Assouan that night, for which they had been most anxious.

When morning broke I was awakened to the sense of our pleasant position, as Mr. Lyall's boat was proceeding to Assouan. We determined to send assistance immediately to the wreck, little dreaming how difficult a matter it was, and to accompany Mr. Lyall, leaving two of the servants, and the Janizary, who, since the moment of our upset, had done nothing but howl for his sword and pistols, which were at the bottom of the Nile. After three hours tracking we arrived at Assouan, the distance to which must have been at least five English miles. Our first business was to send a servant to the Governor, to inquire whether boats could be sent down; he was

also to present the letter which Selim Pacha had given me. In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Lyall, after offering every assistance in their power, and permitting us to remain in their boat until their return, set off to the cataracts, intending to make sail the same night, for Cairo. We found some of our countrymen here, who kindly offered the use of their boats, with food and clothes, and anything of which we were in want. Our servants returned from the Governor's, reporting that nothing yet had been done, but that perhaps boats would be sent off that evening. We were surprised at the utter inefficiency of Selim Pacha's letter; and even the Pacha's firman was of no avail.

All our baggage had now been nearly twenty hours under water, and not one of the natives, in spite of our offers of money, had given us a helping hand. Soon after the Governor came down, with two officials, who smoked their pipes and drank their coffee with as much coolness as if nothing had happened. I got little out of them but the old promise, that they would send as soon as they could. In the meantime, at the wreck, things were as-

suming a different aspect. One of the sailors, who happened to be a skilful diver, had gone to exercise his talents for our benefit. Our second boat also, which we had left far astern the day before, came up about three o'clock, and both crews worked as well as they could for the recovery of damaged stores.

The next day, Sunday the 28th, we got a tent pitched, and spread our clothing to dry, having established a watch all round. There was certainly what the newspapers would call a very great "destruction of property." The low sandy beach was completely strewn with writing-boxes, gun cases, and trunks, in various stages of decomposition, their contents scattered in every direction—rice, coffee, candles, gunpowder, medicines, books, papers, crockery, beds, cooking utensils, were, more or less, saturated with water. Nothing was preserved unharmed, but strange to say, eventually every article was recovered. Boxes were broken, the contents of gun cases were heaped together in one common mass, with rusty knives, scissors, and needles, which we had taken out as presents. These were, in point of fact, what we most cared for, as they were

not to be replaced. The articles of clothing and bedding had not suffered much, still they were full of sand.

A boat was engaged, which lay above the cataracts, for our Nubian voyage, and in order to get the new craft in trim for the ascent, it was necessary to shift all our baggage, and send it by land to Misseed, the village above the rapids. There is great knavery in all this story of the ascent of the cataracts. Count Pahlen, who was very kind to us at Assouan, was taken up in a much larger boat than ours without moving anything. Mr. Lyall, on the other hand, could not get his crew to take him on, though the vessel was much smaller. The Sheikh of the cataracts is always to be bribed, and one of our fellow-travellers discovered that his Rais had gone in the morning with a present in order to induce a declaration that the Cairo boat was too large. Thus any Cairo Rais who happens not to wish his boat to go up, or who gets bribed by the Sheikh, may force the traveller to proceed by one of the country-boats, which are more wretched and inconvenient than any description can do justice to. In short, such is the duplicity of

the natives, from highest to lowest, beginning with the Governor, who wanted bribes for himself and money for his people before he would undertake to move, down to the sailors, who would not stir upon the wreck without a present, that no one can tell to what risk he may be exposed. And yet money does not always command the desired object, for either from ignorance the wrong person is bribed, or too much is given, which is often worse than giving too little.

On Tuesday the repairs were so far in a forward state that we determined to start for Misseed. Our boat, which had been raised out of the river, was not, as I have said, allowed to ascend the cataract on account of her size. She therefore became the depository of all our extra stores. The Janizary was left on board to smoke his pipe, if he thought fit, at the rate of five piastres a day; and on Wednesday morning, having sent on our tent and baggage, we started on donkeys to cross four miles of a desert plain between Assouan and Misseed, the village above the cataracts. Half-way there is a little cupola surmounting a large earthen vessel, which is filled with water brought from

Assouan by camels. This, it is said, was a bequest of the former Governor, more charitably disposed, I imagine, than his successor. The track lay through ridges of rock and sand. The stone is of a deep violet tint, and the masses rising out of the drift, which is of a reddish tinge, formed beautiful and singular colouring. A sudden turn brought us into a miniature oasis, hemmed in with masses of granite, which rise on every side from the bed of the river. The Nile forces its way through large masses of Syenite (so called from the ancient Syene, near the site of which modern Assouan is built) with a force and rapidity that creates what are called the cataracts—which are, in fact, only violent streams—and then rushes impetuously through a narrow channel, intersected with rocky islands, until, free from this last barrier, it pours its fertilizing waters over the plains of Egypt.

We found our tent pitched under some palm-trees, and, having walked along the shore to get a view of the temples of Philæ, were well repaid by this beautiful scene. The learned criticise them as being of too modern a date, but the general effect of the temples rising

amidst the dark blue granite, and contrasting their classic proportions with the surrounding rocks, mingled with the graceful palm-trees, growing side by side with their pillars, is matchless. The river coils like a serpent round their base, and the only signs of life that met our eyes and ears upon that now almost desolate shore were the Nubian, supporting himself on his log in the midst of the waters, as he piloted himself across the rapids with a branch of palm, and the shrill voices of a group of children, naked as tadpoles and very like them, screaming for "backshish," and gathering round the passing stranger.

Before we set our sail, the Rais of the cataracts came to be paid 250 piastres, the price of his services in taking the boat up. This sum was divided amongst nearly 200 Nubians, who had assisted. There was a ludicrous scene at starting. One of our crew had taken upon himself, without asking leave, to kill one of the sheep that we had on board. This being a long operation among the Arabs, as there is a great deal of ceremony in skinning, looking over, speculating upon, and dividing the carcass of the victim, it was likely to delay us;

besides, it was a high breach of discipline. We caught the culprit with the sheep's head in his hand, gloating over the morsel, which, without ceremony, was seized and tossed into the river. In an instant the whole crowd rushed into the water, scrambling for the prize, while the rest of the spoil was thrown on shore for the benefit of the weaker parties.

We left Philæ with a fresh breeze, which continued more or less throughout the day. The river becomes narrower, and the banks still preserving the granite formation, are bold and picturesque. Temples succeeded each other on the banks, till we halted for the evening near Taphis. The next day, pursuing our course, we passed through the rapids of Kalabshe, entered the tropics near Abouhor, and stopped at Dandour, having made a short voyage, on account of the want of wind. The day following we sailed by Gyrshe, Dakke, and some other temples, resting at Seboua, where there is a temple which once boasted an avenue of sphinxes. That evening brought us to Korosko, a small village on the eastern side; here we went on shore, and made some purchases

of ostrich eggs, lances, and shields. Our next stage was tedious, as the river turns here from south almost to north, as far as Derr, which we only succeeded in reaching late in the evening, after tracking all day. From Derr, another day brought us to a village called Ermyne, and this morning we saw the rock temples of Abousimbel.

In this part of the Nile, large wheels are used for irrigation, by which the water is brought up to a higher level, and by such means the miserable peasant of Nubia is enabled to produce his three-fold harvest. They work rather like dredging machines. A clumsy piece of wood-work, turned by a pair of oxen, causes a rope to revolve, to which at a very short distance asunder, are fastened earthen pitchers; these, as they go down to the water, by the revolution of the rope, are filled, and on arriving at the level, discharge their contents into a channel made to receive them. Where the banks are too high for this operation to succeed, a reservoir is made half way up, and this is kept constantly filled by manual labour. A contrivance somewhat similar is often used in England and France for drawing water. A weight at one end of a beam, counterbalances what is

to be brought up by the other. One man is stationed at the edge of the river, with a bucket, a second above him, and sometimes a third; thus the water is conveyed to the bank, being thrown up until it reaches a height sufficient for the large machine to work. It is hard to conceive a more melancholy sound than that caused by these sakkiehs, as they are called, which creak and groan by day and night—it is as though some one was suffering torture, so horrible is that unceasing screech and moan.

Leaving Serra at sunrise, we passed along a still drearier reach than any we had previously seen. The shores were lower, and more sandy. The wind, which was blowing fresh, contributed, as it always does upon a river, to the bleakness of the prospect. The village of Wady Halfa has nothing to distinguish it—the country is flat and desolate. Opposite to it are the ruins of a temple, which appear to have been once very considerable; little, however, now remains but fragments of brickwork, which seem to have formed part of the propylon, and some broken columns, which serve to mark the size of the structure.

Fortune appears determined to frown upon

us; for, on arriving at Wady Halfa, we sent to the Governor to procure dromedaries to carry us to Dongola, having intended to continue our journey to Meroe. Dongola is eight days from Wady Halfa, and Meroe about fourteen days further. In a short time that chief appeared, accompanied by his suite, and, after pipes and coffee, he informed us that all the camels and dromedaries in the country had been sent off five days before, with troops to Dongola, by the Pacha's order. We offered double the price usually paid, but the fact was indisputable, and we were obliged to give up our project. We met Count Pahlen here, and the arrangement we have made to descend the Nile in company goes far to reconcile us to our disappointment.

Yesterday we started to see the cataracts in a boat, instead of adopting the usual course of a two hours' ride on donkeys, to the craig of Abousir. Mounting the stream as far as the foot of the falls, we found that our boat was rotten, very crank and leaky, with a dangerous mast, and a sail in tatters. The river does not increase in rapidity until near the rocks which form the cataracts. Here among innumerable

islands of granite, covered with patches of sand, and a few stunted bushes, we saw large flocks of cranes and other wild fowl, and multitudes of pigeons.

The higher the stream is ascended, its bed becomes more intersected by masses of granite, some the size of half an acre, others only showing their dark points above the water. Through these, which in some places are so close together that there is scarcely room for the boat, the water rushes with the force of a mill stream. They extend for about five miles, and divide the river into various channels; but scarcely one of them rises more than twenty feet above the stream. It is perilous work to sail up, for if the wind should suddenly fail, the water is too deep for poles to reach the bottom, and the boat may be carried down by the velocity of the current. At one time the wind took us aback in the middle of the rapids, and for a moment we thought we were going to be plunged a second time into this inhospitable river. However, after some difficulty, the boat was stranded upon a shelving beach of sand, immediately under Abousir, and we scrambled up the sandy cliff, about three hundred feet above

the bed of the river. It is curious to see the mighty stream penned up and imprisoned, yet forcing its way through myriads of granite islets; but the absence of any bold feature in the prospect, the insignificant height of the rocks, and the little vegetation, make the view, however peculiar, by no means so imposing as might be anticipated.

CHAPTER V.

Temple in the rocks near Fareyg — Great temple at
Abousimbel — Ibrim — Derr — Seboua — Dakke —
Gerf Hussein — Kalabshe — Temples of Philæ —
Biggeh.

CHAPTER V.

FEB. 16th.—We started on our downward voyage, and reached Debeyra. Next day, landing at Serra, we found a mud enclosure containing some of the Pacha's cattle, which are sent down in large droves to Cairo. Here we beheld a wretched hut, in which were a soldier, or guard, his wife, and a slave. There were near the spot some squalid peasants who came to gather up the sand on which the beasts were lying. This they sifted to pick out any peas or seeds they could find among the refuse. Naked as they were, and cowering under the scanty brushwood which sheltered them at night, when they slept in holes in the sand, thin as skeletons, one could scarcely believe them to be human beings. On giving them

some piastres, they seemed scarcely to understand the use of money.

On Monday, we had less wind, and dropped down the stream to a small temple cut in the rock near the village of Fareyg. This has been since used as a Greek church, and contains some rude paintings of saints. Among others, St. George is conspicuous, mounted on a superb dray horse—a curious contrast with the vestiges of the older paintings, and the hieroglyphics now nearly effaced.

Half an hour more saw our boats once more moored under the rocks of Abousimbel. We passed the whole day in the large temple. The exterior, which is, beyond all doubt, the finest specimen of excavation of which Egypt can boast, is most imposing from its enormous size, and the gigantic proportions of the four colossi, which appear to support the mountain itself.

The great temple is entered by a portal, immediately over which is a hawk-headed figure with a globe. On either side of this deity, are two figures presenting offerings; but they are merely delineated upon the surface of the stone. On each side of the portal, the colossi are

seated on thrones, marked with the insignia, or cartouche, of Rameses the Great. The northern figure is buried in sand as far as the head. Traces remain of whitewash over the face, which were caused by taking a cast of the features. The person who defaced this magnificent work might at least afterwards have removed these marks; for the colossus looks as if prepared to be shaved, and the majesty of the facade is destroyed. The next statue is less covered. The third is broken to the centre; the legs, however, remain entire. The fourth is perfect, towering above the spectator, sixty feet in height. There they have remained, century after century, with their large eyes and placid smile, looking towards Egypt, as if their mighty original and founder wished, even in distant Nubia, to show that his glance was always fixed, and his thoughts intent upon his people. Their expression is sweet and calm, and majesty and grandeur pervade the whole: face, attitude, position,—all are in keeping.

We descended a declivity of sand, into the Hall of Statues, where eight giants of stone, in high conical bonnets, stand out from the wall, supporting the roof of the mighty fabric.

They are more than twenty feet in depth, and in good preservation. One has lost his nose, another his arm; but in this land of mutilation it is rare to find a work so little injured. Through these "Osiride pillars," after passing a second chamber, a narrower one succeeds, where the traveller pays his respects to four grim looking figures seated in the Adytum or innermost sanctuary. These are the tutelar deities of the place. The hawk-headed figure is called Ra. The others are, Isis, Osiris, and Kneph. There is an altar of stone before them, probably used for sacrificing victims.

We returned to the great hall, and gazed on the mild expression of the statues, which are now seen better than on our first entrance, as the stranger is dazzled on leaving the sunlight, and entering the dark chamber. The features are extremely handsome—all resembling one another, but bearing no likeness to the exterior colossi. The noses have a slight curve, and the lips are not so thick. We then explored, with candles, several chambers of this wonderful edifice. All are more or less painted, and some of the designs and figures well preserved. The most remarkable are in the great hall.

One of Rameses in his war-chariot, and another of the same monarch, killing his enemy with a battle-axe, are the finest specimens.

Little has been said of the small temple of Abousimbel, which, though it would be highly esteemed anywhere else, is eclipsed by its giant neighbours. Some think it an older structure, upon which the larger temple is an improvement; and others maintain it was built by "Nofri-ari," the wife of Rameses. The exterior is supported by standing colossi, and the cartouches and other ornaments on the face of the rock, are deeply and beautifully cut. The interior is supported by six square pillars, with heads of Isis: it contains an adytum or sanctuary, and two or three other small chambers.

After dark, we scrambled up the sand to the temple, having procured torches, and in addition, made a huge fire. It was curious to watch the wild and strange effect of the lights and shadows in these mysterious precincts, which however soon became stifling from the heat and smoke, and we were glad to emerge, after having satisfied our curiosity.

We halted next evening at Formundi, a

miserable village. On Wednesday, we were abreast of Ibrim, where we landed and visited the excavations. The paintings and hieroglyphics are nearly effaced; but in one cave there is a small adytum, with three deities. On the hill above nothing remains but walls broken down and two modern churches, which are defaced and destroyed; and some granite capitals are scattered about, evidently of the same date. It is believed that this place is Premnis, taken by Petronius. The last time these desert cliffs were disputed, was in 1812, when the Mamelukes were attacked by Ibrahim Bey. They afterwards retreated, having laid waste the whole country and destroyed the town. We found fragments of pottery, which abound everywhere.

Feb. 17th.—On landing at Derr, we proceeded to explore the temple excavated in the rocks above the village. Marching through the town, after having passed a long bank of sand that divides it from the river, we were assailed on all sides by a crowd of the inhabitants uttering the most discordant sounds. Mats, dates, leaves, pigeons, fowls, and every description of the produce of the country were offered

for sale by a multitude of candidates, all screeching and screaming together. The women and children are generally afraid of strangers, and it is almost impossible to satisfy them that you are not going to do them harm, or carry them away. While the crowd stood outside, we visited the ruins. The structure is half built and half excavated. It is said to be one of the oldest in Nubia, and from the appearance of the interior, and the sculpture in the walls, I am inclined to share in this belief. The same may be said of the little temple at Hasseya, or Amada, which we visited this morning after sunrise.

We left Derr before daylight, and were very soon close to the temple, which is small, and almost buried in sand. The interior is curious, full of sculpture, hieroglyphics, and paintings of the usual character. It has been used as a church by the Greeks, who plastered the interior from top to bottom, covered the images of a former age, and built a cupola upon the top. Much of this plaster has been taken away by the zealous antiquarian, who discovers, with every piece that is removed, some new memorial of the past. It is now

used as a fold for sheep and goats, and is choked up with dirt and sand.

Feb. 18th.—We reached Seboua last night at sunset, just in time to see the temple by the fading light. The fabric is evidently one of the most ancient in Nubia. Two mutilated statues, and four sphinxes, broken and half-buried in the sand, mark the entrance. There is nothing else left except the propylon, on which are large sculptured figures, a prostrate colossus, and the upper part of the walls, which mark the dimensions of the interior, and adytum. At Meharraka, which we next visited, are fourteen columns supporting the entablature, which, though picturesque, are despised by the antiquary, for bearing marks of a later age than that of the Pharaohs. The walls, as usual, have been painted over with images of Greek saints. We started after breakfast to walk to Corti, where there is a remnant of a diminutive temple, whose proportions are only about ten paces in length. There are few sculptures remaining except the winged globe.

At a village on the way to Corti, we witnessed some curious scenes in endeavouring to buy some ornaments from the women, who,

from being at first very shy and timid, ended by coming forward without reserve, and producing what they had to dispose of; I purchased several gold and silver rings, but not without great trouble. The noise and scuffling were unceasing, as it is the constant practice of those whose goods you do not buy, to try and prevent others from selling to you. Even among these wild people, it is the same battle over again as in more civilized Egypt.

The arm is generally the most perfect object in the form of the women, who are very graceful in the use of it; and when they lift or support on their heads the high pitchers in which they carry water from the river to their homes, the act is seldom unaccompanied by a display of native grace, which, ugly as they are in most other respects, fixes the attention of the observer. An ivory bracelet, worn by one of the women, was offered for sale. On our agreeing to purchase, she disappeared, and did not return. After a few moments a crowd gathered, and, on going up, we found the poor creature lying on the sand, her arm covered with oil, and two men pulling at it with all their force to get off the bracelet. This was not to be endured, and

I at once put a stop to the proceeding by giving her the price asked, and refusing the coveted prize. The poor creature looked so pleased that we were amply rewarded. These ornaments are put on in youth, and are never taken off, so that, as the limbs increase in size, it becomes almost impossible to remove them.

At five o'clock we arrived at Dakke, the ancient Pselcis. This is a very perfect temple, not Pharaonic, or of the best age, but built, as it is said, by Ergamoun or Ergamenus, an Ethiopian king, and improved and enlarged by the Ptolemies. Part of the interior is beautifully sculptured, and there is a small chapel that displays some workmanship as sharp and fresh as if it had been executed yesterday. The propylon is of a modern date, and has a winding staircase in each tower. It was dedicated to Hermes Tresmegistos, or Knouph.

Feb. 20th.—The exterior of Gerf Hussein, or Gyrsche, is not to be compared to that of Abousimbel, either in size, position, or appearance. It is terribly mutilated, and though the form is preserved, and there exist traces of what it has been, the edifice appears to have been constructed originally with less care than

many others. Here the extent of destruction is surprising. Masses of stones, broken pillars, and capitals, were lying about everywhere.

The people gathered in a body with torches, and guided us to the interior, which, unlike Abousimbel, so long buried in the preserving sands, has been open to the tribes of the desert, who have stabled their camels in its precincts, defaced the walls, and mutilated the paintings and sculpture. It is blackened with smoke throughout, and though here and there the traces of the work can be distinguished, the result is unsatisfactory, and exhibits, as Champollion remarks, the signs of a very slovenly performance for the days of the great Rameses, to which era it is said to belong. The interior is supported by six dwarfish and ill-proportioned colossi. The traveller should visit this temple, on going up the river, and before he sees Abousimbel, for after the wonders of the latter, Gerf Hossein excites a feeling of disappointment. In the interior are four niches, containing each three figures of deities, as in the inmost sanctuary at Abousimbel. Dandour is a picturesque ruin, with a small propylon, much of which has fallen

down. The outer, or surrounding wall, is of solid masonry, and well built, but bears marks of having been left unfinished.

Passing out of the tropics at Abouhor, through a small rapid, we reached Kalabshe, where there is another shelaal, or rapid. The great temple here is said to be on the site of the ancient Talmis. The interior presents an imposing heap of ruins, among which are to be found some fine remains of columns, several chambers, masses of sculpture, and some painting, with very fresh colours. A splendid propylon faces the river, with a paved approach, and the remnant of a terrace, or quay, with an external rampart, which here, as everywhere else, seems to prove that these temples were used either as fortresses or places of refuge. At Bet Wallee there is a vivid delineation of a siege, and the conquerors are throwing the enemy from the walls of the propylon. Bet Wallee is the smaller temple at Kalabshe hewn out of the rock. It is considered a perfect specimen of the Pharaonic style, in finish and execution, and though very small, the sculptures are spirited and fine, representing the conquests of Rameses.

Feb. 21st.—We landed at Taphis, near extensive ruins of a town and two small temples. Afterwards we passed Kardassy, and admired the position of some columns perched on a rock near the river, which had formed part of a temple dedicated to Isis. Here are large quarries from which the stone has been taken for many of the neighbouring temples. A small chapel, or niche, is among the rocks, where there are various sculptures, and innumerable Greek inscriptions.

Feb. 22nd.—At Dehmyt, I was awakened before daylight by a terrible disturbance. The whole village was in arms; the natives shrieking and gesticulating, brandishing spears and knives. On inquiring the cause, I found that one of our servants had been offered a date, encrusted with salt, for which the owner asked four dollars, declaring that there was a jewel inside. The man was fool enough to believe it, but before buying, wishing to make sure of his prize, he cracked the date, and found, of course, the kernel, and nothing else, upon which he declined to pay. The peasants were so much enraged that nothing could pacify them, and when we pushed off, they followed

us in crowds to Deboud, where several swam across the river to our boat. We were, at last, obliged to show our fire-arms, in order to keep them off, and this had the desired effect.

The temple here is scarcely worth seeing; there are very few sculptures, and those not of the best kind; but two hours of sunshine and calm brought us once more to one of the loveliest spots in the world. As we floated gently down the stream, the columns of the small temple of Philæ, or, as it is called, the Pharaoh's bed, rose before us, crowning the rocks of granite in the centre of the river. There is no view in all Egypt comparable to this first glimpse of the island and its towers as the boat descends the current. Having got ashore with all despatch, our first move was to the great temple, and here all the wonders of the spot burst upon us at once. It is impossible to see this magnificent work without feelings of unmingled admiration. All that the Egyptian school of architecture produced in its earlier ages, has here been imitated, and, I think, excelled, by the Ptolemies and the Roman emperors. The two propylons are entirely covered with sculptures. In truth, so rich is the whole

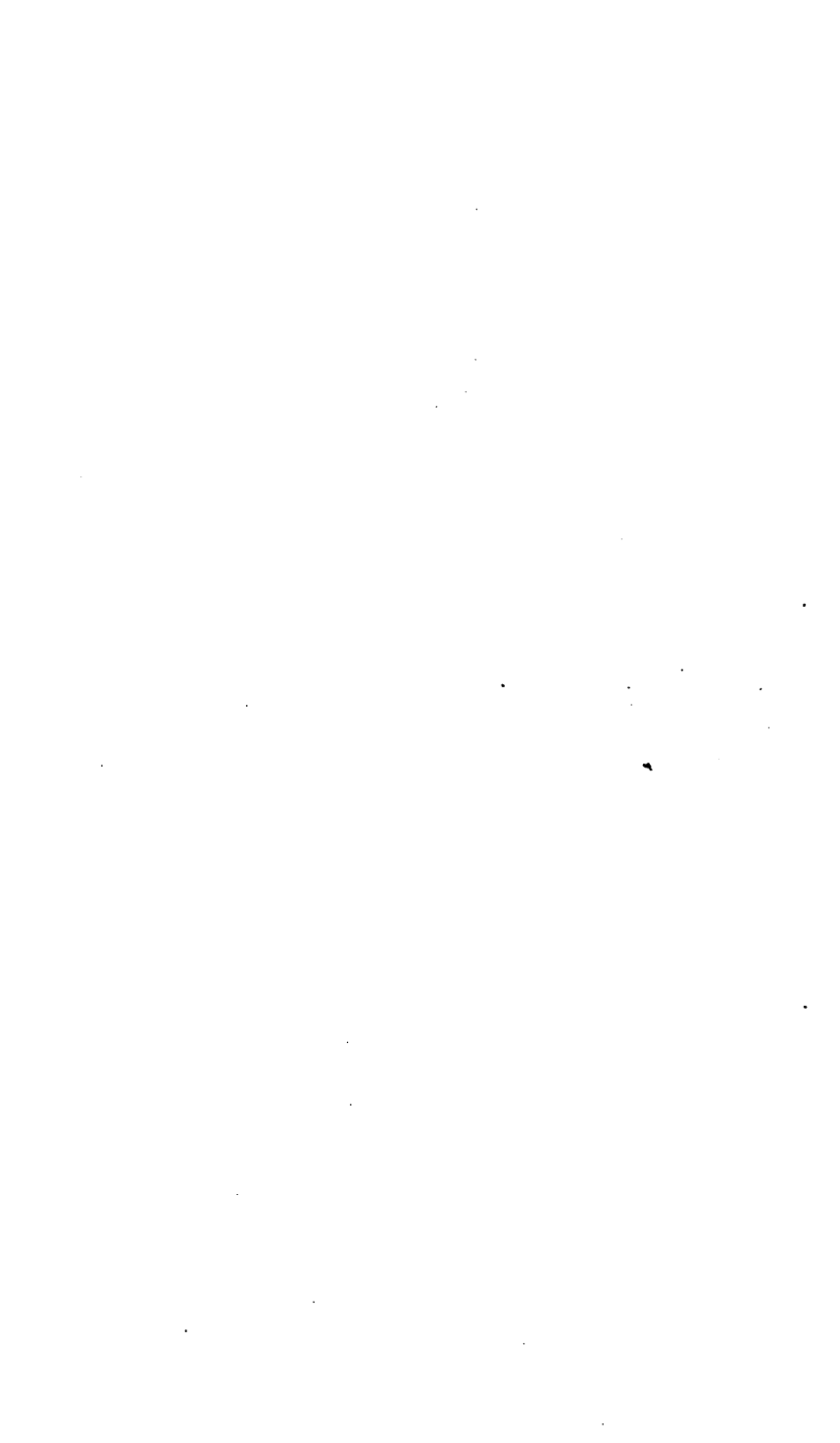


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mass that no description can do justice to its perfection. Critics find much that is meretricious; many figures out of drawing and various faults; but I defy them to abridge the merit of the glorious whole. There is scarcely a portion of these temples, or the chambers they contain, which does not bear the marks of immense labour, as if its founders were determined to equal, if not eclipse, in richness all that had been done before.

This place was considered a spot of peculiar sanctity, sacred to Isis, Osiris, and Horus their son, who, by the way, afterwards married his mother, and she produced Mandoule, who was worshipped at Kalabshe. It has been ascertained that other temples existed here long before the present ones were constructed, by the fact of the ovals or cartouches of the Pharaohs being found sculptured upon the granite rocks, near the island, whereas in the temples which now exist, the insignia and bearings are Ptolemaic and Roman.

In front of the propylons are two colonnades, one of which has sixteen columns, the other about thirty. These are small, but well-proportioned, and the capitals are all varied. In the unfinished colonnade is a small chapel, de-

dedicated by Ptolemy Epiphanes to Esculapius. I found the Greek inscription which Wilkinson refers to, and also the small chapel at the south part of the colonnade, dedicated to Athor, by Nectanebes, called by Champollion, "*Ce pauvre Nectanebe*," who reigned after the Persian invasion, and about 387 years before Christ. There is a small obelisk at the end of the colonnade, and another small chapel, of which six columns are standing. From this spot the rocks descend perpendicularly to the river. There appear to have been steps, and a fine landing-place. The interior of the great hall is supported by splendid columns, the capitals of which still preserve their colours. It is rich and gorgeous beyond measure.

An inscription over the doorway records an expedition sent by the Pope, with some presents for the Pacha of Egypt. Little did the Cæsars imagine, when they were adorning and improving the works of a Ptolemy, that another age would see Roman names on these very walls, no longer as masters and lords, with the cartouches and symbols of conquest and dominion, but as humble visitors to a more than semi-barbarous people, paying a tribute

to the memorials of the glory of their ancestors. Here also, in another place, is the French inscription, commemorative of Desaix, and his warriors, who drove the Mamelukes "jusqu'au dela des cataractes." A long history sets forth this fact, and over it some traveller has written "Une page de l'histoire ne doit pas etre salie." This has a double sense. Whether the writer meant to be severe on the French defacer of the wall, or to protect the inscription from others, does not seem clear.

The smallest temple is unfinished, though graceful and ornamental. It is said to have been constructed over the tomb of Osiris, who is by some supposed to have been buried here. Near it, we saw two chambers, where Champollion lived, and some blocks of stone mark out a ruined altar, where he made his kitchen.

Feb. 23rd.—This morning we rambled over the ruins, and crossed to Biggeh, another and rather large island, where vestiges of a temple exist, dedicated to Athor, commenced by the Ptolemies, and finished by the Romans. We scrambled up to the highest point of the crags, and had a magnificent view of the cataracts. No one who comes here should miss this pros-

pect, yet I cannot find that any one mentions it, or has taken the trouble to ascend the rocks. From these quarries, celebrated for their red granite, a great deal of that used in the obelisks and statues of Lower Egypt has been taken. They rise in large masses on all sides, and the scene is wild and striking. The spectator looks down upon the green spots of verdure fringing the bed of the river, then comes the frame of granite, and beyond all, sand and desert.

CHAPTER VI.

Passage of the Cataracts — Quarries at Assoua — Om-
bos — Excavations at Hagar Silsilis — Temple of
Apollinopolis — Painted Sepulchral Chambers at El
Kab — Almêh, or Dancing Girls at Esne — Hermon-
this — Thebes.



CHAPTER VI.

FEB. 25th.—To-day, at seven o'clock, having struck our tents, we bade a long farewell to the towers of Philæ. Crossing over to the opposite shore, we found the Rais of the cataracts, and all his people, waiting for us. The instant the boat touched ground, she was boarded by more than forty men, shrieking and hallooing at the highest pitch of their voices. They proceeded to turn our crew out of their places, and possessed themselves of the oars. An old fellow, as wild as the rocks about us, seized the helm, and struck up a long chant, that re-echoed among the rocks, scaring the wild fowl, which rose in large flocks around us. The current increases rapidly into a rush of water, causing small whirlpools in many parts

of the stream. There was often not an inch of room to spare for the boat, which sometimes, by the force of the current, seems to be going broadside on the rocks. The people prayed and ejaculated thanks to Allah, after every one of the falls, and this not in their usual careless fashion, but as if they knew and felt the risk they were incurring. The old Rais of the cataract trembled with anxiety; a boat belonging to him having lately been dashed to atoms.

The last falls are to be passed only by fastening ropes in various places to the rocks, in and above the stream. It is impossible not to admire the great dexterity of the people, who jump or swim from point to point, dashing into the falls, or scrambling over the crags, scarcely ever making a mistake. Sometimes we swung by a single, and not a very thick rope, fastened to a rock, with the water roaring and boiling all round. If this rope had broken, we were lost, and the tackle seemed anything but capable of holding us. The crags were covered with boys and children, and every now and then these imps of darkness, jumping on a log, threw themselves headlong into the eddies, and swam like fish.

On the whole the scenery is tame; there is no verdure, not even a solitary palm or an acacia is to be seen. The approach to Assouan is more cheerful, and the old town, which is a mass of ruins, rises in curious contrast with the modern one. We reached our old anchorage, and Rais Ali, who had come up to assist in our descent of the cataracts, immediately hoisted his colours in man-of-war style. We then visited the quarries, where there is an unfinished obelisk of a prodigious size, and how it was ever to have been carried away is difficult to conceive; but the Egyptians must have possessed some mechanical power of which we have no idea. How otherwise could they have raised the enormous piles of building which still attest their great conceptions and wonderful power of execution? Leaving the quarries, we crossed to Elephantina, where little remains but some hieroglyphics, sculptured upon some fragments of granite, a few square pillars, marking the site of a temple, and a statue, the size of life, of Osiris (I believe) sitting companionless at the foot of a heap of rubbish, and looking as if it wondered how it got there.

Feb. 27th.—We reached Ombos last night,

as the evening began to fall, and the temples were gilded by the sun's last rays. The greater edifice is said to be of Grecian origin, dedicated to the crocodile god, Savak, and it would seem that the deity, "O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine," for it was here that we first fell in with these animals on ascending the river, and on our return we saw them in great numbers basking on the banks and islets of the stream. Their scaly armour bids defiance to bullets, for we found, after repeated shots, that they merely shifted their quarters by slipping or waddling into the water. There are thirteen pillars of this temple standing, but half buried in the sand, so that one treads on a level with the winged globe surmounting the doorway. In the interior are to be seen the remains of colouring still fresh and vivid. There was formerly a more ancient structure, of which little is preserved but the propylon, said to be of the age of Tothmes III. As seen from the river these ruins are imposing, and the site, at an elbow of the stream, is, perhaps, the most picturesque of any on the Nile, with the exception of Philæ.

As night came on, we once more unmoored

and glided gently down the current, here shining in the bright moonbeams, and there darkened by the giant shadows of the palace of crocodiles. The morning found us approaching Hagar Silsilis, where there are vast quarries of sandstone on each side of the stream. The excavations are various and interesting, particularly those on the western bank. The quarries on the eastern shore are much the largest in extent, and so fresh are the traces of the chisel that the work appears still in progress, though centuries have rolled on since the last sounds of labour were heard upon these deserted cliffs. Crossing the river, we visited three small excavations on the western side, which are said to belong to the times of the eighteenth dynasty, bearing the insignia of Rameses the Great. The largest and most curious excavation consists of a long gallery, supported by square pillars, containing two small chapels and an adytum, in which are six standing figures; an exception to the sitting posture, which appears the usual rule.

The earliest dawn found us at the temple of Apollinopolis or Edfou, which is imposing from its height and extent, though not of the

best age. On each side of the propylon are staircases and chambers, which might be turned to good account as stores or granaries. Yet these huge piles of stones are untenanted save by the owl and the bat, and surrounded by filthy huts built up against the base of the walls, half filled with sand, so as to be utterly useless. The Vandalism of the government has in many instances destroyed similar remains of antiquity in order to provide materials for building warehouses. Here these are ready prepared, and with very little care and labour might be rendered convenient and useful. By removing the accumulated masses of dirt heaped round the walls, and clearing out the interiors, the authorities would benefit themselves and render an essential service to the Fine Arts. At Esne, this has been done partially, but I believe it to be a solitary instance. We declined creeping into the smaller temple, as it is nearly choked up. The only entrance is through the floor of a wretched hut, and the process of crawling on your chest behind a lighted torch is not to be endured unless there is something worth the enterprise to repay the trouble.

Returning on board, we pursued our way to El Kab, or Eilethyas, where we moored abreast of the town. There is little here to see, and we at once sought the heights above, in which the tombs and excavations are very remarkable. More extensive than those at Ibrim and Hagar Silsilis, they also seem in better preservation. In some of these burying-places are successive pictures of different scenes in the life of the departed. The cultivation of his farm, his field sports, fishing, and fowling, his banquets, and the interior of his harem, where he is represented as sitting by his wife, who bears a monkey on her wrist, are all portrayed with great precision; and, finally, the close of his life, with his embalming and funeral obsequies, concludes the drama.

Leaving the hills, we struck across the plain, which is entirely desert, and, passing by a ruin half excavated and half constructed, said to have been dedicated to Lucina, containing the figure of a lion, and outside of which is a remarkable tablet, apparently of older date than the building, we arrived at the most interesting of all the ruins of Eilethyas. This very small temple was built by Amunoph the Third. It

has been spared by Time, and is almost perfect outside, while, in the interior, the sculptures and ornaments have suffered little mutilation or injury. Tothmes the Fourth is associated with Amunoph, his son, in the insignia near the doorway. The ruin is almost surrounded by sandstone hills. A caravan of the Ababde Arabs, on its way to Sennaar from Cairo, wound its slow length along the valley, and the plodding camels and their drivers were the only moving objects the eye could rest upon for miles across this desolate region. Daylight began to fail before we left it, and there is little twilight; for, after the sun sets, darkness comes on rapidly. We had three long miles to walk over a stony plain, here and there studded with pools strongly impregnated with salt, and after wading through some, and breaking our shins over fragments of rock, we hailed with great joy the lights of our boat. I shall long recollect this lonely temple, far more striking in its solitary repose than the more lordly piles of Esne and Edfou. Cows and sheep, dogs and goats, and human beings almost as degraded as the beasts of the field, dwell among, and pollute, the nobler sanctuaries; while, near this lowly

pile, no object is seen but the bird of prey hastening from his crag to the river; no sound is heard but the cry of the hyæna or the jackal, and the finger of Time is the only weapon of destruction that has left its trace upon the once sacred walls.

We reached Esne after some hours, and petitioned to be allowed the use of the Pacha's bath, which other travellers had been able, in Mehemet Ali's absence, to procure. This brought down the Governor to assent, and pay us a visit, in return for which he was presented with some snuff and a riding whip. Here we saw the Almeh, or dancing girls, who have been banished from Cairo by the Pacha. They were collected in a dirty hut, smoking, and drinking brandy made from dates, and did not appear to be anxious to exhibit their art, until made aware that we were ready to pay for the sight. However, upon this explanation, an old hag who was squatting down near the door, busily occupied in grinding coffee, produced a drum, or tomtom, and the ladies, fitting on some metal castanets, began to execute the measure, which is as different as it is possible to conceive from European dancing. The feet

have little or nothing to do, and while the performers are shuffling round and round apparently upon the same space, the body is thrown into attitudes which show off the flexibility of the frame, but certainly are neither decorous nor picturesque. I cannot say much for the beauty of any of the party, and when the novelty of the exhibition was over it was not worth a repetition.

The interior of the temple at Esne has been somewhat cleared from the encumbering sand. The effect of the uncertain light, partially admitted from the aperture of the doorway, is solemn and mysterious, and veils, at first, the abundance of ornament which awaits the closer inspection of the antiquary. The pillars are about seventy feet high, and all have different capitals, — roof, walls, and shafts of columns, are entirely covered with sculptured emblems and hieroglyphics. So deeply has this edifice been buried in the sand, that the flooring is forty feet below the surface of the ground; upon which, in the lapse of years, habitations have been built, and the traveller is obliged to descend into the interior, between the capitals of the columns.

Hermionthis is a small temple, some distance from the river, and is said to have been built by Cleopatra, in honour of her son Cæsarion. It bears their united images, under the forms of Isis and Horus, upon almost every part of the edifice; and traces may be distinguished of the different events of the child's birth, nursing, education, and training; and, also, the various offerings made to him and his mother, as though they were divine persons.

March 5th.—We reached Thebes at a late hour. The noise of guides and donkey-boys aroused us in the morning, and we started for Medeenet Habou. Far across the plain, covered wherever the eye could reach with luxuriant crops of grain, we saw the giant statues,—the silent, motionless, and eternal guardians of the once proud city of the hundred gates. As we advanced upon them, storied memories of the centuries that have passed away since they first were piled upon the earth, crowded fast upon the mind. Earliest history has invested them with a solemn and mysterious interest; and not less wonder is excited in the imagination of the pilgrim of later years, who walks around the huge base of

the statue, "which at sunrise played," than was felt by the warrior, the statesman, or the philosopher of old, who, in other ages, and in remotest times, has recorded his name upon its imperishable foundation.

Full fifty feet above us, towered the huge masses of rock, once sculptured and fashioned with all the skill and resource of art, now broken, splintered, and defaced—yet are they not cast down ; but after their years are counted by thousands, they still raise their stony foreheads to the sky as if defying the attacks of Time. Leaving Shamy and Damy, as they are called by the Arabs, we approached the mighty ruins of Medeenet Habou. There are four different edifices here, Roman, Ethiopian, Ptolemaic, and Pharaonic; the latter of the times of Tothmes II. and III. The palace of Rameses is distinguished by the style of ornament and the immense labour displayed and lavished on every part of the pile.

Passing on, we entered the principal temple, so celebrated for its spacious and florid interior, covered even to the most minute details with deeply cut and beautifully executed sculpture. It is, perhaps, the finest specimen

of the true Pharaonic character; but the vast columns are rent and broken down, nor can the spectator at a glance embrace its splendid proportions; for the court is choked up with sand and fragments of stone, and covered with the remnants of ruined huts. From hence we crossed through fields of standing corn, to the Memnonium, as it is commonly called: near it lies the famous colossus, supposed to be the image of Sesostris. The roof, consisting of huge blocks of stone, is supported by vast pillars. Around the walls, trophies and sculptured achievements of monarchs and warriors meet the eye; and in this respect there seems no variety in the temples of Egypt. This superb edifice is more defined than Medeenet Habou, being more free from habitations, and comparatively uncovered. From here, as indeed from every part of the plain, the twin statues strike the eye, like monstrous tombstones marking the grave of the Ekatompylos. The plain is covered with fragments of granite and prostrate colossi.

It is supposed that the greatest temple of Thebes was built by Amunoph III., the approach to it being between the vocal Memnon

and his companion. It is thought also that this temple extended nearly to the hills—from various marks and vestiges which have been discovered. If this be so, and that the mutilated remains scattered over the soil formed part of an avenue of statues leading to the palace, what an idea is created of the magnificence and grandeur of these early potentates! and if we add to this the speculation that the tombs of the kings on the other side of the ridge under which the city stood were approached by excavations through the bowels of the earth, it cannot but impress the mind with admiration for the genius and power, which, while the world was still fresh and young, overcame such difficulties and achieved such triumphs. Amunoph's temple still stands in the solitary wilds of Eilethyas, but here not one stone stands upon another to mark the seat of his pomp and power. All that remains of him is the solemn and silent chamber of death in the western valley of tombs.

From the Memnonium, we passed over hillocks and mounds of sand and rubbish among innumerable places of sepulture, into all of which the destroyer has broken. The dead lie

coffinless around them, bleaching in their ghastly shrouds, and the ground is strewn over with fragments of humanity. Skulls, arms, and legs are to be seen with their last coverings still adhering to them; and in many places large piles of bones are heaped together like cairns upon the plain. Proceeding up the valley of Assasif, we saw a small and ancient temple, said to have been built by one of the early Pharaohs; the insignia are, however, partially erased, and replaced by those of Tothmes II. But it appears useless to thread the labyrinth of discussions which Egyptian discoveries have provoked, and the more such controversies are examined, the greater appears the uncertainty of speculation. It should be added, that this temple presents some curious colouring and sculpture, and a small red granite pylon partially destroyed.

Descending towards the river, we visited some burial places remarkable for their size, and the labour bestowed upon them. Many contain figures representing the deceased with his wife or family placed in the furthest recesses, like the deities in the larger temples, which scowl grimly at the intruder who approaches them with his flaming torch.

March 6th.—Our guide, Abou Harb, conducted us to a dwelling among the tombs where a Greek antiquary has taken up his abode. He buys from the natives everything they collect, and retails these spoils at enormous prices to any stranger who may be anxious to possess them. I believe many of his treasures are manufactured elsewhere for the purpose of sale to the unwary; for it is almost impossible to find anything really valuable, so completely have previous explorers and antiquarians extracted all that was worth carrying away. We arrived at a hut surrounded by a low wall forming a court filled with mummy cases, the dried-up tenants of which were standing in a row along the walls—a hideous troop! The doors and windows were evidently made out of coffin-wood, which also was heaped up in each corner, and as it is painted over with figures and hieroglyphics, there is no mistaking from whence it comes. The interior of the dwelling was filled with funeral furniture of every description. There were images, beads, idols, bronzes, papyri, rolls of linen from mummies, bags of corn which had been collected from the same source, and various descriptions

of animals, snakes, and birds preserved with as much care as the remains of man.

March 7th.—We visited the tombs of the queens, which are situated in a lonely glen behind the palace of Medeenet Habou. They are called “Harem Sultan”—strange association of pleasure and death! There is a delicate question as to whether they were really queens or rather the *pellices* mentioned by Strabo. We entered three of these excavations, finding the usual elaborate paintings on the walls, and fragments of mummies round the entrance and in the interior. The last we attempted to explore was so full of smoke that we were nearly stifled. The guides informed us that an English lord had amused himself by collecting a heap of mummies, and setting fire to this awful pile. The fire had been burning ever since, for he had not long been gone. This memorable achievement had blackened and partly destroyed one of the most curious of these abodes. It was the one supposed to have contained Taia, the black queen of Amunoph III., and her image was the principal object upon the walls. Where all the other pictures of men and women were red, the

contrast of this black face, with its long hair and extreme beauty, was most remarkable, but our countryman's exploit had injured and defaced the colouring.

To reach our boats, we passed through the valley of Deir el Medeenet, where there are two tablets cut in the rock, of the time of Amunoph, or the early Pharaohs, and a curious Ptolemaic temple rich in hieroglyphics and sculpture, which we explored on our way to the river.

CHAPTER VII.

Sunrise from the Statue of Memnon — Luxor — Religious ceremonies of the Dervishes — Karnac — Palace of Gornou — Belzoni's Tomb — Ruins of Dendera — Abydos — Sugar Manufactory — Ruins of Beni Hassan — Pyramids of Dashur — Arrival at Cairo.

CHAPTER VII.

MARCH 9th.—We started at four this morning, to see the sun rise from the base of Memnon's statue. Slowly, between the masses of Luxor and Karnac, behind a low bank of sand, he appeared, like a vast globe of fire. His reflection on the hills behind Medeenet Habou, showed itself in a thousand hues upon the sandstone cliffs. The rocks assumed, by turns, every colour of the rainbow; changing from violet to pink and red, and at last shining like gold.

The scene was, in truth, magnificent; though neither vocal nor instrumental music enhanced it—though Memnon was voiceless, the tongues of hoary centuries were speaking to us from the forms of the ruined temples, the desecrated altars, the broken statues, and the

prostrate columns. Who would not moralize among these memorials! A few more years may be added to the stores of Time, and our own proud England, with her cathedrals and her palaces, her princely mansions and her endless workshops, her mighty cities, her railways, with their long array of tunnels, bridges, and viaducts, her stately mausoleums and spacious cemeteries, may, like Thebes, be laid waste and desolate. The hand that cast down the Theban in his pride, is still all powerful to preserve or destroy; and we are told that the latter days of the earth shall be marked by heavier visitations even than those which declared the will of the Almighty in earlier ages. "No" has been rent asunder. Egypt, in every spot upon its plains, bears evidence of the condemnation pronounced upon it. Who shall say what prophecy is to be fulfilled in our own case? Empires as powerful as England have passed away; why, therefore, should we be exempt from the lot of nations? To look upon such desolation, should impress us with the certainty of the decay of all earthly power, and make manifest the truth of Holy Writ. The evidences that idols and false

gods have been cast out and utterly destroyed, abound on all sides, in awful fulfilment of the denunciation of Scripture.

The Egyptians of old built up their pyramids and temples with the most earnest labour for their solidity, seeking by every contrivance to defeat the inroads of age. Their statues are more massive than those of later times. Whether sitting or upright, no stretched out limb invites destruction—no part is to be found less compact than the rest. The arms are folded on the breast or falling by the side; the legs are not separated; even the drapery and the ornaments adhere as closely as possible to the frame. This attention to durability, it is true, could not be so well carried out in their paintings; but it must be remembered that this species of decoration was usually adopted in the interior of tombs or within the precincts of temples, where there was greater protection than the open plain afforded. But the figures that are exposed to the air, are as solid as the thrones upon which they sit, or the pedestals on which they stand; yet with all this foresight and calculation, they have not escaped the ravages of the destroyer.

After returning to our boats, we crossed the river and moored opposite the columns of Luxor. They present a fine front to the water's edge, but the ruins are surrounded and concealed by modern habitations. The interior cannot boast of great redundancy of ornament, nor was there anything to delay our revisiting the field of ruins at Karnac, where we wandered till sunset. There are everywhere within these walls rich treasures for the antiquary. We are told that the insignia of Osirtesen mark some of the oldest parts of these structures. This monarch is said to have been the Pharaoh who protected Joseph. There are also cartouches of sovereigns reputed to have been even of earlier date, and it would appear that succeeding dynasties, as well as priests, had continued from age to age to contribute their offerings to this holy city. The great sanctuary was evidently in the centre, with avenues of statues and sphinxes converging towards it from various points of entrance. Much of its splendour must have been shorn by the Persians, but as late as the Ptolemies the marks of additions and reparations are to be recognised. So mixed together, however,

are the different cartouches, in various places, that it is very difficult to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to who were the founders or who the improvers.

March 10th.—After passing the day at Karnac, we strolled about the edge of the river and were amused by one of the strangest ceremonies at which it was ever my lot to assist. This was an assembly of dervishes, followers of some saint who is buried in a mosque adjacent to the ruins of Luxor. We took up our post near a corner of the temple, from which, after some unearthly cries, there issued nearly a hundred half-clothed wretches, who formed a circle among the columns of the edifice. The rites began at the bidding of an old man with hair perfectly white, who appeared to be the chief among the motley group. There was at first a long chant in a low monotonous tone, ending in a yell repeated for some minutes without any variation—every one simultaneously bowing to the ground. Up and down they went, each time faster and faster, till suddenly the chief changed his measure and action. Upon this, they sunk on their haunches as if curtseying, with a

different cry and a more piercing shriek. Again and again, the postures and sounds were altered, till the exercise became excessive, and they showed signs of fatigue; however, a new howl gave them fresh vigour, and on they went, tearing and raging till they were in a perfect frenzy, foaming like maniacs, and roaring and gesticulating in frantic chorus. There was a dim light in the mosque, from two wretched torches; the moonbeams also fell upon the ruins behind the dancers, and rendered the scene more spectral. It was like the chorus of fiends in "Robert le Diable," and it seemed as though the huge mummies would burst their cerements, and join in the unhallowed rites. The music, however, was certainly not Meyerbeer's. The bright stars gleaming above us, and the shadowy outlines of the gigantic columns, increased the stage effect, and finished the picture.

Tired of the repetition of these antics, we visited a band of Almehs who had quartered themselves about a mile out of the village. With a single lantern to scare the dogs that rushed out upon us from every hut, we threaded our way across the sand towards the light of

some fires, that marked the place for which we were bound. A circle of matting suspended round the trunks of a cluster of date trees, formed this primitive green-room, where, in a space about twenty feet square, we found six women, some black, and none conspicuous for beauty, three men, a tribe of four donkeys, and two or three children. The same performance took place which we had witnessed at Esne, but the dancers were evidently of a lower description. As we returned to our boats we heard the distant sounds of the fanatic dervishes, who had not concluded their revels nor diminished their frightful yelling.

March 11th.—Karnac again occupied our morning. Near the northern pylon there is a temple of the date of Amunoph III., a confused mass of fragments. The pylon is marked with the cartouche of Ptolemy and Berenice, but is supposed to have been constructed at a much earlier period. After wandering among sphinxes and chriosphinxes, strolling over mounds under whose shadows, perhaps, treasures of sculpture undiscovered and unknown are hid from the research of man; having looked over the plain of ruins from every point, and rested by the

broken reservoir, whose stagnant pool with its bright water flowers is the haunt of numberless wild birds, we returned to assist at a wedding feast. Outside the bride's house at Luxor, were a band of votaries of the pipe and tomtom chorusing the same eternal and monotonous rhyme; and, in the midst, some women closely veiled, dancing or rather gliding to the tune. The crowd then clapped their hands in measure, but so slowly did the figures, with their long white garments, move, and so noiseless was their tread upon the sand, that they might have been taken for phantoms.

March 12th. — We crossed the river, and moored near Gornou. Here our former guide, Abou Harb, met us, as he had no right to cross the river, the eastern and western banks having each their respective cicerones. The palace of Gornou would be imposing anywhere but where it is. The traveller who visits it after other ruins, has become so satiated with the wonders of Egyptian art, that his curiosity evaporates, and his ardour becomes cold. The colonnade is conspicuous for its want of symmetry and proportion, which fault, prevailing as it does among all the Theban remains, is

most remarkable here. Through honey-combed banks and mounds of tombs, we rode up the mountain to the famous Biban el Moloch, or the tombs of the kings. Ascending the hills, we found them intersected with small ravines, into one of which, after an abrupt turn, we passed, through a passage hewn out of the rock. Here walls of stone rose perpendicularly above us, and through this colossal doorway we entered the royal cemetery. Cutting a mountain asunder was a worthy mode of preparing the last home of a Pharaoh. His resting-place was dug out of the solid rock, deep in the earth, where chamber after chamber, adorned with paintings and sculpture of most elaborate workmanship, attested the honours paid to the departed.

We visited the most remarkable of these receptacles, which in plan resemble one another, though the character of the ornaments of several, as well as their superior preservation, render the latter most worth seeing. The sarcophagus is to be found in the most remote chamber, if not already destroyed or carried away. Wilkinson and others have so well described these tombs that it is useless to dwell upon them. They

have been numbered by him in succession, and should be visited as he recommends. The most remarkable are Nos. 2, 9, 15, and what is called Belzoni's tomb. No. 9 is called Bruce's tomb, having been discovered by him. From this one the sarcophagus was removed, I believe, by Mr. Salt. We returned over the ridge into the valley of Assasif, and as we crossed the heights, the view embraced both the palaces and the sepulchres of the monarchs.

March 15th.—We rode to the western valley, and descended into two excavations, that were not in such good preservation as those we had already seen, and were apparently of older construction. One of these is said to be the tomb of Amunoph III. The descent into these was perpendicular and difficult. The plaster and colouring is falling from the walls, and a few years will efface every trace of decoration. We determined to revisit Belzoni's tomb, which, after all, is perhaps the most perfect and beautiful of these remains. I could readily understand his feelings, when, at last, he burst through the wall that impeded his progress, and discovered these gorgeous chambers. Alas! here, too, destruction is busy

at her work, for each succeeding descent into the vault impairs the freshness of the paintings. The torches of the guides leave their dark traces on the roof and walls, and many visitors, both stranger and native, hack and destroy for the sake of carrying away some relics of antiquity, on which the sun's rays have never rested. Soon there will be nothing left. One "savant" removes a group; another a sarcophagus; and a third takes casts, leaving a whitewashed ruin to mark the devastation he has caused! The great figures on the temple at Abousimbel are not the only sufferers in this way, for the same eager artist has left his traces here, and we again recognised the unhallowed hand that defaced the finest monument of Upper Egypt. The naked walls of the catacombs will soon be the only evidences of their former splendour.

We bade a long farewell to the Valley of the Kings, lingering for the last time on the cliffs, and unwilling to quit the mysterious desolation we were about to leave, yet to remember for ever. Before evening, we explored an excavation in the valley of Assasif, said to be the tomb of a priest, whose name was Petamunap. It was

full of noxious vapour, and appeared remarkable only for its extent. After some other uninteresting researches prosecuted in foul air, with the addition of the effluvia from the torches, we returned to our boats, and once more committed ourselves to the bosom of the Nile.

March 17th.—Our Arabs, contrary to express orders, had bought corn in Upper Egypt, to take home to their families, getting it thirty per cent. cheaper than at Cairo. As the river became shallower, we got aground repeatedly, and at last discovered the cause, in our additional cargo; there was, however, no use in objecting, when it was too late to remedy the evil. At Ghené, Seyd Hassan, a sort of non-descript agent for foreigners, paid us his respects, and insisted on our visiting him, and writing our names in a book, in return for coffee and pipes. There is nothing to be seen or remarked here, but on the opposite shore are the ruins of Dendera.

The path to the temple lies across a richly cultivated plain, bounded by the river on one side, and the hills of the desert on the other. Near the stream are long lines of date trees, and

the *Palma Thebaica* grows in great luxuriance; but in the neighbourhood of the ruins there is not a sign of any foliage. Approaching from the river, a pylon, with a huge mound of bricks and earth adjoining, conceals the colonnade until the traveller is close upon it, so that, in point of site, Dendera has little to boast of. Neither is the interior so remarkable. Behind the pillars there is a vast hall, similar to that at Esne, with lateral chambers leading from it, profusely decorated with sculpture, principally in honour of and representing Cleopatra and Cesarion, as at Hermonthis. The evil deity, Typhon, is very conspicuous, and there is a small temple apparently dedicated to him, and another to Isis.

March 21st.—We found ourselves this morning at Beliane, and landing, started across the country for Arabat el Matfoon, the ancient Abydos, sending on our boats to Girgeh. The ruins are distant from Beliane about two hours' fast walking. Crossing over a vast plain, covered with various crops, and studded with flocks, and herds, we saw here and there small encampments, surrounded by cane palisades, where during harvest the peasants take up a

temporary abode. These enclosures were filled with animals of various descriptions—camels, donkeys, goats, sheep, geese, pigeons, dogs, and children being all mingled together. The cattle, collected here in large herds, appeared the best in the country, and we found some good-looking horses and brood mares. Having passed through two small villages, we arrived at Abydos. The temple where the celebrated tablet was discovered is almost buried in the sands. Some masses remain, but they diminish every day, as the country people use them in building, or for grinding stones. We crept into the interior, which was richly ornamented with paintings and sculpture; the colours, however, were fast fading away. This is supposed to have been the burial-place of Osiris, a spot of peculiar sanctity, and here Rameses, or Sesostris, lavished his skill and treasure. As elsewhere, the work of excavation and destruction has been carried on, and the ground is covered with bleaching bones.

March 22nd.—We arrived at Souhedj, a village north of Ekhnim, and halted to buy provisions, but after a few hours continued our course downwards, as far as Ghezireh

Shendowil, where our old adversary, the wind, set his face against us, and put a stop to our progress. Here, while sitting in the cabin, I saw a pelican under the opposite bank. The river being nearly a mile in width, we got into a small boat, and after pulling up the stream, a long way above our quarry, let ourselves drift with the current; then hiding as much as possible, waited the event. As we neared him, he looked suspiciously at us, but instead of flying off, rose on his legs lazily, and walked up a sand-bank. I fired at him, with a heavy gun loaded with cartridge, and the effect of the second barrel was to make him wheel round as he rose, evidently disabled, and settle about forty yards off. Before we could approach him a second time, he got up again, and flew up the river. Every flap of his long wings came more slowly and feebly. Anxiously we watched his progress; at last, he rose straight up in the air, wheeled round, as if stupified, and then dropped like a stone in the water. He soon floated down to us, and on taking our prize on board, we found he measured nearly eight feet, from the point of one wing to the other.

March 23rd.—Passing by Tahta and Temeh, we have been borne merrily along the stream, the wind having ceased to persecute us. As we neared Siout, a boat with English colours approached, and met us on her way up the river. She had been engaged by an old and valued friend of mine, Captain Basil Hall, who with his family were on their way to Thebes. We each moored as soon as possible, and they received us hospitably on board, where we had enough to tell each other, as they were fresh from England, and we from the regions to which they were bound. Those only who have experienced such a chance meeting can appreciate its charm! Alas! I never saw my excellent friend again.

March 24th.—On reaching Siout we paid a second visit to the Governor, whom we found in full divan, administering justice and surrounded by a dozen bearded suitors, each squatting in silence near the chief. At last two fresh applicants arrived, and a discussion gradually arose, soon increasing in violence and gesticulations to such a pitch that the Pacha turned the disputants out of the room, and addressing our interpreter, said, "These

are priests; tell the English they are troublesome people in every country." After some time, as we were about to depart, the great man signified his wish that I would accept a beautiful giraffe, which was at my service, and insisted upon my taking her off to Cairo. In spite of the trouble, expense, and inconvenience, I found I could not well refuse, and was obliged to hire a boat and people to take charge of the costly present. I was more easily disencumbered than I expected, for after we had left Siout about an hour, we were hailed by some people on the bank who had pursued us. Their errand was to explain that the animal had been duly deposited in the boat we had hired, and carefully bound so as to prevent, if possible, her struggling to release herself; yet, in spite of all precautions, she had broken the cords, and after nearly upsetting the craft, had plunged into the river, and was never seen afterwards. Whether the tale was true or not it is not for me to say; it seemed rather unlikely that so large an animal should have so suddenly disappeared, and I am not at all sure that she was not conducted back to her paddock, as soon as the donor saw we were

safely under weigh. The object of the present was accomplished, the civility was shown, the servants received presents, and the Rais and boatmen were paid. So when nothing more was to be got, perhaps it was just as well to keep the giraffe. I was of the same opinion, and never cared to investigate the transaction further.

As we had passed Manfalout, Tarout es Sheriff, and Melawi, it was thought advisable to rest for the night near a large sugar manufactory, which the Pacha has established here. Mr. Macpherson, the manager, was exceedingly kind and hospitable, and after caring for our creature comforts in every way he could devise, conducted us over his works. Here we saw heaps of sugar in store, and inspected the various processes by which it is made from the canes, which are produced in the country with great pains, and richly manured: vast numbers of pigeons being kept solely for the sake of their dung. Mr. Macpherson is alone in the business, and appears to be systematically thwarted by every one of the natives under him. He says his salary is properly paid, but not so the wages of the workmen, who often are without their

earnings for months together; and when at last the accounts are cleared, are forced to accept their wages in kind, by which they are generally losers. The sugar is made in small pots of clay, perforated at the bottom. Into these earthenware forms the sugar is poured, and the molasses runs off into small saucers. This process, however, requires excessive labour, as well as space, besides which, there is endless waste. The sugar is said to be better in quality than that of Jamaica, but is deficient in quantity. Ribbon canes are planted here that are three times the size of the native plant, and, of course, when thoroughly introduced, will make a great improvement. The land is inexhaustible in fertility, and will bear almost anything. The rum and sugar are sent off to Cairo for sale, or may be retailed at the manufactory. We saw some Copts purchasing liquor, who sell again to the Fellahs; the latter are afraid of being known to drink spirits, and therefore employ the former as go-betweens.

Mr. Macpherson has been here three years, and appears thoroughly disgusted. He complains that there is no acknowledgment of his industry, and that the more he accomplishes,

the greater are the demands of his employers. In one month he constructed an immense chimney, and when the Pacha visited the place soon afterwards, he never even inspected the work.

March 26th.—We reached the ruins of Beni Hassan in the afternoon. The Speos Artemidos, or Temple of Diana, is situated in a very narrow valley, crowded with places of sepulture. The exterior of the building is covered with sculpture, and the chambers are excavated in the rock. To reach other tombs, we were obliged to retrace our steps and take to the boats. Landing further down, we climbed the mountain, and found ourselves repaid by inspecting the paintings of some of the grottoes, which are extremely curious. There were here several sporting subjects, such as processions of wild animals, and flights of birds, with a gigantic figure, perhaps the Captain Ross of the day, bending his bow and taking a deadly aim. No cartouches were to be seen upon the walls of the excavations, but several of the ornaments, as well as the pillars, were exceedingly graceful. Sir G. Wilkinson narrowly escaped being maltreated while pursuing his researches here, and

was only saved by good weapons and English courage.

Having passed Minieh, we found ourselves at the dawn of day abreast of Colosaneh, and nearing Beni Souef. In twenty-four hours we have accomplished a distance which required, as we ascended the river, no less than six days. But our nerves have been repeatedly tried by the banks of sand on which we have been perpetually aground. Either the river alters its channel, or the sands shift so much that the navigation is at all times uncertain, and would be very difficult in many places for a steamer.

March 28th.—This morning found us abreast of the pyramids of Dashur. The wind was fearful in violence, the air dark with sand, and the palms bending in the gale. As usual, we got near a bank, upon which rose a wretched village, that must have been the head quarters of all the rats in Egypt. The stench during the night was intolerable, and we were invaded by troops of these devouring pirates until morning brought light and calm, though with heavy and continual rain, under which we arrived once more at Boulak, effected our

landing, bade a long adieu to “Haylee Sa,” “Argal allah,” and “Gedouni”—sounds which every pilgrim of the Nile will remember to his latest hour—and again threaded our way amid the narrow, but swarming streets of Cairo.

CHAPTER VIII.

Currency Regulation at Cairo — Marble Archway —
Rhoda — Shoubra — Pyramids.

CHAPTER VIII.

As it turned out, from various causes, that our stay at Cairo was prolonged for more than a month, on looking back to my notes I have preferred making extracts from them relating to the matters which most interested me, and laying aside the more formal record of each day's occupation. Our house was roomy enough, but destitute of furniture. It was rendered more habitable by the distribution of travelling beds and carpets, and the few English articles of comfort which had escaped from the mishap upon the Nile, and although we suffered from the cold wind at one period, and at another were parched with heat, we had the satis-

faction of feeling that our abode was at least more cleanly than any other lodging we could have obtained. The rent was about five pounds per month, the price which, I believe, had been paid by our predecessors; the proprietor, a very fat old lady, having already profited by some English tenants. We had been thoroughly disappointed with our servants during our river voyage, and although obliged to put up with them, could not reckon upon anything like comfort derivable from such a source.

I had occasion, on my arrival, to get some money, and for this purpose visited Mr. Walne, the consul, to whom I had been referred by Messrs. Briggs and Co. There is invariably some difficulty as to this matter, owing to the constant changes in the price of gold coin, and it is disagreeable to have explanations on this score with persons whose position appears at best an anomaly. A consul counting out dollars and estimating the value of gold pieces seems a little out of his place; in one capacity representing the interests of his country; in an-

other, the commercial concerns of Briggs and Co. I could not but remark, during my stay, how much better France, Russia, and other states, are represented by their respective agents than Great Britain would appear to be.

Whether a false system of economy at home, which pays public "employés" so ill that they are obliged to resort to monetary transactions to increase their means, or, on the other hand, whether ill-bestowed patronage in the appointments, lies at the root of the evil, I know not—probably both causes are accessory to this lamentable state of things; but it is certain that the agent of England, as well in these less civilized countries as in others, should be a man of moral weight and character who could and would make himself respected and looked up to.

The grandees of the East, but more especially here, are as well aware of the rank and consequence of the representatives of foreign powers at home, as their own compatriots, and if not are soon made acquainted with the facts by the jealousy of the other members of the *corps diplomatique*.

March 31st.—To-day we visited Old Cairo, or Fostat. This town was built by the conquering army of the Caliph Omar, when they wrested Egypt from the already relaxed grasp of the last of the Romans. Fostat signifies a camp, and here the victors' tents were pitched. Here, too, he built a mosque, the oldest in Egypt, which bears his name. On our way, we passed a beautiful gate, forming the entrance of what was formerly a Mamlook's palace. It is an archway partly composed of oriental alabaster, and partly of white marble. The desolate courtyard of this ruined palace presented a strange contrast to the busy street without. There were to be seen the gayest costumes, there were to be heard the laugh, the cries of busy throngs, each individual labouring in his vocation, either sitting outside his house on a mat, smoking, drinking coffee at the shop, bargaining for goods, urging a string of loaded camels, or belabouring a helpless donkey; women were chattering, children howling, dogs yelping—in short, Bedlam seemed broken loose.

Through the portals of the marble arch reigned silence deep as death. The fountain in the court had ceased to flow, the large door was wide open, the grand staircase, covered with dust and cobwebs, and the walls, once painted and decorated, were tumbling to decay. Here the crested barb, with his fiery eye and expanded nostril, caparisoned in jewels and gold, like the prince chief who rode him, no longer waited for the coming of his master, and the sand before his stable-door was undisturbed. The crowd of servants, Janizaries, and eunuchs, slaves and dependents, no longer filled the halls. The harem was silent, for its light was gone—not even an old crone remained to tell the story of that chieftain's fall. Was it he who rode his horse over the wall of the citadel, when the Pacha surrounded the chivalry of that day with his cannon, when the shriek and groan of death were heard amid the roar of musketry and the crash of ordnance? or did he fall, fighting gallantly with his compeers, at the close of that dreadful scene? Nothing re-

mains of him but his princely dwelling, where even his name is forgotten and his history unknown.

The Mosque of Amrou consists of a square of great size, surrounding a fountain. Round this open space is a roofed colonnade supported by innumerable pillars of marble. Two minarets adorn this ancient building; which, however, except from its age, is not worth a visit. We remarked some pillars here, and were told that whoever squeezed his body between them would be cured of disease. The sides were worn away by devotees who had tried the experiment. Near this place, passing the Frank burial-ground and a Greek convent, we saw the exterior of Ibrahim Pacha's palace, which is extremely unattractive, and, having entered some extensive workshops in the vicinity, where he constructs his carts and implements of husbandry, we crossed the water to the island of Rhoda. Here Ibrahim Pacha has reclaimed about fifty acres from the Nile, which are laid out as a garden, in the English style, by a Scotch gentleman. . . . The air is literally

loaded with the perfume of orange trees; the weeping willow grows near the bamboo, and the Indian palm associates with English oak; on one side, is the oleander and the pepper plant, and near them a fine ash tree, with a seat round its stem, covers the ground with foliage, and gives a delightful shade. But the verdure is not that of our own bright land, the walks are sandy, and the soil is like the banks of the river. Mr. Traill, the chief manager of the establishment, states that an incalculable sum of money has been spent here during twelve years. The improvements have been under his direction, and he has planted every tree. The land, when he came, was laid out in patches of a few acres, producing scanty crops. The whole district is now watered by Persian wheels, and rills flow through every part. But the Nile pays them visits occasionally, and, when the river is in high flood, nothing escapes. Last year 25,000 trees were destroyed. They will not go to the expense of banking out the waters, but allow the evil to go on unchecked, and, when the Nile carries all away

with it, they replace and restore as well as they can.

We re-crossed the river in a crazy ferry-boat, returning into town through large olive plantations and reclaimed land, all cultivated and brought into order by Ibrahim Pacha. A few years ago it was like the desert, barren and bleak, boasting only a few solitary palm trees. It is now loaded with produce of every sort, and crops of the richest luxuriance.

No one who has lived in Europe all his life can imagine the trouble and difficulty of buying anything here. No article is properly finished and perfected for sale. The dealers are afraid of keeping anything in their possession which can be taken from them, and are so unwilling to be considered rich or in good circumstances, that they have nothing by them which would be thought valuable. All the best articles come from Constantinople. The arms, such as swords, pistols, guns, &c., are generally injured, and you can find nothing that has not to undergo the ceremony of being reset, remounted, and

rearranged; for each of which processes the article must pass through the hands of a different merchant or dealer.

Shoubra, Mehemet Ali's country palace, is approached through an avenue of sycamores and acacias, about three miles in length, extending near the river to the northward of the town. We saw the minarets of Boulak on the left; on the right was the Necropolis of the Caliphs, and beyond it lay the desert. After passing the principal gate, which is low and covered with creepers, with a fountain on each side, we entered a garden laid out in long narrow alleys, in some places arched over with trellice-work, in others open on each side. The spaces are completely filled with orange trees, lemons, and citrons. Every gale is full of perfume, and you cannot move a step without brushing against a fruit or a blossom of these favoured plants. Here and there a choice shrub or tree proclaims its western origin, but, unlike Rhoda, they are few and far between. The principal object is an immense kiosk, with a fountain

of white marble, placed in a reservoir constructed from the same material. Richly ornamented columns support a roof painted in the worst style of art, with figures out of proportion, and landscapes worthy only of sign-boards. Innumerable workmen are employed to finish this wonder of the age, as they consider it, which has been eight years in construction. The sculptures are bad and out of place, with the exception of the columns and basin, upon which is carved in relief almost every fish that belongs to the Nile or the sea. The palace looks desolate, and the latticed windows of the harem give it the aspect of a dirty bird-cage. An expensively constructed aviary is here, containing only some dirty parrots, a few doves, and one or two eagles. In this place, the Pacha passes his time when the plague rages; here he rejoices in his harem and state, and finds coolness and shade in the bowers of Shoubra, wrung from the soil by the fertilizing river, in spite of its aridity and apparent barrenness. When the traveller once more passes the gates,

he returns to the noise and bustle of the city, for the avenue of sycamores is crowded with horses and camels, donkeys, and cattle of all sorts, Turks, Arabs, soldiers, Jews, and every kind of passenger, biped and quadruped.

April 4th.—We started for the pyramids, having, according to a previous arrangement, met Sir G. Wilkinson at Old Cairo, and crossed the river with him. The road from Ghizeh, opposite to the island of Rhoda, lies through a large and cultivated plain, and a walk of two hours brought us to the tombs under the base of the pyramid of Cheops, in which our baggage was deposited. These excavations are inhabited by Arabs, who occasionally take the trouble of cleansing them for the sake of any travellers who may be inclined to take up their temporary abode within their precincts. The process of mounting the pyramid is neither difficult nor dangerous, and disagreeable only because the blocks of stone are so large that you cannot step or spring up; the ascent, therefore, requires both time and exertion.

At the summit, a splendid prospect awaited us, disclosing an extent of boundless deserts, stretching in every direction, through which the Nile wound its slow length along in sinuous and serpentine folds. The descent is a more uncomfortable proceeding, arising from the shock of jumping down from block to block; but the Arabs go up and down like monkeys, and the girls carry water in small clay bottles, which, whenever the traveller stops for breath, are thrust under his nose. Having reached the bottom, we furnished ourselves with a rope ladder and candles, and entered the pile. The doorway is not in the centre of the structure, but so artfully concealed near it, that the conclusion that it was masked for the sake of secrecy is inevitable. An angular entrance, composed of huge blocks, resting one against the other, supports the huge fabric above them. Under these extends a long passage, leading downwards, as if to the base of the pyramid. Having proceeded some distance, the traveller is forced to scramble and crawl over vast masses of

stone, and after surmounting these obstacles, an ascent is again effected into the passage, by passing under the huge block of granite with which it is blocked up. Whether this was placed there by the original constructors or not, it is impossible to say, but close to it is a deep pit, communicating with another passage below, through which it is supposed that the masons entered in order to fix the block, and having done so, made their retreat and closed the pit after them.

The queen's chamber is a small low room, which leads to the most remarkable part of the pyramid, a long and lofty gallery running up an inclined plane to the entrance of the king's chamber. The passage excels all that can be conceived in solidity and massive work. The sides are beautifully polished, and the joinings of the stones fitted with the utmost care. Along this gallery the sarcophagus of the monarch must have been dragged or forced by levers to its final resting-place.

We scrambled to the upper end, where we could admire at leisure the wondrous symmetry and proportion of this vast hall. Its length must be more than two hundred feet, its breadth and its height about sixty; but of course, by this conjecture, the distance of the roof at the top of the inclined plane from its base, is not estimated. Floor and roof run up equi-distant at a certain angle with the ground, which there was no time to measure. At the top of the great passage stands the entrance to the chamber containing the sarcophagus. It is unadorned by inscriptions or sculpture, and this is more remarkable, if Cheops, or Suphis, is correctly supposed to have been the tenant of this tomb. Strange contrast with the burial places at Thebes! There are here neither sculptures nor paintings, not even a solitary tablet proclaims the tale of death. Four bare walls with an arched roof, and a niche at the end of the chamber opposite the sarcophagus, are all that remain. Could there ever have been any ornament here? Were these chambers

once decorated with jewels and gold, or lined with rich stuffs and costly brocades? Were they formerly adorned with all the attributes of the tombs of the Kings, and afterwards by the first riflers of their pride stripped of their gorgeous riches? Did the caliphs, when they broke into these stone mountains, carry off all that these chambers of death contained? or were they from all time simple and unadorned, except by the beauty of the masonry and the gigantic conception that gave them birth? Who shall tell? But the mystery that hangs over these huge buildings is shrouding them still, as of old, and though much is discussed and disputed, little or nothing is certain respecting them.

Passing into the gallery, we found that in order to visit the upper chambers of the pyramid, it was necessary to mount to the roof of the gallery. Some bars of wood, fixed into holes in the rock, gave us a frail and uncertain support. After this, we trusted to a rope ladder, and were soon poised in air upon very weak tackle, and hanging on to a very uncertain looking

piece of wood, about forty feet above the floor of the inclined plane, and still twenty from the roof. The Arabs who preceded us were forced to cling upon the rock, to make a purchase for the ladder, so that they had no hands to offer by way of assistance, and we were obliged to scramble over their bodies in a place not two feet square. Crawling along, we arrived at what is called Davison's chamber; above it, is another recess, and afterwards three chambers one over the other, lately discovered by Colonel Vyse, and called successively by the names of Wellington, Nelson, and Lady Arbuthnot. The last is the highest, and having an arch in the roof is evidently the last. These are supposed to have been left unfinished, being immediately over the roof of the king's chamber, in order to lighten the weight of masonry, that might otherwise have fallen in; a reasonable conjecture, as it is difficult to conceive any other purpose for which they could have been made, being too low and small for the reception of a sarcophagus.

With great difficulty and some danger we climbed up into these rooms, through the solid masses of the Pyramid.

It is impossible to stir without the assistance of the Arabs, who take care to make every step more difficult and uncomfortable, in the hope of astonishing and getting more money from the visitor; and acting upon this principle, always attempt to close up a passage with sand after a tomb has been visited, in order, by removing it again, to show their activity to a new comer. We descended in safety to the grand passage, and once more reaching the large granite block I have mentioned, entered a narrow channel leading downwards into the heart of the Pyramid. This descent was very rugged and painful, for we were obliged to force our way through the broken fragments of rock which encumbered it, as far as the entrance of the lowest chamber, in which there is a deep pit surrounded by heaps of stones and rubbish. And now we had seen all that has as yet been discovered in this pyramid; and when its vast size is consi-

dered, as well as how small a portion is laid open, it may readily be believed that many chambers and galleries are as yet unknown and concealed within its recesses, which some future enthusiastic admirer of antiquity may be fortunate enough to explore and bring to light.

CHAPTER IX.

Ancient Memphis — Saccara — The Sphinx — Pyramid called Abou Ruash — Characteristic Anecdotes — The Jews of Cairo at their own Residences.



CHAPTER IX.

APRIL 5th.—To day, at sunrise, we started for Mitraheny. This distance, about twelve miles, is increased by the winding of the track, which changes its direction every moment, through fields of corn, or across watercourses which you are forced to pass over. Of the ancient Memphis, little remains but the famous colossal statue, and some tombs that we visited afterwards. Rameses lies prostrate on his face in the midst of the plain. The features are quite perfect—unmutilated, and “severe in youthful beauty.” There is a serenity about the eye and mouth that is very remarkable, and the face resembles those of the colossi in the interior of the temple at Abousimbel.

This is supposed to be one of the statues spoken of by Herodotus, and the other cannot be far off.

Crossing a wide plain we arrived at the Saccara pyramids. Around their base are various tombs handsomely decorated, though much broken. We looked back upon the Dashur pyramids, and those of Abousir rose before us. Here are two fine sarcophagi, half buried in the sand, covered with hieroglyphics. A crypt or tomb which we explored, is full of mummies of the Ibis. It consists of a long low passage through the rock, on every side of which are heaped up piles of earthen jars, some broken and some entire, which contained the embalmed remains of the sacred bird. Some bones, and even feathers, were still to be seen in those that we opened. In this vault there was a badly executed sarcophagus, without any inscription. Returning homewards, we paid our homage to the mighty and mysterious sphinx. The doubts which have been created by this extraordinary work of art, its unknown purpose and gigantic

proportions, invest it with a degree of interest hardly felt even for the pyramids. It is entirely cut out of the solid rock; but its form and features exist no more; for the nose is broken, and the face almost demolished. The sphinx is a creation worthy of the monarch who planted the two statues on the plains of Thebes, as the portals of his giant palace.

From this we went into the tomb of numbers, as it is called, from the figures of oxen, geese, fish, fowls, and other animals within it. We subsequently penetrated into a small pyramid, opened by Colonel Vyse, where the name of a king is rudely marked upon the stones of the roof in a chamber containing a sarcophagus.

April 6th.—To-day, we started at sunrise to visit the ruined pyramid of Abou Ruash. This monument, or rather its remains, are to the north of the others, on a commanding height, at a distance of five English miles. After three hours we reached the ruined mass, and were forced to be content with seeing the remnants of the base; and we ate

our breakfast in what was once a chamber, but which now looks like a quarry. Near the top of the hill, where the finest view is to be obtained of the whole of the pyramids, exist the remains of an extensive causeway, or road, leading to the entrance, similar to the one near the pyramid of Cheops, and the whole structure bears the marks of having been cased with granite, as numerous masses lie around and encumber the base. Descending to the plain, we arrived at the village of Abou Ruash, containing large ruins of crude brick, and some tombs of little interest. A grove of palm trees, intersected by a stream of water, afforded us rest and refreshment; and again we started over the plain, keeping our course nearer to the river, in the cultivated part of the valley of the Nile. Here abundant crops were to be seen, with large flocks and herds, while storks, kites, and vultures were constantly on the wing near us.

April 7th.—Before leaving our sepulchral abode, we walked once more over the ruins surrounding the pyramids. The one opened

by Belzoni is said to be the tomb of Cephren, or Cephrenes. The top is still covered with an external casing, broken off some distance from the apex, which renders the ascent perilous and difficult. The footing on the highest part is uncertain and precarious, and there is great danger in getting from the part where the casing is damaged to that where it exists and projects considerably from the surface. Advancing towards the sphinx, we saw several deep pits, among which is one opened by Colonel Campbell, and called by his name. This is a very large square, cut into the rock, and extremely deep and spacious. A wide trench surrounds it, that must be crossed before the explorer can stand upon the wall of the excavation. Here are to be seen a huge sarcophagus, with the traces of an arch that had once covered it, but which had been removed by the government. This reckless act is much to be regretted, because plenty of materials for building might have been found on the spot, without breaking up the arch, and raising the stones

from the pit at a considerable expense. There is no limit to the wanton destruction carried on everywhere, and in this case, where great expense was incurred in the discovery, to have spoiled the work was a most useless and gratuitous piece of ill-nature.

Taking leave of our guides and the Sheikh of the tombs, as he is called, we started across the plain to Ghizeh. Yet when we turned to survey once more the lofty and imposing structures we were leaving, they seemed as near as ever, and as if with eastern hospitality they were accompanying us to the door. For a long time, the distance is imperceptible; on the contrary, the pyramids seem as though they increased in size, while the spectator recedes from their base.

April 8th.—To-day, I went with Sir G. Wilkinson to order some clothes from a venerable Turk named Hafiz, whom we found smoking at the bazaar in placid repose, and every now and then caressing his beard, or speaking to a passing acquaintance. We

were invited to sit down, and he handed his pipe to Ismael Effendi, by which name Sir Gardiner Wilkinson is known here.

My business was explained to him, after which he rose, put his feet into his papooshes, tucked up his long caftan, and departed, but he soon returned, bringing with him another Turk. At least a quarter of an hour was spent by them in animated discussion. The second Turk then left us, and, after a long time, returned with a small piece of cloth. New discussion arose, and fresh pipes were called for, with coffee and sherbet. Then there was some silk to buy. Hafiz got into his papooshes again. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, and then a new consultation began. Then came the measuring, and a great row arose upon a declaration from Turk No. 2, that he wished to see a part of my dress as a pattern. We tried to get him to terms without this, but in vain. After two weary hours, we had only succeeded in buying the silk and cloth, and left Hafiz, promising to revisit him another time.

This is an exact and faithful picture of

the dealings and business of this country. The merchant goes through the form of pipes, coffee, and rigmarole with you, but then you must wait, while he proceeds to another stall, where he gets a pipe, and more rigmarole; and if he returns again to you, the same farce is repeated, so that the whole affair of cloth, silk, buttons, lining, lace, measuring, fixing, time, and fashion, may occupy half a day, and yet the work may be unfinished. Dawdling through life is their passion, and as great a discussion is made about a para or two, more or less, in their price, as we should make about ten pounds. If you want a sword, you must first buy the blade; the handle is sold by one man, and ornamented by another, a third polishes and cleans it, a fourth makes the scabbard, a fifth the belt or cord, and so on; thus the business becomes endless. The dealers have no idea of time, and had rather not dispose of their wares at all than sell them without the whole ceremony of talk, smoke, and coffee.

I was told an amusing story, illustra-

tive of these people. A man travelling on his own business, went to pay a visit to the Nazir of the place through which he was passing; his dress was plain white, with an ordinary shawl and a common tarboush or cap. The Nazir never asked him to sit down, but took no notice of him, and paid no attention to his presence. Irritated at this, he returned the next day, dressed in a cloth suit, with a handsome cachemire, and a sword. The Nazir, as soon as he saw him, desired him to be seated, and gave him a pipe and coffee. When the pipe was brought, the stranger deliberately took the silk sleeve of his dress, put it over the mouth-piece and began smoking through it. The Nazir stared, but said nothing. On taking his cup of coffee, the stranger dipped the end of his sash into the cup, and returned it. On this the Nazir lost patience, and asked what he meant by smoking through his sleeve, and staining his sash. He answered, "You give pipes and coffee, not to me, but to my dress—let the dress have what belongs to it."

Another story was told of a vulgar old man, who was often in the habit of committing some outrage against good breeding, very much to the annoyance of the Pacha, to whom he was on a visit. One day, the Pacha offered him some fruit, upon which, in full divan, he began to munch an apple with extreme gusto, to the great amusement of the Beys, who were watching the scene, too happy in finding food for their satire. The Pacha, soon afterwards, when they were alone, remonstrated with his guest upon the impropriety he had committed, and instructed him, when he received anything eatable, to put it to his forehead, and then his breast, and eat it at some more convenient time. The old man promised obedience, and the matter ended. Some days afterwards, at a large dinner, a Bey sitting next to him, with Turkish politeness, took one of the cabobs of mutton from the pilaff, and offered it to him. The old man, to the consternation of all, gravely carried the greasy morsel to his head, and finally deposited it in his bosom. The mirth

of the Beys, and the anger of the Pacha, may easily be conceived.

To these characteristic anecdotes, I may add that the host of a friend of mine, when the fish was brought at dinner, took some up in the palm of his hand, and crumbling together some bread and salt, made the mess into a bolus, which he insisted upon conveying to the mouth of his guest, who was forced to swallow it in the best way he could, and yet to smile all the time, and look happy. So much for Eastern civility.

April 9th.—This day, Clot Bey's interpreter, Joseph, conducted us into the Jewish quarter, to visit some of their houses. Being himself of that persuasion, he is favoured with the entrée. The first house was distinguished by a latticed balcony and windows, some very curious arabesque carving, and a spacious court-yard. On going up stairs, we found two women of a certain age, splendidly attired, their hair plaited with gold coins, and their whole costume extremely gorgeous. On the divan

the master of the house was sleeping. After the ladies had returned our salute, by touching their foreheads, he arose, and taking my hand in his own, offered to kiss it. The room was spacious, and richly ornamented, but he motioned us to follow into a smaller, but much more splendid one, entirely covered with carpets of every hue, and surrounded by a divan of the finest materials. Cushion was piled upon cushion, in cloth of gold and silver. Lamps were hanging from the roof, and inlaid tables were covered with silver and gold vessels. Here we sat down, and pipes were brought to us. (The Jews on the Sabbath day, which this was, never smoke.) The children of the house then entered, as choicely dressed, and in the same fashion, as their mother and her sister. With them appeared a beautiful slave, who gave us coffee and sherbet. After half an hour, when we rose to depart, the master of the house insisted upon our going over his dwelling, which was by far the most comfortable I have seen, independently of its costly furniture. The beds

were covered with magnificent quilts, superb cushions decorated the divans, and there was a marble bath, of spacious dimensions. A large room, which we visited afterwards, on the lower story, contained the fountain from which the bath above was supplied.

The next house was more European. The master wore a Frank dress, but his wife was in her native costume, and sat down beside us on the divan, after a signal of permission from her liege lord. Soon after, the daughter of the house entered, bearing some cups of sherbet, and her beauty was most remarkable; so much so, that we lingered, unwilling to depart.

The next dwelling we visited was that of a money broker, or seraff. Here we found a room of two compartments, with large divans, on which were seated the ladies of the family. I was presented to a great-great-grandmother, and, next, to the smiling infant who had just given her the title. Nearly a hundred years had shed their silver hue upon the old lady's brow. Near her were other women, of different ages,

from very young girls, to the mother who was nursing her child, but all members of the same family. Their hair was plaited with gold, and glittered with coins, yet there was nothing like the splendour we had observed in the first house. We were asked to imbibe some sherbet—of which I had already drank four large glasses—and the usual ceremonious conversation about health, took place; but in this house none of the women spoke to us except a young girl, who being called by her father, came and sat upon the divan. On our departure the old lady arose, and walking across the room, appeared so bent, that her chin approached nearly half way to the ground. It was singular as well as pleasing to behold this venerable creature caressing the children who gathered round her, with the utmost affection.

The more Cairo is examined, the more it is to be appreciated and admired. At every step some picturesque object strikes the eye. The long, narrow streets which the sun is scarcely allowed to penetrate,

with lattice rising upon lattice, old-fashioned and picturesque gables and rafters, decked with fantastic ornaments, and scattered in lavish profusion, delight the eye, and entice the wanderer to proceed farther. He might indeed remain here for years, and yet every day find some new object for his mind or pencil. Still nothing is new or smart; the colours are faded and mellowed down; the wooden lattices are covered with dust and cobwebs, and where the painted glass is visible, it is darkened by dirt. But these details only heighten the general effect of the scenery. The bazaar and mosque of Gorieh are splendid. This place has a roof of huge rafters, across which, the sunlight streams upon the walls of the mosque, and the shops under it. Everywhere there is something quaint, either in colouring or sculpture, of wood or stone. Should the stranger admire animated nature, it is almost impossible to discover more picturesque and singular figures than those that throng around. From the sedate old Turk, whom he passes quietly by, he runs against a

swaggering cut-throat-looking Arnaout or Albanian, with dagger and pistols in his belt. Then comes a specimen of the Cairo dandy; followed by the eunuchs, who are great men in their way, as they are always treated with more consideration than any other servants, and of course, presume more. These fellows are often impertinent, and will push or ride against a Frank, when they dare. The sais or groom, is by far the neatest looking public functionary, and his dress is pretty, and generally clean. The scribes are demure, sedate, people, with white turbans, and the usual inkstand in their girdles. They ride generally on mules, and have a sleek and comfortable appearance. Sometimes the traveller meets a monk from Mount Sinai or Jerusalem, or overtakes a knot of Bedouins, with their peculiar head-dress and coloured handkerchief. Now, too, that the pilgrims are returned from Mecca, the streets abound with people of every Eastern nation. The Hadjis, as they are called, are not to be mistaken. They look half-starved, and bronzed with the sun—dusty

and tattered. Wild and fierce faces swarm in every quarter, and figures marked by an endless variety of costume. Besides this, the various trades and callings have their own peculiar attire; and lastly, the women sail along in their huge black mantles of silk, muffled to the teeth, or straddle across a donkey, with their knees touching their mouths, supported by their eunuchs, and form a curious feature in the scene.

Droves of donkeys, with skins of water, camels in strings, with their heavy burdens, or dromedaries carrying their wild masters, stop one's progress at every turn. By way of a change, one meets some straggling Franks, who are disreputable-looking vagabonds, and a disgrace to more civilized Europe. It is strange that most of these imports are of the worst description. No town was ever more filled with scamps of various sorts than Cairo. The lowest haunts of London do not produce a worse class than the wretches, who, driven out probably from every other city, take refuge here to prey upon the unwary and each other. The better sort of Euro-

peans, who pass through this place, stay so short a time that they are hardly known, and consequently the people judge of us, if they judge at all, by the specimens who gain a livelihood by cheating and robbing in every shape.

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CHAPTER X.

Procession of Pilgrims from Mecca—Tomb of Mehe-
met Ali's Children—Suleiman Pacha—The Scheriff
of Mecca—A Turkish Dinner—Scorpions.



CHAPTER X.

APRIL 12th.—I woke early with the noise of cannon from the citadel, which announced that the procession of pilgrims from Mecca had started from their encampment, at the Birket-el-Hadji, to enter the town. Mr. Lane's book gives an excellent account of this ceremony. A rich canopy is borne to Mecca every year upon the back of a camel to replace its predecessor, and this is placed near the holy stone, or tomb of the prophet. When the old one is brought back, it is either sent to Constantinople or presented as an offering to some mosque in the Mahometan dominions. This canopy is

called the Mahmil, and the camel that bears it is considered holy.

The day before the procession, a curious scene takes place on the road to the camp at Birket-el-Hadji, about an hour's ride from the walls, when the population of the city go forth in crowds to meet their relatives who are returning from the pilgrimage. Whole harems of women proceed on their march to the camp with music and flowers, to welcome the travellers who have completed their long and perilous journey. The meetings are, of course, full of joy and vociferous gladness, and the embraces on all sides most abundant. Then the Hadji is taken home in triumph by his family and friends. A sheep has been killed for him, or perhaps a fatted kid. Alms are distributed; his house is illuminated, and music and dancing reign throughout the night. The Hadji either goes out to join the procession next day, or meets it and falls in with it on entering the town. But if he has unhappily perished in the desert, far from his kindred and home, there is weeping and wailing, and

dirt is taken up and swallowed, and every paroxysm of grief in its wildest shape is exhibited.

We started for the Gorieh bazaar, through which the procession passes. Having placed ourselves on the roof of a shop, and in front of the mosque, we spread carpets, took our pipes, and awaited the arrival of the caravan. First, arrived the full military band of the Pacha, and a large body of troops, in dirty white jackets and rusty tarboushes. This was the guard of honour, which marches with the Mahmil from the gate of the town. After these, came a camel, with a red cloth package on his back, containing a huge provision of carpets. Then the Mahmil appeared, entering the Gorieh, with great shouting, beating of tomtoms, jingling of bells, and loud cries from the people. It is a small square canopy, with a pointed top covered with gold embroidery, tarnished and faded by long and distant travel. Behind the Mahmil, on another camel, came a fanatic saint or Sheikh,—who was said to have accompanied the procession to Mecca and back, for

many years—half naked, and rolling his head from side to side with hideous contortions. The people, one and all, tried to touch the Mahmil as it passed by them. Some let their shawls drop from the nearest windows; others reached forward in the throng and scrambled to get near. Crowds of little children and women were pressing round in every direction to get their clothes or handkerchiefs in contact with the housings or the cloth of gold.

All this time the noise was unceasing, while the Mahmil passed slowly on its course through the immense crowd. The scene was beautiful, while the sun broke through the rafters of the roof of the bazaar, parts of which were in deep shadow, and others tinted with the most brilliant colours. Through this long and lofty passage the caravan wound its way. The shops were crammed with people, the roofs covered, and the street presented a moving mass of turbans and tarboushes. A string of camels advanced with drums, and music, and flowers. To these succeeded the mounted Hadjis, worn out

from long travel, and with the desert sand still clinging to them. Every sort of costume was there. They came from Algiers, from Tunis, and Tripoli, and Morocco, as well as from Constantinople and Smyrna, or from Damascus and Bagdad; their eyes, lighted up with wild enthusiasm, glared still more ferociously from their haggard features. To these succeeded a troop of Arnaouts, whose steeds plunged and reared, pranced and curveted, while the rider brandished his long tufted lance, crying out as if charging an enemy. And with this strange group, followed by children and women beating drums and cymbals, the procession closed.

We rode round some by-streets into the square before the citadel. Here we found the garrison under arms, formed into three sides of a square. There was a brigade of guns behind for saluting. Crowds of mounted Turks were galloping about, throwing the jereed, or practising the manège, with a multitude of eunuchs and slaves. The caravan entered the square, and three times passed round the troops, who then fired a salute.

So ended the affair, altogether the most curious spectacle I ever beheld. It is the very essence of Orientalism, and the type of everything belonging to Mussulmans; while, though the finery is tawdry, and there is nothing half as smart as one of our own state-coach horses, the scene is more imposing, perhaps, than any other ceremony in the world, from the fanatic enthusiasm which, from first to last, characterizes the whole of the proceedings.

In the afternoon, I visited the tombs of Mehemet Ali's children and relatives. This structure lies to the south of the town, among a mass of minarets and tombs of scheikhs, of every conceivable shape, whether arch, dome, or tower. Each looks like a palace in miniature, but all are fast going to ruin and decay. Yet the forms and outlines are still there, and the colouring is beautiful. They cover the ground to the base of the Mokattan chain of hills, and on the face of the cliff there are some which resemble the towers on the Rhine.

Mehemet Ali's tombs have no external decoration. They consist of two chambers with

domes, under which are seen the grave-stones of all the members of his family. The chambers are handsomely carpeted, with lamps suspended from the roof, and the tombs are made of white marble, and richly painted and gilded. At the head and foot of the grave there is an upright tablet; if of a man, it bears a turban; those of the women have a different ornament. When the children die in infancy, several are buried together, and one sarcophagus commemorates their fate; but there is a separate tablet or turban for each. At the top of the second chamber is situated the vault said to be intended by the Pacha for his own remains.

From the vast number of children buried in these tombs, some idea may be formed of the size of a Turkish harem; and, to our notions, it seems curious that when the ladies visit this mausoleum, they bring provisions for a feast, with baskets of flowers, and howl and sing over the tombs, reclining on the rich carpets that cover the pavement, with lamps burning above and around them.

I was introduced to-day to Suleiman Pacha,

who is in high favour with Mehemet Ali. He it was who defended Beyrout, and was Ibrahim Pacha's second in command in all the Syrian business. He is undoubtedly a man of great energy and talent. His manners are hospitable and kind, and his bearing that of the "vielle moustache" of Napoleon's day. We had a long conversation about the Syrian war, and the anecdotes he told were most interesting. Among other things, he mentioned what I had heard before, that if we had fallen in with the French squadron off the coast of Syria, there was no ammunition in our fleet to fight them. Our ships had sent for a supply to Malta, but in vain.

Suleiman Pacha was angry with Napier, to whose bravery and character, however, he did ample justice, for not having contradicted the report, in an English paper, that he allowed fresh provisions for the sick to be taken off to the English fleet, as he was afraid of Napier's reprisals, in case of a refusal on his part. He declared that nothing ever was further from truth. "Je

ne fais pas la guerre aux blessés," said he. "Je lui ai fait parvenir ce qui étoit nécessaire, et Napier devroit savoir que ce n'est pas la crainte de ses canons qui m'a poussé à faire ce que je crois mon devoir. Mais je trouve que lorsqu'il a vu ce fait constaté sur les journaux il auroit dû le faire dementir."

The young Scheriff of Mecca is here, on his way to Constantinople. The son of the chief of a family directly descended from Mahomet, he belongs to nearly the oldest race in Europe of an almost unbroken succession. The Scheriff lives in one of the hotels of the Mamlooks, where he holds a sort of court. The persons of these chiefs are considered holy, and are looked upon with the greatest reverence and respect. We had given him notice of our coming, and were shown into his divan. He was in an adjoining room, with a thick, heavy curtain before the door, on each side of which stood two black slaves, with magnificent shawls and daggers. Their arms were beautiful, and quite unlike the common trash offered for sale.

The Scheriff soon made his appearance

from behind the curtain, and his personal demeanour, as well as extreme dignity and grace, at once impressed us in his favour. He is very handsome; slight, but sinewy and well-made, with dark piercing eyes, a very sweet smile, and beautiful teeth. He wore a snow-white turban of the finest muslin, under which could be seen his tarboush—not an ugly red cap, like the Egyptian head-dress, but one of various colours richly embroidered. His caftan was of green silk; he wore no arms except a sabre, which he carried in his hand, and over all, hanging from his shoulders and sweeping the ground, was an abba, or cloak, of white stuff embroidered with gold. After him, entered his attendants, all variously dressed in the costume of the Hedjaz, and well armed. No man appeared there without his dagger. They were all bare-footed except three, who sat down on the divan at a distance from the Scheriff; the rest stood before us, while we had pipes and coffee. Our host did not smoke, but conversed with us through Clot Bey's interpreter, Mr. Joseph. At last, he said he wished us to

see a dromedary he had brought for the Pacha, with its saddle and housings, and accordingly gave some orders to his people. In a few minutes, from the window we beheld, perhaps, the most beautiful animal that Arabia ever produced. The creature was perfectly broke, and seemed as gentle and docile as a lady's horse. His saddle and housings were covered with gold embroidery, and when his rider got upon him, and his snake-like head was stretched forward, guided only by a slight silken cord, he looked as perfect a prince of the desert as the Scheriff, his master.

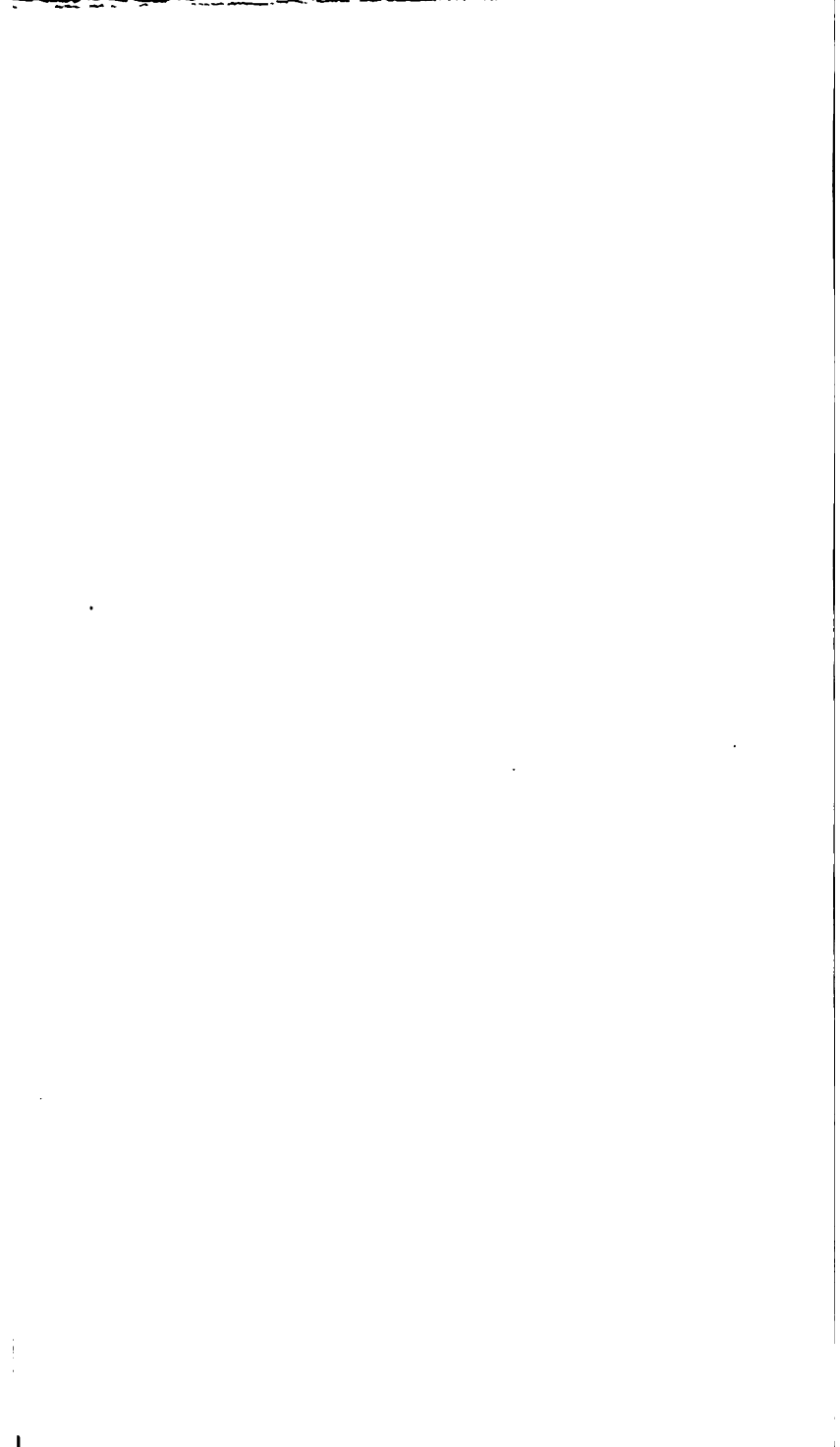
Dr. Abbott gave us a Turkish dinner in the Eastern form. We sat on the floor, round a small tray or low stool, on which, one after another, the dishes were placed. First came gazelle soup; but I was disagreeably surprised at finding no plates, and we were all obliged, in Turkish fashion, to put our spoons into the bowl, and struggle, in turn, for bits of meat and broth. To this succeeded fish, which we took out of the dish with the fingers of the right hand

(the left never being employed on these occasions), and munched as we best could. Then appeared a haunch of gazelle, fragments of which we tore from the bone, dipping them in salt, and of this each person puts a small portion on the part of the tray near him. It is no easy task to convey the food on its journey, and the chances are, if his hand is not very steady, that the novice covers himself with greasy dainties. The gazelle was followed by sausages, pancakes, and twenty other dishes, so that we were almost satiated by the variety and quantity of our fare.

After dinner, while we were looking over some books and antiques, a scorpion made his appearance among them. We placed him in a plate with some charcoal lighted, and his tail certainly curled up, but I should be unwilling to believe the common supposition, that when escape is cut off, these animals sting themselves to death. They abound in this country, and great care is necessary to avoid sitting on them unawares, or finding them in the bed and among the clothes.

CHAPTER XI.

Damietta branch of the Nile — The Pacha's new bridge — Foreign assistance — Mehemet Ali's approach to Mehallet el Kebir.



CHAPTER XI.

HAVING determined to pay our court to Mehemet Ali, we started for Boulak, and engaged a boat for the journey to Mansourah. Soon we were floating down the Damietta branch of the Nile. The river is much narrower, and the country being more verdant and better cultivated, than above Cairo, is more pleasing to the eye. About mid-day, we arrived at Foum-el-Karinen, a village between Dagoeh and Batta, where Mr. Linant is engaged in making a large bridge, with flood-gates, over an artificial communication between the river and a canal that extends itself all through the province. We found him in his boat and

moored alongside. There was a rude encampment, with several officers' tents, round which were the attendants of the Governor of the province, who was there in person, assisting Mr. Linant in carrying on his works. Near these, were innumerable booths, in which provisions of all sorts were selling—coffee, dates, apricots, bread, &c.

At a little distance, we came in sight of the bridge, which is built with flood-gates between each span. Five thousand people were at work, some carrying stones, others baling out with baskets the water that escaped; one set employed in making the mortar, another gang perfecting the masonry. A band of pipes and tomtoms amused the workmen in their labours, and this mighty machine of human power was moving in an orderly and regular way without much more noise than Arabs usually make. It was an extraordinary sight to see these masses swarming like ants about their work. The Pacha will not hear of steam power being applied; "Fellah" power being so much cheaper. The multitude is

paid per day, twenty paras per man, not in money, but this sum is deducted from the taxes to government and carried to the labourer's account by the Sheikh of his village. When men are wanted they are pressed by the chiefs of the towns and kept until the work is done. We were told that *no one* was paid in money, and that for two years not a para had been given to any of the Pacha's employés. Some of the secretaries, clerks, &c. had not received enough to pay the barber for shaving them, and yet many were obliged to keep a horse for the mere purpose of getting through their duties. Nevertheless, daily and hourly contributions are levied on the miserable population. All the works from Assouan to Alexandria, such as canals, bridges, roads, railways, are said to be in the same state. Each native authority interferes with whatever is done by European science, and every Turk thinks himself privileged to come and give orders, perhaps directly the reverse of what is right.

The people appear to be most ignorant and besotted, as the following story attests.

An English engineer was employed in mining for coal in Syria. The mine was profitable, but some one or other of the officials suggested that the Englishman did not get coal as fast, or in such large quantities, as the natives could if they were allowed to try. Permission was granted, and the engineer sent off to Alexandria upon some excuse. Meantime, the Turks set to work, and in two or three days, with very little labour, produced five times as much coal as the Englishman had; this was reckoned an immense triumph; but one fine morning the whole excavation fell in and buried the workmen. What was the fact? The engineer, as he undermined, had left large pillars of coal to support the earth above, which the Turks immediately knocked down, and the prize served to fill their baskets on the first days of their supposed triumph. The catastrophe, however, would, one should have supposed, have been a lesson to them. No such thing. "It was the will of God." So they killed the goose that laid the golden

eggs; but the moral of the tale was thrown away.

This is universally the case. A foreigner comes here, sets to work, and for some time goes on well. The natives then lay plans for his ruin, and declare they can do as well without him. The man is got rid of either by an excuse or a direct dismissal; the natives take up his works, fail, and then the whole concern goes to destruction.

The land is fertile beyond expression, and the cultivation universal. But it is impossible to see these fields loaded with magnificent crops without a feeling of sorrow and disgust at the thought that the farmers and labourers reap no advantage from the bounties of this prolific nature. The riches and the profit go into the pocket of their rulers, and scarcely is a bare subsistence left to them; so much so is this the case, that they are obliged to pilfer the grain they have planted themselves, or live upon part of the seed given to them to produce a new crop. What hope can there be for a people so de-

graded? or what chance of their improvement under such despotic masters? Truly and fearfully has the Egyptian curse been fulfilled, and every day and every scene afford ample proof of this, though a beneficent nature still smiles over the moral and physical desolation of the country.

The banks of the river swarm with flocks and herds, the stream is crowded by droves of buffaloes, with their huge bodies immersed in the water, and children are bathing among them, climbing on their backs, and hanging on their shoulders. Child and buffalo seem thoroughly happy, and are evidently excellent friends. Every now and then, vast flocks of sheep are passed; or led horses, belonging to some great man; village Sheikhs ride by with their petty state; or an Arab of the desert is seen with his wild costume, and his string of camels; and at every turn of the river appear minarets and mud-houses, which, though poor indeed on a nearer inspection, look picturesque at a distance.

On reaching a small village near the opening of a canal, it was announced that

an officer of the Pacha was coming to pay us a visit. Before we had time to make any preparation for his reception he made his appearance, and acquainted us that the Pacha had dispatched him three days before to Mansourah, where he had been waiting our arrival. Mehemet Ali had sent us word to meet him to-morrow at Mehallet el Kebir.

April 23rd.—At six o'clock in the morning, our horses were ready; a fine strong grey Arab, covered with gold housings and caparisons, was assigned to me; and two mounted Janizaries, with four sais's, or grooms, on foot, made up our body-guard. We rode for about an hour and a half at a foot's pace along a raised embankment, on each side of which the wide plains of the Delta, covered with luxuriant crops, extended themselves as far as the eye could reach. Sugar canes, cotton plantations, wheat, castor-oil trees, and occasionally willows and large spreading sycamores, succeeded each other, with clover, lupines, beans, and almost every species of vegetation. Here and there were large deep pools covered with wild fowl, so

tame, that the duck hardly left her brood as we passed along her rushy kingdom. At a distance before us lay Mehallet el Kebir, the principal town of the Delta, distinguishable by its numerous minarets.

We had been informed that the Pacha would arrive by land from Nabaroueh about mid-day, and as we neared the town, the cannon announced his approach. There was a general movement across the plain to the so-called palace, where he had taken up his quarters. Nazirs of villages, Sheikhs, Moodirs, and other functionaries, were trooping in with the utmost speed, some on donkeys, but the higher classes on mules or horses. The Fellahs, too, were on foot, hastening to the spot, and droves of sheep and oxen, loaded camels and dromedaries, all seemed approaching the same point. A few minutes before twelve we found ourselves at the entrance of a short avenue leading up to the door of the "chateau." Occasionally there was a guard of soldiers, or some troop-horses picketed here and there, while near them, in parties of two or

three, their masters smoked their pipes with becoming gravity. A little further on was a cluster of green tents belonging to the chief officers of the suite. The dress of the Egyptian is the same, from the highest to the lowest. A tarboush or red cap, blue jacket, and pantaloons, very large about the hips, and quite tight from the knee downwards, red slippers, and a sword. The difference of rank is marked by the decorations they wear, which are generally made of diamonds for the highest functionaries and the relatives of Mehemet Ali, and continue in a descending scale of value till they diminish to a single brass mark.

The palace is situated in a garden of fruit-trees, and belongs to Abbas Pacha, the Viceroy's grandson, Mehemet Ali merely using it as a halting-place in his progress. Abbas Pacha has forsaken it for some other more recent acquisition, and the place appeared neglected. A few steps led us into a hall, where a few Cavasses, or, as we erroneously call them, Janizaries, were lounging about, and lying on mats. The Pacha's officer

showed us the way up stairs, and I asked if he was taking us at once to the Pacha. "Oui, voila son altesse!" he replied. A red curtain was suddenly thrown aside, and we found ourselves in the presence.

The Pacha was at dinner, with his back to the door, so that we could not see him, concealed as he was by the attendants, until we reached the table. It must here be stated that all our conversation was carried on through an interpreter, as the Pacha speaks only Turkish. On seeing us, he said "Welcome, I am glad to see you—sit down and eat." We were placed to the right and left of his highness, and as the silence of the meal lasted some time, I had leisure to observe him. Mehemet Ali gave me, from first to last, the idea of a sprightly, well-bred old man. It is nonsense to talk, as some have done, about his cold and stern eye, and his hollow, heartless laugh. His eye is fine and expressive; if he chose, he could appear to look through you—but his expression is soft, at least the one which apparently is habitual to him. He has dark

eyebrows, not particularly shaggy, and his beard is celebrated for its silver whiteness, and the luxuriance of its growth. His hands are weather-beaten, but were formed for strength, and had no marked wrinkles, such as one would expect from his age, which is seventy-five. I could not correctly see his figure, which was completely concealed by the Eastern dress.

On his head was a tarboush, by no means new or smart, but his cap, worn under it, was of a clear and dazzling white, and his caftan (for he wears the long robe), was dove-colour, lined with white fur; his under jacket crimson, striped with yellow. His trowsers were very large, of the same colour as the caftan, having very little embroidery; he wore no decoration; and his sash was a plain cachemire shawl, trimmed with a gold border. On a cushion on the divan which surrounded the room, lay his sword, which was as plain as a soldier's; a white handkerchief and a pair of gloves completed his equipment. So much for his dress. Behind his chair, which I was told had been

given to him by Sir Moses Montefiore—a common “Dover,” with leather straps for arms, and two cushions—stood the attendants, wearing silver decorations. One held a wisp of palm-leaves, to keep off the flies, and the other a snuff-box, which the Viceroy employed a great deal during dinner, with particular grace, and with so much cleanliness as to allow no particle to fall upon his dress, beard, or moustache. The room was matted, and a smart divan extended round the whitewashed walls. In a corner, stood a small table, at which the wine was poured out and served. Towels with gold embroidery, and a small muslin handkerchief, were placed by the side of our plates, and then a multitude of dishes succeeded each other, nicely served, and well cooked. The Pacha is helped first by an attendant standing opposite to him, whose duty it is to carve every dish. Very little is placed on each plate, and the instant this is done the dish is removed, so that the guest has no chance of obtaining a second portion.

In the middle of dinner, a nargileh was

brought to the Pacha, of which he took two or three long draughts. He talked very little at the meal, and I found when he did it made him cough, for the Orientals are habitually silent while eating. The style of attendance at table is entirely French. The officer who carves is a Frenchman, and the entertainment was like a Paris *dejeuner*, except in the profusion of dishes.

Mehemet Ali said he had heard of our coming, and had expected us last night. I replied, I could not make up my mind to leave his dominions without paying him my duty, not only as the sovereign of the country, but as one of the most distinguished men of the day; and added, that I was surprised to see him in such vigorous health at his time of life.

He said he had nothing to complain of—that he was always moving about, and never felt fatigue. He had never been ill till lately, and when he was, he made his doctor take a little blood from him, and that was all his remedy. He confessed to being fond

of sugar and sweet things, which he used to dislike in his younger days, and remarked that old age did this for him, which had also brought about many changes. "Wellington is my age," he observed. "I hear his health is breaking."

"The Duke has undergone a life of continual labour," I replied.

"I, too, have not been an idle man," said he, "nor am I now. I have never spared myself; but I am stronger, I think, than Wellington, from what I have heard."

When I thought of the Duke's frugal meal, with his glass of sherry drowned in soda water, I could not help contrasting it with the luxuries before me, and the Pacha's free enjoyment of them. On his asking if Wellington rode on horseback, I replied in the affirmative.

"I ride sometimes on horseback," he added, "when I am with troops; but I prefer a mule. You rode my horse to-day; how do you like him?"

"I was delighted to ride an animal that had carried your Highness," I answered,

“but I had rather have seen you on his back.”

Upon asking him where his cavalry was, he said they were encamped at different places on the Nile; but I did not think he liked the subject. He then said he had sent troops to Abyssinia, as there had been some misunderstanding there, and had given orders that they should enter the country. I told him he ought to take Abyssinia; to which he made no answer.

Very shortly afterwards the Pacha rose, and so quick was his action that we were quite unaware of it. In a moment, a basin and ewer were brought to him, and he washed his hands and face and beard carefully, turning his back to us; one man holding the embroidered towel, another the soap, a third the basin, and a fourth pouring water from the ewer. He then seated himself on the divan with great alertness, and putting one leg under him, and the left arm on a high cushion, took up his position, and made me sit close by him.

Two attendants entered, each bearing a

long pipe with a magnificent mouth-piece of amber, set in diamonds. The pipe-sticks were of jessamine, covered with silk and gold, and the two ends ornamented with broad bands of enamel. The tobacco was heaped upon the bowl with such care that every particle seemed to have its place, and so beautifully was the pyramid arranged, that the contents burnt evenly and without any effort, and kept alight without any trouble.

Coffee was brought upon a small tray, with a cover upon it of cloth of gold, and the Pacha's cup was studded with diamonds and rubies. When Mehemet Ali had drank his coffee, all left the room, except the interpreter. The Pacha then said, "Say something, or tell me something." I expressed the pleasure I felt at seeing this part of his kingdom, the plains of the Delta, after I had traversed it from nearly one end to the other, and, above all, my satisfaction at being permitted to behold him without ceremony.

He replied, "Yes, you have seen much,

but in a few years you will see more." Then I expressed my astonishment at the extreme fertility of the soil and the abundance of the crops.

"I have done this," he said; "a few years back, and there was nothing. I have made the country what it is. When I came to Egypt, there were only two canals. Now the land is intersected and irrigated everywhere."

As I wished to get him on this subject, I asked whether the Nile was not the source of all the fertility of the country? "Yes," he said, "but it destroyed what it created, until properly regulated. In a few years more we shall control it, make use of its power, and prevent its evils. By flood-gates we shall bar its course when we choose, or admit it when we like. I have formed canals round the land to the foot of the mountains, where water never flowed before, and I have made tracts bear crops, where an ear of corn never grew. I oblige the people to do this, and do not pay them because it is for their good. They make their

villages near the river, and wait till the inundation sweeps them away, and are so idle, that they will not raise a hand unless they are forced, to ward off their own ruin. I have set them to dig canals to carry off the water, which labour not only preserves them and their homesteads, but brings fresh tracts into tillage, and carries the sediment of the river even to the base of the hills. They do not see this, for they are blind: you in England have everything finished and ready—you have little to do. I have everything to do, and nothing ready. And yet much has been done, and much more remains and will be done."

I remarked that he seemed to superintend all himself.

"Yes," he replied, "I cannot depend upon having orders executed as you do in England, by deputy. But when the Arabs see and hear *me*, they know the work must be done."

I was afraid to inquire what he did with all the money he took from the people; and to remark that no one here could hope,

under his government, to realize an independence as in our country. Eventually I asked him if he remembered Lord Prudhoe?

"Yes," he replied, and inquired if he was married. On my answering in the negative, he said, "Tell him it is wrong; he promised me he would. He is very rich, is he not?" he asked. I answered this and some similar inquiries, to which he added others which were not so easily disposed of, respecting the exact amount of the incomes of certain wealthy peers. He was equally inquisitive respecting our public journals, and seemed surprised at the freedom permitted them. "I allow no papers," he said, "except one published at Cairo, under the auspices of my government, and this is merely a return of prices current, &c. Then he said, "the French papers abuse the English, and the English the French, as if they were the representative powers of the country."

I told him I had much admired Linant's work at Foum-el-Karinen, and the way in which the multitude were performing their

various tasks. He did not seem to relish this, but remarked some time after, "You passed over a bridge to-day. I built it. I was my own architect, and it cost me very little, and I mean to build a great many more."

"Why does your Highness," I inquired, "not employ steam in raising water from the Nile?"

"Steam is too dear," he replied, "but I have constructed two steam-engines at Cairo, and mean to put them on board a ship I am building." On my saying I hoped they would succeed, he answered, "Everything English is good but the price, and I can get labour which will go as far as steam, for nothing." He then said he intended to make a railway across the Delta, a distance of forty miles, to transport goods—cotton, wheat, rice, &c., from one branch to the other; but not for passengers, because the people were too poor. He asked many questions on the capabilities of locomotives, and in the replies I gave he seemed to think I was romancing. I advised him not to have any

Arab employed on his railroad, as it would lead to accidents. On his remarking that he would have English, I told him he would probably patronise the French, as I had seen a Frenchman employed on the construction of a small engine in the Dock-yard; he smiled, and said nothing.

I informed him that we were going to Syria, and had heard the country was not safe for travellers. He replied he did not know. When he knew Syria it was as safe as Cairo. "Stay with me," he said; "I am going in ten days to Alexandria, and will take you with me, and we will see all the country together." On my endeavouring to excuse myself, he seemed desirous of detaining me, and at last silenced my excuses by saying, "You will dine and sleep here, and breakfast with me to-morrow, and then the wind will blow fresher after twelve o'clock, and you may depart." I replied, I was at his Highness's disposal. Soon after, I begged permission to retire, which he accorded.

An officer accompanied us across the

garden to a detached building, where we found sentries at the door, and another was placed at the head of the stairs, near our room. The staircase led to a gallery, round which were several empty apartments, with bare white-washed walls, and divans; and into one of these we were ushered. In a few minutes, the Pacha's valet de chambre, Monsieur Donnadieu, appeared, saying, he had orders to stay with us, and to see that we had all we desired. Presently pipes and coffee were brought. Soon afterwards, we were joined by the Pacha's physician, who sat with us for some time, during which Abbas Pacha was announced, and I went to the foot of the stairs to receive him. He is rather corpulent, good-natured, and somewhat dull, and his manner very different from the natural sharpness of the Viceroy. After this, we were left to our repose, until it was made known to us that the Pacha was going to dinner.

As soon as we entered the room, the table was brought in, and five musicians appeared, with two fiddles, an instrument made of

wires stretched upon a sounding board, cymbals, and a tambourine. The fifth musician was the vocalist, who did not sing, but literally howled and yelled. The fiddles moaned and screeched, the tambourine jingled, and the pseudo-pianoforte whined. This, however, did not spoil our eating, or the Pacha's digestion.

After dinner, which was conducted precisely like the other meal, we had coffee, and when the viceroy's pipe was brought, he again opened the conversation by "say something." I stated that Abbas Pacha had done me the honour of paying me a visit.

"Yes, I told him you were here," he replied; "Abbas Pacha is a great farmer, and likes the country. I take him with me in my excursions, and he leaves his second in command, Ali Bey, at Cairo. Have you seen Ibrahim Pacha?"

"No," said I; "I saw his steamer arrive at Foum-el-Karinen, but I did not choose to intrude on his Highness." I then tried to speak of Syria, by asking him if he had seen

the memorandum of the Porte, published in the papers. He said he had, but did not believe it was authentic. He stigmatized the paper as childish, and said, that it was absurd for the Porte to declare its independent action, when all the world knew, that without the powers of Europe she could do nothing. That it was vain to boast of the resources of Turkey, of which every one was well aware she made, or could make, no use. That as for reverting to the old system, and shutting the door on reforms, she ought never to have made those reforms so quickly as to disgust and alienate the people; or, if she did, the greatest act of folly was, after they had been made, to admit their impolicy. "Correct your system, if you please," he added, "but do not afterwards confess to the people, who ought to have confidence in you, that you have been wrong. They will never trust you. Look at my reforms here; I have carried them on slowly but surely. I did nothing in a hurry. I advised the Porte to do the same, but they would not listen to me."

I asked him, "If Reschid Pacha was disgraced as minister—how came they to employ him as ambassador?"

He answered, "They are children. He will thwart them, and create confusion if he can, and this memorandum is a proof of it."

I remarked, "They can never hold Syria, and govern it as your Highness did."

He replied, after some minutes, "I spent more money upon Syria than years will repay. I drained Egypt to keep it in order. You might have gone securely from one end of it to the other. It is no affair of mine now. But you may tell Lord Palmerston and Lord Ponsonby, if ever you see them in England, that I know they wished to do me all the harm in their power; but I now thank them, for, instead, they have done me good. They have taken away a great source of anxiety, and have enabled me to do more for this country. I came here with everything to make. What is made I have made, alone and unassisted; and now I will do more, for I can devote its resources to their perfect and full development, and leave

other matters to their own destiny. But remember, the question of the East is not settled, nor ever will be, as long as the Powers of Europe act as they do."

He then asked, "Why did not England leave me alone?"

I said it was not England, but the Government.

"I know no minister or party," said he, "but the acts of a country; and it is all the fault of England. They have good heads, but in this instance they were wrong for the objects they had in view, and time will prove this. France and England hate each other."

I assured him that well-disposed persons on either side of the Channel had no such feeling.

He said, "Read the newspapers, as I do."

I admitted that I did not always attach implicit faith to these authorities. He remarked that we should quarrel some day. I replied, no; if France desired this she would have done so on the Syrian question.

"Why," he inquired, "will not the Powers of Europe let the Porte alone? Let England

and the rest withdraw, and then we shall see what turn matters will take."

I humbly suggested that Russia was not so easily disposed of.

He then made allusions to our differences with the United States, which I endeavoured to explain; but had much greater difficulty in speaking of the state of parties at home, and the working of our political system. He acknowledged that he did not understand the difference between one ministry and another, but considered that the Parliament of England governed as it liked, and that it was responsible for the acts of the state whether they were good or evil, and that the country could not shake off its liability by shifting it from ministers in, to ministers out of, power.

Changing the conversation, he told us that the French were building some new steamers.

I replied, I did not know this, nor did we in England much care. Our merchant navy alone, I assured him, could boast of more steamers than all Europe put together; all of which could be rendered effective, and manned and armed in time of

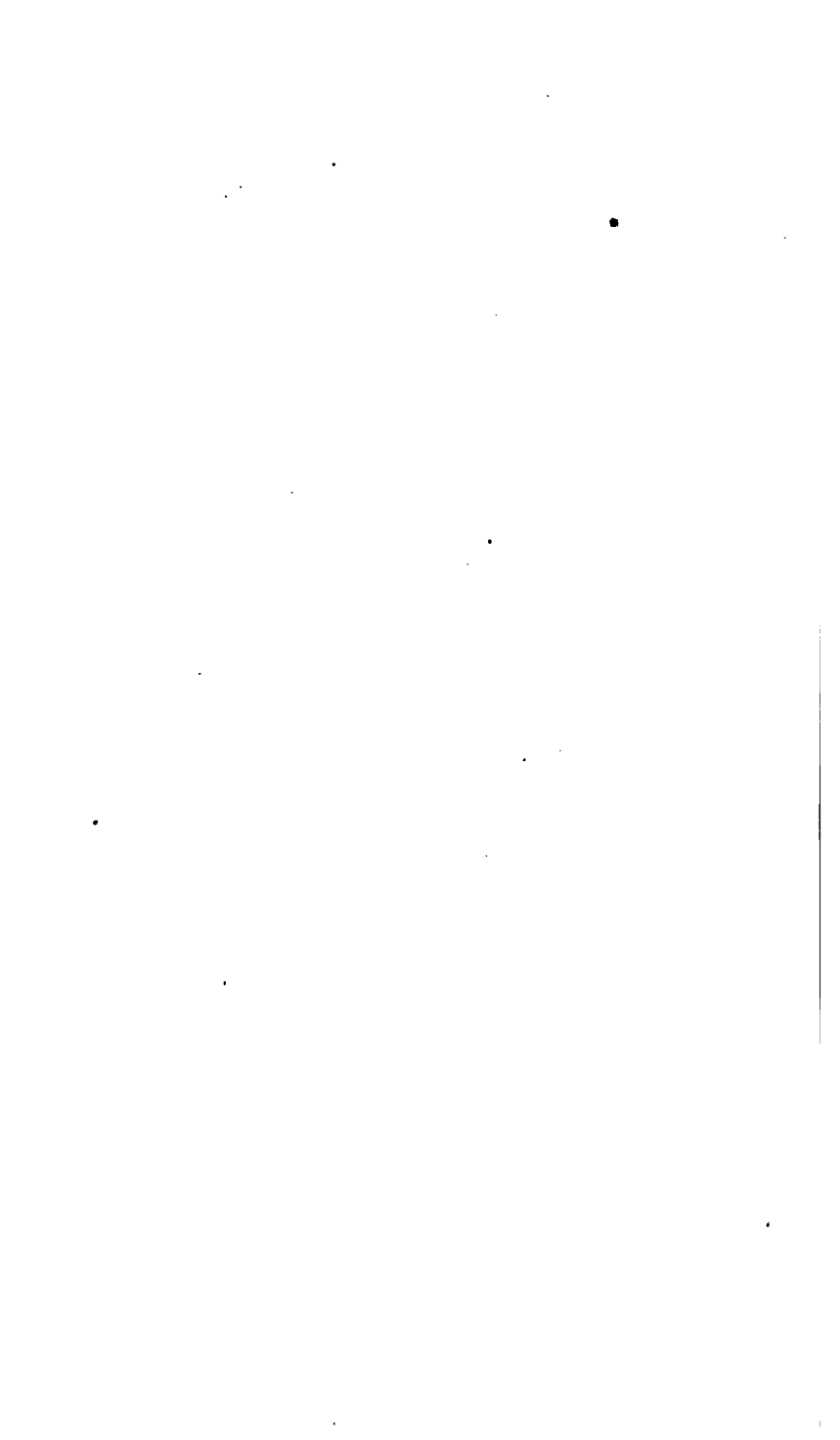
war. "Yes," said he, "you are a great commercial nation." He alluded to the English consuls in Egypt; said he had liked Salt, who was a good man, and spoke very highly of Colonel Campbell. He talked of the difference of rank in England, said he did not understand why the term "lord" was applied to all peers except dukes, and questioned me as to the position of younger sons, and what we call titles by "courtesy;" to which I gave the best answers I could.

"The French tell me," resumed the Pacha, "that they have got coal at Toulon, and they expect much from it. As the English tax their coal, I shall buy French. The English send good coal, but it is too dear. I am boring for coal myself, and hope to find some. It would do wonders for me."

I said it was an expensive experiment to bore through watery land, which he admitted. He asked about Mr. Hume, and Dr. Bowring, and said he liked Napier, who was a great reformer, and a good and honest man. When he thought it was my turn to speak, he always paused, and said, "Tell me

something." At last I requested leave to retire.

Another room had been fitted up for us, with a smart divan, and a splendid carpet, into which we were conducted by Mr. Donnadieu. Large cotton mattresses were thrown upon the divan, sheets and cotton coverings were brought, a large green mosquito curtain was hung over it, and we were left to our repose.



CHAPTER XII.

The Mosques at Cairo—Sultan Hassan—Gardens of Rhoda—Petrified Forest—Tombs of the Caliphs—Mehemet Ali and the Eastern Question—Obelisk of Osirtesen.



CHAPTER XII.

APRIL 23rd.—When I visited Mehemet Ali to-day, he was standing near an open window, through which there was a splendid prospect of the broad and fertile plains of the Delta.

“You English are a clever people,” he observed; “you have good heads, but very bad land.” To this I replied, that it was the head that gave the land heart.

“God made the land, not man,” said he.

“Your Highness,” I replied, “God made all your canals, and irrigations, and I hope He will bless His work.”

The Pacha then entered the room where our morning repast was served as before.

After the meal, he again took up his position on the divan, and as usual, commenced with, "Tell me something." A dialogue necessarily followed, upon a variety of subjects, in which I endeavoured to answer his innumerable questions. At last, my conversational powers were nearly exhausted, and I tried to get away, as I was anxious to start for Cairo. He repeated his desire, that we should go with him to Alexandria, but with many excuses I took leave, casting one long look at this remarkable man, and then the curtain, which covered the doorway, hid him from our sight.

All the people were on the alert, as we descended the stairs. The horses were brought to the door, the guard turned out and presented arms, and in a few moments we were galloping across the fields to the Nile. Having reached our boat in about an hour, we set sail with a foul wind and dirty sky.

April 24th.—This morning we had hoped to reach Foum-el-Karinen; but the sun came out without a cloud or a breath of air to check his power, so that we had recourse to

our old method of journeying with a towing-rope. After long hours of labour, we found ourselves at Shoubra. Here we decided on leaving the boat, the discomfort of which had become too great for endurance, and, sending for donkeys, rode into Cairo.

April 27th.—Having put on Turkish dresses, we started with a government Cavass or Janizary, to visit the mosques. One of these is most difficult of access for Christians, as it contains a school or university, where the devout Mussulman youth is taught the principles of his creed. Here fanatic teachers abound, and, of course, as their pupils partake of the feeling of contempt for those not of their own faith, which is early instilled into them, it is dangerous for the Christian to enter unless he is protected. We, however, found no obstacles except threatening looks and ominous whispering. In an immense court-yard were hundreds of people employed in prayer. Some old men preached with a ring of students surrounding them. Others were making their ablutions at a large fountain. The mosque

itself occupies one side of the quadrangle, and consists of a vast hall; supported by pillars, with a pulpit projected from the wall. There was little to remark except the extent of the place and the various employments and occupations of the people. We subsequently inspected the Morestan, where a lunatic asylum is attached to the institution, and also an hospital.

The tomb of the founder stands in a separate part of the building, and is richly ornamented. This edifice has been repaired lately, and with the usual good taste of the East, the red granite columns which support the dome have been painted over with green. Some smaller ones remain untouched, as if to show the contrast of the barbarian change. Near this mosque we visited a tomb where five turbans of cloth, with long draperies, were ranged in line upon a sort of catafalque, placed over the vault in which the bodies lie. From the arrangement of the coverings, the stranger would imagine that the remains were above ground. Four priests are already buried here, and the remaining turban is in-

tended for the Sheikh of the mosque when death summons him to his long home.

From this tomb, which is richly adorned both within and without with Arabesque inscriptions, tablets, and amulets, we rode to the mosque of Sultan Hassan. One mosque resembles another so much in details, that there is little variety except in the size, which at this last, the Saint Paul's of Cairo, strikes the traveller very forcibly. The interior court, like the rest, open to the sky, is of immense extent. The tomb of the Sultan, its founder, was distinguished by a large Koran, lying upon the catafalque, with his sword, banners, and turban. On the flooring of this chamber, they show the marks of the blood of Sultan Hassan's vizier, who rebelled against him, and whose head his master cut off on the spot. This recalls the story of the stains at Holyrood, where they kill a fowl occasionally to give fresh colour to the boards. Here the spots are on a much larger scale, and would require at least a sheep.

From Sultan Hassan we went to Sultan

Tailoon, the oldest mosque in Cairo, with the exception of that of Amrou. The arches round a square court are of Gothic shape, and the minaret, which is rather lofty, commands an excellent view of the city.

May 1st.—I started this morning, according to appointment, to look at a regiment of lancers and the military school. After riding out to Old Cairo, we found Suleiman Pacha waiting for us, with his son, a very pretty boy, dressed in an Albanian costume. The regiment manœuvred in the great square of a barrack of immense size. The men are poor looking specimens. Some of the horses are clever, but what with their bad accoutrements and want of neatness in the turnout, the effect is not imposing. The turboushes and large breeches of the men are unsightly, and although they have been rigged out in green and red, to resemble French dragoons, it is difficult to avoid a laugh at the unintentional caricature. To do them justice, they worked together, and their horses are so well broke that little irregularity appeared in their

movements, and whether halting or galloping, they kept their line. After many evolutions, they marched past, and we then adjourned to a large riding-school.

The adjutant, who is a French officer, rode in with a detachment of picked men. In this troop both officers and privates were working together. They executed all sorts of manœuvres and figures, as at a tournament, charging with lances and sabres, carrying off wooden heads at full speed, then tossing them up and catching them on the lance point. Afterwards they jumped the bar, performing similar feats, the heads being so placed as to receive the point of the lance while the horse was jumping. The barracks were fitted with iron beds and presses, where each man kept his clothes. These presses contained also some books, which I found were encouraged as much as possible; a great innovation in a Mahometan country. Their arms were neat and clean; their bridles and bits the reverse, for they were made of bad leather and of very inferior metal.

May 2nd.—To-day is a great feast with the people, who congregate in the gardens for the sake of enjoying themselves. The city is almost empty, no sort of work is performed, and every one makes holiday. It is the first day of the Khamsin wind, and the citizens go out to meet the air as they call it, though why they should rejoice in this unwholesome visitor I know not. It blows across the deserts, and brings with it heat like the breath of a furnace, lasting for about fifty days.

The gardens of Rhoda were crowded with the population lounging under the trees, some lying down smoking or sleeping, others eating and drinking: the women gathered in heaps, and all veiled. In England we break off branches and destroy flowers; but here, though there were thousands of roses and orange blossoms in every direction, no one touched a twig. Was this from fear or from a sense of propriety?

May 3rd.—This morning, at sunrise, we started with Dr. Abbott to the petrified forest. Passing out of the gate of Babel-

Nasr, near the Tombs of the Caliphs, and entering a small valley, we soon lost sight of Cairo, and found ourselves in the desert, crossing a wide waste of sand, bounded by a ridge of low mountains, and a few camels, like dark moving spots, were seen at an immense distance browsing upon the scanty vegetation of the plain. We rode through the rocks on the right of our track up a gentle rise, and found ourselves on a plain covered with the remnants of what was once a forest, but is now turned to stone. The bark and the fibre are there, and the chips and the knots, but not one tree is standing; and large trunks are lying prostrate, as if they had been felled by the axe. The ground is covered with varieties of fossil shells, and all around is an ocean of sand. It is a singular scene, and I must leave its secrets to be explained by more scientific observers.

On the return to Cairo, the view is enchanting. Emerging from a small valley, the path leads through the caliphs' tombs. Two of the finest are on each side, between

which are seen the domes and minarets of the city glittering in the clear blue sky. Some of these last homes of the dead are almost as large as the mosques of the city, and more beautiful, perhaps, than any. Their finish is more exquisite, and they stand alone, unencumbered by houses, so that the outlines of the buildings can be seen in all their perfection. There are perhaps twenty or thirty scattered round, and planted on the very edge of the desert. All are deserted and falling to decay. A few years more and they will gradually disappear, for the government is already dooming them to destruction in order to obtain building materials; and the finest tomb of all, at least the one dearest to fame, the tomb of Malek Adhel, which stands at a distance from the others, is half destroyed.

May 4th.—To-day it was announced that Said Pacha, the Pacha's favourite son, is to marry the daughter of the Sultan, and also to be made Capitan Pacha. Ibrahim Pacha is said to have been offered Syria, if he chose to return, and Sami Bey, who

was sent to Constantinople, has been appointed to some other office. This news is curious, coupled with the famous memorandum of the Porte, which has been so much discussed. It would appear that the Sultan, to keep up the position he wishes to maintain, is determined to get on good terms again with his powerful vassal, Mehemet Ali, who, he thinks, will be better as a friend than alienated from him. Russia probably has had some share in this business, being sore at the policy of England, and at losing her exclusive privilege of passing the Dardanelles. It is not unlikely that she may have been stirring, in order to create confusion in the *status quo* that Lord Ponsonby thought he had brought about and settled for ever. France, too, perhaps has not been an idle spectatress of events.

Who shall predict what may happen, if, looking at the fact of Russian officers having been found actively employed in China, and other causes, "La Grande Nation" were to ally herself with the Czar, against England; the Porte and Egypt being, of course, ready

to side with them, particularly if America should move, as seems not unlikely, considering the bad blood that exists, and that Prussia and Austria, from Russian connexion and influence, should remain passive?

Of Mehemet Ali, my opinion is that he is somewhat over-rated. "*Dans le pays des aveugles*,"—it is not difficult to be a king; and to have achieved all he has, might have been the lot of many a man of inferior ability, who had an unscrupulous turn of mind—would stick at nothing to carry a point, and had such people to deal with, as all his life, the Viceroy has been placed among. It is very true that he got rid of the Mamlooks, by what some would call a great stroke of policy. What was it but wholesale and indiscriminate murder, not to be palliated by any excuse, or defended on any pretext? and, after all, the stratagem had not the merit of originality, for it had been employed already at Constantinople, in the affair of the Janizaries.

It is true that he has improved the ex-

ternal appearance of the land of Egypt, but its internal condition is as bad as it was under the Mamlooks he destroyed. Instead of having many masters, the wretched people are now ground down by one. Their land is his, their grain for seed comes from his stores, their labour is at his disposal, and he takes it whenever it suits him. Money they have none, comfort is unknown to them—they are lucky if they escape conscription or forced labours, and are treated worse than the slave population of the West. No comfort have they in the present; no hope in the future; when their wretched frames are unfit for work, they may die as their fathers have, and their posterity will, without leaving a trace behind of their hopeless suffering, except in the canals which intersect the country in all directions, or in the embankments and works at which they toiled.

Whenever the Viceroy requires money, a demand is made upon the Sheikhs, or heads of the villages, who are bound to produce the necessary sums by a certain day. More is generally asked than the required order,

and they always exact more from the wretched Fellahs. The extortion continues, and the victims are obliged to part with everything, even the little ornaments of their wives and children. If anything is hidden, the culprit is half killed with blows over the feet until he confesses where it is. If one man cannot pay, his neighbour must; and if one village does not contribute enough, the next is squeezed to the uttermost.

These drains are perpetual, so that there is no life-blood left in the country. Of what use are the magnificent harvests, thrice repeated in the year, to the poor Arab? He sees the earth bring forth fruits from her prolific bosom, after the Nile has reposed there its appointed time, only for the benefit of his despotic rulers. He brings up, or rather takes the chance of rearing his family, with the certain knowledge that their state, so far from being better than that of their fathers, will be probably far worse. He lives like the brutes that perish—in his moral condition little superior; and in habits and existence, nearly the same. And yet Mehemet

Ali has found his panegyrists, either in those who have been won by his courtesy, or who have merely looked at this country with a superficial glance.

It is indeed a painted sepulchre. The more closely it discloses itself the more debased and degraded does it appear; glorious and lovely without, it is all rottenness and decay within. How surely have the foreign rulers, who were foretold to the first Egyptians, set their foot upon the necks of the people and crushed the land with their iron heel!

May 8th.—The Khamsin wind is giving us a taste of its power. It blows a hurricane, and the air, besides being as hot as the interior of an oven, is filled with dust and sand. To-day, found us packing up, with the usual confusion. Mahmoud, our factotum, is like all other Arabs, and though possibly the best man in the world, is never so happy as when he receives ten pounds to spend at the bazaars, and as he comes nearly every day for supplies upon various pretences, I think it is high time to be off.

The hot wind continues its visitation. In England, we have fogs and mists; here, the sand and gravel are worse than both. Sheikh Hussein brought me, as a present, a leather pouch belt, worked by the women of the tribe. By the way, the Sinai Arabs are fine looking fellows, and appear willing and good humoured,—a different race from the Fellahs of Egypt.

The Sheikh has been sitting for his picture, much against his will, as it is forbidden by the Koran, and this has evidently weighed heavily on Hussein's mind. So that it is only by the gift of a pair of pistols that he has been prevailed upon to allow himself to be immortalized by Lewis.

May 10th.—We rode this morning to the obelisk of Osirtesen at Matarieh, through a beautiful plain cultivated in every direction. The territory belongs to Ibrahim Pacha, and I should think he made it sufficiently profitable. The obelisk of Matarieh stands in a garden; it formerly adorned the entrance to a large temple, and probably rejoiced in

a twin brother; but the traces of the temple have perished, and the avenue of sphinxes is buried beneath the sand. The brick walls which mark the site of Heliopolis are covered by the desert, and appear only as mounds. The garden is pretty, and the stately obelisk in the centre forms the point of junction for four walks, overhung by apricot trees. A sakkieh forces a stream through the garden, and irrigates the roses and wild flowers, sheltered from the sun by a hedge of cactus in magnificent blossom. The obelisk is almost perfect, but the inscriptions on it have been filled up with baser material, and it is only at the foot that the full deep cutting of the earlier Egyptian artists can be recognised.

From this spot we returned to the village of Matarieh, about a quarter of a mile nearer Cairo than the old site of Heliopolis. In a garden near this place an old sycamore is considered peculiarly sacred, from the tradition of the Virgin having rested under it with the infant Saviour. It is

surrounded by humble aspirants to its leafy honours, in the shape of orange and lemon trees; and some tall palms make an admirable contrast, with their shapely stature, to its gnarled and withered trunk.

CHAPTER XIII.

**The Suez Desert—Range of Gebel Ataka—Passage
of the Israelites—Suez—Springs of Moses—The
Wadys—Mount Sinai—The Convent.**



CHAPTER XIII.

MAY 12TH.—We left Cairo at nine, this morning. The confusion at starting was indescribable, and the disputes as to who should be forced to take the heaviest loads, and the struggles for a light one, were carried on in the most vehement and angry tones, subsiding again as suddenly as they arose.

The motion of a dromedary is more agreeable and easy than I had expected, and I found no difficulty from the first in keeping my seat. The saddle is made with two high pommels, fore and aft, so that the traveller can sit like a lady if he likes, on either side, or ride as usual. These positions can be shifted when the rider is tired, and there is no bridle to trouble him, as the animal requires

nothing by way of rein but a rope fastened to the head. He seems to have a perfect consciousness of his duty, and the only disagreeable part of his rider's acquaintance with him, is getting on his back. If, however, he take the precaution to lean forward while the hind legs are being raised, to prevent him being thrown on the fore pommel and reverse the process when the animal rises, he will not come to much harm.

In half an hour, the last dome of the Necropolis had disappeared, and soon after we arrived at No. 1 station, which is a hut in the midst of the plain, the first of those established between Suez and Cairo by the East India Company, for the convenience of travellers coming from India overland—an arrangement which has taken off a great deal of the poetry and illusion of the Suez desert.

We have nearly sixty Arabs with us, including men and boys, and at least the same number of camels, and all are to be paid for though many carry scarcely anything.

When the camp breaks up, the baggage is packed, the tents are struck, and the

camels file off with a rapidity which is wonderful, considering the variety of their loads. In spite of the greediness of the people, I must do them the justice to say that they are civil and obliging. They treat us, to our faces, with deep respect; apparently as if they individually took an interest in our well-being and comfort, and when we encamp or depart all are ready to lend a hand. But conversation is with them a necessary of life, like sleep or food, and they sometimes become so furious and excited while talking, as to appear ready to tear each other to pieces. The next moment, as if by magic, the storm ceases and all is quiet.

Our road extends across a wide waste of sand, bounded on the south by the ridge of hills which terminate in Gebel Ataka, or the Mountain of Deliverance, on the shore of the Red Sea, and on the north by a lower range composed only of sand. It is strewn with the skeletons of camels, who have travelled here their last journey, and have sunk from fatigue or been left to perish. We saw one poor animal near the track,

lying among some stones, so weak as not to be able to reach the prickly shrubs which grew near. The birds of prey, a very ill-looking set, were waiting for their victim, some resting on stunted acacias, and others more presuming, almost perched upon him, as they hovered around.

Our tents were pitched about an hour's distance from Adjerout, where we found the fires lighted, and the baggage piled up. The fort of Adjerout was a faint object in the distance, and before us rose the range of Gebel Ataka. These were the mountains which the children of Israel looked upon in the hour of their fear and the day of their deliverance. Those brown summits, frowning upon the sandy plains below, saw Judah saved, and the mighty host of Pharaoh, with his chariots and horses, his men of war, and his captains, overwhelmed by the breath of the Lord. At this spot, was continued that series of miracles by which the Almighty proved his own might and power, as well as his affection to his chosen people, and though they had rebelled, and through

their long trials never ceased to rebel against him, He led them to the land he had promised, and established them as a mighty people. Writers and travellers are divided in their opinions as to the exact place where the sea was dried up for the passage of the children of Israel, and their various theories are obstinately discussed and maintained. My own opinion coincides with that of Dr. Robinson, that the flying multitudes arrived from Goshen, or what we should now designate as the banks of the Nile, opposite the Delta. As the Scriptures declare their flight to have lasted three days, the nearest point they could have attained within that period, was the plain below Gebel Ataka, and this stopped their further progress south,—with its precipitous rocks, rising like a barrier near the sea,—while on the ground below it they were hemmed in, between the mountains and the waters, by the pursuing Egyptians. The question as to whether they crossed at Ras Ataka, the promontory, or actually at Suez, over the shoals, laid bare by the action of a sudden wind, can-

not alter the engrossing interest of this region, for all the land must have borne the traces of their footsteps, when the mighty multitude filled the plain.

May 16th.—We left our tents at sunrise to find a good point for sketching Gebel Ataka; and when the caravan had moved off, followed slowly on our dromedaries, having the blue sea stretched out before us, washing the base of Gebel Ataka, and the opposite shores of Sinai. Early in the day we passed the fort of Adjerrout, which is merely a pile of low ruined walls. Our track shows that death has not confined his visits to the poor animals of the caravan. The tired Hadji, who sinks on his way from Mecca, is covered with a few stones to distinguish him from the carcase of the abandoned camel that lies by him. The hyena, probably, feeds on both.

After two hours we passed Birr, another miserable fort, where the caravan halted for the sake of some brackish water, as there is none at Suez, or nearer than the wells of Moses, on the opposite shore. This is said

to be a reason for not fortifying Suez, of which Mehemet Ali once had some intention. He could not supply his garrison from any source, and if Suez were taken by an invading force it could not, for this reason, be held for any considerable time. The town is desolate and dirty, not above the size of a small fishing village, and like everything else in the country, falling to decay. The shore is low, sandy, and in many parts covered with beautiful shells. Pearls are obtained occasionally here, and lower down the gulf there is a quantity of coral.

In the streets we saw Bedouins of various tribes, soldiers, and officers of the Pacha, Arnaouts, Syrians, and Fellahs, with some few Europeans, all talking loudly over their various occupations, and as busy as if the fate of the world depended on their labours,—in striking contrast with the crumbling walls and roofs above them. Outside the town, and under the mole, towards the shore, extends a vast expanse of sand, which at ebb tide is covered with crabs and shell-fish. On the Asiatic side, the chain of Gebel-el-

Rahal extends along, and Suez lies about midway between the former and Gebel Ataka. The sea is evidently retreating from its ancient limits, and tracts of land above Suez are now laid bare, which must once have been covered by the ocean.

Our caravan had at last arrived on the opposite bank, having been four hours going round the head of the Gulf, we therefore embarked in a boat manned by eight blacks, who pulled us across in very good style, rowing with oars very short in board, having circular blades. After landing, a dreary plain of sand and loose stones was traversed, until a few stunted palm trees at a distance, and some low buildings, marked out the springs of Moses, or, Ain Mousa, as they are called, which are merely pools of bad water, from whence all Suez is supplied. Laborde does not believe that these fountains are connected with any events recorded in the Pentateuch. Other Biblical illustrators, however, suppose that here the Israelites landed, while Miriam sang her hymn of triumph for the overthrow of the horse and

his rider. The French and English consuls have laid out gardens in the sand, irrigating them from these springs; which process may succeed to a certain extent, but there is no deposit to create fertility as in Egypt, where the Nile enriches all it touches.

Across the same wide expanse of sand and stone, only varied on the left by the low ridge of El Rahal, and on the right by the sea, which here and there enlivened it, lay our dreary road. At mid-day the khamsin began to blow, and we pitched our tent, which, every instant, was in jeopardy. Gusts of this furious blast, charged with clouds of sand and gravel, darkened the air. As we lay cowering under the tent, the sand drifted over us from every quarter. A solitary acacia bush supplied some of our guides with a miserable shelter; the rest crouched under the lee of their camels. After four hours spent in this way, we managed to reach Wady Taibé, near Wady Wardan. These Wadys are mere depressions of the level of the sand, and become water-courses whenever rain sets in.

They are generally marked by a few stunted shrubs, making desolation more desolate.

Amidst these regions of eternal solitude, no sound breaks the stillness of the air. Even the camel's foot falls softly upon the sand, and the traveller does not hear his companions who follow or precede him. To-day, before the khamsin came, we traced its course along the sand hills, and saw the clouds which marked its approach. The tent was pitched for some hours, during which the storm raged with unabated fury. About four, the breeze coming from the sea partially cooled the atmosphere, and after passing Hawara, we entered Wady Ghurundel, said to be the Elim of Scripture. Here we found the red berries called Ghurkud, and were glad to cool our lips with the refreshing juice. This shrub is supposed to be the tree mentioned in Scripture as sweetening the bitter waters of Mara.

May 20th.—The wind blew with fearful violence last night, and, though our tents were pitched under the lee of some bushes, we felt all the fury of the blast. Sand and

pebbles were whirled against them, and, of course, our rest was broken. The tempest abated a little before the sun rose, and we reached the springs of Ghurundel. Deep in a secluded glen of dreary-looking rocks and sandstone, the eye rests on a tangled mass of the greenest verdure, and a forest of reeds interspersed with palms, among which flow these beneficent waters. Here we made our dromedaries kneel down, and restrained their impatience with the help of our Bedouins, while each drank his fill. Then came the turn of our thirsty beasts, who eagerly rushed into the jungle, and revelled in the stream. The waters were soon darkened, and, when we turned away to depart, a turbid and muddy pool had usurped the place of the fair fountain.

Continuing our journey, we now turned from Wady Ghurundel, having Gebel Hummam on our right hand, and Gebel Thal on our left; and passing through Wady Ussait, marked by a few stunted acacias and some desert palms, entered Wady Gosha, and afterwards found our tent pitched for the

mid-day halt in Wady Thal. We are now entering on the verge of the Wilderness of Sin, soon to look upon the theatre of those strange and awful events which here marked the sojourn of God's chosen people. The scenery becomes wilder and more varied, and the hills grow into mountains; but desolation and dreariness have made them their abode, and this region is indeed a howling wilderness. Yet the summits are tinted, and streaked with the colouring of various strata, altering as they lie in sunshine or shadow, and the eye, so long weary with the monotony of the sand, is at last refreshed.

May 21st.—Two hours before the sun rose we were on our way. Proceeding along Wady Humr, and leaving Sarbut-el-Gemayl behind us, we entered a narrow defile, with precipitous rocks rising on each side. The summit of Gebel Tih, the Mountain of the Wandering, frowned above us in gloomy grandeur, for the sun had not yet lightened the darkness of his peaks, and his aspect was black as night. The rocky hill on our left is called Um-es-Zuweibin, and here we

found the first traces of those inscriptions in an unknown character, that no one has been able to decipher, and of which the history is shrouded in mystery. They are very rude, mixed with uncouth figures of animals, and badly cut.

From the bare and bleak sand ending upon the sea-shore, we have been by slow but progressive degrees prepared for even yet more sublime scenes. The stones become rocks, and the rocks hills, and the hills mountains, and these terminate in Sinai and Horeb as a crowning whole!

Following our course along Wady Humr, we crossed the plain, and descending into Wady Nusb, found our tent pitched under the rock where Burchardt, Seitzen, Laborde, and so many distinguished travellers have reposed. Wady Humr stretches away under the bold ridge of Gebel Tih, which, when we left it, was shining like gold with the morning light. We rode on up Wady Sùhair, and here the first sign of human life we had met since we entered the desert, presented itself. At first, two or three wallets were

discovered hanging in a withered tree, then a few miserable sheep and goats, and an old woman who hid her face while the strangers passed. Further on, we met three more women who did the same, and tried to avoid us. They also were keeping their flocks.

In these gloomy and sequestered valleys, while the stranger wends his way around the bases of hills, where every stone has a tale to tell, and every mountain is a witness to some wondrous mystery, it is impossible to divest oneself of a feeling of identity and co-existence with characters long since passed into dust. Here, everything appears old, from the Ishmaelites who proffer their camels and give their protection, down to the very sheep and kids, scattered upon the road, that look as if they had walked out of a Domenichino. For centuries these dwellers of the mountains have passed their solitary lives in the same unvarying and monotonous course, tending their scanty flocks, which produce food and clothing, and all the means of their existence. No dwellings have they; the rocks give them shelter; or if they have a

tent, which few possess, it is a thing of shreds and patches, leaning upon some friendly branch of an old acacia. Their husbands have, perhaps, a camel among three or four families. The people we met had a dog, the first we have seen. The road at every turn seemed closed against us, and yet as we approached the rocky barrier, an opening hitherto unseen always presented itself. Almost everywhere, too, in these passes among the mountains, we found very large and fine acacias, which give a colouring to the landscape and disclose its size and extent.

We were soon winding round the base of Sarbut-el-Khadem, a fine bold mountain, splintered and torn by volcanic action, like all its neighbours. Entering a sort of gorge, and following Hussein, who went slowly on before, we reached the top in about five minutes under the hour. The mountain is about the average height of the Scottish hills, and the climbing far easier. There are one or two "bad steps," but I never saw anything to stop even a moderate cragsman. Here we beheld the strange monuments

which have been the cause of so much speculation and discussion. That they are Egyptian no one disputes; but how came they at the very top of a mountain which takes an hour to ascend, and up which the stranger is forced to climb, as there is no practicable track. Were these tablets, covered with hieroglyphics, and near a ruined temple of Isis (one pillar of which remains, besides part of the excavation), placed over actual tombs or pits? or were they only commemorative of the lives of the persons described upon them? In either case, who were the mysterious owners of these honours? Some suppose that the miners, who died during the working of the copper mines, are interred under these stones. The matter could be solved, if it were worth while or practicable to excavate. As it is, the interest attaching to these tomb-stones is chiefly attributable to their dreary and elevated position, and the uncertainty which surrounds them. They are situated on the top of a ridge at the summit of the mountain. A few remain upright—others are broken

and scattered. The small temple of Isis, like those in Egypt, is demolished. Upon most of the stones there are characters, and upon some the names of kings are introduced.

We descended the face of the rock, crossing over into another corrie. This walk carried me far away to greener glens and more grassy mountains, and my delight was increased tenfold when at a pass, very narrow and steep, I saw three cairns or piles of stones placed so as to command it, and, on asking Hussein, found it was a spot where the wild goat (Ibex) and antelopes, or gazelles, cross as they feed, and the Bedouin of Sinai, like the Highlander of the north, awaits his prey at similar spots, conceals himself in the same way, and follows his sport in the same manner. There are many points of similitude between the Bedouin and the Gael. Both are shrewd, wary, and suspicious, but kind and willing where they once are attached; living among the wild hills, they go armed, because in the desert *le droit du plus fort* is often the law and protection against man and beast.

May 22nd. —Passing Wady Um Rayah

and Wady Sheikh, we entered Wady Berah, a stony track enclosed by steep and rocky hills. Here are the remains of a wall, built by the Arabs to defend themselves against the Pacha's troops who came to wreak his vengeance upon them for attacking a caravan. The poor Bedouins imagined that the soldiers must pass through the valley, and that they could attack them from behind the wall; but the troops came upon and above the Arabs in such numbers, that they were easily driven back and dispersed. We continued our way to the pass of Wady Gine, and descended to our encampment in Wady Berah. The watch-fires gleamed cheerfully, and the moon shone in full splendour over as magnificent a scene as I ever beheld. On the right, were the lofty peaks of Gebel Howat; on the left the sacred pinnacles of Sinai. The hills before us rose like the waves of a stormy sea, broken and rent into fantastic shapes, and we were so elevated as to be almost on a level with many of them, only the loftier points appearing above us, Mount St. Catherine towering over all.

May 23rd.—Continuing our march down Wady Berah, we entered Wady Osh. Just as we left the former, Gebel Serbal appeared before us on the right, the highest mountain of the peninsula of Sinai. We turned into a branch Wady leading from Wady Osh into Wady Sheikh; at the end of Wady Osh is a small burial ground, where Hussein and Hassan stopped their dromedaries, and going to a grave which seemed recent, knelt down to pray. They afterwards gathered some brushwood, and placed it at the head and foot of the tomb, already covered with these votive offerings. This was the grave of Hussein's mother, and he told us that his tribe were all buried in this spot, and that he also intended to be interred there. The Bedouins bury their own dead. Neither priest nor dervish reads a prayer over the body. They have a feast once a year for their departed relatives, when they kill a sheep, and offer up prayers on the grave.

We soon arrived at Hussein's tents. Some camels, kids, and a few sheep, with about a dozen children, were all the living

objects we saw. As we rode rapidly past, the cry of joy was heard, peculiar to the women of Egypt, at marriages and feasts. This was the welcome home to such of their husbands, or brothers, or sons, who had accompanied us, and also a greeting to ourselves. Hussein then made us sit down, and gave us coffee, while dinner was preparing. Meantime, numerous Arabs arrived on their dromedaries, all dismounting on the side unoccupied by the women; and on entering the tent, saluted the other guests. Some who were probably relations, kissed each other on each cheek, others merely touched each other's palms, raising the hand to the forehead. Nothing was heard but "salame, bis salame, salamat, salam aleikum," while the coffee drinking and smoking went on furiously. At last, dinner came. Three dishes were put down on a skin before us, all consisting of mutton in different shapes. The Sheikh did not sit down, but attended to his guests; and portions were given to every two or three Arabs as they sat round in a circle; after

which, water was brought, and there was a general ablution.

Leaving the camp, we pursued our journey. Around us, on every side, rose a sea of granite. What fitter region than this could the Almighty have chosen, into which to lead his chosen people? Accustomed as they were to the monotonous and unvarying flats of Egypt, their minds must have been excited, and their feelings awakened, at every step, by the sight of nature in her wildest form. The might and majesty of the Creator must ever have been present before them; and when, at last, he descended in glory upon the top of the Mount, and deigned to make His visible presence known to the host of Israel, hardened, indeed, must have been the hearts of those who, with such wondrous manifestations actually before their eyes, would not be convinced of His Omnipotence.

We rode up a gradual ascent, to the pass of Nubk Hawa, then entered the Valley of the Winds, as it is called, and wound our way slowly along this tremendous defile:

Gebel Frey on the left, Gebel Howât on the right, were the giant portals through which we advanced. Rising almost perpendicularly in some parts, they are split into the most fantastic shapes, and huge masses of granite are scattered around, above, and below the track.

On reaching the head of the pass, Mount Horeb was immediately before us, and the vast plain of Er Rahab, leading to its base, which was at a distance of about three miles, lay stretched beneath our feet. We stood here in a circle of mountains—peaks rising on peaks on every side. Evening fell upon them, and as darkness began to cover their salient points, they looked, if possible, larger than by the light of day. Riding down the plain, we advanced nearer and nearer to Horeb, until at last we touched the mount. It rises, like a wall, from the plain below, in sublime grandeur, without a ledge of rock, or even a slope to connect it with the area beneath. The disquisitions as to the exact point upon which the Almighty descended, and from whence the Law was given, are scarcely worth enter-

ing upon. Robinson justifies his theory by the nature of this part of the mountain, and the space of Er Rahab extending all around it, so suitable for an encampment. Lord Lindsay and Mr. Kinnear have, I believe, endowed Gebel Minnegia with the sacred attributes. The Monks of the convent hold that the Law was given from the highest peak of Sinai. All these different views have their supporters; but surely it is sufficient to know that the favoured region upon which the Almighty descended in person, surrounds us on all sides. The exact spot is a matter of minor importance, and one which must for ever remain uncertain.

It was eight o'clock when we passed the garden of the convent, whose tall cypresses rising high in air marked this Eden of the desert. The next morning I sent my letters to the Superior, and soon afterwards the customary mode of entrance was afforded us. A noose with a piece of wood attached to a strong rope was the conveyance, upon which we were hoisted up by a windlass about thirty feet. At the top we were received

by the Superior and some Monks, one of whom spoke French; but one of my companions being able to converse in modern Greek, he seemed highly gratified, and made but little use of his interpreter. We were conducted at once to the great church of the convent, which is adorned with silver and gold lamps of costly workmanship, and rich and massive plate covers the high altar. The sides are hung with quaint old paintings of the most ancient, as well as modern times. The screen is a mass of gilding,—the roof blue and gold. Here and there are spread cloths of gold and silver tissue, on the various shrines and small chapels. We entered barefooted the chapel of the Burning Bush, built, as they say, on the spot where the sacred manifestation took place.

The strangers' apartments are situated in a distinct quarter from those occupied by the monks. After coffee, the Superior proposed to show us the cemetery and the garden. The latter is approached by a subterraneous passage, and the green of its vines and olives, the cypress and the





sycamore, was unspeakably refreshing to eyes so long thirsting for a change from rock and sand. Upon entering a small court, the monks burnt incense. Here we were treading upon the graves of the brethren who had been lately buried. Opposite to us was a low door, on entering which we found ourselves in the midst of skulls and bones. The remains of patriarchs or bishops, or of any saintly pilgrims who have died in the convent, are put away and preserved in cases. We were introduced to all that was left of two monks, who endured the penance of wearing a mail shirt and chains round their legs. The mail and chains still cover the bones. A hideous skeleton was fastened near the wall; the head bent on one side, a rosary round the neck, and a portion of a winding-sheet covered the shoulders; the arms were gone, as well as the trunk and legs. These fragments belonged to a man who had been the porter of the brotherhood more than a thousand years ago.

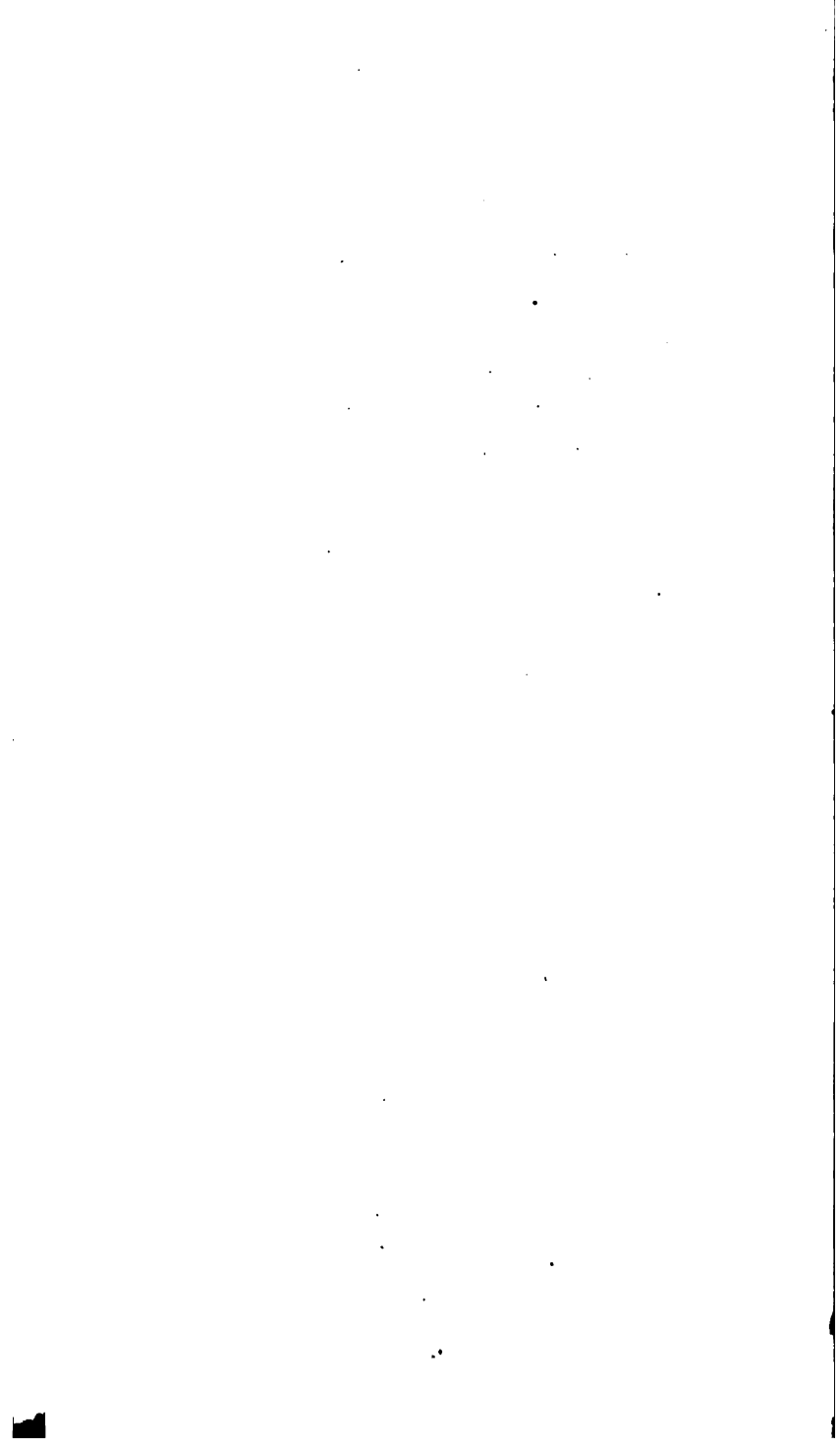
The convent appears like a fortress among the mountains. Cannons are mounted on

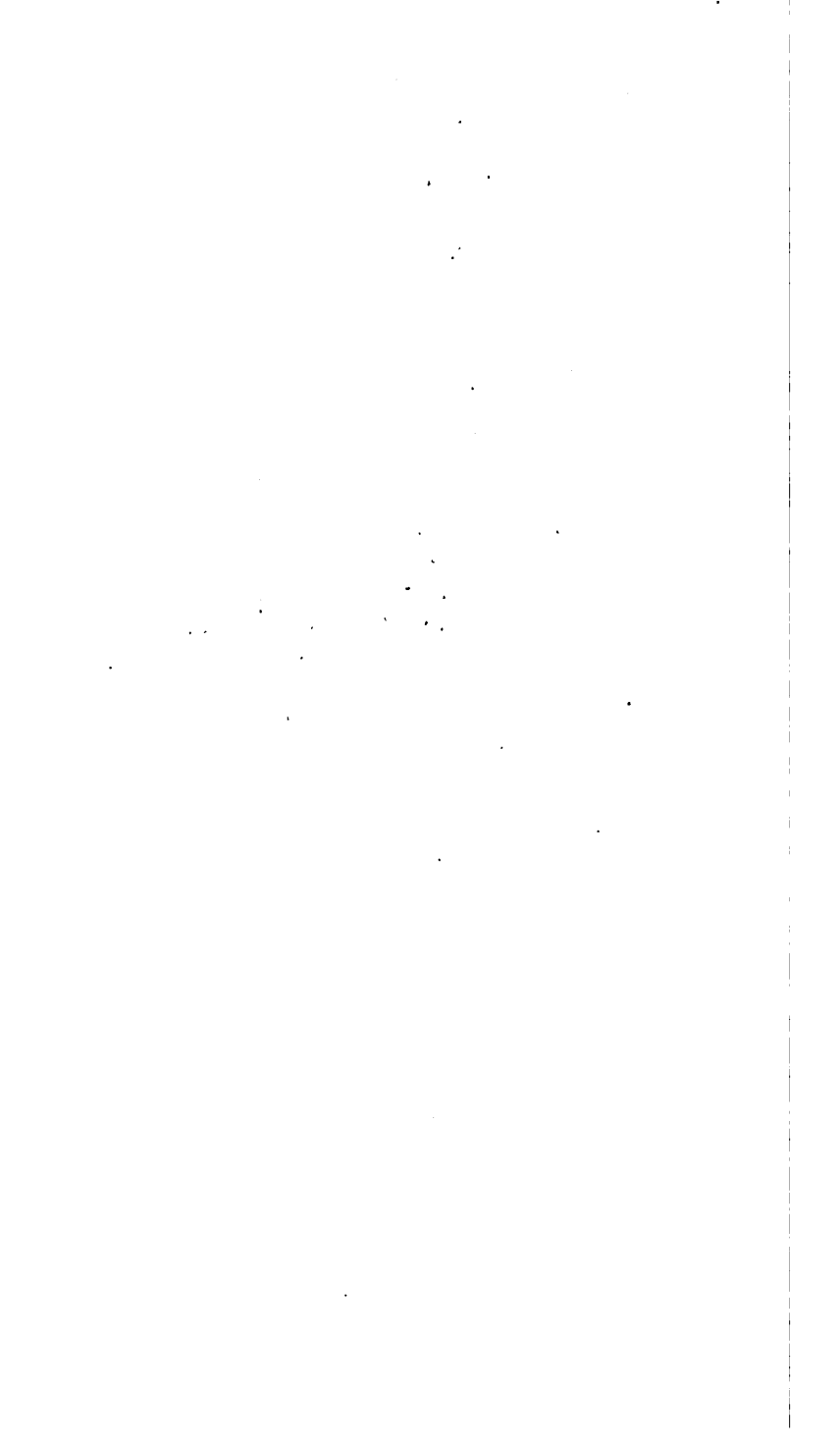
the walls, and it possesses a garrison of well-armed monks. They feel the necessity of self-protection where there is but little law, save that of might; and as long as no enemy but the Bedouin directs his fire against the frowning wall, the community may bid defiance behind their stone ramparts to any force sufficiently daring to attack them. But they take every precaution; and hence the strictness of the watch and ward, the cord and noose. A daily dole is given to the poor peasants who swarm about the gates, and have no other subsistence; but it is said that the monks are becoming more and more penurious, that the bread is poorer and scantier than formerly, and that the Arabs are discontented and complain. The tribe who have the privilege of bringing strangers to the convent, were once kept at the expense of the brotherhood, and fed during their stay.

• When they repaired to the Greek convent in Cairo, there also they were in the habit of receiving food or alms as they arrived. Of later years, however, the monks have closed their purses, and the Bedouin no longer praises their liberality.

This convent was built and founded by the emperor Justinian, and Theodora his wife. It is called St. Catherine, because the monks brought down the bones of this saint, who died on the mountain which bears her name, and deposited them in a splendid shrine, near the high altar, covered with cloth of gold.

END OF VOL. I.







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