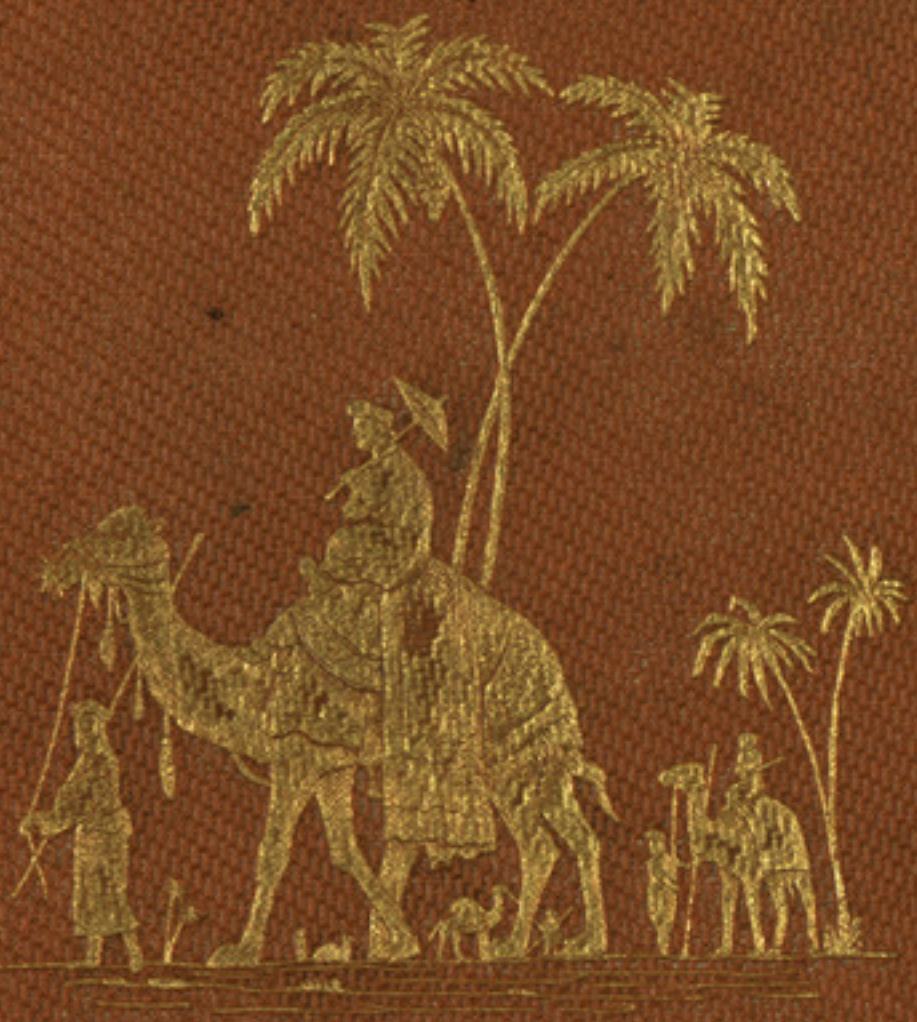


NBC
K 1st.
/2 vols
8-C
25454

2 Vols.

Lacks one plate.

Wyld

Stannard & Dixon

RUINS OF SAIS IN THE DELTA.

London Hurst & Blackett 1856.

THE

WANDERER IN ARABIA;

OR,

WESTERN FOOTSTEPS

IN

EASTERN TRACKS.

BY

GEORGE T. LOWTH, ESQ.

With Illustrations.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1855.

London Hurst & Blackett 1856.

PRINTED BY CHARLES BEVAN AND SON,
STREET'S BUILDINGS, CHAPEL STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

ERNEST AUGUSTUS,

REIGNING DUKE OF SAXE COBOURG AND GOTHA,

&c., &c., &c.

SIR,

Your Royal Highness has done me the honour to permit me to dedicate to You this book.

It contains an attempt, but too imperfect, to give some account of a journey through countries which have ever a value for the student of antiquity, as for the disciple of Christianity, above that of all others—the countries in which are laid in the Sacred History the scenes of the events of the elder world.

However unworthy these volumes are of Your Royal Highness's acceptance, yet it is humbly

but truly wished that a Prince, as alive to all the animating novelties of varied Travel as You are to the beauty of the ancient works of man's hand, and the sublimer forms of Nature,—as earnest in the cultivation of the Useful Arts which civilise social life, as You are, by inheritance, desirous to aid the advancing steps of mankind in Civil and Religious Improvement,—may find in these pages some subjects of slight interest, or of entertainment.

I venture to present these volumes to Your Royal Highness as a small tribute of sincere gratefulness and profound respect.

I have the honour to subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient and very humble servant,

G. T. LOWTH.

INTRODUCTION.

BOLD would be that man, who, in the present day, should offer to the public a work on the state of Egypt and Arabia and Syria in ancient times. If he followed in the steps of those great authors who have gone before him—if he but whipped up their contents afresh—but put their knowledge into a new coat—he would be held to be only a copyist and a bore. Should he attempt to surpass them in discovery—claim to see what they had not seen, and to lay open what they had not been able to uncover—then must his courage be equal to his ability, and both of them be of a very high order.

Almost equally bold would be that man who should venture to give to the world, as a work on the modern state of these great, old countries—as an authority to be

relied on by others—the scraps of information which he may have picked up, here and there, during a three months' voyage on the Nile, and a ride through the Holy Land.

Far from me be such rashness. But although these two high roadways to the public ear—to one public ear—are blocked up and impassable to a simple traveller, there is still a private path open to him, by which he may attempt to approach the other ear of the Great Listener to the big and the little, the high and the lowly. There is an ear open but to the grand words and precious facts of science and philosophy, of learning and research; and there is another always ready for the common and daily doings and sayings of common life, and which listens to the tale of what ordinary people have seen, and what they have done, and what they think, on their passage along the highways of life. It is to this ear of the Great Public—the ear of common things—that I venture to offer these pages, believing, as I do, that although Egypt and Arabia and Palestine are old accustomed roads well beaten by a travelling race in a travelling age, yet still there is some novelty to be found in the various ways and manners in which different travellers get along these roads—something to be extracted of the useful, however small, or of amusement, from the different views and thoughts of the various wanderers along their tracks. If there still are to be found people, who, when the

names of Thebes and Philœ, of Sinai and Jerusalem, of Petra and Damascus, are sounded in their ears, feel but one half of the longing desire which ever, from earliest memories, stirred my inner nature to visit those ancient cities and world-honoured places—I shall venture to hope these peaceful and humble pages may find, even to-day in these heart-absorbing days of war, a few readers. And may they not too severely criticise all the short-comings and the errors of a mere Tale of Travel.

But there is a debt upon the book—a debt which I take this occasion to acknowledge with grateful pleasure, though I know not how to pay it. It is the drawings. I owe these clever pictures to the hands of friends, who, from the very rudest sketches of my pencil, have produced these excellent and very faithful representations of the scenes and places described in the text.

There are but a few words to add. The journey described in these volumes was made in 1850—51, and the account of it has been partly written for some time, but its completion delayed by circumstances; and latterly, though finished with the exception of the last chapter of the second volume, the appearance of the book has been deferred, on account of melancholy events connected with the war, until the present time.

G. T. L.

Paris, December, 1855.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO VOL. I.

The Ruins of Sais in the Delta . . . . . Frontispiece.

The Copt Monks of Jebel El Dayr . . . . . Page 72

The Copt Convent at Abydus . . . . . „ 308

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

Dreams of Travel—First Impressions—Boatmen of Alexandria—The Mysterious Figure—A real Soldier—The Egyptian Hosier—The Camel at Home—Old Friends in a new Dress—The small Things of Life—Hire of a Boat—Choice of Servants—Selim Hassan—A professed Cook—A Consul's Dinner in jeopardy—The Caliph for a Day Hajji—A Day's Shopping—The fleshless Arab—Cleopatra's Needle—An Obelisk for Sydenham—The Pleasures of Slave-holding—Dreams and Dreams ... ... Page 1—25.

CHAPTER II.

Boat Life in Egypt—An Arabian December—Yusuf—Companions on the Journey—The 'Fortunata'—The Villages of the Delta—Visions of the Past—Interrupted Reveries—Egyptian Law and Justice—The Governor of Atfeh—The River Side—Everyday Life—The Sitteen—A Nile Breeze—Ancient Sais—The Temple of Neith—Dogs and Jackals—Interior Arrangements—The Caliph in his Kitchen—Our Cabins—The Sitt at Home—Dinner Time—The Slave of the Lamp—The Libyan Desert—All hail, ye Pyramids! ... ... 26—48.

CHAPTER III.

The Desert—The Spirit of Liberty—Boyhood's Dreams—Alone in Arabia—'Is the Frenchman in sight?'—An Afternoon's Sporting—Benisooef—The Moslem Sabbath—The Luxury of Egyptian Travel—The Crocodile's Friend—Pilgrims from Mecca—The Bishop of Gibraltar's Reis—An Amateur Sailor—The Dragomany of the East—Thefts on the Nile—'Westley Richards' at hand—The Disgrace of Paying—The Unlucky Money Jar ... ... 49—69.

CHAPTER IV.

The Village of Golosaneh—The Lentisch—Jebel El Dayr—An Egyptian Monk—The Copt Convent—Abbas Pasha's Sugar Manufactory—Ismael Bey's Farm—Bayadeh—A Picturesque Copt—Achmet Bey—The Union Jack—A Night Watch—Turkeys for Christmas Day—The Nile Landscape—The Fellaheen—Winter Clothing in Egypt—Jebel Aboofayda—A Dangerous Passage—The Dahabeeh aground—Selim aroused ... ... 70—89.

CHAPTER V.

An Egyptian Cemetery—A Party of Mourners—Grief but not Woe—Ossioot—The 'Fortunata' again—The American's Boat—Selim's Disappointment—The Plain of Abooteg—Infinite Variety—The Two Cats in sight—Crocodiles and Pelicans—Jebel Sheikh Hereedeh—A Squall—An Exciting Race—The Country of the Howara—The Dogs of Girgeh—The Waste Lands of Egypt—Manufactures *v.* Agriculture—A Game of Rounders—Jellal—The People of Upper Egypt ... ... 90—110.

CHAPTER VI.

New Year's Day—The Arab Boatman's Fireside—Crocodiles and their Characteristics—A Dinner Party on the Nile—A Bill of Fare—Selim and the Big Fish—Thebes—Important Missives—The Captain and his Three Wives—A Reconciliation—Esneh—Sheikh Tombs—A Scarabæus for a Penny—A Mutiny—Justice and Mercy—A New Road to Sea Service—'No Baksheesh'—Peace Offerings and Harmony ... ... 111—130.

CHAPTER VII.

The News of the Day—Perfect Freedom—Sulky Ali—The Concert—Elephantina—Assouan—'Good Society,—The Shadow of Palms and the Shadow of Death—The unlucky Dahabeeh—A busy Time. 131—146.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Pleasures of the Nile Voyage—Dissatisfied Travellers—Philœ—The Village of Morada—A fine old Arab Gentleman—The Passage of the Cataract—Jealous Boatmen—The Wreck of the 'Fortunata'—Baksheesh and Sherry—Patience on an Island—The big Hole—'Delicious words'—A Scene and a Success ... ... 147—165.

CHAPTER IX.

Philœ the Beautiful—The Sacred Solitude—The unfortunate 'Fortunata'—Our Nubian Pilot—The Bab El Kalabshé—The Genii of Enterprise—Nubia and the Nubians—Kirosko—Courageous Ladies A Head Wind—The Country Girls—Traditional Hair-dressing—Nubian Peasant Life—Selim and Ali—A Chance for the Bastinado—Anad and Zeyd—An angry Joke—Sticks against Sticks—Penitent Ali—Brecknockshire and Osiris—The Sheikh's Wheat-field—A Midnight Serenade—The Two Cats again—The Sands of Lybia—Mystic Moonlight—The Nile's Divinity ... ... 166—193.

CHAPTER X.

Shadows from Temple Walls—Philosophy and Religion—The One God—A Partial Revelation—The Twofold Mind of Man—The Light Obscured—Divinity in Animals—Fall from Wisdom—A Voice in Egypt—The Visible God—A Peculiar People ... ... 194—211.

CHAPTER XI.

The Second Cataract—Wady Halfah—Modesty in Nubia—Black *v.* White—Christianity and Slavery—The 'Cambria's' Mario—The Fine Gentleman—Officious Zeyd—Story-telling Djad—The 'Cambria's' Transformation—Jebel Aboosir—Joys of the Nile Boat—Sorrow everywhere at Home—The Goal—The Schools of Egypt—The Bible and the Koran—The Down Voyage—'Everything passes away but God' ... ... 212—235.

CHAPTER XII.

The Sitt turned Doctor—'Beautiful Medicine'—Ophthalmia—Faras—The Lotus and Acanthus—Human Mutability—The Colossi of Epsambul—Fallen Greatness—The Heroes of Kalabshé—An Egyptian Billingsgate—The Great Khenna Question ... ... 236—250.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Conscription—Untilled Lands—Tafa—A Voice from Ali's Heart—Ali's Sister—The Ruins of Dabod—The Deserted Village—The Bed of Osiris—Descent of the Cataract—The Brave Sitt—An Exciting Moment—Still Water—A Chorus of Victory ... ... 251—267

CHAPTER XIV.

News of the World—A Pirate Attacks the 'Antar' aground—Rules of the Road—The Sitteen and the Race course—Ombus and Silsileh—The Harmony of Abundance—The Siwah Country—A band of Warriors—the Conscripts—The boatman's Sympathy—Fugitives—Rocks ahead!—The 'Antar's' disgrace—The British Consul's Thunder. 268—287.

CHAPTER XV.

Thebes—Royal Procession—A Hymn—The real Antique—The Forest of Pillars—The Sacred Hawk—Dust and Ashes—Begging—History and Enthusiasm—The Colossi of the Plain ... ... 288—303.

CHAPTER XVI.

Dendera—The Grottos of Kasr-el-Said—The Gold Mine of Egypt—From Bellianeh to Abydus—From Abraham until Now—A Copt Convent—The Priests and the People—The Heart's Religion. 304—311.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Power of Coffee—The Night Pull—Grand Cairo—Friends in Boats—The Floating Harem—'Not much looking' ... 312—321.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Abbas Pasha—His Character—His Political Economy—Mehemet Ali—Egyptian Admiration of Strength—The Right Man at the Right Time—The Indian Transit—Mr. Shepherd's Story—The Old College—The Pyramids—The Delta and the Desert—The 'Cambria' alone again ... ... 322—334.

THE WANDERER IN ARABIA.

CHAPTER I.

Dreams of Travel—First Impressions—Boatmen of Alexandria—The Mysterious Figure—A real Soldier—The Egyptian Hosier—The Camel at Home—Old Friends in a new Dress—The small Things of Life—Hire of a Boat—Choice of Servants—Selim Hassan—A professed Cook—A Consul's Dinner in jeopardy—The Caliph for a Day Hajji—A Day's Shopping—The fleshless Arab—Cleopatra's Needle—An Obelisk for Sydenham—The Pleasures of Slave-holding—Dreams and Dreams.

It is pleasant to dream a dream of travel; but how much more is it pleasant to plan an actual plan, and, lying on your bed, to lay out an expedition to some distant shore, and to realise the possibility of accomplishing some old and dreamy scheme of a walk among storied people in legend-teeming lands. And then, how exciting is the active preparation—

the advancing reality—the book-reading, and consulting of maps, and the gathering together of many things, of no great importance at home, but held to be indispensable 'out there;' and, lastly, how eager is the imagining which leaps over every difficulty built up by stay-at-home wisdom, takes in its stride, as some strong horse in his gallop, a banked-up heap of trouble and disaster, and puts danger and death under foot contemptuously. And so you reach the right pitch for enterprise; and the voyage begins; and Italy is left behind, and Malta disappears; and the night arrives that you lay yourself down with the conviction that in the morning light you shall see wonders, and bathe your senses in charmed astonishment. And so you land in Egypt.

There are few actual—not imaginary—events which produce so strong and entire a sensation of pleasure as that first landing on the distant and longed-for shore. The novelty is not a bit here and a bit there—a variation of known things,—but it is infinite, and in everything; and so much is the attention startled, and the feeling of satisfaction so affected by sharp surprise, that the chief inclination—I answer for myself only, however—is to sit down at once upon the strand, and gaze and stare at each object in turn, and not feel the slightest desire to break the charm by considering there

may be other things, and going in search of them. Here is what you have come for, and at once every sense is occupied to the uttermost, and the cup of satisfaction is full to the brim.

And so it was with me on that strand of Alexandria. For years, when but a boy, I had dreamed of Egypt, and now at last I was on its shore; and I had done for a time with paved streets and ruddy cheeks, and such stale things of custom, and was in a new world. It was a kind of waking dream; and so, giving up at once all attempts to look at things with a grave countenance, as becomes a serious and inquiring Englishman, I did nothing but perpetually laugh in people's faces, in the childish enjoyment of the soft bright air of summer (it was December), and the novel Arabian Nights' scene before me. And so, staring and laughing, and stopping and walking, I gave myself up to the charm with a sort of feeling that the whole thing was an unreal reality, and that the groups were scenic — on a theatrical stage for my amusement.

I wished it had been possible for us to have gone to a khan—that, surely, was the right place of entertainment for us—but I was not alone, and my wife—she was scarcely Eastern enough for a

khan as yet—so I crushed the seducing thought in the bud, and went to the British Hotel. We had rooms looking out on the great square of Alexandria, with a balcony, and on this balcony—the Sitt and myself,—we stood like two children 'gazing on all the town' by the hour, and looking down on the perpetually shifting, and always curious and brilliant scene, as though it were dressed up for us, and was not every-day life.

It is true that some, and many, of those figures before us were but old accustomed ones under new forms, but they were so changed as to be almost of a new nature. Thus the men and women, in their brilliantly coloured, or elaborately quaint, or ingeniously misformed garments, were not as our usual men and women—and from that secret corner of my being that loves novelty, I thanked the heavens that they were not so.

Those boatmen of the port of Alexandria, as we came in,—surely, they had dropped into their boats from somewhere by chance, and were not the real 'oars.' Were they got up for the occasion? It was doubtful: anyhow, they wore no blue-jackets —no fustian—no shirt-sleeves begrimed with smoke. It would have been a painful disappointment, had those men looked the least in the world like sailors.

Is that tall form, clothed in one long blue robe, from its neck to its ankles, the evidently sole covering of the full luxuriance beneath—with bare and bronzed feet in the dust, and whose languid dark eyes shine out on you from the mysterious world within, the sole feature visible—is it a woman? It is masked; for a metal instrument, where the nose should be, connects the blue cotton mask below with the same above; and, except two feet below, and two eyes above, there all is the unknown. No—there are two dusky hands, and one of them holds a water-jar on the head. Is this a peasant, and of the same occupation as the Hampshire girl, with open and ruddy face, and tidy many-petticoated dress, with her water-pail at the cottage door?—I doubt, and should be very sorry to be quite certain they were both of the same nature—both women. I did not go to Egypt to see mere usual women.

There is a figure pacing up and down on the city wall by Cleopatra's needle, and where you look out from the gap in the work across the Old Port, and to where Pharos once stood in its marble beauty. The said figure is habited in loose white clothing nondescript, nor robes of eastern ease, nor of western rigidity; and which may be safely calculated to fall off and disperse, should the walking

being within attempt a run. Is it a real soldier—the same kind of creature as the smart and buttoned-up sentinel at St. James's? Perhaps—but the matter is very questionable.

So you look at the spare and bronzed face with liquid eye and quiet, grave countenance, as the form it belongs to lies wrapped in a white abba, on a pile of woollen blankets in a quaint little wooden unwindowed box—one of a line of boxes, and which pass for shops; and you think, for an instant, of a London hosier, sleek and fat, bustling and talkative, in the midst of his large flaring gilt premises, gaudy with showy goods and plate-glass windows. What an odious vision of the memory! Are these both men, and following the same calling? The one is a pain to the nerves of thought; while you turn to that thin and dark-skinned and silent man of the blood of the wanderer of the desert, and you recognise in the self-possessed air and the high-caste features the stamp of nature's nobility.

But the lower animals were not those of other lands. The camel had been to me but an ungainly and mis-shapen monster, the type of all awkwardness, while a monkey—the caricature animal—or some bejacketed dog, on his back, had fastened the gaunt form in the memory as ludicrous. But in Egypt the 'Ship of the desert' is no longer so.

Bearing enormous piles of goods—half the contents of a house—or reservoirs of water—himself of huge proportions and gigantic power—he stalks through the narrow ways of Alexandria with his companions—a long line of them majestically moving under their towering burthens with easy and springing step, as though unladen; he is no longer ludicrous, but a new and noble creature, grand and useful, of unguessed capabilities. I longed to get upon him, and feel under me that giant frame, and the elastic movement, and the carriage so imposing and dignified beyond that of other and commoner animals. 'You and I will live in companionship,' said I, mentally addressing the stately creature, 'and together make acquaintance with the secret places of your habitation, the Desert.'

Why, the very slave of slaves, the crushed and grief-stricken, is so no more in Egypt; the battered drudge has become the willing servant. Is that active little fellow, who, with race-horse coat and full flanks, moves under his rider with the light step and the action of a pony—is he the same animal with that starved and head-bowed object of the north—subject for all pity and cruelty—and clothed with rags and insult? Look at him now. On he goes, rapid and free, with his small head well up, and as gay as a crimson saddle, and a

bridle of bright chains and red leather can make him. It was a gladdening sight to see the unfortunate as a new animal in Egypt.

And so it was with other things—with trees and with houses—with nature animate and inanimate. We were in a new world. But we had business on hand. We must get a boat, and hire servants—a cook and a dragoman—and buy stores, and come down from the heights of sensual enjoyment, and the regions of fancy to the bare realities and the small things of life. We had arranged to get a good dahabeeh at Alexandria, and start on our expedition at once from there. It is customary with travellers to hire a country boat to get up to Cairo, as there is a poor choice of boats for the voyage to Upper Egypt, at Alexandria—while at Cairo the best are to be found, and plenty. But this plan involves dirt and discomfort for nearly a week, at the very outset—evils much to be avoided; so we determined, if a good boat could be found at Alexandria, to take it—and thus escape the risk of having a damper thrown on the Nile expedition at its threshold.

I had letters from the Foreign Office to our consuls in the East, and it is a pleasure to look back on the friendly and ready attention I met with from one and all of these different gentlemen. I feel a

warm satisfaction in recording my sense of their kindness on all occasions of my requiring their assistance.

By the aid of Mr. Gilbert, our then most obliging consul at Alexandria, I soon found a boat for our purpose, newly painted and repaired, furnished afresh with divans, and provided with all things necessary for the use of six persons. It was a dahabeeh with three cabins, and was managed by a Reis and nine men and a boy. In a few words with Mr. Georgio Adib, the chief dragoman of the British Consulate, and owner of the boat, I engaged to pay £120 for it, for four months, or five, if I pleased; and never, from the day I took it, till I left it at Cairo in March, had I cause to find fault with it. It was buoyant on the water, sailed well, was very handy, and as well got up, and as bright and sound, as fresh paint and a thorough repair could make it. The deck was painted in large squares of black, and white, and when the Sitt stepped on board, the reis received her under a large awning which covered in the whole deck, and it was like entering a tent with a new oil-cloth under her feet.

This important point being arranged, the next thing was to procure two men-servants—a dragoman and a cook. At Malta there are various native

Maltese, who waylay travellers on their passage to the East, and induce them to hire them as servants for the Eastern journey, warning the unwary against all Orientals, as thieves and bad managers. With many protestations, these gentry place themselves in the broad light of good men and true, and who will take care of their masters' interest. Some travellers are caught by these representations; but I set my face at once and decidedly against all these people at Malta, and also at Alexandria. 'No,' said I, to myself, 'in the East I will surround myself with Eastern people, and have done for a time, while it is in my power, with all coats and trousers (save my own), and all such hideous sights.' Moreover, I had a fancy to be cheated by Easterns, for the novelty of the thing, having become rather tired of dealing with that flourishing class—the rogues of Europe—and wishing to shake myself free of them for a season. So I gave it to be understood at once, at Alexandria, that I wanted two native servants.

On returning from the Mahmoudieh Canal, where the boat was lying (she was to be called 'The Cambria,' in honour of the Sitt, who was a Welshwoman, and the name was to be painted on her sides forthwith), I found a man standing at the door of our rooms. He was tall—a bronzed

Egyptian,—handsome in face and figure, and well dressed. His dress was composed of a turban of snow-white cotton, folded round a red tarboosh, a brown cloth embroidered jacket, silk waistcoat, shawl round his waist, full and brilliantly white Turkish trousers short to the knee, white stockings, and red slippers. With erect figure, and well-turned limbs, he was a handsome fellow.

"You wanting a servant, sir?" He spoke in broken English.

"I do. Who are you?"

"My name, Selim Hassan. I living many times with English gentlemen." (These people use the participle generally.) "I living with Mr. Wilson—I living with the Bishop Gibraltar—with Mr. Errington—with many gentlemen."

"Let me see your papers."

He pulled out of his breast—grateful sight—coat pockets were unknown to this eastern man—he pulled out various papers, of which the first was a long statement of Selim's talents and his services, signed, 'Carus Wilson.' There was in it warm praise; and a second document set forth, also by an Englishman, his abilities in a similarly glowing light. Selim's appearance was good and thoroughly Eastern. He had a grave face and beautifully formed hands.

It is indispensable in the East to have a good dragoman, and more particularly when there is a lady in the party of travellers, as all comfort and therefore much of enjoyment depend upon this man. Money spared in this point is badly saved. If he is a managing fellow, ready witted and good tempered, every thing goes easy throughout the expedition; but if he be bad tempered, or careless, or stupid—you may be, as many travellers are, in perpetual hot-water among the passionate and half-civilised people of those countries. I engaged Selim.

The next thing was to find a cook. This, too, is an affair of moment, for if your cook, engaged on the strength of recommendation of perhaps incompetent judges, turns out a bad one on the voyage, there is no help for you. You cannot 'send away the cook'—you are out in the wilds, and must patiently eat dirt till you get down the Nile to civilised haunts again.—Your expedition is spoiled and your life is saddened, daily at morn and dewy eve, when the revolving hours—which should bear on their wings contentment and peace to the heart of man—bring but disappointment, and mourning, and sorrow. Better stay at home than have a bad cook in Egypt.

I set Selim (pronounced Salim—as the *a*, in hat,

as grammarians tell their pupils) to work to get a cook. In an hour he brought into our rooms a splendid fellow, six feet high, dark skinned and handsome, dressed in spotlessly white turban and a long ample-sleeved blue robe reaching from his neck almost to his feet, and yellow slippers. His presence was so imposing that I felt inclined to bow before him as some Egyptian Pasha, as he entered, his air was so lofty and composed.

"This the cook," said Selim.

"Do you know him?—Is he a good cook?"

"He very good—very much knowing—he best cook in Alexandria."

"Where are his papers?"

The magnificent fellow spoke out, and Selim interpreted.

"None—he losing them—he in the dahabeeh on the Nile—he falling overboard in the water—his papers all in his breast—they falling out and going away—he never see them again."

"A lame story—but what is he doing now?"

"He living with the French Consul."

"Living with the French Consul!—Then he cannot come with us."

"Yes—he say he coming."

"Why, we leave Alexandria in two days, and I

want the cook to set about getting the stores to-day."

"He say he coming directly."

"What—leave the French Consul this very day, and come with us?"

"He say—yes."

"Well—upon my soul that's cool. So he will go to his master and ask for his wages, and walk out of the house, and leave Monsieur le Consul to get his dinner as he can—perhaps expecting friends to dine—and go off with an English family without more ado."

"The cooks always doing that here," said Selim, quietly; "they doing anything — leaving any master for go up the river."

For a moment, the vision of the French Consul's face flashed across me. I imagined him on his Divan, reclining with a slightly important air, smoking in luxurious satisfaction his nargheeleh, happy in the hospitable expectation of a party of his friends eating at his board that day. The cook, a first-rate artiste — the best in Alexandria — of whom he is proud, and with reason—the cook comes in to him at noon. The chef is no doubt come on a question of culinary moment. The chef bends lowly, and waits respectfully, till his master asks kindly his favourite's business. The favourite informs his

master—that he is going to leave his house in an hour—very sorry—very sorry indeed — the dinner —English gentleman going up the Nile—wants him directly.

For an instant more I laughed in my sleeve at the position of the deserted Consul, and I pitied exceedingly the important official thus suddenly bereft and abandoned — and for whom? — For a nameless Englishman. But then I voted that it would be a horrid sell of Monsieur le Consul, and a highly irregular proceeding, and a confounded shame; and so I behaved well.

"Send him away, Selim, and get another cook—" and the French Consul was saved. The magnificent fellow went out like a retiring prince, grave, slow, and erect.

In another hour Selim again came with a cook. On going into the ante-room, I saw—what?—There he stood—the very man, short, round-faced, squinting, laughing, just as I had always seen him, when as a boy I lay deeply buried in all the fascinations of that yellow morocco volume of the Arabian Nights, with its broad margin—almost as broad as the text itself—and its living and never-to-be-forgotten prints of the magic scenes. My very soul had drank in those Eastern tales as I lay entranced, as a child, in a certain arm-chair in a

retired room, little used, and out of sight and hearing of the busy and unsympathising family party, till I could repeat almost word for word every charmed page of every story, (how often I told these tales in after school-days to 'the room,' till midnight)—and now I went back suddenly among these Eastern people, to the days and the feelings of my boyhood. There he stood before me, the Merchant's son in the exact dress as he sat up in the bed of the Sultan Haroun al Raschid, at Bagdad, surrounded by the royal attendants, and eunuchs and lovely women, who were entreating him to rise at his usual hour, and bless the world by his presence, and who were pretending not to see his amazement, at finding himself 'The Caliph,' for one day.—How often while gazing on this print, had I entered with childish delight into the spirit of the scene, and built up a castle of what I would have done, if I had been the Merchant's son and 'Caliph for a day.'

How could I help myself? There he stood before me, the Merchant's son, laughing with merry, round face, as he laughed with wonder and delight on the Sultan's bed, and so I fairly laughed out as at the sight of an old friend. "Come here," cried I, to the Sitt, "come here and see him: here he is from Bagdad, here's the Merchant's son that was

Caliph for a day." The Sitt came at this strange summons, looking puzzled enough, as well she might; and so I explained to her what seemed to be utter folly, for she saw no one but a little fellow, in a common Egyptian dress — and legs bare to his knees—and grinning and squinting most preposterously.

"Are you the cook," said I, recovering a decent gravity.

"Si, signore;" he spoke Italian, as his only European language.

"Are you a very good one—do everything?"

"Si, signore."

"Have you travelled with any English gentlemen?"

"Si, signore;" and he produced from his breast his papers—most abominably worn scraps.

"What is your name?"

"Hajji Mohammed Bedr." There was music in the words.

"You are a Hajji, and have been to Mecca?"

"Si, signore."

His former employers, English and others, declared the Hajji to be a good cook—very good; —but in fact, I had already determined on engaging him, before I read a word. Even if they

had written of him with weak praise, I must have taken him. How could I part from one of the intimate companions of my earliest years?

"Hajji, I shall take you with me up the Nile; but I will make a bargain with you—if you prove to be a good cook, I will take you on to Upper Egypt; but, if you displease me with unsavoury dishes—if your cooking is bad and not good—then —remember (I drew my hand across my throat)— then your head must answer for it, and I leave your body at Cairo on my way."

"Si, signore."

"'Tis a bargain, then; you understand—good dishes, or—your head."

"Si, signore." And off went the Hajji, grinning and squinting, as if the bargain was in the regular and natural course of things and quite to his mind.

This was all as it should be. I was fairly entering on Eastern life, and Arabian visions rose around me.

But other necessary matters, and more homely cares, required our attention—and so we went out shopping. There is no better amusement for a stranger than riding about Alexandria, on one of those ready-going, active little fellows, with his red saddle and bright chain bridle—the cabs of Alexandria—to purchase stores for the boat. You ride

through all the bazaars, find many of the best shops, especially those for Eastern produce, in the most quaint and unlikely places; you see every variety of costume—of Turks, Syrians, Egyptians, Poles, Greeks, Slaves from Abyssinia, and Bedaween from the Desert. Some owners you find sitting cross-legged and smoking on the floor of their little box-like shops; while others, merchants,—I loved to consider them all as merchants, as the Arabian story-teller describes them — recline on piles of rich goods on the shop-front, and sip coffee or play at draughts with a gossip, all slipperless and at their ease; and these latter seem rather to mark by their careless manner of receiving your custom, that their game is the principal thing and the real business, while you and the trading are but interrupting bores. But your 'cab' puts his nose over the shop-front, which is all open, and has no glass windows or frames—Phœbus forbid it—and you sit on your saddle, and bargain to your heart's content.

Selim showed himself a most Protean fellow, soft as a woman or fierce as a satrap, as circumstances seemed to require; and so we had a duel of address for nearly every article,—the Eastern merchant having various prices for his different customers,—and many little pleasant scenes were

enacted for our entertainment. I always made a point of encouraging such little contests, as, by them a stranger sees much variety of character, and the transitions from nervous violence to soft-tongued blandness, and from tender smiles to crashing wrath, were novel and oriental.

Then you suddenly quit the 'garish eye' of the sun, and enter within the 'dim religious light' of a covered way, where awnings shade the narrow bazaar—so narrow that you can almost touch with your hand as you ride along the centre, the shops on either side, and where you make acquaintance with the fleshless Arab man, who has given up the wandering ways of his brethren of the wilderness, and centres his views of life in the piles of blankets which surround him in his primitive little shop.

Then you wander on from the coffee-merchant to the fig-merchant, from sheltered way to opener streets, loading your sumpter 'cab' in the rear as you go with every variety of article which the Sitt and Selim fancy for the stores of the 'Cambria'—and they each have an abounding fancy, and back it accordingly. And so, escaping from under the legs of towering camels, and by dint of frequent shovings into shop doors of the Sitt and her donkey, when report of a whip, like a pistol-shot, from the running-footman of some grandee or pasha, or

bey, or Frank Consul, warns the crowded street that his master's carriage-wheels will smash, without mercy, any number of feet that do not leave the narrow way free,—the travellers get back to the hotel rather marvelling how it has happened they have not half-killed sundry of those little, not quite naked, children, half blinded by flies, which straggle about everywhere in their way, and get under the donkey's legs ingeniously, and escape death nobody knows how.

So many writers have so fully described Alexandria and its lions, from Pompey's Pillar and Abercrombie's battle-ground, down to Mehemet Ali's sea palace, that it is but impertinence to write a word about them. As to the recumbent Needle of Cleopatra, it is but a poor thing to be at any expense about in conveying to England. It is not broken, nor built into the city wall, but it is much chipped by travellers' hammers, and much of its hieroglyphic writing is totally destroyed by weather. It is, in fact, a damaged and spoiled relic, and quite unworthy of comparison with the obelisks at Rome and at Paris.

If the few thousand pounds, which the removal of an obelisk to London has been calculated to cost, are available for such a purpose, there is one in Egypt which is really worth having. It stands

at Luxor, and is the fellow of that on the Place de la Concorde at Paris. It is in a perfect state of preservation, untouched by hammer and undamaged by weather. It is of red granite, and is a magnificent specimen of Egyptian work, for there is nothing superior to it in the country or out of it, and the hieroglyphic writings on its sides are as sharp as the day they were cut. If the French could take one from Luxor to Paris, so we could take the fellow to Sydenham.

But we were more concerned about the 'Cambria,' than the obelisk. In two days we finished all our shopping, a medley of everything—it being good policy to lay in small quantities of an infinite diversity of articles, rather than to restrict the variety while swelling the quantities of each. On the afternoon of the third day from our landing, we went down to the Mahmoudieh Canal, and found the Hajji and his cookery establishment on board, and pulling in our mooring-ropes, and there being no wind, we put on six men to the towing-rope, and started.

Thus we turned our backs on the ghosts of Alexander's city and the murdered library: spectres of Cæsar and Cleopatra, of Clement and Origen—shades of Saracenic heroes—we left them all wandering over the desolate mounds of the

ancient capital of the commercial world, where now foxes bark, careless of men or hounds, and set our faces southwards towards the pyramids and better things than the dust and ashes of the Ptolemies.

How pleasant it was to have got through all respectable sight-seeing, to have shaken off all accustomed things, and to find ourselves surrounded with a new class of beings and objects, and enfolded with skies and a climate hitherto but dreamed of. Our party were all in abounding spirits, while the 'caliph for a day,' with his round and ever-laughing face, was the picture of merriment, as though in the midst of his day of bright surprise and triumphant royalty, instead of busy in setting his primitive and humble kitchen in order on board the 'Cambria.' How grateful, too, and novel was the sensation, when Selim, with grave and earnest air, seizing well his opportunity just on the entrance on our new life, crossed his arms over his breast, and bent before me, and addressed me,—"We all on board your slaves, master. We doing what you liking—we going where you tell—we every one your slaves." How soothing was the feeling of power engendered by the oriental manner and the speech, made thus, with such tact, on the very threshold of our Eastern world. It fell on my spirit as a refreshing balm.

'How very superior to anything in the West,' said I to myself, as I accepted the service with becoming reserve, and a feeling in my breast of full-blown contentment. 'How much better are these social laws of the East: in chill-souled Europe, the man—the individualised man—law-ridden and hand-bound, and scarcely above his phlegmatic servant—he, alas! must be coldly content with—but it is better to say nothing further on the subject—the whole arrangement was a saddening vision: whereas, here—ten men were my ready slaves, awaiting my look and obedient to my nod—and I held my cook's head in my right hand!' This was indeed the East of my dreams.

The whole thing imparted a deep satisfaction, and the last item was amazingly grateful, and its entire novelty had a peculiar charm. As I lay on my bed that night, with the boat moored to the bank, the hope gained on me that, with the soft and luxuriously penetrating air of Egypt, I was inhaling the true afflatus of the Eastern satrap. By demanding the cook's head as a penalty for bad soup, I had set myself at once in the right point of view—the point advantageous to all parties for the future. With such a good beginning, what might I not arrive at in the course of the expedition? And so, with swelling thoughts, and amid indis-

tinct dreams of Eastern rule and use of power (El Naschar and his basket of glass once flitted across the vision), and with the ripple of water under my bedside, mingling with low tones occasionally of 'the slaves' on deck, and novel cries, at intervals, of night birds of the Delta, of the land of Egypt—dark Egypt—I fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

Boat Life in Egypt—An Arabian December—Yusuf—Companions on the Journey—The 'Fortunata'—The Villages of the Delta—Visions of the Past—Interrupted Reveries—Egyptian Law and Justice—The Governor of Atfeh—The River Side—Everyday Life—The Sitteen—A Nile Breeze—Ancient Sais—The Temple of Neith—Dogs and Jackals—Interior Arrangements—The Caliph in his Kitchen—Our Cabins—The Sitt at Home—Dinner Time—The Slave of the Lamp—The Libyan Desert—All hail, ye Pyramids!

It was with a feeling of unalloyed satisfaction that at dawn on the following morning I looked from my bed over the wide expanding Delta. Impatience could not wait for dressing and all such tediousness, but commanded that at once the window be let down that she might take her first look out upon that fair morning of the boat life in Egypt. How thoroughly fresh and inspiriting was the scene. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the sun was

just rising warm and welcoming from behind Arabia. Arabia! with what a charm the word fell on the mind's ear—and the whole expanse of heaven was tinged with a pale violet colour, and the air was soft as in July, and yet we were in December. But in fact the air was of a different and finer kind than is ever in any month breathed in that dear old country lying up there far away in the north-west towards the eternal snows, and the soft and tenderly kissing breath came on my cheek as from another heaven than ours. Even Italy has no such air as that of Egypt; and I drank it in eagerly in volumes. Right away in front, and to the right and to the left, whichever way I looked, there lay the limitless, the classic, the Nile-born Delta.

But the boat life was begun. There being no wind, the sailors were soon towing us at a good pace along the canal, and we were early at breakfast out in the sunny air. The Caliph sent us to table a variety of seductive things, and thoroughly established himself in our good opinion (his head was safe)—but among them his coffee claimed the first place. This was no British chicory, nor French bean, redolent principally of fresh roasting, nor meagre bitterness of Italy — but the true, the perfumed, the luscious product of Yemen. And the Caliph had a knack of preparing it that far surpassed

all accustomed or newly invented ways, for instead of employing anyone of the hundred ingenious methods that scientific skill has applied to this object, he merely boiled the odorous powder slowly in its tin pot, and then letting it stand for a few minutes, gave it a second and rapid boiling and sent it to us—the Arabian nectar, innocent of all straining—but guilty of a divine flavour hitherto to us poor deceived and bedrugged mortals unknown.

The boat being stopped after about two hours' towing, the men all sat down on the bank to breakfast, and ate their Eastern meal. A large wooden bowl was half-filled with a mess of bread and milk, thick and substantial, and the crew, including the Reis, Reis Hassan, sitting round it in a circle on the grass, each man dipped his hand in the dish, and ate *ad libitum*. How primitive was the meal and the mode of it, for here were these dwellers on the borders of Arabia still eating as did the herdsmen of Abraham, and were untainted by spoons and cups. The Sitt and I left the Abrahamic party—how glad we were 'the slaves' did not even eat like ourselves—and went on along the smooth grassy bank in the soft summer air of the December morning, our first walk in the land of Egypt.

On our voyage from Malta, we met on board an English gentleman and his wife, who were going to

do the same thing as ourselves; and while at Alexandria, being in the same house, we had frequent conference on the important matters in hand, on boats, and servants, and the numerous wants of the voyage. They had been in Egypt once before, and their former dragoman, Yusuf, had now, a second time, become their travelling servant. It was pleasant to see this man on the morning of the arrival of his former master and mistress, as he came on board the good ship, Ægyptus, in the port of Alexandria, very much got up indeed in apparel, to give them welcome again in Egypt. I compared, in my way, his reception of them and a supposed Englishman's mode of welcome. The latter would have smiled rigidly once—bowed once with a touch of his hat—said 'Hope I see you well, sir,' and gravely have waited for orders. But Yusuf—Yusuf beggared oriental profuseness in expressions of delight, and poured out his soul at the feet of the Sitt. He was a capital servant in all respects.

That chance meeting on board the steamer was a source of much of the enjoyment of our expedition, for Mr. and Mrs. Trotter engaged a boat at Alexandria for the Nile voyage, and started from there on the canal at the same time as ourselves; and from that day we had the pleasure and the

advantage of their companionship for six months of our journey in the East.

Their boat was a dahabeeh, particularly well handsomely fitted up, and was the property of a wealthy Egyptian bey. He had furnished it for his own use, painting it inside richly, and with some taste; and having built it with money arising from a happy speculation, he had named it the 'Fortunata,' and which name stood in large letters on her side. Being rich, of course the bey had tired of his boat, and built another for his own use, letting the 'Fortunata' to travellers. Our two boats turned out good sailers, and about equal in speed—consequently we had much racing during the subsequent voyage, perpetual sailing matches, and sometimes one would win, and sometimes the other, according as one would chance to meet with, in her line of steering, a stronger or a slacker current in the ever-varying river; and at times we had a neck-and-neck race for miles in a stiff breeze. And now, as the Sitt and I stepped out on the bank of the Delta on this our first morning, the 'Fortunata' was lying a little way below the 'Cambria,' her crew equally engaged round their bowl, and eating after the manner of the patriarchs of old, and which is, among the dwellers by the

Desert, as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and altereth not.

As we walked on, villages lay at intervals on small, low, circular hills, the sites of former ruined village towns, just rising above the dead level of the Delta. These villages were but collections of crumbling mud hovels, the lowest in the scale of shelter for human beings, save only caves and dens in the earth and rocks. The huts stood in a lump, without order, or a garden or enclosure of any kind near them, or a tree to shade them. Not a tree, in fact, was in sight on any side, and nothing broke the level plain for miles but these clusters of hovels on the low swells of ground, and the high, and long, and winding mounds above either bank of the canal, one lengthened cemetery, where Mehemet Ali's wretched labourers, male and female, worked, and fell, and died by thousands, and were shovelled into the mound as they fell.

I was inclined to pity the tenants of those mud huts, but it was a passing weakness. Why should they be pitied? They had a climate—what a December air it was, as if just come from the Garden of Eden—they had a soil proverbial for richness under their feet—but few wants—*O fortunati nimium!*—and felt no necessity for a wardrobe; and then they had life about them

for dogs and geese, chickens and children and pigeons, were in indiscriminate occupation of the premises. All these seemed to thrive, in spite of what, at first sight, held out every encouragement to die and not live. It was clear there were people on the earth much more deserving of pity than the Fellaheen of Egypt. There were a few sheep, too, white, and red, and piebald, straggling about at will over the green and hedgeless country, but it must be allowed these last looked as if they enjoyed fewer pleasures in life than the rest of the community. They were scraggy and downcast, though the herbage appeared to be good, and they had liberty of range sufficient to satisfy the most radical sheep. Snipes abounded in hollows and ditches, and plover and bustards. At one spot, nine of these latter birds, fine big creatures, stood in a party on the canal bank, and scarcely moved away lazily a few yards as we came close on them. They evidently were not acquainted with powder and shot.

You get on to Atfeh, where an avenue of leafy trees, the large and shading, and branching Gimmaiz, bordered the canal on either side for some distance up to the little town. High mounds are above the entrance of the town—you climb up these, and behold!—the river—its sheet of waters

stretching away into the distance to the south-east—the honoured—the sacred—the God-worshipped Nile!—Your heart beats quicker as you gaze on the historic stream, the mysterious Nile. It is as if some strange weird influence were about you, as recollections of story of the elder world—the wonders of Pharoanic days, rise up in array;—and the water flows—yes—as you look—behold! the water flows all blood, beneath the rod of Aaron—the blood-red river—spectacle of terror:—is not here the hand of God?—but lo!—the vision changes—here come the sacred boats, a solemn procession—beautiful exceedingly—they bear the golden altars and the white-robed priests—the priestly sorcerers:—who gave them that superhuman power?—But they too are gone,—and who comes now?—Behold! it is Mark Antony and dazzling Cleopatra—

> 'The barge she sits in, like a burnished throne,
> Burns on the water.'
>
> * * * * *
>
> 'Youth is at the prow and Pleasure at the helm.'

And thus you give the Nile all hail.

Among other unaccountable things in the nature of us poor mortals, some of us possess a most extravagant, and unreasoning feeling of regard, for very old objects, because they are old, and thus we

fall down in reverence—no, not quite that—but in honour of the Tiber, the Nile, the Pyramids, and so on. I confess to these odd feelings, and to indulging them on occasions. Did I not pay due obeisance to yellow Tiber in other days, when first pressing with my feet its honoured shore, at the hill-foot where stands Perugia? Then and there, and having passed the bridge that spans the Roman stream, I turned down from the high-road, and following a narrow path to the water-side, took off my hat as I approached the venerable and venerated Tiber—linked in name and fancy with all the memories of my youth—and kneeling down upon the strand, I bathed my temples in the Horatian waters of 'Flavus Tiberis.' Was it decent —was it right—was it respectful to pass over that stream as though it had been but a common and mere hill-born thing, unknown to fame—from its fount to the sea unsung?—Away with such insensibility! At last I had embraced old Tiber; but there was a drawback, for the river at Perugia was blue, and not yellow, not having yet in its course reached the stratum of red-yellow earth towards the Campagna of Rome, which gives it the Horatian colour. However, it was the Tiber, infant and bright, and rushing in its young mountain-born strength, to become aged and languid and sad-

complexioned as it washed the bank of Cincinnatus' farm by the walls of Rome.

But on this occasion, I did not do as I ought to have done—I did not go down to the waters of Nile, and offer them the homage that was their due. How easily and by what trifles is the train of thought diverted, and the little glimmering candle of enthusiasm extinguished. At Perugia the path down to the Roman stream was solitary,—not a living creature was in sight, except two women far off on the further bank—no modern tones sounded with vulgar commonness on the ear, listening alone internally to the voices of the mighty past—nothing dimmed the small but steady flame,—whereas on descending from the sandy mounds above the canal to the lock at Atfeh, my steps bent towards the Egyptian river, and with memories surging up from secret depths, I was met by a crowd of people and questions about duties on merchandize.—Forthwith every half-grown intention of paying due honours to Homeric Nile dwarfed—the flame flickered down into the socket of the candlestick,—Aaron and the magicians faded out of sight, and Cleopatra herself "*tenues effugit in auras.*"

Here we had our first introduction to Egyptian law and justice. At the lock of Atfeh every boat

pays a duty on merchandise. But travellers and their baggage and belongings not being considered in the light of bales of goods, their boats pass free, with the exception of a small charge for the lock. A demand was now made for duty on some iron in the hold of the 'Fortunata,' but which, being only ballast, was not properly chargeable, and the demand was resisted.

It is by no means a bad plan, on arriving in a foreign country, to take advantage of any opportunity to put your foot into a small trouble. There is no other way by which a traveller so quickly becomes acquainted with the manners and customs of a stranger people, as by dabbling in a little affair of law and justice. He walks at once into familiarity with the inner life of his new neighbours, and places himself at a point of view where he can judge if the sense of right and wrong has any growth whatever among them, or if justice is the mere handmaid of interest or caprice. I do not recommend any one getting into the slough of a deep-bottomed law case, or going out of his way to burn his fingers to the bone, when he might easily and creditably save them; but, if a circumstance, not gigantic, come along his path, meeting him, and trying to elbow him, let him seize it and resist—be it in the garb of a government or an

individual—if he can but cover his resistance with the flimsiest veil of propriety. It is always an useful lesson in men and manners, and paid for cheaply—as a little bit of experience saves you a world of enquiry.

So we went before the judge. We found him—he combined the offices of Judge and Governor of Atfeh—in his court. It was not a very formal place of justice, and did not in the least remind me of the excellent Secker's Court at Southwark. The Court was, in fact, the outer door step of a small coffee-shop, and there, with his back against the wall and under rather a dingy awning, reclining on his carpet and sipping coffee in the open air, was the Cadi-Governor, ready to administer justice. He was a fine middle-aged man, with mild grey eyes, habited in snowy turban and ample robe of white. A small circle of people stood irregularly round him at a respectful distace, while at his elbow stood, or stooped, his scribe. Our going before him was a disorderly proceeding, inasmuch as we were not before him at all—except as forming part of the outer portion of his straggling court, and were unseen by him. The case being stated to him through the Reis of the 'Fortunata,' and then through the magistrates' clerk, the scribe, who mumbled it in his ear—the Cadi, after a short

conversation with his official, decided that the demand should be diminished by one-half. This was a half measure—always bad—and was voted by us to be the most imperfect justice, as, if any of the duty was due, all was due: so the decision was warmly resisted. The demand was a miserably small one, to speak the honest truth; but it was 'the principle' that was in question, and not the money. We supported the resistance with all sorts of epithets, for the excellent reasons stated above, till the Reis and Yusuf and the whole party were thoroughly warmed. But to all our objections the grave man made no sign of even hearing that any objections to his decision were uttered, but sipped his coffee with a composed air, as if he knew not of our existence. We tried a threat—a bravado threat—that the whole thing being unjust, a complaint would be made by us at Cairo to the higher authorities through the British Consul. This was received as the breath of the idle wind that dallied occasionally and languidly with the dingy awning above the Governor's head. We affected much dudgeon; but, in my heart, I was glad of the unjust charge, and of the consequent little scene in the novel and inelaborate court of justice, on the doorstep of the coffee-shop, with the grave mussulman magistrate sipping coffee over his capricious law.

And so we went out upon the Nile, and with a light wind bore away for Cairo. As there was but wind enough to keep the 'Cambria' going at the rate of easy walking, we went ashore, the Sitt and I; with one of 'the slaves,' armed with a huge club as long as himself, behind us as a guard, we went through the fields, the country by the river side having become very different from that below Atfeh by the Canal. Now we went along a smooth path through a rich land luxuriant with growing crops of various pulse and corn; swallows in great numbers darted through the warm air and twittered round us, passing under that Egyptian sun this happy and summerlike winter. The fields and the water's edge were alive with snipe and sea-swallow, gull and sandpiper, hawk and plover, and other birds of the jay family, and red-tailed blackbird; while the river was gay with many sail of country boats; and villages stood on low hills in the midst of heavy and rich verdure; and the date palm tree spread its feathery head above small inclosures like gardens by the village side. The latter, however, were but disorderly and tumble-down places in the midst of this wealth of production.

The party fell at once into daily habits. It became the custom, circumstances of wind — not weather, as there was no such thing as a question

of weather, permitting — throughout that summer-winter for the Sitteen of the two boats to go ashore every day and walk. There was always a pathway upon the river bank, rather dusty sometimes, but always smooth, and for miles green and grassy with a sound south-down turf; and sometimes a high causeway ran along near the river connecting village with village, high and broad, and commanding the country, the highway of Egypt. Here, when there was no wind—and which was the case for some part of nearly every day—here the Sitteen strolled at their will and leisure, attended by their two 'slaves' armed with clubs. Not that there was any danger, except from camels or horses in the pathway, but the attendance of these men assured us anxious pashas that the hareem would get into no trouble from animals or straggling people or broken path, the latter sometimes requiring a detour and some climbing. Sometimes the dragomany, Yusuf and Selim, were with them, but oftener not, being occupied on board, and the sailors were rather jealous of the occupation of guardians to two very nearly divine beings in their eyes, European Sitteen. This arrangement too enabled my companion and myself to go off into the country and see its various cultivation or peculiarities of form, or with our guns to shoot plover and

pigeon, or snipe and duck by the water-side, while the Sitteen talked over the ever-occurring incidents of the way and the novelties of Egyptian travel, or the important matters of their respective houses, the 'Fortunata' and the 'Cambria.' It was amusing to see the careless way in which they would saunter along the path, sometimes sitting down, book in hand, when some grassy bank, dry as at midsummer, invited them; or stopping a passing woman and extracting by ingenious methods unknown to man, deep matters about the Alpha and Omega of life to women — children and dress; or they would go on, forgetting, as they acknowledged, all about the slaves and Egypt and the boat-life, and immersed in Sussex or Brecknockshire matters, as though they were on some country stroll in England, until they were stopped by barking dogs at the entrance of some village, when we would come up with them and invade the place in a body.

Before reaching Cairo, we had a taste of a Nile breeze. It caught us one afternoon at a bend of the river, and fairly blew our boats on shore, keeping them there for twenty four hours incapable of moving. On our landing, to look into the country, we found ourselves close to some high and massive mounds, long and regular like a wall, and of great extent, and enclosing on all sides, except

at one corner, a considerable space of ground. This proved, to our great satisfaction, to be the ruins of Sa-el-Hajiar, or ancient Sais. 'Sais gave a dynasty of kings to Egypt 600 years B.C., and for the space of 150 years, and which King Cambyses overthrew.' So say books. Here we were, then, fairly getting among the real ancients, and walking in their footsteps. Rome was beginning to wear a modern air. 'In 1556 B.C., Cecrops, with some followers from Sais, founded Athens.' Greece itself was looking small. Moses, at this date—Moses, the shadowy personage of the Bible, was becoming a tangible man; at this date he was a young lad, a little way further up the river, studying at the University of On, and gathering store of the wisdom of the Egyptians. And here at Sais was that wondrous piece of sculpture—an entire temple—a monolith, of one block of red granite, from Syene—the Temple of Neith, daughter of the Nile, and Goddess of Wisdom. Here in her shrine she stood, veiled beneath the Peplum, and from her mouth came those words so typical of all Egyptian grandeur and mystery—'I am all that is, all that hath been, and all that will be; and my veil hath no mortal ever yet upraised.' How pale a copy of Neith was the Greek Minerva. She still spake the solemn words—but the chaste god-

dess, helmeted and spear-armed, open-faced and mortal-eyed, how inferior is she to the Egyptian Neith, veiled in mystery, armed but with the Invisible, and awing mankind with God-assuming speech of sublime and philosophic majesty.

Imposing are still the great outlines of Sais, but the Protectress has long abandoned the land, and the site of her city is now a reedy lake, and wild fowl in thousands enjoy undisputed possession of the place where Saite kings rose to splendour, and where King Cambyses was a conqueror, and did his royal orthodox duty, and killed and devastated to his kingly heart's content and comfort. At night jackals were heard, as we lay by the bank, prowling among the ghosts of drowned Sais. Their shrill cry—not of the ghosts, but the jackals—sharp and piercing, roused to fury the whole pack of dogs of a neighbouring village, some of which seemed goaded by the sound to sheer madness and screamed with passion, while others—sad females, poor and unmarried—howled piteously, as though their life was on the uttermost border of misery and they were telling their virgin woes to the jackals.

The 'Cambria' was a dahabeeh, and I have been so often asked since my return what kind of a thing it is for human beings to inhabit for some months together, that I shall venture, though it has been

described by other travellers, to say a few words about it. Moreover the Sitt took such an affection for her new house, that it would be an act of omission towards her to mention it only cursorily. It was about seventy feet long, twenty-six of which were occupied by the cabins, and the remainder was the deck. The kitchen stood half way along this deck, a broad, low sort of sentry-box, facing the bows, where the Reis and crew lived, by the main-mast. I had only, at any time of day, to look round the corner of the sentry-box, and there was the caliph, smiling and squinting, in his brown cap and chocolate-coloured woollen jacket, full blue shorts, and his legs bare to the knee.

Two steps led down into the cabins. The front one was the dining-room, well fitted up with divans and closets; and this was my accustomed den, its sides hung with various implements of use, and its corners stowed with books, writing materials, tool-box, &c. From a window over my right shoulder, and by the door on my left front, always spread wide to the sunny deck, I commanded either bank of the stream; so that lore of Egypt was conned over in the shaded room, or, at one spring, Bunsen cast to the winds, I was on deck and ready for any event, from a hurried hint from Selim of a flight of wild geese or of pelican coming, (two double-

barrelled guns, and a Westley Richards rifle, always hung in slings, loaded, beneath a strip of carpeting, outside over the cabin door) to a report of a strange flag gaining on us, or a conference with the 'Fortunata' coming roaring up alongside.

The next cabin was eleven feet wide by nine long, and had two divans from end to end on either side by the windows. These, at night and when closed round by mosquito curtains, were beds; while in the day-time they were broad sofas, and raised so high that, while lying on them, you had the river under your eye. This cabin, in the day-time, with a matting on the floor, and a table and chairs, and books in the bookshelves, and maps, the whole wood-work freshly painted in blue and white, was a pretty and bright room—the Sitt's drawing-room. And here she was at home, sometimes surrounded by a heap of brilliant wools, and deep in the easy and, therefore, happy occupation of carpet-work; or, Wilkinson in hand, lying on her divan and making acquaintance with the ancient Thebans, or, with Graham, (the Sitt had a turn for medicine) looking into the mysteries of the Nile fever. Or, with windows open on the shaded western side, the Sitt looked out from her divan on the sunny river and the palm tree bank, as we sailed along in the bright, soft morning air, and declared that nothing

she knew in the varieties of travel equalled the Nile boat and the charm of scenery—the pretty 'Cambria' and its brightness and luxurious quiet.

Beyond this cabin was a space for ablutions and for the stowage of supernumerary objects, while beyond it was a third cabin, where the Sitt's German Jungfer, Ida, lived—a young person as ardent in enterprise as her mistress. On the roof of the cabins, a large space, were all the live stock in coops, turkeys, geese, chickens—a cheerful farm-yard; and fastened at the stern of the dahabeeh was a small skiff, very useful and, indeed, necessary for sending ashore for daily supplies of milk and other things from the villages, besides for shooting excursions after wild-fowl, and for pleasure trips of the Sitt when the 'Cambria' was moored.

European division of time into hours and minutes is quite useless on the Nile—and so is a watch. One is free of all such minutiæ. The rule of the house was simple—to get up at sunrise, and to dine at sunset. I need not enumerate the fat things we lived on, and will leave it to even the deeply considering of such matters, to say whether life is sustainable with the help of fish—there is a fish in the Nile, small and silver-skinned, and equal to a Thames flounder—of flesh and fowl at com-

mand, and with the aid of stores from Alexandria, the growth of Smyrna, or Malta, or Holy Medina, or Damascus loved of apricots. Should the traveller light on a cook, such as the caliph was, he need not fear to invite even an alderman to his table, should he catch such a phenomenon on the Nile; and he may command the slaves to produce on his breakfast-table, by the side of the nectar of Yemen, all homely and common things dear to the British heart—toast, and butter, and eggs—even these things, they will appear. The Slave of the Lamp is yet in Egypt, and will obey the behests of those who know how to command his services.

But we must go back to the river. From Teraneh, as you approach Cairo, is the first sight of the Libyan desert. There it lay, over our right shoulder, stretching away along the whole western horizon, like a sea, waving and misty. Here and there low sand hills obstructed the view—but far on to the south-west the eternal sands appeared as some ocean; and, at first sight, the eye was deceived into the belief that they were water—so like the misty surface of the sea, on a still, hot southern day, is the long and low and wavy plain of the African desert. The light drift of the sand, moving along the surface and acted on

by the sun, adds to the deception and gives it the shimmer of sunlit and distant water.

At intervals this sea of Libyan sand came down on the very river-bank, being stopped from its advance over the Delta only by the Nile; and, as we sailed on, the tips of the Pyramids came into sight. All hail, ye Pyramids! But they appeared —yes, positively, they appeared tame; and, rather to my disgust, and much to my disappointment, I had not a strong feeling of any kind about them. I accounted for this by the circumstance that the number of pictures, prints, and models of these celebrated buildings you have met with all your life long, combined with the fact of the simplicity of their bare forms, hard and angular, leaving nothing of feature or size—at that distance—or position to the imagination, that these left you with the bare feeling that they were familiar, and had no novelty about them. The Pyramids, as they stood with their stiff, sharp, unpicturesque forms against the clear sky, were as old, severe acquaintances. I knew them at once quite intimately.

CHAPTER III.

The Desert—The Spirit of Liberty—Boyhood's Dreams—Alone in Arabia—'Is the Frenchman in sight?'—An Afternoon's Sporting—Benisooef—The Moslem Sabbath—The Luxury of Egyptian Travel—The Crocodile's Friend—Pilgrims from Mecca—The Bishop of Gibraltar's Reis—An Amateur Sailor—The Dragomany of the East—Thefts on the Nile—'Westley Richards' at hand—The Disgrace of Paying—The Unlucky Money Jar.

LET us go out upon the Desert. It is the emblem of release from all the manacles of complex laws and the fetters of cities. We walk out upon its free plains, and shake off the bonds of narrow cares and of girding custom tyrannizing over each moment of time and every action of our hand. The grand expanse lies around us, boundless but by the curtain of the drooping sky,—wild, unfurrowed,

roadless, peaceful, silent. The air is light and pure, soft upon our cheek, and yet it penetrates the marrow of our bones; a fresh life is infused into our veins, and the heart beats under a strange and secret influence. Chains fall from our nature, and the trained animal, the harnessed creature, bursts his web of bonds, and is the primitive being—the wild man.

Is there not a secreted demon which has his abiding place in our human bosom? He is manacled and silent, but at times he rises from his prison floor, and shakes his chain and startles the dull walls of his dungeon with a fierce cry for release. His name is Spirit of Liberty. Iron-like laws contain him; but the free Desert, stretching far away in its sublime solitudes, has risen up suddenly before him, and the grand scene has moved the prisoner to action. He sees it, he touches it, and he would rend his ordering bonds and go out upon it and dwell there—there in the wilderness—his natural home. One of those poor atoms, a human body with its devilish tenant, was sailing up the Nile, and when the Libyan waste reached out its hand on the river bank and beckoned, the chained spirit rose up, as some wild animal in its lair, and demanded to go free upon the lone expanse.

But, by Ishmael! there is a strange feeling of

exultation rises up out of the hidden places of a man's nature at the sight of the unconfined and the pathless Desert. The type of all freedom is under his hand, and he seems to grasp the dazzling reality as he gazes strainingly over the unforbidden and checkless into the wild misty distance—free for his foot as for his eye—and whispers to himself—there lies Arabia, that a man may gallop over for a thousand miles and not find a fence. By Heaven, it was an exciting thing, while thus standing on the very edge and margin of the mighty unhedged land, to compass that wide domain of freedom with the eye and imagine the wider regions limitless beyond! There was a feeling of exulting triumph—a real and positive sense of power, as though one had just gained a victory—a victory over tame life and all its saddening ways. Here was no mere sensual enjoyment of the eye roving unchecked over so low a thing as a common fine view—but here was the Demon of Liberty, shackle-hating and waking up from slumber in its narrow tenement of flesh, and demanding soaring action and fracture of galling bonds, and claiming brotherhood with the Spirit of the Desert. 'Dread Genius of the Desert,' said I, under this influence —— but

no—I cannot now recollect my address. I only know it was a very impassioned invocation.

But I well remember, when but a boy, that dreams of the Desert held me enthralled. I loved solitude. There I laid plans and drew boyish pictures, and in them the Arabian Desert was frequently a great feature. There it lay, in my scheme of action, as some mysterious being, calm and still, inviting me with beckoning hand to walk on it; trees were near a well, and a tent was in their shade, and Arab horses were tethered at hand. Dark men of the wild breed, with spare vesture on their free limbs, were by. And then I wandered away into the deep solitudes, and was alone with the Desert. It was a fostered and frequent dream, scenic and living. But then, with growing years came chains and custom—all the habits and bonds of tamed life, and the wild dream ceased to present itself, except at intervals. But the spirit was not dead—it only slept, to awake at the touch of the wand of the enchanter.

It was then with a feeling like going back to boy-days, that on the second day after leaving Cairo I saw the Arabian mountain come down to my feet, and lean over the brink of the river, inviting me to touch its foot with mine. The mysterious and dreamed-of was present. I landed, and went

up on the bare white spur of the mountain. For a time I walked alone among the undulating hills where the boat and all humanity were shut out from sight. For that time the presence of any living human creature would have been a pain to my eyes and a dark object in my path, as I realized for a moment the dream of other days, and the solitudes of the Desert were the sole companions of my footsteps. I lay down, and gave the reins to fancy—and a pretty drive she took me. Where we went, and what we did together, that eccentric goddess and poor blind I, does not matter. We paid a visit to the Spirit of the Desert, among other things, and wandered into realms of mystery—and so came back again—and there's an end of it.

The morning of the 20th December rose with dazzling brilliancy, and not a cloud was in the sky. As I looked out, the sun was just over my left shoulder, peering at the Nile as he got up from behind the Arabian mountain. There was not a breath of air, and a more loveable summer morning never came out of heaven's hand. The thermometer of Reaumur marked the mercury at 15°. On coming on deck, the first question was—"Is the Frenchman in sight?" This was, in Nile life, an important thing to know, for a tricolour flag down the stream had roused all our jealousy the day

before; and, as there is great rivalry between the Reis and crews of travelling boats, the feeling soon communicates itself to the traveller, cut off as he is from all his accustomed objects of attention, and he enters into the question of precedency with all his heart. Besides, it is good policy to be very deeply interested in the matter of licking the other travelling boats, as, by so doing, you keep up the spirit of your crew—they work with more good humour, and you have them better in hand for emergencies. It is the custom to give them, on arrival at certain large towns, money—the price of a sheep; but, if your crew are dull fellows, you rouse them by cutting off half of this sheep. One such punishment, if they work lazily—or a few extra piastres to them on the said happy arrivals, if they work well, added to encouraging the proper amount of excitement on board, on any occasion of a race—keep your men up to the right pitch of work and good humour, and make the boat gay. Thus the Reis came from the bows to give me the usual morning salaam, and replied in high spirits to my question about the Frenchman—"that he was not in sight." 'The slaves' were a cheerful set of fellows; and, as they sat round their large wooden bowl, half full of a stew of Mahmood's cookery, composed of brown bread, vegetables, and fish fresh from the Nile,

of Selim's catching over night—a capital mess—I dipped my hand in the dish with them, much to their satisfaction. We were becoming intimate.

Approaching Benisooef towards mid-day we went on shore, leaving the crew to tow the boat round a long bend of the river, while we followed a path which cut off the headland. Reis Hassan came with us; and soon Selim and I went shooting—and the Reis with all gallantry accompanied the Sitt and her German Jungfer as a guard. So we went through the country, the path leading through fields where many people were at work, some ploughing with two cows yoked abreast, and others attending small flocks of sheep, and all ready with a word of good day and a smile—a sunny scene of peasant farming. I killed some plover and a snipe, and Selim some doves—and then, all joining at the entrance of the town, we walked into Benisooef—one of the principal towns on the Nile. Nothing could be better than the approach at that north-east corner by the river-bank. The governor's palace and gardens occupied that corner, and which consisted of two long, large and handsome buildings of white stone. All along in front of these was a broad parade bounded by a low wall, and between that and the Nile was a shady avenue of good-sized trees running all along it, with turf

beneath them and to the water's edge. Cavalry soldiers were standing about by the palace gateways, and some were on sentry, with lance and flag, on the bank. The Pacha kept a strong force at Benisooef.

Having some 'shopping' to do, and the 'Cambria' not yet come up, we entered the town at the end of the palace wall and threaded its quaint little winding streets eight feet wide. Some were narrower, the bazaar for instance; for while the Sitt was bargaining for a piece of coarse linen cloth for the caliph to wrap the mutton in at home, a donkey came by with a goatskin of water on his back, and much ado he had to get past, we being all shoved up in a row against the shop-board and the folks on the other side the same. Suddenly there was a cessation of all buying and selling; people disappeared as if by magic, and every shop was closed. It was twelve o'clock on Friday—prayer time, and the Moslem Sabbath. Passing on, we came to a mosque, the door open and many people inside, and all kneeling. The country people, those of the small provincial towns, throughout the Mussulman countries are much more particular in the observances of their religion, and are more fanatical against those of other faiths, than are the inhabitants of capital cities. Thus we were recommended not to venture into the little mosque of Benisooef,

as we might have done into those of Cairo without risk of trouble. This was a pretty, small building, the entrance a Saracenic arch, and its lines of columns inside of Roman workmanship, granite pillars with capitals of a not pure Corinthian. Prayers were soon over, and trading began again with renewed vigour after the little interruption. The people showed much curiosity—collecting in a crowd, to the stopping of all the current business of the narrow little ways—wherever we moved; but, I am bound to say that the mystery of the Sitt's 'ugly' was decidedly the great attraction. All tried to peep under it, and there was much whispering and earnest communication of the fact to others when one woman, more fortunate than the rest, got a good look at the face beneath. I could see by their manner—their own faces were for the most part uncovered—that I was considered in the light of a jealous pasha who condemned the Sitt to wear this concealment.

Emerging from these winding little streets on to the river bank we found that a breeze had sprung up, and the boat was arrived. And now we experienced one of the luxuries of Egyptian travel—the peculiar advantage which it has over all modes of locomotion in European countries. There you have cramping carriages by day, and by night inns

guilty of every imaginable forlornness; but here on the Nile you carry your house with you, and your daily life has all the freedom and the ease of your home. When you have finished any day of visiting ruins, or looking at Fellah life, or sporting, you return to no ill-favoured inn—no temporary shelter, strange and repelling—but to your drawing-room and your dining-room, your neatly-furnished library and home. With lore from well-filled book-shelves, and visits to the Gods of Egypt, speculating on hieroglyphic writings, and sporting by land and by water—basking in that never-failing and never-burning sun, and listening to Selim's stories of Egyptian life—having sailing-matches with the 'Fortunata' and other boats, together with the perpetually-occurring incidents of the voyage, and the charm of that always changing and remarkable scenery on both sides of the Nile, there is not an hour of any day that has not its occupation and amusement.

And now we got on board at Benisooef to our no small satisfaction, for the 'Cambria' appeared a little palace of beauty and cleanliness after the dirt and mess of the interior of the town, for dirty and ruinous it was—and the Reis pushed off into the stream, the crew were gay as children that their hard work of towing was over for the day, and

away we went, all sail spread, roaring up the stream in a spanking breeze, and no Frenchman was in sight to trouble us. But where was the 'Fortunata,' and where our friends? They were nowhere—for, in fact, we had slipped away from them by a mischance in their starting from Cairo. They were a day behind, and did not come up with us until some days later at Ossioot.

Hajji declared that the snipe and plover were neither snipe nor plover—the one only a water bird, very similar to a snipe, but not good to eat; and the plover was no plover, but the crocodile's friend. This bird, so the Egyptian said, will sit on the crocodile's back when asleep, and by its cry will awake him on the approach of danger. Moreover, he told this custom of the bird. It will go into the mouth of the crocodile, as the monster lies with his mouth open asleep, and there it finds an insect it feeds on. If the monster wakes and shuts his mouth, the bird pricks the crocodile with two small horny points on the shoulders of the wings, the which the one friend feeling, gapes and allows the other friend to escape. I do not vouch for the truth of this account of the mutual benefit society, but I know that this bird is exactly like a plover in all respects, except those two horny points on the wings, and, as Hajji flung them away as uneatable,

our larder was less well stored from that day's sporting than the Sitt had imagined

The whole of that afternoon we sailed along at a good pace. The desert on the Eastern side came down to the river-bank, and stood up perpendicular and rocky as a boundary of the Nile for some miles. On the other bank to the West there were numerous villages and fields, and woods or rather groves of palm trees; but at times the sands of the Libyan desert came sweeping in clouds over the cultivated lands and into the Nile. What a grand and awful country it appeared with the desert on either hand close by, a perpetual and unchangeable enemy, ever trying to encroach and destroy all the labours of man with its fatal sands, while the Nile — Egypt's one friend — rises each year at its appointed time from its bed, and beats back the terrible foe, and makes the threatened land young and fresh and vigorous as ever.

During the night we met many country boats going down stream, laden with parties of pilgrims returning from Mecca. Our people had various acquaintances among them and some flying talk. They had come across the Red Sea to Kosseir and so over the desert to Keneh on the Nile, and were boating to Alexandria, many of them

on their way to Constantinople, some to Asia Minor, and others to Tunis, going home by Malta. Hajji, the cook, had many questions to ask of them, he having gone in the Cairo caravan to Mecca; and while listening to his account of the pilgrims and his own journey, a regret came over me that I could not make one on so singular an expedition. It would be a most entertaining one, did it not take place at a time of the year,—starting from Cairo in August—when the heat of the desert is intense and its hot blasts terrible to an European, and also were there not the trifling objection in the way that a pilgrim to Mecca must be a Mahometan. I comforted myself with the reflection that the day is probably coming when this latter difficulty will give way.

Reis Hassan was an honest captain and played no tricks. But sometimes these Reis are cunning rogues. Selim told us of two he had been obliged to beat for bad conduct. On one of these occasions he was coming up the river with the Bishop of Gibraltar, and the boat going more heavily than it should, Selim, having his suspicions, and knowing the ways of these men, found a big stone tied under the stern and hanging in the water. He warned the Reis against such doings, but again found a piece of wood tied crossways under the stern.

These are among the expedients resorted to for the purpose of making the boat go slowly and the expedition by so much the more long and thus of gaining money, the boat being in such cases, as it often is, the property of the Reis, and hired by the month or week and not for the expedition. Selim gave forthwith, on the second discovery of misconduct, a sound beating to the delinquent Reis with a stick. On their reaching a small town the Reis laid a complaint before the governor of the place; but on a counter complaint being put in, the governor sided with the ill-used bishop and gave the Reis the bastinado. Selim added that his master 'was very much good gentleman,' and objected strongly both to the beating on board as well as to the infliction of punishment by the governor, but said he,—'I beating the Reis first and telling the bishop after. Reis—he good man after that beating.'

Some of these captains are savage fellows, beat their men and create thereby frequent rows on board; but our captain, Reis Hassan, was on the contrary rather too soft and easy with his sailors. The consequence of this easiness of disposition was, of course, that at times the men did not do their duty well and squabbled over it, and were not suficiently pulled up by their chief. But in fact

the chief and head man and commander of the 'Cambria,' was Selim. Selim was by nature a clever and energetic fellow, and having become very expert in the management of a boat from boating since he was a boy and from knowledge of the river, he, on any particular occasion when the Reis failed to manage the boat or his crew with sufficient energy in his opinion, would suddenly constitute himself lord of the whole party, and setting aside the Reis with an imperious air, issue commands to the crew with an authority and a force that beat down all opposition and obliged obedience. Once or twice at first this was resisted by Reis Hassan as an interference with his office; but by dint of succeeding on one or two occasions of difficulty when he showed some skill, and by evincing a willingness to handle a punt pole, or hand a rope when needed, combined with unfailing readiness or kindly speech or timely joke when his point was gained, Selim gradually established an authority which ended in his making every man on board ready to do his bidding in any way he pleased. He possessed that quality which always carries great influence in any society—tact, and this conjoined with much ability and a handsome and powerful person, made him a superior man of his kind. I came in contact with many natives—men of his own class, and

Sheikhs of villages and of tribes on the Desert, and I always (with one sole exception—there always is an exception) found that Selim got hold of the best man for the purpose in hand, that he impressed his influence upon them all, and attained his object whatever he proposed to do. He was the best servant I ever had.

Some travellers are in the habit of crying down the Dragomany of the East, designating them by hard names, such as cheats and liars, and robbers of their employers. I shall only say, that I met with many of this profession, and that I found them without exception civil and obliging men; and that, considering that they are Eastern men who have grown up in a school by no means favourable to stern integrity—but the reverse—and where peculation is the rule and example from pashas and the higher grades of society downwards — I say it is much to their praise and speaks highly for their natural good qualities, that they are as they are. But this I will add, that I have no reason, from my own experience and from conversation on the point with other travellers, to think that these men lie open to the charge of defrauding their employers more than the same class in Europe, couriers and travelling servants—not in any degree. There are good

and bad in every such body, as some individuals of every class, from monarchs downwards, are more honest than others, and I would rather trust my purse in the hands of many an Eastern dragoman than in those of many a Western courier. But sayeth the sage, 'What doth that man want who is happy?' Selim in my eyes was the slave of the lamp—did I want for anything, Selim never made a difficulty, but—presto—there it was.

Robbery is still practised on the Nile, in some particular places, some villages being well known as harbouring thieves, while others are as distinguished for the honesty of their inhabitants. But the country is generally safe, and even the villages of bad repute contain only individual thieves, the great mass of the people being honest in their fashion and well conducted. One of the present modes of robbery is this: two men in a small boat will reconnoitre the dababeeh to be robbed as she lies at anchor in the stream in the night; for it is customary for a travelling boat to lie out in the river, and not at the bank, when accident obliges you to pass the night near a suspected village. If the dahabeeh, on inspection, appears to be carelessly guarded, they leave their own craft below, go up the bank, swim out into the stream, and

come silently down on their prey. Sometimes they succeed in creeping stealthily on board, and carry off a good booty. When the dahabeeh is moored to the bank the danger of robbery does not arise from anyone approaching by the shore side, but by the river side. The sailor on the watch will often keep his attention directed to the bank, while the boat is robbed by a thief swimming down on the outer side, when he carries off something lying within arm's length of the low bulwarks. As there are, however, always guns on board, or supposed to be on board the travellers' boats, robberies of these now are rare: but one night, not long since, a thief crept out of the water into the dahabeeh of an Englishman. Unluckily for the rogue the Ingleez slept on the deck in the warm night and with his Westley Richards by his side. It was rather dark and the thief stumbled over the cook, who, waking up with a loud cry of affright, roused the Englishman. The thief, taken by surprise, made a bungle about his escape, and so there was time to get Westley Richards to bear upon him, and the poor devil was knocked into the river as he slipped over the side and was killed, his body being found some days after down the stream, on a sand bank.

It is still considered in Egypt good policy for a

man to give himself the character of not possessing money—such character not leading the officials into temptation; although, by a later mode of assessment, every man is more secure from official plunder than heretofore. Monied people still will suffer imprisonment and a fair amount of bastinado rather than pay, sometimes even the general contribution or tax, if it comes irregularly—as is often the case—holding it to be better policy to have a little stick, which is no disgrace, than a reputation for money. So a person will stop payment occasionally on principle, although having a hoard, and on due beating and imprisonment he will 'find a little.' What curious notions exist among people of what is—disgrace! It is clear that there is no rule to govern it, and that it is very much a matter of feeling on the part of the individual. In the West, a man will pay rather than be beaten—the blow is the disgrace; in the East, he will be beaten rather than pay—the paying is the disgrace.

A villager lately found some money in the bank of the Nile by accident, but not by happy accident, for what is good fortune in the West is a misfortune in the East, so reversed is the order of things in the latter. The villager was in a boat with three others, and, running their boat into the bank of the river,

stove in an earthen jar buried in the soil and containing money. Three of the trovers took some, the fourth being a cautious man, and having his doubts as to the consequences, did not. The circumstance, of course, came to the ears of the nearest Governor and the men were all put in prison. First, they were all bastinadoed for keeping the thing from him; and next because they did not produce as much as the Governor considered they must have taken. The poor devils gave up all; but why should the Governor believe they had given up all, or that one of them had taken none? A little more beating and a little more imprisonment had the desired effect of producing more money, the unlucky finders being glad to take some from their own stores at home, besides what they had taken from the accursed jar in the bank, to satisfy the hungry and cautious Governor. Whatever it may be elsewhere, certainly in Egypt money is the root of all evil to its possessor. As the Reis related this story through Selim interpreting—the Reis in his flowing robes and white turban, and Selim's dark face so earnest, and the caliph squinting and grinning in the back ground, and the slaves lying round the mast-foot in every posture in the evening light, the scene and the story carried me back to the Arabian Nights. The only thing

wanting to make 'the story of the boatman' complete was, he should have been on board himself to tell it, and, moreover and especially, maimed of a finger or an eye, lost on account of that cursed jar.

CHAPTER IV.

The Village of Golosaneh—The Lentisch—Jebel El Dayr—An Egyptian Month—The Copt Convent—Abbas Pasha's Sugar Manufactory—Ismael Bey's Farm—Bayadeh—A Picturesque Copt—Achmet Bey—The Union Jack—A Night Watch—Turkeys for Christmas Day—The Nile Landscape—The Fellaheen—Winter Clothing in Egypt—Jebel Aboofayda—A Dangerous Passage—The Dahabeeh aground—Selim aroused.

THE Village of Golosaneh, above Benisooef, is famous throughout Egypt for the production of the lentisch, a kind of small pea. There is a tradition that this is the lentil of which Jacob made his dish of porridge for Esau. It is red and a soup made of it tastes like a pea-soup and was a capital thing about sunset on the Nile as an introduction to various other capital things the handy work of the Hajji; but still lentisch-soup was not precisely what one would accept now-a-days in ex-

change for some good prospects in life. Golosaneh had other recommendations, too, and we did some marketing there, much to the satisfaction of the Sitt and the Hajji. Thus, they bought ten fine full-grown chickens for something less than 3d. (English) each; though this was considered rather dear, as farther up the country the said chickens were to be had for one piastre each ($2\frac{1}{4}$d.). A store of eggs, too, was laid in at the rate of thirty-two per said piastre — small, like bantam's eggs, though the chickens were large and fine. Then mutton was added to the stock of provender at rather less than 2d. the lb. O ye housekeepers of Hampshire! O British prices!

Leaving Golosaneh behind, but not its red lentisch, of which good store was laid in for future sunsets, we came to Jebel El Dayr—a lofty and rocky precipice on the Arabian bank which comes down boldly on the river and stretches its jagged front along it for some distance. As you approach the white precipice, you see ranges of regularly cut rocks resembling the ramparts of a town running inland, and extending along the mountain side. These are the old quarries of limestone from which the ancient Egyptians cut their great blocks for their temples and palaces. Their mode of quarrying was to cut the slabs straight down the face of the rock, and

thus the unused part stands up a perpendicular wall, like a building. On the summit of Jebel El Dayr—the Mountain of the Convent—is a village, and as we sailed along the front, and as we were looking up at some black figures on the top—perhaps two hundred and fifty feet high—suddenly we heard a cry and a splash. It was one of the monks from the Copt Convent above, come down by a flight of steps cut in the face of the rock, and who plunged in and swam off to the boat of his fellow-Christians, shouting as he swam for a trifle of charity. The effect of the whole was striking, the grand precipice beetling over the river, the dark figures on the top, and the bare-headed and shaven monk swimming towards us and calling loudly—the great name—and for money—alternately. He was a muscular fine fellow, much unlike a humble creature begging a gift for the sake of divine charity; and as he hung dripping on the boat's side, his mode of begging was so resolute and his demand so imperious, that I confess I teased him with questions—and was not abundantly charitable. We did not part good friends, for the monk was thoroughly dissatisfied with my gift and swam off grumbling. A begging monk is no favourite with me. In Europe one expends no sympathies on the beefy faces and pudding limbs of the sham paupers of mother

church; but, in Africa, I was prepared to be interested in the Coptic brethren—dwellers on the edge of deserts—perhaps descendants of those who worshipped Neith and Amun-re in the temples of Thebes and now the faithful representatives of a truer worship in a benighted land—my heart had warmed and opened towards these men for their ancient blood and their modern faith. But this man spoiled it all—his manner of doing business was so like demanding toll, and he had so reminded me of what I had left behind in the West, that my heart suddenly chilled and shut up, and I looked on him as a mere monk.

Another name for this rock is 'The Mountain of the Birds'—its crevices and ledges being the roosting-places for thousands of geese and ducks and pigeons; and the name was well deserved, for it got dusk as we sailed slowly by it, and flights upon flights of these birds—there must have been thousands—passed us, returning home to Jebel El Dayr. I solaced myself for my disappointment with the Copt monk with some very pretty shooting, as the flocks of birds came skimming past us; but, unluckily, the geese of the mountain are not eatable, being of a small, black kind and bitter to the taste. As the river took a bend away from the mountain the Copt convent, with its naked and prison-like

walls, standing in its bare loneliness on the summit was just visible in the twilight—a savage and fine situation.

As we passed the village of Rhoda, a long row of white buildings with four London manufactory chimneys, tall and square, of brick, startled painfully the unaccustomed sight. This was Abbas Pasha's sugar manufactory. And above and below Rhoda, and on both sides of the river as well as on some islands, were flourishing in their full growth a wide extent of the Pasha's sugar canes. We were daily consumers of sugar from Rhoda. It was good and not dear, the price being about fourpence the pound English. This is moderate for a monopoly.

Passing the village of Sheikh Abadeh, near which are the ruins of the ancient Roman town Antinoe, built by the Emperor Adrian, near the spot where his favourite, the beautiful Antinous, was drowned in the Nile, the wind fell. It was a charming summer afternoon—that 23rd of December—after a hot day, and so the Sitt and I went ashore and had a pleasant walk, the crew towing the boat. Presently we came to a farm of Ismael Bey, one of the sons of the soldier-farmer, Ibrahim Pasha, and passing through rich fields of corn—there was a look of care and attention to details in the divisions

and sides of the fields—we came on a large enclosure, fifty yards by twenty, near the river and surrounded by a low wall four feet high, the farm-yard. Troughs were all round inside the wall filled with cut straw for the buffaloes, and numbers of those animals were chained to the troughs, and young ones were lying—a dozen or two—in the centre of the yard. Camels were lying fastened to a long rope running through rings fixed on iron staples in the ground. Many cows and oxen were turning the water-wheels, working up the Nile water for the use of the yard and for irrigation—narrow streams banked up running far into the fields—and numerous men and camels were bringing loads of straw to the farm-yard from the stores elsewhere. Altogether a busy scene, indicative of considerable farming, was suddenly before us on a scale and with that unmistakeable look of wealth and superior management quite unusual in Egypt. The walls, rings, collars, ropes and troughs—the dress of some of the men, like head men, and the condition of the cattle—all bespoke expenditure of money and liberal care and the hand of order. Ismael Bey had a large estate at Bayadeh, one of those which his father Ibrahim had become possessed of and had left to his sons. The look of the farm was highly creditable to its owner.

After some talk with the people of Ismael Bey we went on to the village of Bayadeh, of twelve hundred inhabitants. It stood at a little distance from the river and contained many ornamental buildings, very many of the houses having an upper floor, and these surmounted by small white cupolas, of a gothic form, used as pigeon-houses. In some villages of the better class almost every house is built in this way, and the effect, when seen from the river, is exceedingly good, the small white structures of graceful form being grouped here and scattered there among the palm trees. What is equally pleasant, too, to many a traveller, is that the pigeons are, in thousands, tenants of this little city of cupolas, and invite him to land at the end of the village and have an hour's very pretty shooting as a supply to the larder, the natives often looking on and applauding a good shot with a cheerful teiib—teiib—or laughingly pitying him when he misses.

Bayadeh is a village of Copts The chief came out with two or three others to meet us on the river bank, and where we stood talking till the boat came up, as he did not invite us to enter the village. This man was a much better specimen of the ancient Egyptian than was my first Copt, the watery monk at Jebel El Dayr. He was well-

looking, tall and well-dressed, his turban being of the colour of his people, black, and his manners dignified. He and his companions were very distinguishable from their Egyptian neighbours by the paler face, the larger features and the colder eye—in fact by a more European face. The Copt has no appearance of a mixture of Arab blood in his veins, the eye, the feature and the complexion being all different from those of the man of the Desert. In the village of twelve hundred people about a thousand were Copts, but they had no church in it nor was there a mosque —(what a field for a dissenter!) but there was a convent on the other bank—the convent of Father John containing four monks. There was also another convent up the stream, half a mile distant, Dayr El Nakhl—the convent of the Palm Tree—and where there were seven monks. To this the Copts of Bayadeh went, some of them every day, as there is a daily service. The begging monk of Jebel El Dayr had left an unpleasant impression, so we did not go to Dayr El Nakhl.

This village of Bayadeh was the property of Ismael Bey, the farmer hard by, and who was represented to be, with his two brothers, thorns in the side of Abbas Pasha. Achmet Bey, the eldest, spent ten years in France, and is the pet of the

French government in Egypt. He was represented to be a severe and resolute man, not very popular in the country, but feared and disliked by Abbas, who would gladly put him out of sight if he could manage the thing quietly in the old-fashioned way. But Achmet Bey 'does not drink coffee with the pasha,' said my informant. These three brothers, sons of Ibrahim, had hitherto never paid to the government the tax levied on all the land in Egypt, their estates—and they were large ones—being exempted from this payment in their father's time, and having so descended to them. But there was an expectation that this freedom from the general charge would be shortly curtailed in a manner not satisfactory to the Beys, Achmet and his brothers.

As we stood talking with the Copts on this and other matters, a boat with the British flag came down the stream. No one can tell till he has been out in these wilds for a little time and cut off from all communication with accustomed people and things, what a peculiar feeling is stirred up by the sight of the union jack at the stern of a passing boat. It is like seeing a face you know and shaking the hand belonging to it after a long separation. Who may not be on board? Perhaps a chum of the Temple—or a member of the H.H., from the

breezy hills of Hampshire—or a dweller by the banks of Usk. There is always some rapid questioning from boat to boat between the dragomany, who all know each other; and so you learn, sometimes, the traveller's real name, but oftener you gather but a strange imcomprehensible word as like as possible to 'bosh;' while Forster, or Onslow, or any other intimate disguised under this term, may be going by almost within reach of your hand. In this case the traveller was the English Agent of the Oriental Company, his boat being well known by its build—a novelty on the river—having three masts and its cabins in the centre of the vessel and not at the stern—a large and handsome boat. The crew were singing one of their Arab choruses as they pulled leisurely down the stream in the cool of the evening. The stroke of the oars—about twenty men were pulling—and the song sounded musical and wild over the water. The sun was setting, the 'Cambria' came up, and so we parted from our Copt acquaintances, a goodly circle of whom had gradually collected round us, one by one, from Bayadeh, and went on board, Hajji—the unfailing Hajji—just then announcing that lentisch soup was ready. Nearly opposite the Convent of the Palm Tree we moored the boat, and had hardly stopped when a man arrived from our Copt friend,

the Chief of Bayadeh, to say that the people of the neighbourhood were a thievish set, and that if we were robbed he should catch it from his master the governor of the district,—and that he should send us two guards for the night. This was very attentive, and accordingly the two men arrived and seated themselves on the bank. But how was this? methought. Here was a rich and large village occupied by the superior inhabitants of the country, the Copts, and hard by it was the Convent of the Palm Tree tenanted by seven good men—and the people round about were thievish in a more than ordinary measure. Where was the management by my Copt friend of his well-inhabited and cupola-crowned village? Where was the example of superiority of education which the Copts claim to possess? And where was the moral effect of the teaching of the seven monks of Dayr El Nakhl?

In the night we slipped away with a wind from the thievish vicinity of Bayadeh and our Copt guards, and I found on awaking in the morning that we were pushing forward with all sail, the sun, cloudless and welcoming, just 'standing on the mountain-tops,' not 'misty' but clear and lit up and rejoicing in the glowing kiss of Re, the god—his feet upon the summits of the Eastern desert. It was the twenty-fourth of December, and Christmas

at hand, and we had no turkey on board; but this morning some people on the shore called to us, and held up to our longing eyes the wished-for birds. The skiff was sent off, and presently Selim returned with three fine young turkeys, at two shillings each, besides many chickens, and so we were regaled with pleasant farm-yard sounds overhead. The geese were all gone,—none but wild geese being to be had above Cairo, and now their home-sounding cackle was exchanged for the young turkeys' cry, while chickens quarrelled perpetually in the English language—at all events they squabbled over their corn in just the same tongue as they do at Dorsetshire barn-doors—all the day long. Scarcely were the turkeys on board, and one sacrificed for the next day, when again there were voices on the bank calling to us aloud; and this time a sheep and a lamb were added to the farm-yard on board—no—not to the farm-yard, but to the larder, for the two latter unfortunates poured out their lives for us on the shore, under the hand of the caliph, and were borne on board dead—as mutton, or 'herrings that are red.'

The Christmas larder now made a decent show—a sheep, a lamb, a turkey, three snipes, four doves, besides sundry pigeons and chickens.—As a

variation from 'Sir Gardner,' and 'the modern traveller,' the Sitt, on domestic cares intent, was occupied for this day in dividing and accomplishing a huge bag, from the Benisooef cloth, for the sheep and the lamb to hang in, besides a linen cover for the 'safe'—the said safe being an affair of split branches of the date palm; and she had the satisfaction of seeing the work of her hands suspended in the front of the Hajji's kitchen, while the safe in its new cover, at the back of it, was a beautiful object. All we now wanted was a party of friends to help devour our store, and continually we looked down stream for the 'Fortunata's' tall sails and her red streamers, as we had long planned a feast to come off on Christmas day—but no 'Fortunata' appeared.

Hitherto, all the way from Cairo, the Eastern Desert had continued to come down close on the Nile, sometimes its rocky range retiring for a few hundred yards' distance and admitting a narrow strip of ground, and a village here and there, and then advancing its bold white line of hill to the water's edge, its wall of rock perpendicular and bordering the stream for long reaches of water. On the Western side the Libyan range of hill ran all along at about six miles from the Nile. The country within was partly rich with crops, and partly sandy

and worthless, and had many small towns and villages scattered all over it. There was more of the sandy and waste land, overgrown in patches with a coarse reed or grass uneatable for cattle, than I had expected. A knot of palm trees usually marked the site of a village, commonly but a cluster of mud huts;—but in many instances, principally near the river, these were very superior to the mud-built hamlet, and the houses showed inside and out an attention to detail and appearance. The furniture of the house of an Eastern family is however, always scanty, a mat and a divan forming commonly, even in the rooms of the rich, the entire of the useful. The Fellaheen appeared to be an industrious race, fine brawny athletic men, almost red-skinned, and with rather pleasing and kindly countenances. Whenever I met any of them on our walks or on shooting excursions, they were ready with a 'good-day,' and a smile in reply to my 'good-morning'—and then if I ventured on an attempt at more Arabic, equally incomprehensible very often with their reply in guess of my effort, we would both laugh at each other's language, and touch hat or hands, and so part. The Fellah of Egypt — after all—was he an object of pity? Politically and socially he might be so; but apparently, and as

you met him in the open eye of day and at work in the fields, the Fellah was not more, if so much, a subject of commiseration as some other poor people, as in the Roman states, and in Ireland. Those, how many of them, are but pictures of misery, lean, gaunt and in rags—these, healthy and strong, with all the action of well-fed and vigorous labourers, and rejoicing in a climate which dispensed with garments. Many of these men had not a rag on, and all of them were guiltless of more than a mere apology for clothing, and this at Christmas time. My memory had a shivering fit as it recalled those to-be-pitied, who dwell up under the north-pole in London, as I turned away from the to-be-envied, without a stitch of clothing on their sinewy frames, even as kind nature had made them, working out in the sunny winter air, buttonless. There is but one thing these people want—but one thing in the world, such as it has pleased the Great Sovereign to make it and poor want-goaded humanity — to enable them to enjoy their life, not merely reasonably well, but in a manner superior to the life of most men—they want not a model constitution and a parliament and such fine things, but a Law, such as shall give them a reliable security for themselves of some of the fruits of their industry. In other respects how few wants they have, and how

easily are these provided, whether it be of food, of clothing, or of shelter; and how differently are they situated from the Fellaheen of our gaunt-visaged and chilling north, where the wolf is always at the door, and want is as an army, and its name is legion.—After all, the Fellah of Egypt has one blessing which ever-blessed Britons possess not—he lives in almost the same atmosphere as that of the garden of Eden.

In the evening we came to Jebel Aboofayda—or more commonly pronounced by the natives, Aboofoda. This is a range of the Eastern Desert, which, for some miles, bounds the Nile—a perpendicular rock of some four hundred feet in height, irregular in its front, sometimes retiring a little from the stream, and then again thrusting forward its jagged and beetling precipices over the water. From the top of the rock the ground rises steeply to the mountain ridge behind. It is an awkward place to get by with a bad wind, and is the terror of the Arab boatmen, who perpetually meet with accidents here, and often with bad ones. If the wind blows strongly off the mountain, your boat cannot pass either up or down the stream, as then it comes rushing down from the many valleys and gullies of the desert heights beyond, with a howl, and sweeps furiously and irregularly along the stream,

now up it and now down. If a craft—the craft of the country, with its unwieldy sail and moderate gear, is unprepared for this rough treatment,—if it ventures the passage with the wind from the east, there is pretty certainly a mess; the tackle gets split, and the boat, if laden much, swamped—or, as is often the case, is driven on the opposite shore on her beam ends. Often, when a gust has gone by, the wind will cease almost entirely, and nothing be heard but the flapping of the big sail, from some counter current of wind, and the boiling of the water; and then, after an interval, down the blast will rush again with tremendous violence, and upset everything it finds in its way.

Now, as we approached Jebel Aboofayda, Selim had taken pains to prepare us for a possible accident, by relating what had happened one night to a party of travellers with whom he was making the Nile voyage in the previous year, and on that same spot. On this occasion there were three travelling-boats together;—they were caught half-way along by the wind, and were all blown on their sides, with broken tackle, on the low mud-banks on the opposite shore, where they were held fast, half swamped, till the following morning, in spite of every effort to get off.

We were fortunate in having the wind, a good

breeze, slightly from the west of north, and not from the east, blowing along the mountain side, and not off it, and so we had every prospect of slipping by Jebel Aboofayda harmlessly. This, however, became rather unsteady as we left the open country and came under the rock, as if affected by currents and eddies on the desert behind, and among the chasms of the cliffs. It became dark as we passed along, when about half way, and we could hear the wind sighing and moaning along its craggy front; and now and then a blast would come back on us, rushing out of some rift of the mountain, and change the general course of the wind, stopping us suddenly, and making the big sail nearly jibe, and throwing the little boat into disorder, as a taste of what Boreas could do on occasions. Off the highest point of the range, and near what is considered the worst place — an opening or dip in the line of rock, deep down and extending inland—we went suddenly aground on a sand-bank in mid-channel. In a moment the deck, so quiet just before, was one scene of stamping, running, and shouting; the Reis jumped up from his old accustomed place in the bows with unwonted energy, and issued loud commands; the sail was let loose, and the men all hurried to their poles to push the boat off; but we had been going along at

a spanking pace, and had gone deep into the sand-bank, and were fast. If a blast should come now, down out of the opening of the rock, we should look silly enough. There was no time to be lost, and the sailors not setting about their work in a way that pleased Selim, who had been sitting quietly on the low bulwark, wrapped in his capote, he started up, dashed off his cloak, and constituting himself, as usual on such occasions, Reis of the 'Cambria,' "Yallah—oulad," he roared out to the crew, and then a succession of orders sharp and peremptory. In an instant three or four men, obeying him, threw their ineffectual poles on the deck, and ran forward into the bows, and dropped off into the stream, black and angry. "Oa—Oa," cried the Reis Hassan, "take care—take care," in an anxious tone. "Oa!" shouted Selim, "who talks of Oa now? we must get off this bank directly, or the wind comes down from the mountain—and who knows what then?" The scene was good. The wind came moaning out of Jebel Aboofayda, which seemed in the dusky light to be close on our larboard bows, and the great gloomy mass of rock to be towering right above us. Selim was captain; the men, in the water and out of it, joined in the cry with unusual energy, and almost burst themselves with efforts to lift the

head of the boat sideways into deeper water, while every other man on board, save the caliph—the caliph had no turn for punting—was straining for dear life with the poles, to aid the operation. By Jove—she was fast, and the big sail, all loose and furiously flapping from side to side, warned by its violence of the coming enemy; and Selim was like a lion in his wrath. But after about a dozen attempts, and when things were beginning to look bad, one long cry, from the men in the water, proclaimed her moving, and then everybody shouted till their lungs well nigh cracked; another lift—and another—and—'Yall—ah'—the 'Cambria's' head was heaved off the bank, and she was afloat again. The men scrambled in, and the sail was scarcely close hauled to its place, when—bang came such a side blast out of the rift in Jebel Aboofayda as made the little 'Cambria' heel right over, and the Sitt in her cabin cry out, as her candles were knocked over, to know what all the row was about.

CHAPTER V.

An Egyptian Cemetery—A Party of Mourners—Grief but not Woe—Ossioot—The 'Fortunata' again—The American's Boat—Selim's Disappointment—The Plain of Abooteg—Infinite Variety—The Two Cats in sight—Crocodiles and Pelicans—Jebel Sheikh Hereedeh—A Squall—An Exciting Race—The Country of the Howara—The Dogs of Girgeh—The Waste Lands of Egypt—Manufactures *v.* Agriculture—A Game of Rounders—Jellal—The People of Upper Egypt.

THE Egyptian now, as in the olden time, makes his cemetery on the edge of the Desert, when his town or village is anywhere near it. As round the pyramids of Djizeh and Sakkarah—those sublime sepulchres of the monarchs of Memphis lying on the plain between the Desert and the Nile—are on the rocky hills the innumerable tombs of the nobles and unpretending resting-places of the people, so do the natives imitate those that went before them, and saving their rich land for cultivation, lay the

bones of their relatives beyond the reach of the Nile flood. Frequently a small domed white building, solitary on some lone hill, crowns a barren spur of the mountain—a Santon's tomb, and how well-chosen is the spot—while on the slope below it is the village cemetery. This latter is but a rough little affair: no building is near it, and no wall encloses it, for what better wall of safety from injury can it have than the uninhabited waste? There no one has land or dwelling, or inducement to encroach on this property of the dead, and no cattle will stray over and desecrate their home.

One day as the Sitt and I were walking by the river, we observed one of these primitive graveyards, up on a low hill of the Arabian desert. Going up to it we found there were but a few rough stones, irregularly strewed over the little mound of each grave, some few having a pretension to arrangement, and others but carelessly thrown up heaps; while one or two had but three or four large ragged stones, stuck in on end, to mark the spot—a rude cemetery of about fifty graves on the open hill. The place had been chosen, one might imagine, with some sense of the picturesque, for it was on the crown of a gentle rise, separated from the great slopes of the mountain behind, and from it you commanded a wide view of river and rich

plain beyond, to the Western range of hills. 'Twas a wild spot. As we stood among these 'simple annals of the poor,' and were canvassing what might be the form of burial of such lowly and uncared-for dwellers by the Desert, a number of men and women, a party of about twenty persons, emerged from behind a row of tumble down huts at half-a-mile distance, standing on a reedy and marshy narrow strip of ground, between the river and the mountain foot.—They came along the river bank towards us, forming a kind of procession, the men in front, and children bringing up the rear, and at a grave pace, in silence. They turned up towards the cemetery on the low hill, and we moved away to another. The men sat down, in a circle, round a grave which had some pretension, by the size of its stones and their regularity—mere rough blocks however—to the honours of a tomb, and were silent and motionless. A party of women and children sat round another grave, at some distance from the men, and talked freely, as we could see by their animated gestures, while one woman walked up and down near them, talking aloud and throwing up her hands occasionally—an invocation, or a soliloquy. No one took any notice of her. Two other women sat apart by another grave, and we could hear one of them in loud lamentation.

This was a party of Copts mourning at the graves of their departed relatives. On enquiry we heard that the two latter women had lost a relative but two days previously, and they had come to weep and lament. The others had joined them, partly out of companionship, and to take advantage of the occasion to mourn at the graves of their own relatives. This the poor Copts will do equally with the moslem for years, and these expeditions are rather little parties of pleasure for the greater portion of the society, than of any grief. The men showed a kind of dignity, on this occasion, in their silence in that place of death; the larger party of women, with the children, occasionally interrupted their cheerful talk to utter a loud, shrill chorus of lamentation, and then fell to again vigorously at their private concerns—a mixed affair of chat and sobs; while the two women apart made loud complainings, bending over the grave and embracing it as though in all the bitterness of woe. After about a quarter of an hour, the whole party broke up and returned home rather cheerfully, at a brisk pace and talking fast. It looked very much as if they had got over the business, and were in rather good spirits at having done it.

The village was a miserable affair, and I thought the sunny and quiet hill of the Desert, where the

graves were, a far preferable residence to the crumbling collection of huts. The dead had decidedly the best of it, in the matter of orderly neatness. Near it was the Copt Convent, of which nothing was visible but a white dome above the high rough-stone dead wall which inclosed—as is the fashion of these convents throughout Egypt—and concealed all the buildings and a space of about sixty yards square. It stood on the bank of the river, and a more repelling situation could hardly be imagined. Two or three ghost-like palm trees, raising their sad heads above the wall of the court, alone relieved the barren scene. Behind the convent, the Desert, white and stony, stretched down to the wall, and touched the windowless and prison-like place, and which more resembled a tomb for the dead than a dwelling for the living. On either side, a narrow strip of ground of a few yards in breadth, ran along between the water and the waste, on which a little miserable cultivation, at intervals, was visible where the Nile, in its overflow had left a scanty soil. The village, a picture of ruin, was scattered along the strip, the cottages being mere heaps of stones, rough from the mountain, with roofs of reeds from the neighbouring marsh. The cheerful procession disappeared into these wretched abodes; but the children—the children remained

outside, jolly little naked fellows, many of them, to play with the cocks and hens in the dust. Home is home, be it ever so homely—but was the repelling convent a fitting home for all-attracting Christianity?

But we are at Ossioot—where we stop a day for the sailors to bake their bread. The morning after our arrival—the day after Christmas day—what a summer's morning it was! In fact, then and throughout that winter there was no cold. The thermometer of Reaumur frequently marked 12° at ten o'clock at night; and in the day time the mercury stood at 15° and 16° in the shade. This was commonly the case. A slight chill generally came on the air just after sunset, for half an hour—a chill to be avoided by travellers on the Nile—but the nights were warm and dry as in summer. The days were invariably fine, with clear and cloudless skies, and a soft light air—an air, which, were I a poet, I should have raved about, to the extinction of all patience in my friends. Sometimes the sun was too hot for the Sitteen's walk; and, on many days in December and January, they lay on their divans, reading, or enjoying the *dolce far niente* in their shaded cabins, because it was too hot for walking, till the afternoon. There was, in fact, no winter, but a warm summer season throughout.

But there was the 'Fortunata' again at our side

—having come up with us in the night—and looking a picture of neatness and liveableness, her deck all covered on its whole length with an awning to keep off the sun during our day of rest—the deck of the 'Cambria' similarly sheltered—and there were all the accustomed faces, from the Reis and Yusuf, down to the Sitt's club-man—and the two crews were happy at being in company again, and all ready with various words of recognition; and then out came our friends on the bank, and we recounted the past and planned the future.

Who is there that has has not read of busy, trading, little Ossioot, and of Stabl Antar on the hill behind it? You admire—as who can fail to do?—those ancient halls so imposing and so full of unsurpassed sculpture; and you stand on the platform in their front, and indulge—as who does not?—in agricultural reveries, as you look over that splendid scene of land and water—that abounding earth and the shining Nile, great highway of Egypt. But the crew's bread was baked, and we turned our backs on the hero of Arabian romance, and the scene of wealth; and at sunrise, on the following morning, we unmoored from El Hamra, and started for Thebes. But now things were altered. The 'Cambria' was no longer alone, but was one of a little fleet of travelling boats.

There was the 'Fortunata;' and a Belgian party (the suspected Frenchman with a tricolor flag, by Benisooef, turned out to be a Belgian) unfurled a big sail at the same moment with ourselves, and all three pushed out into the stream together. An American gentleman, with a certain bragging Jerseyman to manage his voyage as dragoman, had come up on the previous evening in a neat little cangia, and was at El Hamra a few boats' length above us, waiting for the sailors and their bread. (This Jerseyman had one day at Cairo, to Selim's great disgust, boasted to him that he would beat us easily to the cataract.) We had scarcely started, and were speculating on the meaning of a comical flag (besides the Stars and Stripes) flying from her stern mast—two cats sitting at either end of a stick, some local American flag, probably—when, to our surprise, he dropped his oars in the water, pulled round one or two country boats, and, putting his crew on shore, set his men—eight of them—to tow her; and away went the little Cangia at a good pace with the boasting Jerseyman along the opposite shore, beating us in the first half hour—for the wind dropped—and, turning a headland, was out of sight. The stopping at Ossioot to bake bread, for forty hours in a fine

wind, had left us in the lurch. The American had come up with this wind just in time to get his bread during the night, and slipped away from us in the calm morning. Selim's look of disgust, as the Cangia and the boaster went on and out of sight, was comical enough. "How is this, Selim?" said I, putting on the air of an injured man—"the Jerseyman will keep his word this time." "The boat I knowing it well," he replied; "he small boat—when he pull, he beating us; but if you come wind, we beating him like one bird." I solaced myself with a new divan from Ossioot, added to our furniture, and which now adorned the deck. Sitting on this, I enjoyed the soft, delicious morning and the singular scenery, of which I never tired, on both sides the unruffled and glassy river, as the crew towed us lazily along, and was insensible to everything except the mere luxury of existence, and wanted for nothing—save a wind. The Reis and Selim were frequently consulted on this important point, as they were both vexed about the Cangia, and we promised ourselves great revenge for this turn of affairs when a breeze should spring up. "With wind," declared the latter, energetically, "we leaving him like one island."

The plain of Abooteg, on the west side of the

Nile, was some six or seven miles wide, and under full cultivation—a rich expanse, and sprinkled with villages, standing just above the general level of the land, on their low swells; while on the eastern side the mountain and Desert ran along near the river, a broken varied line of the white limestone, very precipitous. This part of the chain had increased considerably in height, and was, perhaps, at a guess, eight hundred feet high. Occasionally a sheik's tomb crowned some lower and nearer spur, looking picturesque on its white base and lonely height, far away from any building. Half a dozen palms on the slip of ground between the river and the Desert alone broke the barren scene. This remarkable contrast of the two banks,—luxuriant fertility and busy life on the one, and arid desolation and the stillness of death on the other,—is one of the most striking things that one ever meets with. It is nature's parody of the palace and the hovel, side by side, in human cities.

One of the pleasant parts of the voyage up the Nile was the very uncertainty of our progress: all slow, or all quick, would have been monotonous and tame; whereas, the constant change from a spanking breeze to a dead calm,—from all the excitement of a boat-race, for three or four hours,

with occasionally some nice, clever management in the bend of the stream—or a run in a steady breeze, accompanied by song and beat of drum—to cramming Egypt on divan in shaded room,—or a walk on the bank, and a visit to some village, or a sporting afternoon, while the slaves—all, except one, who accompanied you as your game-bag—took their ease, which meant, principally, sleeping on the bank—this constant variety gave to the life a peculiar zest. And now, added to this, there was a perpetual anxiety, among the crew, about the Cangia and the Jerseyman, as well as about the Belgian. The former we had lost sight of from Ossioot, and the latter was generally somewhere in sight, before us or behind, according to circumstances. But, as we came up to Gow El Kebeer with a wind, the 'Fortunata' was a few boat's-length behind us, and the Belgian, having risked a short cut through some shallows, had cut in before us,—much to the disappointment of Reis Hassan, who had prophesied his sticking there—while at a turn of the river, and about a mile ahead of the Belgian, appeared the Cangia and the American gentleman with his two cats. At this sight there was great excitement on board the 'Cambria;' there was more than the usual amount of signalling between the steerer and the Reis; both sails were slightly altered after

much consultation, and Selim put on a haughty air, as if the Jerseyman was eating dirt largely.—"I know the boat," said he—"I always telling so—if this wind go on, we leaving him just like one sand-bank." The crew were like so many monkeys—life and death appearing to be concerned in our catching the Cangia. The little boat had slipped away from us during a still day or two of light and uncertain airs, during which the Jerseyman's towing powers came out—for which he had taken on extra men,—but one night of a strong, steady breeze and our better sailing, had brought us all up to her. And now a good wind sent the whole of the little fleet along under press of sail. About midday a shot was fired from the Belgian. A crocodile was lying on a sand-bank, and, for a wonder, let the Cangia go on without moving; but the Belgian steered for it and got a shot; the brute, however, slid leisurely down into the water, unharmed. Just then, a flight of pelicans came down the river, fourteen or fifteen in a long line. Nothing could be finer than this flight of these grand birds, sailing along overhead at their leisure. As they approached, I got my rifle out, and fired at the leading bird. I confess my failure. I could hear the ball strike him, and a light bit of feather floated away from him; but the fine bird took no

notice whatever of me or my shot, and sailed on unconcernedly with his grand following.

Thus we passed Gow El Kebeer, where the Nile and the Pasha, between them, have devastated the Roman Antœopolis, and left but little of even ruin, and came to Jebel Sheikh Hereedeh, a rugged and precipitous rocky part of the Arabian mountain, rising up almost from the river's edge—always a bad sort of place for boats. We were gaining on the Cangia steadily, and had passed the Belgian, after a very sharp struggle; but if the Jerseyman could keep on ahead till sunset, when the wind would almost certainly fall, he would then put on his men to tow, and slip away from us in the calm evening as before. Jebel Sheikh Hereedeh was looked at by the Reis with some doubting—it was a bad place, he said, and the wind was not quite right, and his order to his men was to look well to the big sail, and be ready to cast it loose. We were dividing our attention between the various boats and the precipices of the mountain, and some masses of what appeared to be Roman ruins on the water's edge, when a rush of wind came all along the face of the mountain with a loud roar, and in an instant our fleet was all in disorder. At the moment before this squall, the following was the order of our going:—The American a quarter of a

mile ahead, and getting becalmed under a headland —the wind was a little east of north. Then the 'Cambria'—the Belgian about a hundred yards astern of her—and the 'Fortunata' half a mile behind. The race was getting interesting, as the Belgian was a good sailer, was close upon us, and both were gaining on the Cangia. The squall came, and at the same moment that it swept by us, pitching us nearly on our beam-ends, we went aground on a sand-bank, and stuck fast; the Belgian did the same close by us, and almost at the same instant—and while we were both in distress, with our sails cast loose and bellowing with rage, as if they were as disappointed as ourselves, and would tear everything to shreds for spite, our crews in the water, and every imaginable cry issuing from the two angry Reis and straining men, the 'Fortunata' came up and passed us. Selim was savage with vexation and his unavailing efforts with a punt pole, and with the caliph, who sat—that always merry, careless caliph—sat unconcernedly in front of his kitchen, with his legs in the hold, and laughed. The Belgian got off the bank first; and then the 'Cambria,' after a time; and the squall continuing, we all went roaring along, the river white with foam. Suddenly a rope gave way on board the 'Fortunata,' and her stern-sail flew

up loose into the air, and there was a little confusion on board; and her way being partially stopped, the Belgian gave her the go-by. We came up with our friends just as all was set to rights again, and we sailed on in company, passed Jebel Sheikh Hereedeh, and went on nearly abreast till sunset, when the wind fell. But where was the Cangia? Our accident had saved her from defeat, and during our trouble she had got a long way ahead. But the Belgian gradually crept away from us, and, just at sunset, came up with the 'American,' now only about half-a-mile before us. The wind fell as usual; and the next morning the Cangia was nowhere, the Jerseyman having towed her on in the moolight.

Hitherto, and all the way from Bayadeh, the Copt village and Ismael Bey's farm, we had passed, at intervals, much growth of sugar-cane—large tracts of it; but now this ceased, and the common productions were beans, wheat, vetches, Indian corn, and the castor-oil plant. This latter, rather spare lower down the river, was now much more cultivated. Passing Mensheeh and Girgeh, we came to a part of the country celebrated for its breed of horses and dogs, and for horsebreakers—the country of the Howara, a tribe of Arabs. While on the bank, one day here, I saw a party of about twenty mares and foals just landing in boats from the op-

posite, the Arabian bank. The mares had a well-bred look, and were what we should call half-bred, with large, but well-shaped, heads and powerful loins. These were the famed animals, bred on the edge of the Desert under the Arabian mountain, and were in low condition. They were coming across, as is their yearly custom, for the pasture of the first spring—(this was the last day of the year) the rich deep pastures of the western-bank. This is the best place in Egypt for horses. They are small, rather under fifteen hands high, and are, I should say, not thoroughbred Arabs, but a cross-breed. They are long, with straight backs and rather upright shoulders, and have the character of being hardy and enduring. I saw one subsequently at Thebes, a mare of this breed, which showed a deal of blood and was wonderfully sure-footed, her rider rattling her along the stony edge of the mountain without shoes, to show off, not her good qualities, but his own riding—Eastern riding.—This was the country for dogs too. The common dog of Egypt is red — a cur, rather large, and a sneaking brute, smooth haired, low-bred and worthless for anything, except to howl at jackals at night. But the dogs from the neighbourhood of Girgeh, up to Thebes and Erment, are a peculiar breed and very superior to the red cur. These are

much larger—about the size of a setter—are rather thin and sharp nosed, long haired and ragged in the loins, and are a savage race with some character—faithful and courageous. They are capital guards, as I found; for sometimes, when out shooting, I came upon these dogs with their flocks of sheep and was sure to be attacked, and that in a ferocious manner, as if they meant real mischief. One day in particular I had some trouble in making a resolute dog of this breed understand that I was going my way, and which lay precisely where he was. He was a black and ragged fellow, and lay in the field some forty yards from his flock, but got up as I approached him, and very plainly warned me off. He was quite alone, and no person was within sight. As I did not choose to take his opinion about the right of way, he backed it up with something more than threats, and came right at me. Three or four times he did this right gallantly, till he almosed touched me, and each time a run at him and a kick that looked like earnest, had barely the effect of keeping him off. This daring gave me a good opinion of the breed, so I subsequently bought two puppies of it on our way down the river.

While on shore in the morning, we could trace the long, high banks of the canal leading from the

Nile inland, and which runs all down behind Osioot and joins that great work of ancient days, the Bahr Yusuf. The country has plenty of canals, and a sufficiency of means of irrigation, but nevertheless much of it is waste. The reason of this is its want of a population to till it. We saw this morning, as indeed every day, great tracts of country overgrown with rushes or coarse grass, the wild ground left unused, because the army and the manufactories drain off the able-bodied men on the one hand, while the absence of laws affecting the security of person and property—as this always will do—prevents, in a degree, their increase on the other. It was said of Abbas Pasha, the then governor of Egypt, that his opinion was against sacrificing agriculture in Egypt, to the army and to manufactures. It does seem, certainly, a self-evident fallacy in political economy, in these free commercial days, to employ hundreds of strong men in the manufactory of an article, which can be bought for less money than it can be manufactured for, while the land around them which should grow the corn to feed them, and which is of more value than the article manufactured, is lying waste. In a country like Egypt, to encourage manufactures at the expense of agriculture does seem like throwing away the natural and unequalled riches of the land—a benefit

to everybody and the source of all population—for a fictitious wealth, which is an advantage to but a few, and which checks the growth of that prime gold mine of any country—population.

One day, as we were all on shore, we came to a village of the Howara country, and found the whole population collected to witness a game. To my delight and surprise, it resembled in some of its parts our old game of rounders, such as I had played, when a boy, at Twyford; but here there was this difference in the game, that the boy who struck the ball did not run, but one of his 'side' ran. A fine set of young fellows, some twenty in number, were playing, throwing the ball—just like an Eton fives' ball in size, though not in make—in right good style, and they ran well to 'get home,' their legs and feet bare, and their solitary garment well-fastened up round them. The village was by a wood of date palms, and in the middle of these was an open space, smooth and clean, about thirty yards long by nearly as many broad, and in this was engaged the party at their game. Among the trees were the villagers, men and women and children, looking on. It was the first time, since leaving England, that I had seen an active and athletic game played by any people, not Englishmen, whether in Germany or in Italy, and this was

as a scene of old days; and I confess to a strong desire to have mixed with the Howara lads and go into the game. Selim explained it to the Sitteen, as they and ourselves looked on and applauded. The game was full of life, and they seemed to enjoy it immensely, to judge by their shouts; and they must have practised it often, their throwing was so good and true. Those Howara lads would play cricket with a little teaching. Their game was called Jellal, from the stick bound at one end with a thong of cowhide, in their tongue—Jellal, and is a very old game of Upper Egypt, and not played either in Lower or Middle Egypt. Had Gliddon, the American enthusiastic Egyptologist, stood beside us there, he would, of course, have declared that our school game at Twyford was borrowed from the Egyptians. These people have more than one other game requiring activity, which gave one a good opinion of them. One of these is called Cora, and is played likewise with a ball; one tosses it, and another strikes it with his hand, and runs to certain limits, if he can, without being hit by a 'fag' who picks up the ball and throws in.

It is the custom in Egypt to say that these Upper Egypt people are more difficult to manage than those lower down the river—that they are not to be won by kindness, and are only to be ruled by

blows and violence; and they were charged with behaving worse under the milder treatment of Abbas than under the iron rule of Mehemet Ali. But an Englishman, with a recollection hanging about him of certain things in his own country, is infallibly inclined to doubt all such statements: and now he and his friend of the 'Fortunata' conjointly propounded their absurd notions over the dinner-table, as they warmed their hearts with Yusaf's soup and old-fashioned fancies. 'In the Howara country,' said they, 'fine intelligent-looking men (they had, it is true, rather a more bold and independent bearing than the Fellaheen of the lower parts of Egypt), and women with uncovered faces, and athletic young fellows who played so jovially and cleverly at such a a civilized game as Jellal, worthy of Twyford—these people must have some good in them, which asks for development—must, somehow, merit to be looked on as something better than the beasts of the field—as human beings that may be ruled, as some other human beings are ruled, by the elevating hand of education and of clemency, and not by the brutalizing one of tyranny and neglect, and for the advantage of all ranks, under whatever sky they dwell—even that of Africa. Is there the man beneath any clime in whom God hath not placed materials for good?' So did they talk.

CHAPTER VI.

New Year's Day—The Arab Boatman's Fireside—Crocodiles and their Characteristics—A Dinner Party on the Nile—A Bill of Fare—Selim and the Big Fish—Thebes—Important Missives—The Captain and his Three Wives—A Reconciliation—Esneh—Sheikh Tombs—A Scarabæus for a Penny—A Mutiny—Justice and Mercy—A New Road to Sea Service—'No Baksheesh'—Peace Offerings and Harmony.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, in a country we know of, is usually a nipping day; but within a few miles of Keneh, and on the edge of the tropic, it is summer time. And what a sunset was that of the last day of the old year—and what a night—what a glorious night! At nine p.m. the thermometer marked $12\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ of Reaumur, and the day had been like an English one of August, with the addition of a zephyr just arrived from the Garden of Eden; and the sky was full of swallows, high up and enjoying the soft, clear,

warm air; and on that winter's night we sat late on deck, the boat moored to an island, where the grasshoppers on the bank were singing their summer song. The crews of the two boats were on the grass, sitting round a large fire of Indian corn stalks, and were as jolly as so many boys: not that they wanted any fire for warmth, but it was their custom always, when we passed any night by a bushy bank—whether the night were hot or otherwise—their social custom to collect bushes, or whatever they could find, and make a blazing fire. This they would sit round for hours, and talk deep into the night, ready at any moment, at the cry of "Wind—Yallah!" to rush on deck and push off into the stream. On chilly evenings, in lower Egypt—and these were sometimes damp, and not warm, lower down the river—'the slaves' would light up a great fire, and, as the flames rose, would stretch their bodies over it and the smoke, and put their naked limbs into it, with cries of enjoyment, as so many wild savages.

But let us get on up the river. The Belgians bought a live crocodile, about eight feet long, which had been caught by fishermen in a net. These had stunned the monster with blows of heavy sticks, and then had tied up his mouth with a cord, and his fore feet up over his back—an

inglorious situation for the sacred animal In this predicament the brute lay in the Belgian's skiff. They paid forty piastres for their prize—about eight shillings. As we soon after this lost sight of the Belgian boat, I never heard what became of the sacred prisoner. It was suggested to Yusuf, that a crocodile might be caught with a hook baited with meat, but he eagerly denied the possibility of such a capture, adding—"Him too clever—crocodile looking out of his eye so (making a squint)—he see everything like one man—crocodile like man—people thinking him was one man long time—very long time." Perhaps this curious belief is a remnant of the ancient estimate of the brute's powers, sagacious and terrible as he is—possessing such qualities as these poor people have no means of contending with, and therefore in their eyes investing him with a character different from and superior to that of other and to-be-dominated animals. The natives say that a crocodile never attacks a man in deep water, as he always strikes his prey first with his tail, and, except he has a purchase for his feet, he cannot strike—and thus the natives all bathe in deep water safely, in places abounding with these animals. If the crocodile sees across the river a solitary person standing in

shallow water, he will dart across like an arrow, so rapid is his passage through water, strike unseen the legs of the person, who falls—when the monster will seize him with his paws, put his victim's body under his arm, and go off home to some deep place, where he will remain under water for many hours, that his prey may be quite dead. It is said that very few of these will eat animals, the young ones living on fish and on pigeons — the small wild pigeon, which drops on the water and stays there—as we saw numbers of them do continually in front of the villages,—but principally on fish, as do the old ones; and that only one here and one there, at perhaps miles apart in the river, will attack any animal—whether man, or sheep, or goat, or colt. According to the natives, too, he is nice about his food, and will not eat anything not killed by himself. In some cases it has happened that a crocodile carrying off a human being, has been attacked by another. They fight, and the one is obliged to drop his prey. The fight over, neither will touch the body, which then is carried by the stream on to some sand-bank or island, and recovered by the natives, and bearing on it the marks of the crocodile's claws, but not otherwise mangled. Some of the Nile fish run to a great size—to forty pounds in weight, and more. One day, a villager

was fishing for large fish, from a ledge of the perpendicular bank, and to secure his line—a strong, small rope—he tied it round his wrist, and, it is supposed, fell asleep. A large fish came and took his bait, and by some accident pulled him in. At the end of two days man and fish were found, both dead, but untouched, on a sand-bank near the place, and held together by the line. The crocodiles, of which there were plenty in the neighbourhood, had touched neither, the fish and the fisherman having been none of their killing. These animals are kept down in numbers by tortoises. These creatures find the eggs in the sand, break them, and destroy the incipient monsters by sucking them. Often the parents catch them at it, when they pommel the tortoise soundly; but the latter gets under his shell, and takes his beating patiently. Were it not for this check on population, and the general fear that crocodiles have of attacking man, as well as the disinclination which the greater part of them have for any food but fish, it would be impossible—so say the natives—for human beings to live on the banks of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, so numerous are they. The harmless ones will come out on mud-banks near the shore; but the man-eaters are more wild and shy, and are found

never, or rarely, except on sand-banks near uninhabited islands.

The 'Fortunata' was engaged to dine with the 'Cambria' on this New-Year's-day, and so the two Reis were warned in the morning to be very careful to keep together, and not have any nonsense in trying to outsail each other, as their daily custom was, in a spirit of rivalry, and which, sometimes, with the aid of sand-banks, kept the boats a mile or two apart for hours together. The 'Fortunata' sent a reminder, "not to get out of the way with the dinner, for they had none ordered;" and the 'Cambria' warned them—"Don't you stick on a sand-bank about sunset, or what is to be done about waiting dinner?" Sunset approached, with the boats in company, and the Reis for want of a dinner-bell, shouting 'hhader'—ready—through his speaking-trumpet, clewed up his sail, and the 'Fortunata' sailing up, the company stepped on board. It may be pleasant to those curious in such matters to know how poor travellers fare in the wilds of Upper Egypt, and to read what the caliph and Selim spread before the guests of the 'Cambria.' The latter was very important, and much got up for the occasion—and here is his spread. The Sitt and I had nothing to do with the matter, beyond eating what these two worthies chose to give us.

Lentisch-soup.
A Nile fish, with Prince of Wales' sauce (a small silvery fish, delicate as a Thames flounder).
Pigeon-pie—lamb kufties, with wine sauce.
Roast turkey and fried bacon.
Mashed potatoes—boiled native légumes—unknown.
Mince-pies—pudding of Damascus mishmish of apricot.
Gloucester cheese—pale ale.
Bordeaux, Marsala, Champagne.
Oranges, figs, almonds and raisins, dates from Mecca.
Nectar from Yemen—English biscuits.

Selim got up an illumination of lanterns for the safe going home of the company, and which, together with an affair called a mashal—Selim's pride—an iron frame-work on a pole, filled with blazing wood, 'lit up the Nilotic shore with its dazzling splendours,'—as would undoubtedly have described the effect the great George Robins, had but the eloquent man, for his happiness, been alive to be present on such a festive occasion.

The feast over, I was just going to bed, when I heard a tremendous scuffle on the shore—we were moored at the bank—a regular row, like two men wrestling, and Selim's voice in anger, and talking Arabic in a choking sort of way. What was it—a robber? I looked out in a hurry, and could distinguish in the starlight the irate Selim scrambling on the ground at the edge of the water. He was in the death-struggle with a big fish, which had

been attracted by the light of the mashal, and which Selim—always fond of a little night fishing—had caught with hook and line, and which, in the tussel for life on the shore, had fairly upset him. These big fish of the Nile are not good for much, though the slaves were of a different opinion; and the next day Mahmood, the boy, was in very good spirits, and served up an immense bowl of fish, and stuffed himself rather more than usual.

A wind carried us through the night, and the next morning, the first thing which met our eyes was the sacred Western Mountain, behind Thebes—royal and hundred-gated Thebes—and its wide plain in front towards the Nile. But, though the Tombs of the Kings, and the Western Mountain, sunlit, and white and beautiful in form, with grand, ruined masses at its foot, and the Colossi of the plain, all invited us to stop, and come and see, yet we resisted them all, and did not furl the sail of the little 'Cambria.' Nor when the summits of Karnak's Temples, and the columns of Luxor, beckoned to us from the Eastern shore, did we shorten sail. The wind was too good to be lost. But when off Luxor, where a few travellers' boats and others were lying, we were hailed by a man on shore, who seemed exceedingly anxious to communicate something. Two English boats were moored at the

bank, and soon a skiff, pushing off from one of these, we stopped. An Arab came on board in haste, with two scraps of paper just sent to him from his master, an English gentleman, somewhere inland, and asked me to read them for him, as, though he could speak English, he could not read it, and there was no one on the shore who could. I read aloud—'Send me another bottle of porter and some slices of meat by the bearer.—J.A.' Some ardent antiquarian, methought—some learned Briton, crazed about ruins and Egyptian lore, and at this instant much exhausted with his labours in exhuming works of Thothmes or of Amanoph. 'Meat and porter for your master directly, O Arab. He is in some tomb, perhaps, gasping for refreshment.' The Arab gave me the second paper—'Fill my bag with shot—you will find it on the cabin floor.' By Nimrod, 'tis an ardent sportsman, looking for hares and partridges within reach of the shadows of Karnak, lacking creature comforts and ammunition, and not crazed about Osirtasen or Osiris. We left Thebes and pushed on.

Before reaching Esneh the Reis of the 'Fortunata' went on shore to see his wife, living in a village near the bank. He had not seen her for three years! How not for three years? Had he not gone up the river for three years? "Yes," replied

Hajji, twinkling his squinting eyes; (the Hajji's Italian was the most barbarous stuff I ever heard) "the Reis was up the river last year, but he did not see this wife." "Not this wife? has he, then, more than one wife up the river?" "He has one more at Esneh, and another at Assouan," chuckled the Hajji. Thus the great Reis divided his attentions, and each voyage had its wife—a just arrangement and simple. The said Reis of the 'Fortunata' was a magnificent dark fellow, six feet high, and a handsome, well-limbed, sinewy man, of thirty five years of age; and he might have won and possessed a dozen, or any number of wives, had he been so pleased, in a country where to be the property of some man or other is the one great object of female necessity, but where personal beauty, of course, has its influence, as elsewhere. It was, methought, a proof of an abstemious character that he only possessed three—one less, too, than his lawful complement. But it appeared, on inquiry, that decent and respectable men of the middle classes—shopkeepers, small merchants, and such as this Reis—generally confine themselves to one wife, and that those who have more than one are considered, among their neighbours, as rather loose characters; an opinion rather adverse to the magnificent Reis of the 'Fortunata,' and to Mahomet, the pluralist

prophet, himself. In the afternoon I found that our Reis had slipped off secretly with the treble-wife'd man to the shore. Had our Reis also a wife to visit? No; but the Reis of the 'Fortunata' was in disgrace with this particular wife on account of his long absence from her, and from his having twice passed her village, and visited each time another wife in preference to her; and so he took a friend with him to help to make it up with her—viz., our Reis Hassan. He also took with him a young lad, whom he had brought up the river for the same purpose, the son of himself and this wife, a sharp boy of thirteen. As we were walking along the bank in the evening, the two Reis overtook us, the delinquent husband looking happy and at his ease.

Selim recounted the interview to us thus:—'On the party arriving at the hut, only the two men entered, and the injured lady sat silent and unmoved in the presence of the stranger, and would not acknowledge the husband by any word or action: this was bad, and so the boy was brought in by his father, and when the woman saw him, she was much overcome, and embraced him tenderly; and thus the offended wife was softened. Under the influence of her maternal feelings, and of a few words which the friendly Reis Hassan

threw in, the neglected mother pardoned the cunning papa; and then coffee followed, and peace was established, and promises were made. And then came the parting—the visit was not long—and the boy was to go too, as it was not intended to leave him. But the mother's entreaties for him were so earnest, that it was thought wiser, by the friendly Reis, not again so immediately to lacerate the uxorial bosom under the circumstances: and so the boy was left with his mother as a pledge of goodwill. But it was thought she would not keep him long, for the boy liked the boat life, and the skiff, and going out shooting, and carrying the game-bag for the Khawaja. He was a sharp urchin, and,' said Selim, winding up his tale—'What he doing there with nothing? he soon going away on the river.' The poor woman would probably have, in a few days, little else to keep her heart warm than the memory of the promises of her magnificent absentee.

We reached Esneh. While we were walking in the evening by the water's edge, and pondering over the remains of the Roman quay and port, the piers of which the more modern people had built from the spoliation of the sculptured halls of temples—of the halls of Great Kneph—how solemn was the dim religious light of that pillared hall; and

how its influence hung about you afterwards. While we were thus engaged, an account came that so many boats were in want of bread, that the town ovens were not capable of doing the amount of business required; and that our sailors must wait for their supply for another day. What is to be done, Selim? Can't the people bake bread during the night—if they are paid for extra work?—"They working all day and all night," he replied, "but not finishing our bread till to-morrow night:" and then he added,—"we go shooting." Shooting?—"Yes—here many partridges—best place in Egypt."

Had the sporting Selim quietly winked at the delayed baking, modestly deferring to others for once, in favour of a morning according to his heart, with a gun in his hand?—I suspected as much.

My friend of the 'Fortunata' and I were up before sunrise, and donkeys awaiting us, we had a ride of two or three miles through fields rich with heavy green crops of various produce of corn and pulse. There is nothing in the world much more exhilarating to the spirits, than an ambling ride over the fields of Egypt before sunrise: and then you leave the fields and go out upon the line of short turf along the mountain-foot, fine and wild, an air blowing on your face over the cultivated lands laden with the scent of various plants,—just such an air

as you would ask for, if you had the choosing. At the border of the Desert stood some Sheikh tombs, a group of seven or eight, very picturesque, some white and others brown, and some having an entrance of two arches—a kind of portico. They stood quite alone out on the short turf at the Desert's edge, and a few trees were near, and by them some humbler graves—mere little heaps of stones scattered about. Nothing could be better than this cluster of trees, and the small elegant buildings on the open grass at the foot of the mountain. The forms of the Sheikh's tombs, with their white domed roofs and Saracenic arched porticos, were perfect. Who were the builders of such delicate and graceful structures in this out-of-the-way place? At all events the Saracenic taste for beauty of form still lives in the East, whether it be in the cemetery of Ossioot at the foot of Stabl Antar, or in the mosques of Cairo, or in the tombs of the Memlook sultans, by the Gate of Victory—or in the small graceful cluster of Sheikh's tombs on the margin of the desert by Esneh.

We found flocks of partridges and many snipes, and had a fair morning's sport. The partridges are not merely in coveys, but in hundreds—flights of them—and are to be found all along the edge of the mountain foot. If you are clever, and know

your business, you zig-zag up to them on the open, and kill a good bag-ful. While stalking some partridges among the lower slopes of the Desert, I fell in with two Arabs, armed with long guns, match-locks. They begged, as these worthies always do, for shot and powder. One of them—they had very Jewish—Ishmaelite?—countenances—produced from his vest a Scarabæus, and for which I offered him, without a blush, the sum of one farthing. He scorned my offer, and I then made it one half-penny. He silently put the relic of the ancient Egyptians into his vest, and we went together to look for game. Coming on Selim shortly after, I commissioned him to buy for me the Scarabæus, and after some sharp haggling the relic of the ancient people was my property for the sum of one penny. It turned out to be genuine and a good specimen, and so my first antique in Egypt was not a ruinous purchase: but its acquisition was an event, and its appearance on board the two boats had a considerable effect on the nerves of the Sitteen; and from that day forward the purchase of Scarabæi bore a very important part in the expedition.

We found on the Desert many heaps of bones whitening in the sand.—These were the burial places of ancient sacred animals; and the people

find, by digging in various spots, an earth mixed with nitre, which they use as a manure; often, in their search for this, they light on the sacred deposits and ransack them for treasure, discovering often gold and silver ornaments, Scarabæi, coins, and other relics. We passed many Fellaheen, conveying and spreading this manure on their lands. Industrious people were these Fellaheen, and we found them at work in their fields at these early hours of the day; and stopping to talk with them, through Selim, we found them civil people, and intelligent, and ready about their farming. These people seemed to possess a sense of arrangement and order in the laying out of their fields, and a desire to please the eye in the formation of the boundary lines. These things, and the forms of many of their buildings, led you to give them credit for a certain taste—a sense of the picturesque—a great quality of a people in aid of their improvement, whenever the time and the opportunity for such may arrive. At present, as regards these people, these elements of advance, their first step towards a better civilization, seem to be systematically rendered unprogressive.

On returning to Esneh from our sporting expedition, about mid-day, I found the 'Cambria' in my absence had been the scene of much disorder. Here was a serious crime,—but who were the culprits? It appeared, that when Selim and I had gone out shooting, the Reis had set off to visit his friends in the town; and the boat had been committed to the care and management of the caliph. But, except in his kitchen, the caliph was unfit for any authority, and was not to be trusted, even for a day, with the empire of a boat. The slaves, unruled by any one, had committed various offences;—one had seated himself on the Sitt's chair on the quarter-deck, and was disinclined to go when ordered to do so; another had rushed on board drunk and pursued by men from the town, and a fight had taken place, to the utter murder of all decency, and to the alarm of the Sitt: the caliph had made a great row in abusing the unruly men, but had been laughed at for his pains, and so made disorder worse. This was all bad. The Reis was not on board, and the culprits were not to be found. Selim went off for the governor of Esneh—and soon he returned with the official.

The governor, a short, middle-aged man, dressed as an European, except the usual fez cap, entered the cabin, and I placed him on the divan of honour, and gave him a pipe and coffee. Then the case was laid before him; when the governor at once obligingly expressed his readiness to bastinado any number of the crew forthwith on the shore. I was

gratified by this attention. Now, it happened that among the crew there was one man, Ali by name, who was a promoter of ill generally,—lazy, inciting the others to object to orders, careless of the authority of the easy-tempered Reis and of the imperious Selim. There had been words between the parties on these accounts more than once. Now, Ali was the hero of this day's disorder—the drunken fighter and murderer of peace. I must confess I had a sneaking curiosity—as a traveller—to witness the performance of the bastinado, and, therefore, when I found that Ali—the rebellious slave—was the offender, and heard the governor offer his little services, I made up my mind quickly that Ali should be the vehicle of my introduction to the ceremony. But while we were talking the matter over—Ali being sent for—the Sitt, in her drawing-room, heard some suspicious words; and now, she came suddenly in on us, and protested warmly against the proposed punishment. She was pale and agitated—the Sitt's heart rose against the proposed act.—Alas, me!

There was an end of the matter. I was rather disappointed, for the little affair had been so very nicely arranged; and Selim's countenance fell. He tried to restore the question to its proper ground by saying—"The governor come for beat; he no come for talking." It was quite true, and it did seem but a poor result to the great man's visit, that it should end in so small an event as a mere scolding to the sailors. I was quite sorry for him. However, there was no help for it—the Sitt's pale face overthrew all our little plan. Presently, the Reis arrived with Ali, and two or three friends from the town, and others of the crew, all with long faces at the presence of the governor on board. They now declared, that Ali was not drunk, but that he had been attacked on shore by two men, and 'his blood come in his face, like drunk—but he no drunk,' said Selim, interpreting. All the sailors swore to this state of things; and then the friends of Ali tried to make out a case of merit in his favour—that he had been unfairly attacked on the shore, and had defended himself, and, when pursued on board, that he had licked his two enemies, and so maintained the honour of the 'Cambria's' deck against odds. How they swore to this! But this was considered only an artful misrepresentation of the facts, by the governor, and was pooh-poohed. It ended in the governor giving them all a fierce warning, when they slunk off.

The governor and I then had some more coffee over the Pasha's fleet at Alexandria; he having been

a sailor from his boyhood up to a short time since, his rank being that of a first lieutenant on board a man-of-war. But the fleet being laid up at Alexandria, and, as he said, rotting, he had been sent by Abbas Pasha to Esneh, where his principal business was to look after Abbas's peas and beans, and other produce shipped down the river to Cairo, from Assouan, as far as Keneh, where his jurisdiction terminated. He would welcome the day, he said, that saw a letter recalling him to the sea; and he hinted, that if he behaved well as an honest agent at Esneh, there he would remain, and that the only way to get down to the salt water, was 'to fail in his duty.' It appeared to me that he had conned this over in his mind, and that dismissal from office for failure of his duty, and the sight of loved ships and the accustomed sea, were preferable things to looking after pulse cargoes and doing the will of Abbas Pasha with uprightness. I told him what an Englishman would do in such a case, and recommended him to do his duty, and be a true man, come what would, and to which he agreed with all the facility of an Eastern; but there was an expression in his face that the principle of the matter hung loosely about him, and that he would manage to get down, by hook or by crook. Said Pasha, the sailor-chief, was his great

admiration. Said, he said, was a good man, and much liked by the sailors; but when I suggested that Abbas was a good man too, the sailor-governor shrugged his shoulders in silence. In these warlike times, and with his friend Said, the sailor, on the Musnud of Egypt, he is probably on the salt water again, and doing something more to his mind than taking note of pulse cargoes at Esneh. While talking of guns, he said that throughout Egypt there was a great demand for English metal goods —guns, machinery of all kinds, knives, and other articles—as being superior to those of any other nation; and that, from Cairo to the Fellah villages and the Bedaween of the Desert, English goods were at once received as good, without question. The people, he added, were consequently often taken in by English forged marks on goods from other countries. After much smoking and friendship, and talk through the medium of his very moderate French and worse Italian, and my still less effective Arabic, the governor retired.

But justice had not been fully satisfied on account of the general outrage upon order, committed on board during my absence in the morning, by a few mere hard words of the governor; so the slaves were called up in front of the divan of

honour, and I made them a speech. "There has been much disorder; though Ali was not beaten, at the request of the Sitt, yet I am much displeased with him and with others; the crew, therefore, will not have the usual baksheesh for good conduct—no sheep at Esneh."

'The slaves' received this variously, some with a sad countenance, and some with a hostile bearing. In a few minutes a deputation came to complain of the injustice of this decision—"That the whole crew, some of whom were on shore with their friends in the town, should be punished for the fault of two or three." But I had been disappointed in Ali not being bastinadoed, and had been deprived of the little spectacle for gods and men on the shore on which I had counted, and thus, as a traveller, I had been injured and was not disposed to concession. I was firm on this great occasion as a column of great Neith's temple. "No—the disorder was general—no baksheesh." The 'Cambria' was sulky and unhappy; the caliph, sharply blown up for inefficiency during his short rule, was in disgrace; and the Reis and crew humbled and depressed in spirits; and Selim, who had his grudge against Ali, was vexed at his escape from the governor's hand, and which he looked upon as a personal defeat of himself. There was no sound

of merriment on board, and the time was out of joint. However, I thought this would be a warning for future occasions, and calculated that we should be all better friends than ever on the morrow.

But our good genii watched over us, for suddenly arrived the news that the bread was ready; and the boat sprung into life. Provender was laid in vigorously; ten chickens were secured at three-halfpence each—soothing price; eggs at ninety-six for fourpence-halfpenny; wild ducks, eight for one shilling and threepence the lot; two wild geese, of a fine kind, at sevenpence each. The Reis, too, in a propitiatory spirit, laid out money from his own store of piastres on a sheep, and brought it bleating to the Sitt as a peace-offering, and Selim emulously did the same. The crew, not to be baulked of their mutton feasts, clubbed together and bought a sheep for themselves; and so we pushed off from Esneh in the afternoon, all in harmony again, and in high spirits, carrying with us a bleating flock, and ducks, and turkeys, and chickens, all making a delightful chorus, full of Hampshire melodies, and eloquent of farm-yard recollections and festive prospects.

CHAPTER VII.

The News of the Day—Perfect Freedom—Sulky Ali—The Concert—Elephantina—Assouan—'Good Society,—The Shadow of Palms and the Shadow of Death—The unlucky Dahabeeh—A busy Time.

One of the peculiarities of Egyptian travel is your isolation from all the accustomed 'news of the day,' which you have been wont to look for in newspaper'd Europe, as your necessary food and sustenance. You land in Egypt; you go out upon the Nile; the supply of food ceases at once, and the sensation of total fasting—of entire ignorance—is novel. But there is an ignorance that is a bliss and a relief. As far as Cairo, 'Galignani' and the 'Times' had pursued us with their eternal babble about the great interests of society; but when we shook off the dust of our feet at Rhoda Island, and

went on board the little 'Cambria' and spread her sails to the breeze, we shook off, too, the House of Commons and Free Trade, and all that sort of thing, and were free of the Puseyites and all tiresome people. What a relief it was. From that moment we were shut off from all usual things—and there was no 'Times'—no 'Chronicle'—no 'Post'—no letters (we had our last at Cairo)—and no politics: for at least three months to come there would be no agent's letters about the property. The situation was new enough; and, as we sailed along with a favouring wind, day after day, and town after town, unnewspapered, faded from our sight, one's meditations on the point terminated in the decided opinion, that the novelty of the position had much merit,—that one was become rather tired of discussing the British Constitution, and that it was a pleasant change to have done with it for a while. Thus, all accustomed things were thrown to the winds of the Nile, and body and thought were given up to Egypt and the chances of the hour. There was a charm, real and palpable, about this casting off of all old ways and subjects, and the mind seemed to spring free from all the rusty chains and trammels of old Nurse Reason's tailoring habits, and rushed free and elastic into a new world where Imagination and Will and all the senses

rejoiced in glorious liberty—clad in silken garments of their own choosing.

It had been hinted to me at Cairo that it was possible to obtain a newspaper or a letter from England, when we should be in Upper Egypt, by leaving directions to have it sent on from Cairo by the Pasha's post to Keneh or to Assouan; but I would give no such suicidal instructions to any one. Has not a man been all his life long sufficiently the bond-slave of all such influences, but that he must give up too his only opportunity of something new? Is it not enough that he submits, as well as he can and with some patience, to the spur and the curb when in Europe, but that he must keep on his own harness willingly and maliciously when he can throw it off, and spoil his own newly-born liberty in Egypt by pain and suffering? The social ground he stood on was to him untrodden, and was its virgin soil to be invaded and its blooming freshness to be poisoned by the threadbare armies of old saws, and the mustinesses of newspapers? Egypt was a sacred place, and the Nile a shrine, and were they to be desecrated by common talk about trite matters in letters from England? I set my face at once against all such things till circumstance and the hour brought us to Cairo again.

We turned our backs on Esneh and the temple

of great Kneph, and started for Assouan. After the scene of the day before, I was curious to meet the crew, and see what had been the effect on them of a barely escaped bastinado on board, and a refusal of baksheesh.—I rather expected they would be particularly pleased with me, as the Eastern man seems to like the sensation of the hand of authority upon his neck. Nor was I disappointed, for as I stepped on deck on the following morning, the Reis made more than his accustomed haste to come forward from his seat in the bows to make his salaam to me, and all the men were smiling, and we exchanged our wonted good-morning greetings with more than common cordiality. Among the sailors were two who were always in good spirits, ready for anything, joyous, laughing, joking fellows. These two spirits of the boat had had, so it happened, nothing to do with the affair at Esneh, having been in the town with some friends; and these two men now met me in the highest good-humour. They seemed to me to consider their companions' disgrace as rather a good joke, and were merry at their expense, as they showed by many little acts and signs, while they were quite forgetful of their loss of the share of the baksheesh. We were all better friends than before, except Ali. Ali, the man who had gained the most, was the

least cheerful. Had he but been punished and not begged off by the Sitt, the slaves no doubt in their high admiration of the act would have been satisfied with nothing less than kissing my hand; and as for Ali half a dozen strokes on his back would have filled his heart with gaiety and gratitude. As it was he was sulky. I had unquestionably been a loser.

Two men sick with fever had been put on shore at Esneh, where in the warmth and dryness of houses and away from the damps of the river they would quickly recover, and two new men were taken on board; and there being now a fair wind and the 'Cambria' going along at a good pace, the crew were all collected after breakfast and made themselves happy, seated in a circle, Ali and all, in the bows, and trying their two new mates at a song. One of these produced a long, two reeded pipe, to the delight of the party, this being considered the prime and chief instrument on the Nile among musicians. It is a dronish affair, but in those parts its music is in high repute, and Djad and his pipe were hailed as a triumphant addition to the band. They accordingly commenced a grand effort of song, accompanied by instrumental music—Djad having first solemnly gone through the usual routine of great performers, of clearing the various notes of his buzzing instrument—the pipe and the

piper causing the intensest admiration, so much so that I thought the concert would never cease. After an hour's severe performance, without one moment's interruption, all were pretty well exhausted, and Djad's piping was declared to be a brilliant success.

We passed Silsilis and Ombos, the country each day and hour becoming more and more narrow, and the deserts advancing on either hand to the Nile bank. And now appeared the hills round Assouan, and soon a considerable town came into sight, with houses high up on the slopes of the hill behind, on the eastern side, and a ruined tower was on the summit—'the Tower of Syene, on the border of Ethiopia.' The sandstone hills to the west were crowned with a sheikh's tomb, while ruins of the Convent of St. George, high walls and excavated rocks, were a good feature on their sloping and rugged face; and large masses of granite stood up in mid-stream at their foot. These hills on either side were barren, but below, on the river, was beautiful Elephantina. The whole approach was striking. The Nile suddenly spreads out and separates into three channels, two islands dividing it, and there, refreshing to the eye, and filling the thoughts with shady and cool and embowering bosquets, was Elephantina, as some fairy island, with its tall palm-trees, high above and tangled,

and water-kissing shrubs below, and thick grass of brilliant green, an angulus ridens—a laughing spot—the production as of an enchanter's wand—was this emerald isle, with its sparkling waters set in the midst of the embracing deserts.

The arrival at Assouan is an event. You are at the foot of the Cataract and on the borders of Nubia—and so this is an important point of your voyage. Some travellers make this the end of their expedition, contenting themselves with riding over three or four miles of sand to Philœ, giving up Nubia, and then going down stream again. Some have such large boats that they are unable to pass the Cataract in them, and so hire country boats for the purpose, and leave the large dahabeeh at Assouan till their return from the Nubian voyage. All stop here for a longer or shorter time, and some—European merchants with their families settled in Lower Egypt, or invalids sent from Cairo—come up to this point and stay for a month or two. Thus it is a busy place, the port and capital of Upper Egypt; and there is 'good society,' and you hear all that the Nile world of fashion is doing in Egypt and Nubia. Thus, as we came sailing up with a fine wind in the cool of the evening, a young Englishman in his cangia was just off the point of Elephantina, dropping down stream, his

boatmen at their oars and accompanying the stroke with a Nile song; and then near the Roman quay was a skiff with two Englishwomen—gentle Abigails—with some Arabs, who were taking them an evening scull on the water. These were the servants of some ladies who were in Nubia, having left their large boats and servants behind. Then came another Englishman, an Alexandria merchant, starting for home in his cangia, the union-jack at the stern telling his country; and our people, by flying talk with his people, at once set about learning the what and the whereabouts of the Khawaja on board, as he passed. As we approached the strand, there lay a long line of travellers' boats at the shore with flags of various countries—Belgian, American, Turkish, British—while beyond these gay and painted vessels were the trading craft of the port, extending, a goodly number, far up under the hill, and moored to each other out in the stream, and from whence came the sound—pleasant sound—of the busy hammer actively at work.

How gay and cheerful was the little world of life, and how beautiful across the water was Elephantina! But half at least of life is an illusion. On that green shore, so lovely, lay a large and well-appointed boat—larger and more handsome

than any one on our side of the river—a picture of luxurious quiet, by the edge of the fresh grass and near the shading and feathery palm trees. Who possessed the beautiful yatcht? While our boats lay on the rude but busy shore we had health, blessed deity, for our companion; but over that luxurious and bright vessel, lying so deliciously by the rippling stream, and the grass, and the shading palms, the dark angel of death was already spreading his wings. A lady was there, dying of that malady which robs us of the fairest flowers of humanity, and the British flag waved lazily in the evening air at the stern.

All the way up the river, from Alexandria, a party of English ladies of our acquaintance were a few days ahead of us on board the 'Antar,' a boat belonging to the British Consul General at Cairo; and now and then reports came down stream of their doings, and met us as we worked up in their wake. One day the story was 'an accident has happened to the 'Antar'—another boat has run into her and smashed her side in—very bad accident—the boat full of water.' Anybody drowned, said we?—'No, nobody drown—but the boat very much break—one big hole—big like this,' said Selim, spreading his arms wide to express a gap large enough to swamp a frigate. Another day a

village gossip told how the dragoman of the Sitt of the 'Antar' had been out shooting, fallen over a precipice on the mountain and broken his arm. It was clear that the 'Antar' was not making her voyage under a fortunate star of that starry vault over Egypt. But exaggeration is the rule of Eastern tale; and so perhaps—said we among ourselves—perhaps the 'Antar' has not a hole in her side like a church door—and perhaps the dragoman has not broken more than his shins. Now at Assouan, among the boats of travellers, was the 'Antar;' but the Sitt of the 'Antar' was gone on into Nubia in a country cangia, the Consular boat being too large for the Cataract. The accident proved to be, that a companion dahabeeh had struck the 'Antar,' and made a considerable fracture in her side, but not such as Selim had reported, and which had been patched-up at Keneh, and the boat none the worse for it. No water had half-swamped her, although at the moment of the blow—in the day time in a strong breeze—all the Sitteen on board of her thought she was going down, and rushed in a body on board the offending dahabeeh. The wounded dragoman, who was the well-known Dino, formerly courier and dragoman of Belzoni, had not broken any limb, but one day, when out shooting near Benisooef, nnd in pursuit of a

wounded partridge, had fallen headlong into a pit, and been a disabled man ever since from a bruised chest and arm. The only surprise to us was that, under the circumstances, the Arabian gossips had not sunk the 'Antar' and all on board.

Assouan lies about a hundred yards from the water's edge, and a large open space of sandy ground runs along the edge of the river and separates the town from the Nile; and all along and over this space were, all day long, busy scenes of buying and selling of all kinds of things, from live stock of sheep and poultry to native necklaces for the stranger Sitteen, going on between the folks of Assouan and the travellers' boats; while mounds of the date fruit, the produce of Nubia, and wicker baskets, the manufacture of that country, and rude packages of other things, the exports of Assouan to Lower Egypt, were here and there and everywhere, evidence of the humble trade of the busy little place. We were immensely busy too, for there were sights to be seen—relics of the ancient people, and England to be talked about—yes—Eugland—so strong is the force of habit — for one of the Sitteen of the 'Antar' had preferred remaining at Assouan to the further voyage into Nubia — and there was lots to be done in preparation for our expedition into that country of Deserts, where are no

towns for shopping; and business and activity were the order of the day. In the midst of this the Agent of the Governor of Assouan came on board, and was commissioned to have the Reis of the Cataract down at the town by sunrise the next morning to make arrangements for the passage of the two boats—the 'Fortunata' and the 'Cambria'—through it to Philœ; and then the Nubian pilot was found, and brought on board to be engaged for the voyage to the Second Cataract and back. There were a hundred things to attend to, and the Sitt declared she hadn't a moment to herself, and that Assouan was just like Babel.

How different was all this—the business and the bustle of the place — from the deep quiet we had been accustomed to of late. Night after night we had had but the dark bank, and the flowing stream, and the stars of heaven, for our companions; and we had fallen into a sort of feeling that this was, and was to be, our usual and settled social life. But now, without any warning or preparation, suddenly we were launched into a half-forgotten past, and dead and buried sort of uproarious existence; and here was the loud hum of many voices, and the cries of children, and the unceasing echo of hammers, and the light of many boats and of houses shining

round us, as the busy day went on into the evening and the night; and then the voices of a party of natives, singing in chorus, came over the stream from Elephantina. We had left the Desert and the silent river, and were in the bustling crowd of people and in the noise of towns again; and the only thing that seemed quiet, was the single light which burned in the window of the cabin of the large dahabeeh —that lay by the island and the palm trees — and which marked where was dying that poor English lady. Before the next day was over I had had enough of noisy Assouan and its bustle, and was wishing for the quiet of the Desert, and Nubia.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Pleasures of the Nile Voyage—Dissatisfied Travellers—Philœ—The Village of Morada—A fine old Arab Gentleman—The Passage of the Cataract—Jealous Boatmen—The Wreck of the 'Fortunata'—Baksheesh and Sherry—Patience on an Island—The big Hole—'Delicious words'—A Scene and a Success.

THE voyage up the Nile does not please everybody or satisfy every traveller. Some undertake it without the taste for what it offers, and of course are disappointed. Others become wearied of its length, and having no especial object of interest in life, and making to themselves no subject for inquiry, they lose the pleasure of the expedition when they lose its novelty. There are, however, so many varieties of occupation and of amusement, that one would suppose there must be something

among all these that would fall in with the habits or please the taste of every traveller. There are antiquities for the antiquarian, and leisure uninterrupted for those who like the study of them; and there is sporting for the sportsman, and remarkable scenery and buildings for the artist; and there is change of place and of objects from day to day for the seeker after health and the idle killer of time; and there are various peoples for those curious in blood and races, and the mountain and the plain for the geologist and the student of botany, with that glorious sun over all, turning arid and bleak December into glowing and fruit-loving June. And yet we heard of complaints of disappointment and dissatisfaction.

One Englishman was a botanist, and grumbled—that he found nothing new in Egypt: the plant-world was his world, and out of it to him all was barren. An American gentleman condemned the whole thing, Egypt, the Nile, the ruins. 'In America,' said he, 'there are finer rivers—Egypt is a waste—and the ruins are poor things—the Nile is inferior to the Mississippi, and the ruins of Thebes are not to be compared to those of Yucatan.' Another Englishman entered one day—his first and only visit—the great Temple of Karnak, walked hastily down the centre aisle, between the stu-

pendous columns, in silence, and when some noble sculpture on a side wall was pointed out to him by his guide, his only observation was—'Yes—a fine horse,'—and so he went out of the grandest, and, considering their age and their builders, the most remarkable pile of ruins in the world. Other complaints we heard of tediousness and of ennui. It is true that the remains of the ancient people are few, for the great distance and the time, and that there is a certain sameness of scenery for the mere lovers of the picturesque; but still there is so much to strike the attention in the wildness and the singularity of the country, in the novelty of the habits and dress of the people, and in the strangeness of one's mode of life among them—in the charm of climate and the surrounding wealth of production of the soil—and, beside and beyond all these, in the associations connected with the relics of majestic buildings of the ancient nation—of the heaven-denounced people, so known to us and yet so much a mystery—there is so much in all this to stir the depths of fancy and imagination, as well as to fill the measure of the mental demand for the actual and the real, that the voyage on the Nile seemed to me and to my poor capacity for enjoying, to be fully worthy of all the time, and to convert all

the trouble and the effort into the mere servants and slaves of satisfaction.

We left Assouan at six on the following morning, and reaching the middle of the Cataract by midday, we stopped, and the Nubians left us till the next morning. In the evening we walked out on a sandy plain about a mile wide, and crossing this we climbed the granite hill, its boundary. Looking from its summit towards the South of the river and at the top of the Cataract, what a sight met our eyes We seemed to see long ranges of buildings, complete and tenantable, walls unbroken, and columned porticos of light coloured stone—a palace, irregular but orderly—a beautiful work of art in a setting of savage nature.—It was Philœ. A granite mountain appeared to enclose the buildings behind and on all sides, except where one grand portal opened to the north, towards us, and through this natural gateway flowed out the shining waters of the Nile. Tower-like masses, pile on pile, rose up into the sky, precipitous on either side the stream, lofty, rugged and sombre, while within lay in its repose, bright and peaceful Philœ—a fair citadel in its terrible fortress. The quantity of building astonished us, and the situation was singularly savage and beautiful.

From that hill-top the panorama is good, as you

stand facing the setting sun sinking behind Africa. Behind you is a limitless waste of rocks, hard and gloomy, absorbing all light and reflecting none; and over your left shoulder, southwards, lies Nubia, the Nile, deep down in its cavernous bed, marking its sinuous course alone by a line of deeper colour along the summit of the wilderness of rocks; while on your right, somewhere among the hollows of the waste, is Assouan; but you do not see even the tower of Syene. All your front westward is the light-coloured and misty Libyan Desert; while at your feet the Nile, starting out suddenly, with light and cheerfulness on its bosom, from the stern portal of Philœ, emerges as from a prison into liberty, and growing in breadth, makes a sweep out to the westward across the plain, its waters as a lake, wide and island studded, and curving round to your right, narrows, and enters again its prison among the hills towards Assouan. The village of Morada, where the Reis of the Cataract and the Sheikhs lived, lies near the river-bank at the extremity of the plain towards Philæ, green with cultivation and many palm trees, and branching Gimmayz, an oasis in the waste; and the sweep of the river from your left shoulder round to your right, is the Cataract, five miles of broken waters, and their roar comes up to you on the hill-top across the plain. At their

broadest part they appear to be about a mile wide, and look very like a capital fishing stream broken into pools and rapids by innumerable rocky islets. Were it not that the climate of Egypt, and sands and rocks—nothing but sands and rocks above the water and under the water—forbid such things, you would swear trout and salmon must lie there to any amount; but there are few fish in the Cataract, and salmon and trout are not in Egypt. The sight of these pools, and the thought of what the caliph would have done with a ten-pounder, sent me far away by a bound to the Itchin and to rocky Usk. But Philœ and the Cataract soon called me back again, and the islets of black basalt polished and glistening in the sun's slanting rays, or of red granite all dead, and bare and naked; and so we went home with our friends in the dusk, and found our men of both boats all wrapped in their cloaks, and stretched on the sand, asleep, preferring that as a bed to the hard boards of the deck. It was a sultry summer night, and with all windows open we had the pleasant murmur of rushing waters near, and the distant and gathered roar of the Cataract all night in our ears.—Such a summer night was that of the twelfth of January. The first half of the Cataract was passed successfully—but the morrow—what would the morrow bring forth?

On the following morning the Reis was on board before sunrise, and the opening sounds of it to us were a great row between the Nubian parties of the two boats; they were holding a sharp discussion over the work of the previous day. The circumstances of the day before—there had been some very pretty racing and jockeying of the two boats—had roused the rivalry of the men to a furious pitch; and now insane boastings and threats of defeat proceeded from either party, on the coming passage. We were soon off, with about twenty men on board of the 'Cambria,' active fellows, supple and muscular as snakes. The Reis's father came, an ancient man, grizzled and half blind, a fine old gentleman, shrunk but erect, with kindly countenance, which must once have been handsome, and simple manners. He had been for many years the Reis of the Cataract, and a favourite of Mehemet Ali, the daring man of Cairo having a fellow feeling with the bold and skilful man of the Cataract. I seated him by the cabin-door, on my seat of honour, and out of the way of the working party, and gave him coffee and tobacco; and so the ancient man smoked, and was happy throughout the day, drinking, too, his fair share of sherry, and now and then giving his opinion as to the work in hand.

Now the Reis of the Cataract, a fine stalwart man, was on board the 'Cambria,' as her manager. A sheikh commanded the 'Fortunata.' We were soon in a rapid. Orders had been given by the Reis for the 'Fortunata' to follow in our wake, but this did not suit the Sheikh, or the jealous and boasting men on board her, and soon they left our track and took another, by which they might gain another channel and cut in in front of us before we could reach the first fall. Away they went, gallantly, as we entered the rapid, and laid a rope up to a distant rock and hauled on it, cheering loudly, the 'Fortunata's' sharp bows dividing the rushing slope of waters like a knife. She went up beautifully. 'Is that a good passage?' said I to the ancient man at my side, as I directed his attention to the 'Fortunata.' He shook his head and replied, 'bad.' Then I sent for the Reis and pointed out what was doing, and asked his opinion too, when he replied the same; and then he shouted across the roar of waters to the other boat, to go back and follow him. But they, the rivals, shouted back in reply—that all was safe; and then the ancient man was roused, and insisted, with trembling but earnest voice, that 'that would not be a good passage for a fortnight, and now it was dangerous.' Again and again we sent them loud warnings, but all our

shouts were in vain—on they went, and the 'Cambria' required the Reis, and all hands, and all attention. As we hauled steadily on towards a narrow opening between two islands—long, low ridges of granite, rising about twenty feet from the water, and between which the rapid came foaming down—another rapid, on our right, rushed down on us at right angles, like a sluice—a long smooth stream, beautiful to look at, but a fearful slope of waters. As we crept on to this *bab*, I looked for the 'Fortunata,' and, by Jove, there were two of her men far ahead of her, laying a rope up this very sluice on our right. 'Look,' said I to Selim, 'they are going up there.' 'They mad,' replied he earnestly—'they mad'—and then the ancient man looked steadily at them, and muttered something angrily, and sat down and folded his robe about him, with an air of deep concern.

As we passed through the narrow *bab*, I saw the 'Fortunata' just emerging from behind a rock, and entering the long, smooth, dangerous rapid—the rushing slope. Slowly we worked through our opening, and round the rocky islet, and were in quieter water; and we could see over the granite ridge the top of the yard of the 'Fortunata' and her red streamer, still slowly advancing. Suddenly we heard a cry—a scream above all the noise of the

waters—the streamer ceased to go forward—it stopped—the yard wavered—and then it went backwards rapidly: the rope had broken, and the 'Fortunata' was being hurried down that rushing slope, broadside. "She is lost!" cried some of our men—"She is lost!"—while others threw up their hands above their heads in mute despair. Selim covered his face with his hands, and the ancient man clasped his bony fingers, and gazed, and said nothing. The rapid carried the boat down on to the other side of the ridge of granite, behind which we were, her yard scraping along its jagged back; and then she was turned half round by the shock and hurried on, when a sunken reef in the middle of the rapid stopped her, and she struck heavily—we could hear the hollow sound—and, after two or three heaves, she settled on it and remained fast, lying rather on one side and broadside to the rushing stream.

Here was a misfortune. I think I never felt more thoroughly vexed than at this accident; for though we tried to think of it lightly, and refused to believe in all the gloomy prognostics of the ancient man and others about us—that the 'Fortunata' was a ruined boat—yet it was impossible not to fear that she might be seriously injured. With plenty of hands and ropes she might be dragged off

the reef, but what holes might she not have in her sides and bottom, and our friends' expedition lose half its pleasantness in their being obliged to exchange their beautiful and comfortable 'Fortunata' for some wretched and vermin-swarming affair of the country?—We sent the chief Reis to see what was the amount of the mischief, and what could be done; and soon he returned, to report that the boat was not as yet much injured, but could not be got off the reef till he had many more men, whom he had sent for. He recommended that the 'Cambria' should be got up safely, and then he and all the men should go and release the other — said, our friends were safe on one of the little islands, and the men were engaged in lightening the boat by putting everything she had on board on to the island with them. What a painful picture of helplessness was presented to us—our friends on the rocky islet, surrounded by their household gods in confusion, and their boat—their home, lying a wreck upon the reef in front of them.

We went on, as there was not force enough in the two boats to pull off the now unfortunate 'Fortunata;' but as we went, there over the low islands was always in view her tall yard with the red streamer, sometimes still and upright, and then as the different streams—for she was gradually

pushed further on the reef till her bows caught the rapid by the *bab* through which we had passed—as those two rapids rushed on her with varying violence, the yard swayed to and fro, as the boat was heaved partly up out of its rocky bed by one current, and pushed back into it by the other. The men from the village not arriving, we got on through the narrow and sinuous channels—one so narrow that the boat almost touched the rocks on either side, and so sinuous that we had some rubbing as we turned the corner. So we arrived at the great fall; but up this we were hauled by a strong body of people, and were landed without accident. The ancient man, and the chief, and and old friend of the latter—who had come on board for the last and principal fall, as a piece of amusement—sat round the cabin door, and were treated to a substantial repast of meat and bread and the all deeply venerated sherry, to recruit them, one, after having done his work well, and the other two, after the exertion of looking on and congratulating us on the successful termination of the business of passing the Cataract. We spread our sails and got up to Morada with a good wind, and dismissed the whole mass of people—some fifty men—and the 'Cambria' was again in the hands of her own Reis and crew. —The ancient man went off slipshod and happy,

with money in his vest and sherry in his blood, and all the other principal men more or less content according to baksheesh.

Leaving the Sitt to set her house in order,—too delighted to be rid of the roaring gentry of the Cataract and their confusion, and the slaves equally rejoiced to be again in possession of the boat—they had been but pooh-poohed cyphers for two days—I went off with Selim to the 'Fortunàta,' the whole body of Nubians with us. We found our friends on one of the rocky islets—a small thing, not forty feet in diameter—seated on boxes, and surrounded by their penates and all their worldly goods. They had taken everything from the boat, as a precaution against the worst, and in front of them—about thirty yards off, in the midst of the angry waters—was the pretty 'Fortunata,'—empty—not a soul on board her—and helpless, the sport of the rapid clamorous for its prey. I have never seen any people bear a blow of ill luck better than did our friends this disaster. They had lost neither their happy gaiety of temper, nor their eagerness for enterprise, —and this mischance was quite enough to have affected both; for here, at almost the most distant point of their Nile expedition, had they suddenly, and without a moment's warning, been wrecked in the Cataract,—their boat, their home, so lately and

so long their pride and their enjoyment, very probably extensively damaged, and their pleasant enterprise in Egypt spoiled in midway. There, as they sat on that little island of sand and rock, in the midst of the wilds of Nubia, homeless and shelterless, they were as buoyant in spirit as if nothing had happened. "If the boat is broken," said they, "we will get camels and donkeys, and get our belongings to Morada or Assouan, hire a country boat, and get on without an hour's delay to the second cataract."

But there was no one else of the party possessed of this courageous spirit of the Sitt and Khawaja. Yusuf was grief-struck and bemoaned himself loudly, and was only saved from tears by his anger with the people who had caused the disaster. Their own Reis, the three-wived man of Egypt, was the picture of a crushed man. He sat in the sand staring silently at his darling. It was no fault of his that she lay there; but there was his beautiful boat on the rocks—that was a great fact, and it trampled him down into the sand. The others—his crew—they sat by themselves dumbfounded. The Nubians went, some of them, and examined her; and now all joined in one gloomy chorus—that she was a smashed boat, and done for—"they thinking," said Selim, "when coming off the rocks

him sink—him big hole." The island was covered with men, and skiff loads and swimmers kept constantly going off to her, while more continued coming from the village and the shore to help pull her off; but all, from the chief Reis downwards, were desponding, and most of them sat gloomily down, dispirited and sad. As usual with Orientals, who are easily and quickly depressed by any misfortune, they looked on the matter as hopeless, and went about their preparations listlessly and without heart. Even the Chief was gloomy and silent, and shook his head at any questions of Yusuf.

But being of a hopeful nature, and hearing that in spite of the 'big hole,' the boat had not in all this time—she had been on the reef for some hours—made much water, I sprang to the conclusion that the 'big hole' was an exaggeration, and that the 'Fortunata' might yet come out of the scrape and do well. Thus, while directions were being languidly given, and scarcely attended to by the dispirited men, I loudly declared that the boat was not hurt—that the hole was nothing—that if they would but get her off, all would go well—and that she should and must be at Morada that very evening. And then my friend joined in that view of

the case; and Selim entered into it, and proclaimed it aloud with his usual energy; and Yusuf rose from his despair into furious certainty; and then there was made a promise of extra baksheesh for all, when she was got off. The chief Sheikhs, and the Reis in particular, were loaded with flattery as to their well-known skill, accompanied by much shaking of hands and patting on the back of inferior heroes; and the current of feeling was changed. The chief was roused, and coming up to us, in a few earnest words assured us—"He would do what he could." At this there was a tremendous uproar, and every man, as they crowded round us, swore that he too would do his best; and there was a great clasping of hands all round, as if they were all going on some marvellous undertaking, and death or victory were before them; and so, all shouting and leaping, they all rushed down into the water. The Reis and the Sheikhs went off to the 'Fortunata' in the skiff, the others swimming, while a sufficient number were left on the island to haul on the boat sideways; while another lot were sent off to another island down below the rapid. The force of the rapids had gradually turned round the 'Fortunata,' and her head, which was at first up stream, was now down it. After baling out all the water in her, and

taking out everything they could find that was loose, to lighten her, ropes were made fast to her bows and sides, two being carried out from her head to our island, and a strong one to that one below the rapid. As the last preparations were being made, it was a nervous moment. Would she go off, or was she fast imbedded and to be abandoned for the present? And if she did go off, was there a 'big hole,' and would she be swamped? Would our friends have their pretty boat again, or was their expedition spoiled? All Morada had turned out to see, and the distant bank was covered with figures of women; while there could not be less than seventy or eighty men in the boat and on the islands. The scene was good. Our little party encouraged them by giving them occasionally 'delicious words,' as Selim called flattery, to which the men answered by cheering.

When all was ready, the massive man, the Reis, stood up on the roof of the cabins and gave the signal, and the men on the two islands pulled well, together and steadily. She lay like a log, unmoved, —then came a second pull—and she moved forward a couple of feet, scraping along the reef; and a shout rose on all sides above the roar of the rapids. —Again the signal was given by the Reis, with

new energy, and—by Jove—away the 'Fortunata' went forward—and on—and on—scraping and rumbling, and bumping and rolling—till she plunged right off into deep water, and floated free. It was quite a scene. Among our party, as the boat moved along, there was deep sensation; while the men, the Nubians on board and on the islands, were simply mad. There stood the chief, aloft above the cabins, composed and watchfully looking down over her side as she bumped along the ridge, while his men threw up their hands with a scream, as they felt the boat move under them; and others danced about over the deck and over the cabins, like naked savages, as they were,—and seven or eight, unable to contain themselves, threw themselves 'headers' from all parts of her into the rapid, and swam to us. The men on our island pulled her head round, and in a few minutes the 'Fortunata' lay against it—recovered and safe. *Io triumphe!*—It was a glorious moment—an immense quantity of confused rejoicing and embracing took place, people half crying and half laughing in a convulsive sort of way; and praises, well-deserved of the men, were replied to by the most extravagant follies, and boastful claims of the entire merit of having foreseen the whole thing. And in the midst of it the noble-looking chief, a little moved from his

usual placidity, came up the bank to us, and gave us all joy with kindly warmth, simply adding,—'that he had kept his word, and there was the boat again all right,—there was no damage to signify, and the Sitt and the Khawaja could go on board, if they liked, now, and pass the Cataract that day.'

One small hole only was found, and soon men were down under her stopping it with tow. These men went down and remained many minutes under water, stopping that hole and searching for other damage, and having come up and taken a long deep breath or two, went down again. The excitement over, and the promised baksheesh distributed, a handsome largesse, the boat was re-furnished, Yusuf doing his work in a kind of dream, and scarcely believing the reverse of fortune from bad to sudden good. Our friends went on board, the chief and a body of his men with them, and a light breeze blowing in their favour, they spread their sails; and once more the 'Fortunata' pushed off to try her luck in the Cataract, while Selim and I got into the skiff and made for the shore, and rode back by Morada to the 'Cambria.' Over the low islands we could see the tall yard and the red streamer of our friends' boat steadily advancing through the Cataract. But the 'Fortunata' never got through.

CHAPTER IX.

Philœ the Beautiful—The Sacred Solitude—The unfortunate 'Fortunata'—Our Nubian Pilot—The Bab El Kalabshé—The Genii of Enterprise—Nubia and the Nubians—Kirosko—Courageous Ladies—A Head Wind—The Country Girls—Traditional Hair-dressing—Nubian Peasant Life—Selim and Ali—A Chance for the Bastinado—Anad and Zeyd—An angry Joke—Sticks against Sticks—Penitent Ali—Brecknockshire and Osiris—The Sheikh's Wheat-field—A Midnight Serenade—The Two Cats again—The Sands of Libya—Mystic Moonlight—The Nile's Divinity.

PHILŒ the beautiful!—We approach it through the rocky and towering gateway, and the little island with the graceful palm trees and the bright green covering of the spring produce and the many buildings which appear from the river, not ruined, but uninjured—there it sits among the savage piles of granite—in the amphitheatre of unmossed precipices which rise on all sides and shut in the

shining waters, as it were a lake, and that small verdant spot in the midst—is it not beautiful?

Sacred Philœ!—Still thou art a sacred shrine, uninhabited by common man—the sole dwellers on thy surface are the ruined holy places of Egypt's Deity. Yet sacred Philœ!—For who shall stand upon that spot—that small and water girdled spot, green and fertile, but which from year to year rain is scarcely ever known to fall on and refresh? Who shall climb that impending height and find, not woods and green valleys where are the sounds of life, but, ah me!—the sublimely terrible where nothing of life is beneath the eyes, not a living or a moving object—not a bird in the vacant air above—nor an animal on the sad plain of the wilderness around—and where not a sound strikes the ear, except the distant murmur of the unseen Cataract?—Who shall look on all this blank—this limitless Desert of stone and sand — misty and silent — an awful scene — and when he turns from this, the heaven-condemned, to the one green spot—the one smiling place not dead in the midst of death—shall he not avow, that here was no place for the common foot of man—that here, in this sublimity of nature, here was place for none to dwell—save the great presence of that nature's God? — If nought else remained to tell of thy once great mind, O

Egypt, this consecrated Isle—all temple-crowned—would proclaim it to all after ages. Is it not sacred?

From the roof of the temple we could see down through the rocky portal of Philœ to the head of the Cataract, and there in sight was the red streamer of the 'Fortunata' on the tall yard. It seemed to remain a long time in one place, but the boat was, to all appearance, above the great fall, and its not coming on to Philœ was a mystery to us. Reis Hassan and Selim gave various reasons for this delay, but they always ended in assurances, that the boat was safe through the cataract and would catch us that night. But the shades of evening were stealing over deserted Philœ, more beautiful in its loneliness under the soft and melancholy light of the setting sun, than in the broad glare of its mid-day fires. A strong north wind had sprung up as the day went down. This made us all the more regret the delay of the 'Fortunata,' as it is a great object to get up through Nubia to the Second Cataract as fast as possible, there being less to attract and amuse the traveller than in Egypt; and it is important to lose no wind, there being fewer facilities for towing the boat on the Nubian banks than below Assouan. We waited till dusk; and then finding that our friends did not come up, we supposed that their boat was undergoing a little

additional doctoring by the Nubians after her sick morning on the reef, and, this completed, she would come on with this fine wind in the night. Thus believing we spread our sails, and pushed off for the second cataract.

Immediately above the basin of Philœ the river narrows and flows between two lofty and perpendicular granite ridges for some little distance, and which looked gloomy and fine in the dim light of the evening. As we sailed through the wild and solemn pass I could not help thinking, as I looked back on Philœ, how grand and effective was this approach to the sacred island; and how this bold scenery—these precipices and sweeping waters—must have forced their influence on that most impressionable and mystery-loving people, the ancient Egyptians, so alive to artistic beauty and natural grandeur, as the Nile procession was borne along the deified river, through that solemn portal, to the temple-crowned and beautiful island — abode of their gods.

What a wind we had! All night it continued, and through the whole of the day following, with short intervals, until sunset. Sometimes it would drop for an hour or more, and scarcely keep us advancing against the strong stream, and then it would come on and send us along for two or three

hours at seven or eight miles an hour. The 'Cambria' had been handed over at Assouan to the care of a Nubian pilot, our steerer from Alexandria knowing nothing abont this part of the river. This is a vested interest of the Nubians, as is the Cataract:—no Egyptian or stranger can go up into their country but by the hands of natives. Our new pilot was a small man of a good-tempered countenance, mild and quiet in his manner, with bronzed skin and good features, the lips being slightly thicker than those of the Egyptian sailors. He begged hard to be allowed to stop, and not to go on all through the night, representing the river as dangerous from many rocks in the stream, some just below water; but he was told, that he was considered to be the best pilot in the country, and that it would be a disgrace to him, and to us, and to the boat, if we should stop during the night for any cause, except want of wind. Perhaps, too, the 'Fortunata' might pass us in the night with a bolder pilot, it was suggested. This touched the Nubian. "But there is the Bab-el-Kalabshé," said he; "all rocks across the river, like the cataract—a bad place." "I know the Bab-el-Kalabshé," replied Selim,—"not at all a bad place: You know every rock in the river—you go on—if you take us up well, you shall have a good baksheesh." "But

perhaps we may have an accident—how can I tell?!' "An accident!"—cries Selim, getting angry and imperious—"if you run us on a rock, then I kill you and throw your body in the river." This settled the matter. The prospect of gain or loss, of reward or punishment, settles all things.

We had a brilliant moon, and kept on all night without accident or stop, passing the bad place—the Bab El Kalabshé—without endangering the life of the Nubian pilot, though I will confess that every now and then, when the wind blew stronger than usual and a sudden gust would make the little boat heel over and wake me up with a start, a few disquieting thoughts would intrude themselves. Thus they whispered—'Here you are in the midst of these Nubian wilds, and if you should run upon a rock like that unlucky 'Fortunata,' what a mess you would be in. The Nubian pilot begged hard to stop, because of dangerous places—rocks in mid-stream, sunken and becoming more dangerous each day as the river falls.' And then visions of the 'Cambria,' wrecked and filling with water, and ourselves on the bank of the Nubian desert, shelterless, at midnight, would rise up from the secret places of imagination and engender a momentary doubt whether it would not be better to stop and lie by till daylight. Prudence whispered

some lugubrious warnings about the Sitt—but then came the genii of enterprise, and sat by my pillow and threw a cheerful tone into the discussion. 'What a splendid pace you are going—it would be a thousand pities to stop and lose this glorious wind—you won't get such another in a hurry—there is a moon too, and Achmet can see the river as well as if the sun was shining. Ah! the moon is set—well, so she is—but there are the stars—they are almost moons—and if you do run on a rock, and are turned out on the shore—what then?—it will be a little adventure to you, and you will have an opportunity of seeing something of Nubian life.' This last suggestion of the genii was soothing. It is not a bad plan to look some possible worst in the face occasionally, and imagine yourself in it, and try your resources and energies under the difficulties of the realised bedevilment. Placing yourself in it thus, you will be sure to see, if you look about, some advantage to be extracted from it. However, before the question of a Nubian hut, and the Sitt, disconsolate on a mat in the corner, and seeing no advantage whatever in having exchanged for that wrecked position her comfortable bed at two in the morning—before this question was fully argued out, sleep came again to put an end to the rather imperfect conclusions about Nubian life.

In the course of the day we passed various places of note, besides villages on the desert edge, with their poor little stock of cows and sheep straggling about, and pigeons and goats—a miserable display after teeming Egypt—ruined towns of better days up on the hill-sides, unroofed, tenantless walls—ruins of temples at Dendoor (just within the Tropic, says Wilkinson), and at Gerf Hossayn, and at Dakkeh, and at Siboon. We passed these without stopping, our prospering gale holding on steadily till sunset—the best run we had had since leaving Alexandria. In the villages of Nubia are to be seen no mosque—that is, no minaret—though there is in every village a small place used as a mosque, though the Imam has but little to do. The Nubians are bad mussulmany, it was said, and go but seldom to mosque. Out of a thousand people, perhaps twenty go to mosque with any degree of regularity. They are described as mussulmany in the head, but not in the heart; they know the Koran, but care nothing for its precepts. In Nubia there are no Copts—none of this people, indeed, south of Esneh. The Nubians pay the Imam in kind, in corn, eggs, chickens, milk, but give him no money. Sometimes this personage possesses land and cows and sakia, and is as rich as his neighbours, but always receives from his village

flock some payment, in kind, for his services. The good man must lead a free and easy life of it among such a people,—for they set the Koran at defiance and drink wine and brandy and arrack, and marry as many wives as they please—unless the Imam should be a phenomenon—a conscientious believer in the commands of the prophet and in the consequences of disobedience of them—and should take to heart the profligacies of his flock.

In the morning of the next day we were at Korosko, a considerable village standing on the eastern bank, in the midst of date-palm trees. There were three boats, with the English flag flying, at the shore by the village, waiting for their masters —one a young man gone somewhere inland, and the others a middle-aged gentleman, who, with his wife and daughter and a son, had gone on camels across the desert from Wady Halfah, at the second cataract, to Sennar. Courageous ladies! It is about as far from Korosko to Sennar as it is from Alexandria to Korosko—about eight hundred English miles—a long ride for ladies, at twenty miles a day. They started on their desert ride from Wady Halfah, but were to strike the Nile at Korosko on their return. It was a gallant undertaking of the two ladies, but they paid, alas! a heavy price for

their achievement, in the loss of the husband and the father on their way back from Sennar.

How lonely is Nubia,—not a boat had we seen on the Nile since leaving Philœ; and during the whole of the previous day we had met no traveller's or country boat descending the river, each bend of the stream shewing us,—not, as we at first expected and as was usual in Egypt, a sail here and there,—nothing but a long reach of water, totally lifeless and solitary. We had it all to ourselves; and so we went on for hour after hour, from reach to reach, the little 'Cambria' the only moving object on that whole extent of water. What a solitude—the desert river, and the desert hills on either side confining it—but what a charm there is in that majestic solitude. There was something of the sublime in that Nubian scenery—the features of Nature were so few, so grand, and so impressive. It was not difficult to go back in idea to the days of old, to exhume the buried ages, and with the ancient and philosophic people amid such awe inspiring scenery to feel the presence of great Nature. I was almost sorry to see the boats and the flags at Korosko.

Here the Nile makes a remarkable bend. Hitherto our course had been nearly due south; but soon after Korosko it would be nearly due

north, for fifteen or twenty miles, towards Dirr. This is a very troublesome bit of water to boatmen, as, if the usual north wind is blowing, what was in their favour up to Korosko becomes dead in their teeth beyond it; and so here they are detained sometimes for days. The best way for travellers to overcome this difficulty is to hire at Korosko a strong party of Nubians to tow the boat round this bend. We did so, and while the bargain was going on I wrote a note to the 'Fortunata' to communicate our doings, and that we should wait at Wady Halfah for her. Leaving my note with the Reis of one of the English boats, with particular directions to keep a look out for the 'Fortunata,' we put on the Nubian party, together with our own crew, to the tow-rope, and started for Dirr.

The towing process being a slow one, even with the aid of the fresh Korosko men, the Sitt went on shore, and we walked along the palm-grove. The palm-groves by Korosko extend for some miles, and as there are villages, or rather knots of huts, scattered among them, this eastern bank presents a very different appearance from that on the west—a plain of sand. We saw many girls working in the cotton-plant fields, with the elders of the family, and thought them rather good-looking. They were

slight in form, and of moderate height—shorter than the women of Egypt—and had good teeth, white and regular. They dressed the hair, old and young—some of the elder women's hair was grey, but that of the young girls of a deep black—in an innumerable quantity of small corkscrew curls, falling all round the head and over the forehead to near the eyes. It was glistening with castor oil, but the effect was pretty, and had an air of care and neatness. This style of dressing the hair possessed a curious interest, too, for it is precisely the same as is represented in the sculptures and drawings of the women of the ancient people. From mother to daughter, for thousands of years, must this mode of dressing the head have been observed—so little change in the mode of life, from year to year, and from century to century, one must believe to have taken place among these dwellers amid deserts on these banks of that solitary stream. There, among these palm-groves, the stranger has been ever but rarely seen, and there has been nothing to tempt the invader; reform and improvement have been unknown terms, and one day has been as another, from age to age, while states have risen and fallen to pieces, and nations and empires have flourished and crumbled. Here was a living fact of the days

of Sesostris. The features, too, of these young girls—the straight nose and the full lip—were those of the sculptures. The men and the women were all well clothed,—the men with a tunic, fastened with a girdle at the waist, and the women with a full trouser from the waist to the feet, a short cloak fitting to the neck and falling to the knees, and having ample sleeves. No young men were among them, and the girls had a modest air; and nowhere had we seen such an evidence of tidiness and tasteful attention to personal appearance, among the women of the peasantry of Egypt, as was among these Nubian villagers.

The Sakia was constantly at work, and the fields were small and neatly and carefully cultivated, so that nowhere in Egypt had we seen such pretty fields, like gardens, and such orderly cultivation, as along that bank among and behind the palm trees from Korosko towards Dirr. As we went a fresh breeze was in our faces—the palms made a pleasant and flickering shade from that ever dazzling sun—small streams of water crossed our path continually from the Sakia, carried along grassy channels, while low hedges of bramble and bush, torn from the Nile bank, separated at every forty or fifty yards the bright green crops of wheat and barley, or pease, or lupins, or plots of cotton or castor-oil plants, all

kept in neat order, and which came in irregularly among the palm trees, and through which our path lay. For two or three miles we walked along this grove, and by the scattered villages, but which lay, principally, on the edge of the Desert, on the far side of the cultivated land and the grove. The houses or huts were built of stone, and were of course but furnitureless places, though showing with their matting and their few jars some order and attention to neatness in their arrangement within. The whole thing gave an impression of Nubian peasant life under a happy aspect. The old women, with their well-arranged grey hair and decent clothing, particularly struck one as having a respectable and comfortable-at-home appearance not usual among the older females of that class in Egypt, who are generally but lamentable objects—haggard, squalid, and repulsively unfeminine.

As we stepped on board, the crew and the Nubians stopped the boat and sat down on the bank to eat; and scarcely had I entered the cabin, when I heard a row, and looking from the cabin door I saw there was a quarrel. Selim was on the shore and in the act of striking one of the crew—Ali, the Nubian—the man who had so narrowly

escaped the bastinado of the governor at Esneh. My first thought was to rush out to separate the men; but the second was to stop, look on, and wait the result. This man behaved ill at Esneh, said I to myself, and he must now have done something to deserve beating—he must be a troublesome fellow—let him be beaten. They were both powerful men—Selim and Ali—and they had a sharp 'turn up.' Blows were exchanged, not in British style, but in an irregular sort of scramble and with open hands, the men striking each other's heads—but Selim had the best of it. There was a regular row; some of the men laid hold of Selim, and some of Ali, and everybody talked fast and loud. The Reis tried to interfere with mild words, but was not attended to; and presently Ali broke away from those holding him, rushed on board, took his camel-hair cloak from the cabin roof, and jumped on shore, saying loudly—"He would leave the boat." "Go," said Selim, "we do not want you—you do nothing well, and only make mischief here. If you had been well beaten at Esneh, you would be a better man—but the Sitt begged you off." This was shouted after Ali, as he ran up the bank and disappeared into the palm grove.

It was explained to me that this man was always trying to make the other sailors idle, while he did

his own work in a bad and negligent way. Now he had tried to prevent the Korosko Nubians from working, and when warned by Selim, he was insolent—insolent to Selim—the power-loving Selim—the disappointed of his prey at Esneh—and now the insulted, openly, before the slaves of his will. This was too much. Selim beat his man, and was quite happy. Perhaps the only remedy in that country for such things, in its rude state of society, is a wholesome application of the *argumentum baculinum* occasionally. I confess I thought so at that moment in those Nubian wilds; and again a lurking curiosity—a traveller's curiosity—about the bastinado, rose up in my mind, and I formed a little resolve that if Ali returned to the boat—and which he probably would do when his passion was over—and if he again misbehaved himself, I should indulge the little fancy I had to see this Eastern punishment administered to somebody, and should request some governor to do me the favour to give Ali the benefit of this correction, for his improvement. Being present, I could stop the reform treatment directly that my curiosity was gratified and Ali's reformation fairly in progress.

It was a great object with us to get round the bend of the river before midnight, so that when the north-wind should blow strong again in

the morning, we might have our heads once more turned to the south and west. The Korosko men kept on therefore steadily all the afternoon, and, through the evening, and into the night. Our own crew at sunset threw up work, left the tow rope and came on board, saying — "That their contract was—that they should never be obliged to tow the boat after sunset." This was true, such being the usual contract on the boat being hired in Egypt. The Nubians went on towing, while the Egyptians sat on the deck. Under the circumstances, the conduct of the slaves was displeasing, this towing round the Korosko bend of the river being an exceptional case and also an important point in the voyage; but the truth was, that the quarrel of Ali and Selim had made an ill-feeling on board, for Ali was rather a favourite with two or three of the crew; and when he angrily left the boat, these men had followed him to persuade him to return, but ineffectually. An evil genii sat on the deck of the 'Cambria.' I said nothing; but in a little time the two cheerful spirits of the boat, my two favourites, Auad and Zeyd, seeing that I looked offended and more grave than usual, suddenly proposed to go ashore and help at the tow rope; and then all the others jumped up too, and

in a minute they were all cheerily and heartily at work with the Nubians.

As we went along in the starlight, our men, for a joke, told the inquisitive people of a village we were passing, that we on board were Turks, and that the seven Nubians towing, were taken by force—an old practice of the Turkish governors of towns—and that we wanted more;—and then one or two of our crew, following up the joke, ran off and seized a stray man or two, here and there, till they had four villagers captured, and at work on the rope. As we went on in the dusk, there was much talk of all this on the bank, and which increased, many and loud and angry voices being heard. People came to the edge of the bank and complained to us of this treatment, and the Reis and Selim humoured the deception, and demanded more men to work. Then women's voices joined in and loudly remonstrated against their husbands being taken, and other women screamed in company, till there was a complete uproar. A crowd of thirty or forty people we could see running along a causeway at a little distance from the water's edge, the men talking fiercely among themselves and shouting to us, and the women uttering a peculiar and sharp wailing cry, shrill and quivering, and rather musical, for their lost husbands—their usual cry for the dead.

Our Reis, enjoying the fun, retorted on the angry men 'to go home or work,' and in the midst of it Selim loaded two barrels, with powder only, and fired them in the air. This was a grand *coup de théatre*, and the joke promised to become quite a little affair. All were screaming, and nobody can scream with better effect than these people, and the gun-shot—I rather liked them for this—seemed to madden them all the more, instead of intimidating them. The joke had lasted for about half an hour, till the country people could bear it no longer; and now, a long meadow opening out where the scattered palms ceased, by the moonlight we could see the crowd on the causeway about a hundred yards from the water, and a posse of fifteen or twenty men leave the crowd and approach at a run in the direction of the boat, uttering loud threats against us. They rapidly neared the towing party, to attack them and release their friends, now increased by various captures to seven; they were all dressed in their short whitey-brown tunics, aud were armed with sticks. As we saw the white figures hurrying over the ground, the cry on board, to the steerer was 'to shore,' and to shore the boat's head was turned. The towing party saw what was taking place—the Nubians coming on them with sticks, and the boat running in to the bank—and so drop

ping the rope, they all—that is, our men—ran back to us. Now it happened we had brought with us, from Alexandria, some dozen or more large, long, heavy clubs, for use by the Sitt's guards, and for emergencies, and these were got out in a twinkling from the hold, and in a minute or two every man was armed with his club, and all leaped ashore,—the Reis, Selim, the Nubian pilot, sailors, the caliph himself—all started off to meet the attacking enemy, who by this time had released their captured friends. The boat was empty of all but ourselves and the boy Mahmood, and the scene on the meadow was good. We could see the *melée*, but it was rather a disorderly fight,—figures in white running in various directions over the flat, pursued by other figures,—numerous single combats scattered about,—and we could hear the blow of sticks against sticks, amidst a complete storm of voices, all at their loudest pitch of rage, and the wailing shrill cry of the women beyond on the causeway. This went on for about ten minutes; when, the first ardour of the battle having expended itself, gradually the fight descended to a conflict of words, which lasted for about ten more.

During this the crew returned one by one to the boat, all in the highest spirits, the Reis and each of them coming to assure the Sitt "that it

was teiib, and everything was right." And then the caliph returned, with his chuckling, laugh and struck the deck violently with his big club and looked very valiant, on which I asked him how many men he had killed, and the caliph grinned and said—"he had fought—he had done something." And lastly came Selim, who of course had the last of the talk. He gave us this description of the fray :—"After little bit fighting, I call them —if you wish good fighting, we fighting—if you no fight well, go home. Then they no fighting more. One man say—why you fire gun? you killing one man. I say—that no right—only powder in the gun. He say—that not true—you loading with ball—one man killed—dying, hard wound—you come see him dying. Then I laugh. Then he say —why you taking our people? I say—only fun. Then I come away. They not much fighting." As it had taken a good ten minutes of the severest talking to come to a conclusion, this concise account of course was the barest epitome of the volume poured forth. The fray ended in the chiefs of the village and a party of women coming down to the boat, and being unwilling to fight, giving us much 'hard word' for our fun—our people retorting on them with jeers for their stupidity in not seeing a joke—a charge which galled the folks of Nubia, as

it does folks one knows of nearer home. We pushed off from shore, the Nubian women having of course the last word—as usual with the sex—and our crew and the Korosko men towed on in the moonlight, till near midnight, when, having got round the bad bend of the river, and our faces being towards the south and west again, we paid off the Nubians and moored the boat till morning. Towards the end of the affray Ali had stolen on board. However, it happened—whether in consequence of Selim's beating by Korosko, or the result of a warning I sent him—that if he behaved ill again he should be dismissed the boat—that from that day Ali was a better man, and became a great favourite with the Sitt, he paying her every attention in his power, and insisting on being her guard on riding or walking expeditions. Perhaps this part of his conduct arose from gratitude to the Sitt for saving him from punishment at Esneh. Let us think so.

We were soon at Dirr; and there, at the shore, lay a boat with an English flag at the stern, a cangia, and our Nubian pilot declared that he knew her, and that on board her we should find the Sitt of the 'Antar' We ran in to shore, and landing by the palm grove above the town, walked down to the cangia, when we heard that two English Sitteen were in the temple behind the place. In

front of the temple we found a crowd of women and children, and in the midst of them were a green parasol and two straw broad-brimmed hats; and in a moment we were in the midst of much friendly exclaiming. And then we went into the temple, and there, within the sacred precincts, took place a rapid and rather confused talk of Brecknockshire and the god Osiris—of the steamers from Marseilles to Malta, which always go wrong, and Rameses the Great—of sketches of Egypt, mingled with news of Assouan, and of the Cataract—and of the gods of Epsamboul; and so we returned to the boats, attended by all the beauty and fashion of Dirr. The cangia and the Sitteen of the 'Antar' were on their way down the Nile, and we on our way up; and as Boreas was still blowing away and puffing out his cheeks in our favour with all his heart and soul, the two parties consigned all matters, less important than the wind, to a future occasion, and separated. It was arranged to meet again at Assouan in a fortnight, and to descend the Nile in company.

Passing Ibrim, the ruined and deserted city on its lonely hill—the only one throughout the country that is built much above the plain, with the exception of the ancient Syene,—we seemed to enter a still more desolate country, if that were possible, than that we had passed. The scenery too became

less striking, waving hills having succeeded to high rocks, and sandy flats only relieved by conical hills, rising up to the height of two or three hundred feet, in groups. These started up sharply from the level sand and without any broken ground round them, and thus had an artificial look, as if they were built up, so sharp and regular was the outline and so pointed were their summits. They had precisely the form of pyramids, and seen at a distance, the whole *structure* covered with a golden, deep-yellow sand to the sharp-pointed summits,—the evening light adding to the deception,—the groups had the exact appearnnce of a number of small and beautiful pyramids of a warm yellow stone. Selim called this plain, covered with groups of yellow hills, by the name of 'The Sheikh's Wheat-field.' His account of this name was this:—There lived in this country, many years ago, a famous robber, who went by the name of 'The Sheikh.' He robbed up the river and down the river from Wady Halfah to Dirr, but hereabouts was his principal haunt. Now these yellow pyramidal hills scattered all over the plain, wore the appearance—and there is a considerable likeness—in the eyes of the Egyptian boatmen of gigantic ricks or heaps of corn; and so they, connecting this resemblance to the customary accessories of their own homes in

Egypt with the robber's haunt, gave it the name of 'The Sheikh's Wheat-field,'—or 'Aboo's Farm,' —'The Father's Farm,' as the Reis called it for the same reason,—'Sheikh Aboo' being the robber's alias. The sight of these natural pyramids suggested the idea—art being, principally, but a copy of nature's forms—that the ancient people had here found the original for their great works by Memphis and elsewhere.

As we were lying moored at the bank that night, and not far from Aboosimbel, we heard a singing party coming down the stream at a distance. At night and in these soundless solitudes, where even during the day you go on for many days and see scarcely a moving sign of life, and hear but rarely a living voice from the desert banks, all your world concentrated in that little boat you live in—the effect was startling. The chorus was very musical in the still night, and, as the party came on, the regular splash of the oars kept time. Our people, of course, had a word with the strangers as they went by, and they proved to be the young American gentleman with his two cats and the boasting Jerseyman, on their way down. They had gone up only on the day previous and had stopped short at Aboosimbel, the American not caring to go on to the Second Cataract. It was some satisfaction to Selim for not

having left the little cangia behind 'like one island,' that she had only beaten us from Cairo by one day, and so he bore the Jerseyman's few taunting words —"I told you I should be up first," with some equanimity. He consoled himself with this reflection and assertion—"If the Reis of the Cataract coming to Assouan when I telling him, that wind from Philœ to Korosko leaving the cangia behind long way." I have never seen the light of the moon so strong as it was on that night, as we stood on the deck watching the little cangia as she floated rapidly down the stream, and listening to the jar of the stroke and the distant chorus, as she disappeared,

And left the world to solitude and us.

We could read fluently a very small print; and so powerful was the light, that the whole multitude of the smaller stars, and the long line of the milky-way, were totally eclipsed and invisible; and even the planets and the greater constellations were much shorn of their size and lustre,—Ursa Major in the far north, and lying low down towards the horizon, making but a humble rush-light sort of glimmer.

For the first time on this day—we were not far from the great Temple of Aboosimbel—we had the

bare and barren deserts coming down to the water-side on both banks—rocks of sombre brown and utterly bleak on the eastern shore, and the sands of Lybia blown down on the western bank, and running over and down the face of it, as some golden stream, into the Nile. The slope of green, the product of fat Nile—even that narrow slip—had long ceased, and now not a tree nor a hut was on either shore, not a plant owning the culture of man. Nothing but a scattered blade or two of Halfeh grass and a few dry bushes, skirting the tops of the western bank at intervals, were visible, and all beside was one universal waste. In the moonlight you wandered along that bank, and out upon the sands, and out of sight and hearing of the 'Cambria,' and her small freight of living beings; and the thought crossed you, as you lay upon a rising hill — how often on such a scene as this—the cloudless heaven above, the sad earth beneath condemned to barrenness and to silence—all motionless save in one only thing, that flowing river—how often on such a scene, sublime and terrible, must the Egyptian priest of Epsamboul have gazed and pondered.—And where can be the wonder that he—the religious man—the alive to all the impressions of the sublime—the philosopher—that he, without a plain and intelligible revelation

from above of the God of Nature—without any clear knowledge of the Creator, and of the created,—that he should misinterpret that wondrous and mysterious nature around him? Where can be the wonder, that, in the tangle of his thoughts, he mistook the essence of the only thing of life he saw before him, and fancied in that sole-moving agency—in the life-giving and mystic river, to him so mystic in its source and in its maintenance,—that in the Nile the priest saw the action of Deity itself—the mysterious something that is more than matter—the invisible—the incomprehensible? Was it not impossible, in such a scene, that the priest should not think strange and unearthly thoughts? There was a deep awe in the dread stillness and loneliness of that desert solitude in the dead of night—and when, in the midst of that universal death, the Nile went shining and ever-living by, it was not difficult to imagine that the man unenlightened from above,—the dimly reasoning and philosophic priest—might think that river—so perpetual and undying in its grand and solemn flow, and veiling in secrecy its birth and its annual supply—that the Nile might possess other than a material power.

CHAPTER X.

Shadows from Temple Walls—Philosophy and Religion—The One God—A Partial Revelation—The Twofold Mind of Man—The Light Obscured—Divinity in Animals—Fall from Wisdom—A Voice in Egypt—The Visible God—A Peculiar People.

It happened, once upon a time, that a traveller went into a far country; and as he lay one night upon his bed — was he asleep or was he awake, he knew not — but it seemed as a light shone round about his chamber — and then as that two men—dimly at first, and then distinctly—appeared before him—two men of middle age and of bright fair skins. And one of them was clad in white garments of a peculiar and antique form, and his head was bare and shaven, and his arms and his lower limbs were uncovered, as is the custom with men of the hot south countries; and behold! he

was resembling the figure of a priest on the wall of the Temple of Aboosimbel. And the other man—what was he? His form and his features were as those of the former, of the same high fine cast, and he was of the same race, and time, and clime—but his dress was that of the figure of a warrior on those same walls, and a helmet was on his head. And the voices of the two men were uttering words, and the traveller seemed to listen, and he heard the following from the mouth of the priest of Aboosimbel—

"O Egypt!—Egypt!—a time will come when instead of a pure religion, and a pure worship, thou shalt have but a collection of ridiculous fables incredible to posterity, and there shall remain to thee but words engraved on stones, the sole monument which shall attest thy piety."—and his face expressed the keenest anguish.

And the other replied—

"Your words claim for Egypt what is just—a pure religion, and a pure worship — but they point beyond the present day, to a dark future when she shall lose both the one and the other."

Priest.—Ah! yes. We have now in truth and in reality a pure religion; but the light which now shines on us from the Heaven, will be obscured,

and darkness will fall over our beloved land of Egypt."

Soldier.—How shall this be? Have we not all wisdom, and all knowledge above other lands and all peoples? Have we not laws which shall hand these down with increase to all ages and to all generations?

Priest.—This will not be. Alas! You know not man. Your profession teaches you but the outer part of man, our's the inner. You see them not as we see them. A time will come—and is even now coming — when all this — I see it — all this will change—our great men will fall from true knowledge, and our wisdom will be a byeword — our Gods will be as no Gods — and this holy temple of Epsambul shall be but a place of wild beasts of the desert or an habitation for unclean birds.

Soldier.—O great Amun forbid!—But how can this be so?

Priest.—Listen. The great God of the universe gives to all men the power to hear and to see — to see light, and good—to hear sound, and the right — and so to all nations; thus he reveals himself to every people and to every person. All see — and all hear; but some only are there that understand —those which understand the great God become

great too, and those which comprehend not — they remain nothing.

Soldier.—Egypt understood?

Priest.—Egypt understood, and the God favoured her; and he revealed himself more and more in the heart and mind of her people; and he gave her powers above those of all nations, and she became great; and the God gave the Egyptians power to learn and to know—to learn the stars of heaven and their courses, and to know science and art; and to find out all philosophy and the secrets of everything—of plants, and of animals, and of the wide earth.

Soldier.—Did Amun reveal to us the powers of Heaven and the minds of the Gods?

Priest.—He has told us there is but one God, who made all things; and he has revealed to us much of his action, filling us with awe and wonder, but the revelation was only a partial opening to us of the mind of the Deity.

Soldier.—Only one God, said'st thou? Is not Amun a great God? and is not Kneph? and Re?—all these, sitting behind the veil in the Adytum? are not these also great Gods?

Priest.—These figures—O soldier!—these figures are but symbols. I said thou knowest not man. Man is material by his nature and understands

through his senses. He must see, and hear, and feel, and learn, the God—must learn the incomprehensible through the comprehensible—the immaterial spirit of deity through the material temple. The great spirit speaks to us, his priests, in the Adytum—to our heart and our mind—and we speak to the multitude through the forms which represent thee, O Amun, and thy various powers!

Soldier.—O great Amun! How then shall we fail if Amun be with us?

Priest.—Herein is our greatness, and herein is our humiliation:—We have much given to us—mighty knowledge to some, and to others deep wisdom—to some, to read the action of Heaven and the ways of the earth, while even to some few is given to rule over the laws of matter—to convert one material body into another material body: but though much is given, much more is withheld—a part is given, but a larger part is kept back—and that which is kept back, what is it? Mystery—here all is mystery; and by what we see and know we judge the unseen and the unknown to be—how immensely!—beyond our poor knowledge—and in this wide gulf obscure we lose ourselves. What the great Amun has revealed to us of himself is bright and clear to our understanding, and herein is the truth and the purity of our worship of thee,

O Amun! This is our greatness. But beyond this—

Soldier.—But, O Priest, why say you beyond this? Why shall we not be content with this wide knowledge? Is it not wrong to look beyond what Amun has given us to know?

Priest.—Herein is our humiliation. We cannot be content with this—in this we cannot stay. You can say, O soldier, to yourself—I have dominion enough—I will conquer no more—I will be content with that I have. But you know not yourself—and you know not what is in you. The mind of man is twofold, and there is in him a spiritual mind and there is a material mind, and both of these have their requirements, and both demand to be satisfied. There is the mind which demands to know something of the ruler of this teeming life unbounded—something of the spirit of the God—of the invisible and intangible; and there is the mind which requires visible and tangible proof and evidence of the invisible and intangible: and in this is all our difficulty. We know from Amun himself that he is a spirit, and he has taught us many things; but he has not taught us enough to satisfy our either mind. He has given us desires to know more of him, and in the attempt to gain that knowledge, we fail. Here is our grief. We fall

into many errors, and we wander without a true guide, and are lost in a maze of wonders. We have deep wisdom, but there are things past finding out; and until Amun shall give us a plain revelation of them, we must go on stumbling in darkness and in doubt.

Soldier.—O Priest! do we not then know how the true and great God rules over us?

Priest.—We know him in part only, and we try to find out how he rules the world, and what is all his will, and all his laws, that we may obey them: but we discover his will and his laws imperfectly.

Soldier.—O would that Amun would tell us all things, that we might only know the truth, and not fall into error! Do we not wish for the true knowledge of all things, O Priest?

Priest.—That is the object of all our deep study—of all our ardent desires. But alas! there is no voice from heaven to clear away the darkness—no hand stretched out to help us, and we are falling.

Soldier.—Falling, O Priest?

The priest of Aboosimbel hid his face in his hands for a time; and then raising it, he looked upwards with an earnest gaze, long and fixedly—and then he broke out—"O Egypt—Egypt! thy day of power shall pass away, and strangers from over the salt sea shall visit thee in thy time of

humiliation; and they shall see thee in thy degenerate day, wandering far from thy higher wisdom into that world of unseen mystery beyond. They shall witness thy darkened mind erring into veneration of the unknown—the unerring—the untaught wise—that tenants the frames of animals and of birds, and they shall proclaim to the wide earth that Egypt was an Idolator."

Soldier.—O false!

Priest.—They shall write it to all ages that Egypt—O how too high for them puny!—that she was but ridiculous and debased—an adorer of objects less worthy than Jupiter, and than Venus, and than Diana.

Soldier.—O ignorant!

Priest.—But these incapable—these ignorant—they shall not know or understand these things. Can they, blind and foolish, can they lay open what is the infallible and the undeviating?—Can they see whence is the unfailing and the perfect? Can they say it is not *from* the God—not *of* the God—the spirit which inhabits the creatures which Amun has placed here by the side of fallible and too erring man? They know it not. And shall these so shallow-wise, shall they compass thee, Great Egypt, and thy deep mysteries so sacred?—Forbid it, Amun!—but yet—they bear them away.

Soldier.—O presumptuous!

Priest.—'Tis but their outer part—the shell: they bear away the form, but the inner heart—the spirit, it is too deep for their frail strength—they cannot penetrate the truths sublime—and the wisdom of Egypt is lost for ever.

Soldier.—O grief! and will this be so? Will Egypt really fall to abjectness?

Priest.—Ah, me!—it will be so—and yet—O Heaven too high! O man how low! Her priests will ever know the right—they will know of the true revelations of the God, but they will no longer—the day comes when they will no more teach their sublime books; for they, her wise, will be wise no more—they will tire of their study and of their height of knowledge—they will weary of pure desires for more, of waiting for all and obtaining none—of waiting for the voice that will not sound, and they will wander far away from what they know, the God-given, into the wide and obscure—the unknown—the unrevealed—the God-concealed—and the teachers and the taught will fall together. Ah me! Egypt will tire of the high and difficult things of the true—of religion, and will go down to the low and easy things of the false—of superstition. Such is the way of man.

Soldier.—But will the voice never sound and tell all things truly?

There was a silence; and then the priest rose up, and throwing one hand towards heaven—"Yes;"—he exclaimed in thrilling tones—"yes—a voice will sound. O would that it would sound to us, we would obey!—but it will not sound for Egypt. That voice will come to another people, and not to us. It will sound *in* Egypt, but——"

Soldier.—*In* Egypt?

Priest.—Ah, yes—*in* Egypt, but not *for* us—and it will be heard in Arabia and in Syria, but not by us, for the day of our hearing will be gone by, and the day of our understanding be past.

Soldier.—O terrible day and dark! O unhappy Egypt!—But will that voice tell all things—and Egypt not listen?

Priest.—The pride of Egypt shall not listen to the voice of the Teacher, though he tell not all things—from Sinai he tells not all things—but—O great Heaven!—O Amun!—there comes a day—another day, and I hear another and a fuller voice. Hark! it sounds among the nations—and this—O this! it tells all things—all things—and all the wide earth and the unfathomable Heaven hear it.

Soldier.—Shall we not hear it?

Priest.—Our bodies will be dead, but our souls that die not—they shall live and they shall hear that voice; and then, O joy! shall we and all the world know all things.

Soldier.—O triumph! O victory!

Priest.—Yes—the world will shout the triumph—but—Great Heaven!—the notes of triumph die away—and this, even this victorious—this perfect, does not satisfy man—even this will not content him.

Soldier.—Will he not be content when he knows all things?

Priest.—Alas! no. I foresee—(and a singular expression, mingled of sadness and of satisfaction, passed across the priest's face)—I see them—the possessors of all true knowledge—possessors of the knowledge of the height and the depth of all things—they are not content—and they too—lo! O man! thou fallest—thou tirest of the great things of true Religion, and thou followest after the small things of superstition—as will Egypt.

Soldier.—How?—With knowledge they follow ignorance?

Priest.—O triumph! O victory!—Egypt shall triumph yet.—Our day will come—and this voice we too shall hear and understand—for all fall—all fall—these with knowledge as those without

knowledge—I see them fall—Adam hears the voice—Moses hears it—those of Sinai and Jerusalem hear it—and the natives of the north hear it—the world hears, the total universal world, but — and they all fall — and, O wonderful! the dead and the living are alike — all fall — and hark! — that voice calls to Egypt — to Egypt — to arise, and live.

Soldier.—To Egypt? To dead Egypt?

Priest.—Egypt shall live again.

Soldier. — Live again? — Shall we live again in Egypt?—How can this be?

Priest.—Listen. Amun is all-great and pities our poor weakness. He alone knows man — he alone knows that we, low imperfect creatures—we are not able to be, how briefly, perfect—for how shall the small be continuously great? — and how shall the matter-mind be permanently a spirit-mind? Amun is just—he has given to all nations a revelation of himself, and some have seen and understood—and all these have felt the glorious truth, all these have desired to follow its light, and started on their lofty course with the great God upon their banners. But alas!—how briefly!—how briefly!—Ah, incapable man! — the day comes—too soon it comes, and thou art no more able to sustain the effort to be above thyself—to be holy — to be pure

for thy matter drags thee down, and thou sinkest beneath the labour to be high, and thou fallest to the level of thy lower mind — thou fallest from religion to superstition — from the difficult to the easy, and from reality to fables.

Soldier.—O priest, how sayest thou?—Cannot man—reason-crowned man—lord of all science and of all philosophy — cannot he worship the pure spirit of Amun?

Priest.—Alas! No. How shall he worship, with intelligent worship, what he knows not? How can the limited find out the unlimited, and the blind see the will of that past finding out? How shall a man love, without a cause for love? or obey, without a comprehension of command? The Great Spirit has breathed on us in Egypt—but that is not enough: it has filled our thoughts with wonder —but that is not sufficient: it has enlarged our reason—but not opened wide the door: it has given to us powers above other nations—to our wise men magic force—but how limited.

Soldier.—Has not Amun revealed himself to you his ministers? Has he not spoken to you clearly?

Priest.—Clearly? Ah, no. Amun has spoken, but not enough for his imperfect agents. We, his priests, we are his servants, and we do his will—we are his mouth-pieces, and we tell his commands

to mankind—but how feebly—how mistakenly—how faultily—how obscurely! Where are his spoken words? his written laws? his sensible acts? which we can see with our eyes, and hear with our ears, and understand with our poor, and lowly, and material mind? Where are these? Give us these, O Amun,—not the unintelligent thunder—not the unreasoning earthquake—not the mysterious life of Nile,—but give these in speech and in person, and we, even we in Egypt, shall know, and obey, and live.

Soldier.—But, O Priest, thou saidst but now that all this will come—the voice, and the words, and the sensible act, and yet that these, even these, will not be enough, and that all will fall, even those who hear, and see, and feel the great Amun himself.

Priest.—It is so—it is so—they have it all—all things—and yet they fall. O weak, unworthy man! Behold! I see—yes—I see thee—even thee the all-mighty—all-wise. Thou walkest as a Man upon the earth—on the hills of Palestine, and thou dost speak thy laws, and tell thy love, and syllable thy commands; yes all thy commands are written —it is done—it is done.

Soldier.—It is done? And yet thou said'st they fall—why?

Priest.—All fall—all fall. The God is on earth, and He is high, and good, and holy, and pure, and His ways—O how beautiful they are! and his commands, O how glorious! and his love, O how immense! O let me love and worship and obey Him!

Soldier.—And let me too!

Priest.—He is worthy of all love and of all obedience—but He is too good, and too pure, and too high for lowly man; and man — material man—he corrupts the God's commands, and he perverts His words, and he denies His acts of Love—and lo!—man invents fables, and he leaves the God to follow after idols.

Soldier.—Idols?

Priest.—Idols—even idols of brass and of stone, and of pictures of colours—and they follow after spirits, the dumb and unseen spirits of the dead—of men and of women, and they forget the voice that sounded, and the intelligent speech, and the writings.—All fall—all fall—(and the Priest rose up exultingly)—O Amun! are we of Egypt not thy chosen people which thou hast blessed above all the nations of the earth?—Hast thou not given us a genius higher than that of all other peoples, and a mind capable of feeling all thy grandeur?—It cannot be—no—it cannot be, that with careless undesign thou did'st this. Was it unthinking that

thou did'st make us thy peculiar people—did'st place our fair land as no other land, where seas and deserts divide it from all other?—Was it unthinking thou gav'st to our care the richest soil, most wonderful, that heaven shines upon, where mystery maintains its wealth, and even its existence, from year to year, by constant miracle?—Our river—our Nile—which not from the rainless sky above, nor yet from the savage and stony earth of the Desert beneath, but from thy hand alone is poured out upon us,—dost thou give this, objectless? It cannot be.—How often, while gazing from those mountain heights which bound this rich land, what thoughts of awe of Thee, Creator of all things, have passed across the minds of us, thy servants and thy ministers; and as we looked on that silent and mystery-enfolded and uninhabited Desert, lying in its desolate grandeur beneath the undimmed vault of heaven, that glittered through the still night with its myriad lights—their courses not unknown to us—how hast thou touched our hearts with thy sublimity! And could we turn our eyes from that miraculous stream, parent of all life to Egypt—turn them towards the stern solitudes of the desert—the wilderness of death which closes round this life-teeming and luxuriant land, as shield protec-

ting from all hostile nations—and not believe that in the god-directed river we saw thy bounteous hand, and in that wilderness thine arm defending?

Soldier. -Forbid it, Piety!

Priest.—Amun forbids me not to feel that no people on the earth have ever been placed as we are placed, and that the existence of our land differs from that of every other land. Amun forbids me not this boast of Heaven's hand—forbids me not yet more;—though favoured Egypt has all these, yet Egypt has no words of God—no voice of Heaven—no syllabled speech—no writings; but had she these, *what then?*—wanting these she falls, and fables—weak fables ——

Soldier.—The nations shall have all speech, and ——

Priest.—All speech, all words, all writings, all love—and they too, they fall, and fables take the place of reality. Idols—idols—man, low material man, will have his visible God which he can see, and touch, and understand, whether He be in the Adytum, or at Sinai, or on the hills of Palestine, or of the hundred gods of Rome. With all light and all knowledge he kneels down before the comprehensible, but senseless, clay—sinks from high things to low—for religion is too high for him, and he falls to easy superstition. O Egypt—Egypt!

thou yet shalt arise when the Voice calls all men—those that slumber, and those that wake—for thou hast done less against thy God than these."

The thrilling words of the priest ceased; but his form erect and commanding in its antique dress, with arms uplifted and hands stretched towards Heaven, and countenance refulgent with triumph—he was an imposing figure; and the soldier, where was he? His form was fading from the sight; and the traveller, when he looked again for the priest, he saw but an indistinct shade; and the light that shone around became misty;—and the vision—the vision—there was nothing but the moonlight palely streaming in through the windows; and the murmur of running water was hard by.

CHAPTER XI.

The Second Cataract—Wady Halfah—Modesty in Nubia—Black *v.* White—Christianity and Slavery—The 'Cambria's' Mario—The Fine Gentleman—Officious Zeyd—Story-telling Djad—The 'Cambria's' Transformation—Jebel Aboosir—Joys of the Nile Boat—Sorrow everywhere at Home—The Goal—The Schools of Egypt—The Bible and the Koran—The Down Voyage—'Everything passes away but God.'

We will get on to the Second Cataract. We have passed Aboosimbel,—the sight of whose solemn colossi, and a short visit to the interior of the temple, of which they are the imposing guardians, caused a great deal of the last chapter—and pushed on for Wady Halfah, the wind being too good to be lost even for the *ne plus ultra* of Egyptian labour, with which no temple of either 'Egypt or Nubia can be put in competition,' as Sir Frederick Henniker writes of Epsambul.

The approach to Wady Halfah, the so anxiously wished-for place—the *ultima thule* of the Nile voyage—is pretty enough, but there is nothing striking in the scenery. The western bank is a plain of sand, waving and sloping to some low hills at half a mile from the river; but on the eastern side the hills fall back for a mile or more from the Nile, and between them and the water is a cultivated level plain. All along the river bank for a few miles is a grove of date palm-trees, and at the southern end of this is Wady Halfah—a scattered village. Just beyond it, distant about a mile, begins the Second Cataract; but as you sail up to Wady Halfah you see nothing of this low tract of rocks but the tops of the little islands, and the only point of mark which catches your eye is the hill of Aboosir, where the western desert hills make a curve round from your right-hand to your front, and abut suddenly and perpendicularly on the Cataract. We found but one travelling boat lying at the shore by the village, and this had the English flag flying at the stern.

How pretty is Wady Halfah,—its straggling groups of houses and huts lying in and about the long grove of palms on the river bank — small fields here and there among them—and occasionally dom-palms and acacias varying the woodland. We soon went out into the country towards the Desert,

and through large fields of young wheat and peas, and returned by the palm grove, shady and full of village life. This grove reminded us of that by Korosko. The village straggled in and out of it, and the women and girls would assemble in little parties, and evidently plan a little roundabout adventure, having for its object to obtain a good view of the Sitt's face, and having accomplished this satisfactorily, they would rnn laughing back to others to report what it was like. All these were dressed like those by Korosko, in a kind of upper cloak with large sleeves, fastened to the neck and reaching to the knees, and in a loose full trouser, the feet naked and the hair falling all round the head in corkscrew curls. Some of the younger girls, when they came close to us, would raise the lower part of the full cloak and draw it across the mouth, and many of them had a shy and modest manner and looked on the ground as they met us. These latter were not of the conspiring parties of the curious as to the Sitt's face, but were accidental passengers from house to house. In the article of beauty, the Koroskian girls beat those of Wady Halfah, for they were all undeniably plain. The antique Nubian type was lost; the small nose and the full peculiar Hathor lip were exchanged for broad noses and enormous mouths coarsely cut. The men were

very plain, but stout-limbed and powerful fellows, and had the peculiar characteristic of the Nubian—the modern Nubian—very thick lips and broad noses. In some instances there was a decided appearance of a mixture of Negro blood, and I heard that some tribes near Wady Halfah, the Bishareh for instance, have a short, curly, and almost woolly hair, with other Negro characteristics. The men and women all had good teeth, but immense mouths, and which radical defect in the young girls gave me a most painful sensation. The huts were but wretched places, and the appearance of the people generally was much less engaging than at Korosko. The women looked dirty and ill-dressed, the children were all naked, or nearly so, of course; the girls were less tidy and neat than those of the antique pure Nubian family, lower down the river, and the only thing the females seemed to take much care of, was their hair, as is the case generally among the poorest in all countries. A woman must be old and battered and drunken, or hopelessly gone in slovenliness and brutishness, when she does not dress her hair with some attention to the becoming. This is the first effort of attraction, and the last vestige of personal vanity. Altogether the men of this village were better dressed than the women.

More than one English traveller in Africa has

described in glowing terms of admiration some of the dark-skinned tribes of that land of the sun. One of them, writing of the inhabitants of a country lying towards the East—the country of Dongola towards Abyssinia—says "they are a very fine race —their hue is a clear, glossy jet black, which in my eyes appeared to be the finest colour that could be selected for a human being." Of two young women whom he saw in a ruined village—"one was extremely pretty, and some of the children were beautiful." And another English traveller writes eloquently "of the handsome features, animated expression, and graceful forms of the sable nymphs of Elephantina"

Hear this—O ye peoples! Black the finest colour for a human being! But how did these white travellers get over the common distaste for the black skin? Did they argue the matter thus? —It is true the white man, when he is not covered up and put out of sight, is but a sickly, squalid figure—a hueless creature,—while the black-skinned man, dark as night, is a hardy, metallic presence, as if his limbs were of bronze and his frame were of basalt. The one, after all, is but an unmanly, weak, soft, meagre, pauper, ghastly object; while the other—look at him—is he not enduring, unsentient, defying external influences, unmalleable? The one

—he is but a faded thing—a bleached object; but the other—is he not a rich and a grand figure, convictive of power? Is he not the complete man? I know nothing about the matter—but perhaps the travellers talked in this way.

Among our crew were men of various colour. All were dark; but while some from Lower Egypt were of a deep copper hue, there were others from Upper Egypt, near Syene, of a fine bronze; while one from Nubia, Ali, was nearly black. But even these men, fine as was their colour, were inferior on that point to the true black; and there at Wady Halfah, on the edge of the country of the ebon race, memories of wrong would arise to move all one's sympathies for the ill-used and trodden-down African. Here was his country—one of boundless extent, and given him by the same hand which gave us ours, and one beside which, in point of size, our boasted Europe makes but a humble show. There it lay in front of us to to the south and west, behind those hills and rocks—the hill of Aboosir and the rocks of the Cataract—stretching away for thousands of miles without a barrier to the coast of the Atlantic and to the banks of the Kei—an almost unknown land: and nearly all of the inhabitants of this magnificent territory are looked upon, by many rulers of the world, scarcely as human

beings, with the souls of human beings like ourselves, but as a lower animal and as the brutes that perish. And why? and what is the source of this terrible opinion? These men have a black skin. Well—reason and justice—science and morals—have had their say upon this question—and almost in vain. But, although these are ignored, there is a power, stronger than these upon the earth, which can alter the horrible condition of the black man—and that power is the hand from Heaven—all-loving Christianity. That alone, apparently unsteady as its action is now-a-days, that power alone can—on some future day when it compasses and fills the whole earth—break down the divisions of mankind, and heal all the maladies of opinion, and give the black man his place of equality beside the white man.

But we must go back to the boat. Among the crew were three or four as fine young fellows as can be seen in any country. One of these, Shbekkah, an Ababdé Arab from near Syene, was a handsome lad of twenty, his frame knit with the most true symmetry, his arms and legs not large but muscular, his ankles and wrists fine, his shoulders broad, and his head set on a finely-turned neck. His skin, too, of a black bronze, what a texture it had, and how delicate and beautiful was

the grain. Shbekkah was a young noble in his air, his movement, and in his person. Although of slighter build than some other of the sailors, he was the best oar in the boat, and was handy at every thing. He was particular, too, about his dress, fond of wearing blue and white on occasions, and was rather quizzed by the rest for his dandyism; but he laughed this back good-humouredly. He sang, too, but his voice was not his strong point. His lower qualifications were considerable aptitudes for all house-maid's work. He cleaned the cabins every morning, and was a prime hand in the 'great wash' on occasions—all which he did with a most gentlemanlike air, rather of condescension.

Mohammed Auad was another, a lad of nineteen. Though he was more powerfully built than the last, he was less graceful, but still of a fine form and capable of great labour. He was one of the spirits of the boat, and the Mario of the concerts; had always a song ready for idle times or steady-sailing winds, and a pleasant joke on his tongue; willing to do anything, whether go on shore for milk in the morning, carry his club and be my guard and companion on shooting expeditions, wash the dishes for the caliph, or play the drum or tambourine in musical parties. To sum up all his virtues Auad had three wives, though so young;

was unfailingly good-tempered, tall, well-made and athletic, and had a strong-featured, pleasant countenance. He was my favourite.

Another fine figure was Ali—the nearly bastinadoed man at Esneh. This man was a Nubian, the only one of that country on board, and who always denied that he was of that country until the fact came out by accident. The Egyptians do not much like the Nubians, considering them as an inferior people to themselves, and stigmatising them as lazy, turbulent, less industrious and less hardy than their own countrymen, bad neighbours, and bad sailors, suffering from cold more quickly than themselves. Ali was tall, nearly black in colour, with high-bred instep and legs, and beautiful feet. His lips were thick, but the other features good, and his head fine; the countenance was supercilious, and the voice a deep guttural. His frame was sinewy and athletic, and yet it was as supple in all its movements as if he were a practised gymnast, and could use his whole body at his will. Whatever he did, he did it with an air, and with a pretension not pleasing. He was a proud and discontented man, and this disposition it was that got him into trouble on the voyage. Up to the time of a certain beating by Selim near Korosko, Ali's conduct was bad, but from that time he altered it

altogether and was the most obliging of men, though he never lost his grand air, or a certain solitary and silent way of living on board. However, he and the Sitt became thick friends, Ali being always anxious to be her attendant on expeditions; and certainly his attendance was not displeasing to the Sitt—for where is the Sitt who does not like a 'splendid fellow' to look after her?

Abdallah was another lad of nineteen—the gentleman of the 'Cambria.' He had delicate, slight limbs well formed, a neat figure not very powerful, was of a copper colour and of a plain countenance. Everything was 'a bore' to Abdallah, and his face invariably expressed the height of ennui. He voted it evidently a confounded bore to scull me on shore continually, or after ducks, and which it rather amused me to require him to do. It was a bore to pull an oar, or to tow the boat, or to punt; but his countenance wore its strongest expression of borism when he was one of the chorus in a boisterous song. There he would sit in the circle, clapping his hands in irregular time, and getting at intervals fierce invective from the drummer—the manager of the chorus—for his inattention, and while every other face was lit up with excitement, Abdallah's alone expressed the deepest distaste. This fine-gentlemanism of expression of face,

and a certain languor of manner, and a general style and movement reminded us so much of St. James's, that Abdallah always went by the title of 'The gentleman.'

What surprised me among these boatmen of the Nile was the show of blood among them. Of some the hands were delicate in shape, with long tapering fingers, and the legs were of a beautiful symmetry, with small feet and high thorough-bred instep, such as one rarely sees in Europe, even among the best-blooded men. These well-limbed men had all clearly a strong dash of the Arab in them. Our Reis, too, was one of the most Arab-looking of the party. But there were some on board who had not the slightest appearance of the Arab in their frame; and of these were two, who, with Mahommed Auad, composed the spirits of the boat. These two were middle-aged men, Zeyd and Djad. Zeyd was a little mad, with no head to direct anything, but always pretending to be foremost in everything, from hauling a rope to lifting the boat off a sand-bank. He always proposed a plan in any trouble, and invariably was wrong in whatever he did propose; always backed his opinion by immense talk, and always was outvoted, when he would give way with unvarying good-humour. Afterwards he never failed to give

me to understand, by nods and signs, that he was directing the whole matter in hand, that the plan was his, and that he was the most active man on board. Everybody liked Zeyd, because he laughed so heartily at their jokes, and was so cheery on all occasions of work, throwing a life into everything, for the moment that his own plan of doing anything was given up by him, he entered with all his heart into the one to be pursued, and was full of eagerness and energy to follow it out. He adopted it and made it his own. He was a scarecrow in appearance, thin, slight, and haggard in face and person, but a wiry little fellow, and was running over with life, being always ready for anything, from a song, to a jump into the skiff to row me to shore in pursuit of ducks, or snipes on a sand-bank in mid-stream. With all his absurd ways, poor Zeyd was a great favourite with me.

The other and the leading spirit of the 'Cambria' was Djad, as ugly a man as one can see in a long day's journey. He was of middle-age, short of stature, and his face of a yellow copper colour, with thick lips and dull eyes. He was spare in figure, with legs of mere skin strained over bone, had thin hands and arms, but the muscles and sinews of the latter were like catgut and balls of iron. But in this outer covering, this unsightly shell, was a

bright kernel. He was musical, and played on the leading instrument of Nile concerts, the double-reeded pipe; he had always a pleasant thing to say which would cause the loudest wrangle among the crew (and these wrangles would recur pretty frequently) to cease, and turn the squabble aside, and produce a laugh in its place from that cheery, thoughtless Zeyd, followed by Auad and all the others—except gentleman Abdallah, bored equally by the quarrel or the joke. This quality of Djad was an invaluable one; but his chief quality and leading virtue was his power of telling a story.

All the world, high and low, in all countries, from practical England to dreaming Turkey, bends down its ear, how readily, to a story—but nowhere is the ear more humbly held a prisoner by a tale than in the mother-land of tales, the land of the Arab and of all cousins of his blood. As of old he laid down his soul at the feet of the tale-teller, so does he now; and for an hour together, when the wind was fair, the boat sailing easily along, and the crew empty-handed, would Djad sit by the mast in the bows with the whole party (save the unfortunate steerer) squatted and lying around him, entranced—even Abdallah. He knew the whole art of story-telling. Beginning with an easy, careless air, he would become gradually more and more

earnest, until he worked up his hearers to the right pitch of attention, and then Djad played with them like a master. Sitting on the divan on deck, by the cabin-door, and pretending to read a book, I could see and hear the whole thing. When Djad wanted to make a hit, he would speak slowly, his deep strong voice rolling out one word, haltingly, after the other, pause—and then bring the important thing out sharply on the listening circle—and then I knew that it had told, by a sudden burst of voices, short and shrill. Then he would go on smoothly for a time, to let them recover, till another point was to be made,—when I could only know its success by Djad's deep tones ceasing, and a low murmur running round the circle—a tone of sorrow;—and then he would throw in a short sentence, and the party would break out, one here and one there, in exclamations of grief. Then, as the tale proceeded, there would suddenly arise a storm of objections, questionings, and disputes, over the right or wrong of some act of the imaginary hero—some terrible act which stirred all their Arab blood—and Djad would craftily say something to raise the storm still higher. Having gained his point, in solemn and imposing tones, and with lifted hand, he would subdue the whole earnest and boisterous party to

silence. Masterly Djad! He never told a tale of humour, reserving all his odd quirks of thought for useful occasions, and as if aware that the pathetic and the terrible have a greater and more lasting effect over the mind than the cheerful and the ludicrous. And when the tale was done, the crew would separate to their various duties, silently, and as if oppressed with the influence of Djad's scenes and personages.

On the morning after our arrival at Wady Halfah, we left the 'Cambria' to undergo its transformation for the down stream voyage, and went to see the Second Cataract. The transformation was to consist in taking down the big sail altogether and putting it away in the hold; laying the large yard all along horizontally, from the roof of the cabins to the mast in the bows—to which it was lashed—and rigging the small stern sail to the said foremast. Moreover, the caliph's kitchen, the sentry-box in mid-deck, was to be moved up to the extreme end of the boat, and to occupy the place in the bows which the Reis had hitherto always, by day and by night, reserved for himself—his look out and his constant watch. Then the whole deck was to be broken up, opened at four regular intervals, and the deck-boards in divisions were to be piled up and lashed to each other, to form rowing-seats

for the crew, who, with four such seats — their feet and legs down in the hold—were to sit two and two, and pull an oar each—eight oars. The whole of the stores had to be shifted and fresh arranged in consequence of these changes, and for the convenience of the caliph—and so there was a great turn out. To complete the disorder of the 'Cambria,' it was declared that there was to be a 'great wash,' the caliph and Shbekkah, the Ababde Arab, being the washing party We crossed the river, and found waiting for us on the Desert bank two donkeys; but the Nubian donkey and his turn-out were not of Alexandria or of Cairo. The Sitt had her own saddle, and a kind of bridle provided by the owner; but my animal was guiltless of any thing on his head, and had two pieces of rather sharp-edged wood tied on his back with a single rope sursingle, as a saddle. The whole affair—animal and saddle—was evidently a remnant of the days of the hermits of Egypt, and was just what St. Anthony, if he did ride, rode upon. St. Dominic, or St. Francis d'Assisi, or any such great man given to penances, would have delighted in that donkey and that saddle. Very unpenitentially, I acknowledge, and being always of a luxurious turn of mind, I extracted a piece of rope from the Nubian owner,

and made two stirrups. St. Anthony would have been much ashamed of me.

The Second Cataract is very similar to the first, but less striking, and extends about seven miles in length by perhaps one and a-half in breadth at its broadest part. A succession of rocky islands, hundreds probably, of black basalt and of granite, break the river into a vast number of small channels. No boats ever go up this cataract. It was a savage scene of bare, gloomy, rocky islets, without a sign of animal or vegetable life, and of rushing waters in the midst of deserts. Jebel Aboosir stands about one-third of the distance up the cataract, and its summit may be two hundred feet high, the rock rising straight up from the stream. From this we had a commanding view over the long line of rapids and the level plains beyond, and over the great Nubian desert towards the Red Sea, as well as to the north, where the Nile, after awhile, left the open plains and was lost in a gorge of hills. The south, however, was the direction in which we strained our eyes with a strange longing in our hearts to go on and on, and on, into that bright, still, clear expanse, over those far-stretching plains, and beyond those low hills, down into the misty distance, where the bowing sky and the wilderness indistinctly met. Down behind those two

shadowy mountains towards Dongola—two lofty, conical mountains, of basaltic form, just visible through the glowing and cloudless air—there lay Meröe, and Khartoum, and Sennar—words with enticing sounds in a traveller's ear, as he stands on that rock of Aboosir and asks himself the tantalizing question—What is there to prevent my going on deeper into Africa—to the land of the Ebon man? And why should I not shake hands with the ill-used child of the sun on his own free ground?

The luxurious and easy mode of travel on board the Nile boat is very deceitful. It is scarcely like travelling, with which are usually associated those two things which bring so many people to an early grave—packing and unpacking, and paying bills. No—this is a pleasure excursion in a yacht with all the common comforts and customary things of your home at hand. It has this advantage, too, even over the yacht expedition, that the pleasure seeker is not on the wide sea with its monotony of scenery, but is in the midst of new objects every day, without trouble and without fatigue—and that he is not alone with his misery if the elements have a spite against him, but laps himself in ease and freedom from care, from day to day. Thus in Egypt each day's life leads on the next—you are travelling, and you are at home—and there seems

no reason why this day, or this place, should stop you and be the limit of your way, or why it is not as easy to reach the Seventh Cataract and a village on the White Nile, as the Second Cataract and the embowered Wady Halfah. But no boat goes up this long line of rapids at your feet at Aboosir; and so the traveller, except he chooses to exchange his luxurious boat and his shaded cabin for the camel's back and the glaring sun—his ease for labour — pauses on the summit of Aboosir, and sees but in imagination the mountains of Abyssinia, or of the Moon, and the banished literati of Khartoum, and the metallic man in his own home.

While we were busied in reading the names of celebrated travellers, inscribed on the crown of Aboosir, such as Burckhardt, Prudhoe, Belzoni, and others,—our next-door neighbours of Wady Halfah, the tenants of the British boat, arrived. They were total strangers to us; but, presently, the lady came up and offered us luncheon from her store of good things, in the most amiable and frank manner. By some accident Selim had omitted, in the bustle of our house turn-out 'at home,' to put up an any eatables for us, so that the lady's offer was most welcome We sat down beneath a ledge of rock on Aboosir, and shut out the Don-

gola mountains. Our talk was of the Nile voyage and the Cataract; but before many words had passed—alas—poor lady!—it was a painful scene—the sorrows of her heart were so near always to the brink of her thoughts, that before the repast was half done. she had forgotten all about the Nile, and the Nubian Desert, and the Cataract, and the Dongola mountains—about which her speech was so earnest but a few minutes previously, when she first addressed us — and she was far away from Aboosir, and back again in her English home, and surrounded with events that made the ready tears well up, and flow over. No distance—no change of scene had removed her from that little circle of her home where one object was the centre — from that small world in which her happiness lay buried. She was no longer in Egypt—for where her sad treasure was, there was that poor lady present. Who is there that does not sympathize in a mother's tale of grief for her child — her only child, her noble and her lost one—even though she be a total stranger?

We turned our backs reluctantly on Aboosir. The limit of our African travel was reached, and our faces were once again towards the north, and the spirit of enterprise seemed, in the moment of our turning, to have lost some of its energy, and its

ardour to be damped. The act of going back upon your steps has something dissatisfying, and even humiliating in it. What has been won loses some of its value, and looks pale—there is more to be gained, and which is arrayed in attractive colours —and this you cannot gain. You feel that this is a loss sustained, and a regret springs up in your heart, as you gaze, and gaze, and—turn away. You try to comfort yourself with your victory, but mixed with it you are sensible there is a defeat.

There is no school at Wady Halfah, the natives having no turn for education. In the small towns of Egypt, and even in many of the villages, there are schools, the Egyptians readily sending their children to them, and the Copts, scattered throughout the country, influencing in a degree the feeling in favour of an improved civilisation. But in Nubia the case is different; the Copt element is wanting, and the people are more scattered and live harder—a generally ruder life than the Egyptians, and so the desire of knowledge is dormant at Wady Halfah. There is no mosque there; but there is a small place, a hut, which is used for religious exercise—but the common opinion seemed to be, that this was quite sufficient for their wants in this way, or rather for their wishes, for that the Nubians were bad Mussulmany. The schools of

Egypt are of two kinds,—Moslem kept by Moslem masters,—and Coptic kept by Copts. The children are not mixed, for fear of conversion. In the Moslem schools the children, boys and girls together, are taught to read and write Arabic, the Koran, and arithmetic. In the Copt schools they are taught Arabic and Coptic, to read and write them, arithmetic, and some Copt books. The Copt language is still used in the Copt convents, but it is not a spoken language in the country. In the Egyptian villages the schools are primitive enough, the soldiers of the Pasha's army being often the pedagogues,—these men on their return to their native villages, maimed or old, teaching in a simple fashion the children to read the Koran, and to write. The Koran is obtainable easily by all ranks, there being small copies of it at as low a price as fifty piastres,—about ten shillings English —but this is not a complete copy, but an abridgment. The Coptic schools teach the Bible, that is, the master reads portions of it to the children; but the Coptic copy of the scriptures is not printed for the people and is never attainable by them. In their convents are large copies of the Bible, folios, at a price of seven or eight hundred piastres—seven or eight pounds—a Bible for the rich and not for the poor, although it is not denied to any one who can

afford to buy it. It is impossible not to contrast this liberty of use of the Koran by the people with the practical prohibition of the Bible. In the eyes of a protestant traveller this contrast is not favourable to the christian Coptic church. The mahometan, however mistaken he may be in the material object of his worship, at all events does his best, by placing in the hands, or within reach, of every one his Book of Life, to enable him to know all what he considers morality and religion, and to learn it at its source. Where we see the christian keep away from the people their book of life, we see the mahometan ever insist on theirs being generally learnt, and its precepts known. The mahometan has, in this respect, a more simple and a more practical view of religion than have some of the christian bodies, and which the latter might imitate with advantage to the great christian world. The traveller, too, in the East when he enters a mosque, is struck with the severe beauty and noble simplicity of the interior—'when unadorned adorned the most.' He sees no gaudy frippery, and no ludicrous monsters—no absurd desecration of the place; and he cannot avoid contrasting the elevated taste, and unblemished beauty of what he sees before him, with the sorry display and tat-

tered gorgeousness of what he has left behind him in Europe.

We waited at Wady Halfah for an extra day for the arrival of our friends of the 'Fortunata;' but they did not come, and we turned the 'Cambria's' head down stream, to the extreme joy and satisfaction of our Egyptians, who hate desolate Nubia.—All was life and activity on board—'the slaves' had passed their days at Wady Halfah between mournful silence and sleeping on the sand—and they now started for loved Egypt with an uproarious chorus, the Reis leading it with his favourite song—'Everything passes but God.'

On the day after we left the Second Cataract, in the afternoon, we met our friends of the 'Fortunata' on their way up. But there was no 'Fortunata'—that boat never got through the Cataract. She stuck fast in a bab, and our friends were obliged to leave her there, to be taken down to Assouan, while they went on to the Second Cataract in a country boat. After arranging to meet again at Assouan we parted—they for Wady Halfah, and we for Philœ.

CHAPTER XII.

The Sitt turned Doctor—'Beautiful Medicine'—Ophthalmia—Faras—The Lotus and Acanthus—Human Mutability—The Colossi of Epsambul—Fallen Greatness—The Heroes of Kalabshé—An Egyptian Billingsgate—The Great Khenna Question.

THE lighter your boat is on the Nile, the less you have of illness on board; the heavier your boat, the more fever among the sailors. The reason of this is that the heavier boat is more often on sand-banks, and it sticks there longer, and the men are consequently more frequently in the water, employed in lifting their craft off the bank, and have a harder and more tedious job; and this exposes them to more frequent and greater cold than when they have to manage a more buoyant boat. This cold and damp, alternating with the heat of the sun during the day, are the cause of almost all the

illness of the Nile sailors, whether fever, or ophhalmia, or minor disorders. One large dahabeeh, belonging to an English merchant of Alexandria, is famous for fever, because it is so large and heavy that it is perpetually striking on sand-banks, and is disliked by the sailors accordingly. During this season, as usual, there was frequent illness on board this unwieldy boat, and on our way down we heard of three of her sailors and the cook having died of fever. The 'Cambria' was a light and buoyant dahabeeh, and so we had but three slight cases of fever during the season, though there was something ailing continually with one or other of the crew; and there were one or two cases among them of ophthalmia.

It was a happy thing for the 'Cambria' that the Sitt had rather a turn for doctoring, and a well-stored medicine-chest, carefully prepared in London for the East. Armed with this the Sitt was a conqueror and tamer of maladies, and so successful was she in the application of various medicines to the various disorders, that she was the most important personage on board; and though she was called by the Slaves El Sitt on every-day occasions, she was, when an affair of illness was brought before her, termed, more reverently, El Hakim. Her success raised her to a high pitch

of honour; and looking, as these people do, upon European ladies as being superior to, and of a nature different from, their own native female humanity, the slaves came to regard El Hakim as a person invested with peculiar attributes, among which was a command over all maladies. Thus if anything ailed any one of the men, he would go to Selim and beg an interview with El Hakim. Selim accordingly would bring the sick man—and from the Reis to the steerer they all, the caliph and Selim included, all came under her hand during the voyage—and state his case; and then the Sitt and I would hold a consultation upon it . Now my own knowledge of medicine and of maladies being something below zero, the consulting my opinion was a little farce that we held it becoming to play off, and having for its object to keep me from sinking openly in the eyes of the slaves, though nothing could be more transparent than my ignorance. However, it was but one of the little delusions that people are perpetually practising on themselves. I thus always found it convenient, after a decent show of severe contemplation and 'looking at the case in all its bearings,' to agree to the treatment recommended by El Hakim. The poor victim would take any amount of physic, and, indeed, the sailors seemed to consider it rather a pleasing

variety of their way of life, to be ill occasionally and to be physicked. Some cases of complaint were held, at last, by Selim to be exaggerated purposely, and others were not brought before the Sitt, as being decided shams. The sharper the pain which they suffered, the better they were pleased. No twinge, no good medicines—seemed to be their view of the treatment, and Selim's too. One day, when gentleman Abdallah was under a sharp dose, Selim came to announce to the Sitt, with a beaming face,—'Abdallah very bad—him almost killed—him well to-morrow—beautiful medicine.'

In Nubia we had less illness on board than in Egypt. This was owing perhaps to warmer nights; but I think it was partly owing to there being less damp in the air, the country on both sides being, in fact, the dry Desert, with the exception of a very narrow strip of cultivated land—often for miles not more than a hundred yards in breadth. Often too it happened that there was not even this, not a foot, the yellow sand lying on the edge of the bank and pouring down in streams into the river. We had no cases of ophthalmia while in that country, and only two in Egypt. The worst case of this malady was that of the steerer. This man was less exposed to the vicissitudes of cold and heat than the others, as he was always high and dry on

the roof of the cabins, and never went down into the water in sand-bank difficulties after being heated with pulling, or towing, or punting. One day, however, at sunset he was suddenly struck on one eye by a blast of cold air, and for a few days was nearly blind of that eye. By keeping it well covered, and by the application of the Hakim's zinc water, the symptoms of ophthalmia disappeared in a few days. It was pitiable to see the condition to which many of the poor people of the villages were reduced by this malady; and they would come to the boat-side and entreat for a cure of eyes utterly beyond all help. In numerous cases, however, the Sitt applied her zinc-water, and sent away the poor creatures smarting, and hopeful, and happy.

Parting from our friends on board their country boat, on their way up to the Second Cataract, and Wady Halfah, we soon passed Faras—a ruined town on a rock overhanging the river; but condemning the remains as "only Roman," we got on to Fereyg, the small temple so thoroughly Egyptian, looking out upon the Nile. What a primitive little temple it is, and peculiar as primitive, the whole of it an excavation in the side of the perpendicular rock. Here you have the four pretty columns—there are but four, and these only ten feet high—

representing the very natural subjects, to an Egyptian, bundles of eight stalks of the Lotus plant bound together by a fillet at the top or neck, and surmounted by their natural capitals the Lotus flowers. Here you have in these ribbed columns the originals of the fluted columns of the Greeks—the fluted column being but the artistic copy of the ribbed pillar—art first copying nature, and then altering it according to taste and fancy. Here too the Lotus flower is given as the true capital of the Lotus stalk—how different from the fluted column and the Acanthus leaf capital, without sense or meaning, of the Greek fancy not content with the simplicity and naturalness of the Egyptian original. Here, also, was the original of the swell of the column midway, taken by the Egyptian artist from the swell of the stalk of the lily tribe—and copied by the Greeks. What a meaning, as well as beauty, there was in these primitive columns, and how totally all this meaning is lost by their copyists of Athens and Rome. And here too, in this little temple in Nubia, was to be read the old tale of human mutability; for here were the sculptured Gods, and mighty men of the ancient people, nearly rendered invisible by the whitewash and rude paintings over them—the work of the

early Christians — the paintings being of the Christian Saviour, and saints with sceptre and cross — with devices of men and horses — of St. George and the Dragon. But then again these latter figures were scraped, and scoured, and defaced —their day of disgrace had come — and the Saracens and followers of Mahomet had made the Christian saints look as martyrs, and had avenged the Gods of Egypt.

By the last light we were again opposite the Colossi of Epsambul. After dark we visited the Temple by the light of our blazing mashal, and the appearance of the great colossal figures seated in the front was most unearthly in the firelight, as it glared irregularly over them. The entrance being small, on account of sand choking up much of the doorway, the grand hall is but imperfectly seen by daylight; but in the strong, though partial blaze, of the mashal, and which threw a bright glow on the roof, unseen in the day time, the Osirei hall—with its eight gigantic figures in front of the square and massive columns—was singularly fine, and far more impressive than by day. As the flame moved over them, lighting up some and leaving the others in shadow, the eye was quite deceived into the notion that the giants moved. You could almost swear, as you looked

back at that figure—as the firelight waved and wandered from the ceiling across his head, and his upraised arms, and into the mass of jet black darkness beyond the pillar behind him,—that the Osirei bowed his head, so noble and so beautiful in form and feature,—bowed it, in a warning manner, at you, thus daring to interrupt his thousand years of silence, and disturb his quiet with sounds of levity. You wander on from chamber to chamber of this extraordinary temple, from where the blazing mashal redly lights up the warrior Sesostris and his horses, and his chariot, and his red and black captives, and the castle with people impotently stretching out their hands over the battlements in attitude of entreaty—the procession of chariots and infantry, and his reception by the great gods Amun and Re, and Kneph, after his victories,—down to where the painter left off his work in the middle of a figure, and never resumed his work again to finish it. Why did he not finish it—you ask yourself—and what stopped the man so suddenly, and for ever? And you make guesses about the earthquake, and war, and sudden and swift destruction.

The Nile makes a sharp bend at this point, and the temple of Epsambul stands at the angle, so that from its front you have a long reach of the

Nile before you up it to the south-east, and another down it to the north-east. On the shore opposite the rocky hills of the Arabian Desert fall back from the river to some distance and leave, in the angle, described by the Nile, a considerable tract of level land—themselves being a fine broken line of sandstone heights, conical and irregular. It was a commanding position chosen for the temple. Perhaps, on the level plain opposite was a town, for one can scarcely imagine that three temples could have existed so near to each other—and one of them of such grandeur — without the neighbourhood of a town. On the following morning we crossed the Nile in the skiff, to see the effect of the temple from the opposite bank — from the supposed city. The four colossi in its front were amazingly fine, and invested as they were, in the early days, with all the mysterious associations of religion, they must have had an awe-inspiring influence on the impressionable multitude. Even now, imperfect and mutilated, and in part smothered with sand, they have a severe grandeur, the sense of which it is difficult to convey by words. There they sit—deserted guardians of their desecrated temple—as if awaiting for some mighty voice to say — Arise. But no voice comes; and their first move will be of some earthquake, headlong into the Nile.

We reached Kalabshé one morning at sunrise. We were now in a part of the country considered bad — that is, the people on both sides the Nile—for about ten miles from Kalabshe to below Tafa — are a fighting turbulent set, always at war among each other—one village against another village.—They all go about armed, and are very terrible heroes and much got up with guns, and swords, and spears, and clubs, and shields. We landed at the village and went up to a small temple full of sculpture of the best time, but now, unhappily, situated among the mud huts of the villagers. These accordingly swarmed out upon us—the women and the boys—and were unceasing in their importunities for baksheesh, planting themselves frequently between us and the wall of sculpture, and begging with outstretched hand and grave countenance, and with a quiet pertinacity that did them immense credit as an earnest persevering people. At last Selim seduced the whole party, some twenty and more, to the outside of the building, by some promise of gain, and the whole turned out to be — a story.—Who can resist a story that has Arab blood in his veins? We were left alone to admire Sesostris beating his neighbours and getting all good things thereby—from bags of gold, and much ivory, and many slaves, down to live lions, and

camelopards, and other animals for his royal zoological garden at Thebes. On coming out, we found Selim seated in a circle of rapt listeners, and in all the heat of a conquering story. Selim was a rival of Djad in the matter of story-telling, and occasionally treated the crew on board to a tale, much to their satisfaction; but he was not a professor in the art, as was the deep-toned and imposing Djad.

Near the river-side are the ruins of another temple—an immense structure—the outer walls of which, still standing, inclose enough of fallen material to build half-a-dozen modern churches. Once these noble halls and chambers were filled with close lines of gigantic columns, and were roofed in with enormous blocks of stone, reaching from pillar to pillar—the blocks measuring fifteen or twenty feet in length, and three feet square. Now the columns and the roofs are all fallen, and fill the great area with the noblest mass of confusion I have ever seen. But, surely, this—or the greater part of it—is not a relic of the great days of Egypt, as some travellers have thought. Where here is the delicate finish of the sculptor of the days of Thothmes or of Amunoph?—where is the classic beauty of the forms and features of the Egyptian deities—their priests and their heroes? All these

figures have coarse and highly relieved limbs, and—Oh, fatal to all taste—they have fat noses, fat lips, fat face, fat cheeks, fat everything. How unlike is all this to the delicate contour of the Amun and the Remeses—the Nofri-Ari, and the Isis, of Aboosimbel and of Amada, and even of the little excavated temple, hard by, among the huts of the Kalabshé.

The women and boys only accompanied us, the men of Kalabshé biding their time on the river bank. We came out from the imposing relics of antiquity, impressed with the scene of fallen magnificence, and found ourselves in modern Billingsgate. On our appearance on the bank of the village, what a bedlam began. Any given number of Poissardes are fools by the side of the leading women of Kalabshé, and Naples lazzaroni are orderly and quiet fellows in comparison with the heroes of the place. The women were handsome, after a fashion, with strong features and brilliant dark eyes; but all had a daring and fierce look. They were clothed in a long dress to the feet, and were much got up with ear-rings of shells, and long pendant masses of coloured beads, strung in fanciful patterns, and fastened to the hair and hanging down by the face—the hair itself in rich profusion, brilliant with castor-oil. Our sailors had

ordered a large basket-full of khenna—a grateful present for dusky dames in Egypt—and the bargain was beginning. The women and girls set up a scream at the sailors' offer for the lot, that beat all my experience in screeches; and this was the signal for a regular row. Some men took up the cause of the injured beauties—two of whom were conducting the bargain and others, sitting on the bank, joined in—for the fun of the thing? Not at all, but as in duty bound; and spears were brandished, and clubs struck on shields, and there were fierce threatenings of the admirers of khenna-stained eyes — altogether it was a turmoil. I made a diversion by enquiring of one hero the price of his arms—spear and shield—and we had a pretty little row of our own about the purchase. I never in my life saw men so absurdly and causelessly violent and impulsive; for the question of half a piastre—one penny, about—caused an awful torrent of words—furious praises of the thousand-slaying spear, and the shield impenetrable as a house wall —and passionate gestures of contempt at the price offered. The shields were of two kinds, or rather shapes, for they were all made of thick, hard, untanned hide. One was circular—of about two feet diameter—and had a raised place or lump in the centre, round and pointed, resembling our shield of

the middle-ages. The other was much larger, an oblong, flat-faced shield, which covered nearly the whole body. This latter defence wore a very Roman phalanx look. But while I was bargaining for these primitive arms, the great khenna question waxed fierce.—Our men said they were cheated in the quantity. — This was too strong for Kalabshé honour, and a very warlike speech was made by a chief; the bargaining women and girls drew back towards the slope of the village bank and stood along it in a line with the others, as if things were getting serious, and it was as well to be out of the way of blows;—the men came forward in a body, with murmurings, all looking very fierce — about twenty—and one of them seized our landing board, and declared we should not go till the matter was settled, and the charge of cheating given up. But now Selim interfered—put on his best and most imposing manner — went on shore, and made the men a speech, part of it in a very lofty tone about the insult offered to the great English Sheikh in touching his honourable boat—and part of it in his most persuasive manner, dealing largely in 'delicious words' for the noble and copper coloured dames by the bank — who were now silent, and listening—and in much flattery of the heroes before him. This succeeded — the storm subsided — the

khenna was declared to be all right, and came on board — and the 'Cambria' was pushed off into the stream — but both parties were silent, and sulky.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Conscription—Untilled Lands—Tafa—A Voice from Ali's Heart—Ali's Sister—The Ruins of Dabod—The Deserted Village—The Bed of Osiris—Descent of the Cataract—The Brave Sitt—An Exciting Moment—Still Water—A Chorus of Victory.

At Tafa we first heard of a circumstance which had set all the country in commotion—the Pasha had ordered a conscription of seven thousand men for his army. This conscription was most unpopular—a hateful thing—for 'Once in the army, always in the army,' was a saying among the people; and this was the rule in Egypt, until the Pasha might choose to send the men home—a hard imprisonment to numbers having a strong dash of Arab blood in their veins. Lately, the Pasha had discharged a large body of his old soldiery, and now he

wanted a new levy. In some parts of the country, so unpopular is the profession of arms, that the peasantry will do anything to avoid it—mutilate themselves—fly to the desert—resist and fight—anything rather than enlist.

The people said that the fault of the system lay in two things—the enlisting for life, and the want of pay—and it was frequently told me, that if the Pasha would engage the men for a limited term of years, and pay them with regularity, he would get as many soldiers as he wanted. But the love of violence, and the want of faith, are too predominant in the Eastern mind in the present day for any such arrangement to be carried out. There had been, indeed, a talk of the Pasha enlisting his men for a limited time, after the European fashion; but it was said that no one would trust the engagement, as the temptation to break faith with his army would be too strong when the time came for the discharge, without there was something to influence him to observe his promise, besides his own sense of duty. The country could ill-afford such a drain of its youth, for there were, as anyone might see, many parts of Egypt where there were large tracts uncultivated, for want of hands. It was said at Cairo, by those competent to judge, that the population of Egypt was decreasing—a very remarkable circum-

stance, if true—for as there has been no disease for many years that has sensibly affected life, it cannot but be owing to some mismanagement of its rulers, that a country of such wonderful productiveness, and possessing such facility, by its river, of intercommunication, should fail to grow an increasing population. By the lowest estimation it would bear, at the least, double the numbers that it bears now—and, in fact, it would be difficult to estimate what number of people Egypt, with its amazing fertility, its climate, and its facilities of commerce with the East and the West, would not be able to maintain.

The levy was this time limited to Egypt, and did not include Nubia. But the Nubians were all on the look out for some secret and sudden attack on their 'liberties,' and did not trust the statement of their exemption—and so they were armed and ready to resist any seizure with open war—so, at least, the Tafa people valiantly declared.

At Tafa we found few ruins, but a warlike people snuffing the battle from Egypt. They came down to the boat in numbers, the men all armed with long guns, or swords, or spears, and shields. They have the character of being quite as 'bad people' as those of Kalabshé, and are perpetually at war with the inhabitants of other villages. Here even

the Pasha of Egypt cannot do always as he will with his own, for on more than one occasion, when he has wished to punish these Tafa people and their lawless neighbours for riotous conduct, his soldiers have found, on arriving to punish, nobody but women and children. The men have gone to the mountain and the desert, and on the departure of the troops they have returned to their homes, and their old courses.

There was not much to keep us long at Tafa, so we parted from our wild friends on cordial terms, carrying away with us spears from the warriors and ornaments from the women. We dropped down to Dabod, but on the way Ali, the Nubian sailor, showed himself in a new character. This man, though suspected from his temper and his personal peculiarities, and from various little circumstances, of being a Nubian, had denied it, when charged with being so by Selim. He was a silent solitary man, often choosing, when not employed, to lie alone on the cabin roof; and on the way up, all through Nubia, this was his constant resort. Here he would be, giving no sign of acquaintance with the country; and on the way down, at Tafa and elsewhere, appearing to know no one and to be known to none. Was he a Nubian after all? Now on this day, after leaving Tafa, and as the

evening was closing in, I suddenly heard Ali's voice—a fine deep guttural voice—utter a loud cry, as if calling to some one on shore, Going out on deck to see what was the meaning of this cry, so unusual from him, I saw him standing erect on the roof of the cabin, and looking towards a village among some palm trees on the western bank. We were floating in mid-stream, the evening without wind, and the sailors, after a good pull, were eating their supper in the bows—all except Ali. Again the man sent his full-volumed voice over the water, uttering one Arabic word; but no one was visible on the shore by the village, and no sound came from it—all was still as before. There was an intense earnestness about the whole figure of the man, as he stood there, breathing through his almost black limbs, fit for a statuary's study, and his tall, pliant, muscular frame of beautiful proportions, and fine head, gloriously set on. Four times did he repeat his call, uttering the same word, and each time with increased energy. The last cry had scarcely died away along the river, when, from the bosom of the quiet village and the palm trees arose one long, shrill, and quivering scream, as of a woman. Ali knew the voice, for he made a singular guttural sound in reply, as of acknowledgment; and then presently the woman's voice came

again from the village; but this time it was from a single form in white, which ran out from among the trees and down the sloping bank to the water's edge, and hurried along the shore, uttering occasionally shrill short sentences in joyous tones, and Ali the same. And this continued for ten minutes or more, and then she said—'Aleek;' and Ali replied—'Aleekee,' and the woman, with that peculiar, and quivering, plaintive cry of the Nubian females, disappeared up the bank among the trees, and Ali lay down on the cabin roof in his usual silence. There was no longer any concealment, and Selim learned from him that this was his native village; his father and mother were dead and he had no relative but one sister; this was the sister, who was married and lived there. On his way up he had said nothing, as we went by at night in a wind; but on passing again, he could not resist the desire to say a few words to his sister. His cry had found her, and he had heard she was well and happy; that was enough, and he did not wish to go ashore and see her.

Arriving off Dabod, our visit to the ruins was, as it should be, by torchlight; Dabod lay about a quarter of a mile from the river, and it being very dark we missed the landing-place. Selim led the way with a lamp, attended by the Nubian pilot and

two or three of the sailors armed with their clubs; and thus we scrambled up the bank and found ourselves in a palm grove. There was no path, and so we hunted about for it for some time; and at last came out on the fields, for there was a considerable breadth of cultivated land here. Just then Djad joined us with his blazing mashal, and, finding the path, he led us into the village, making unearthly shouts and roaring out all kinds of wild things at intervals, much to the delight of the sailors; so that we went into Dabod an uproarious rollicking party—by night, too—and not at all in a manner becoming a quiet lady and gentleman in search of the antique. But there were no answering voices to these shoutings, and Dabod was still as the grave: every door was shut, and not a person was to be seen. Djad did his best to rouse them by loud knockings at doors and bellowing requests to know if—'Dabod was at home,'—but in vain—no one appeared. Djad had constituted himself the mashal bearer on all occasions of visiting temples by night, and his custom was, as he went before us, and on entering each place, to make short addresses in his deep bass voice, to the spirits of the temple. Thus with solemn voice and imperturbable countenance he would begin, as he came to the entrance, at our head—'Here we are—we are coming'—

'devils, take care of yourselves'—then again—'where are you—are you at home?—come out—come out—no hiding.'—So he approached Dabod with similar irreverent addresses.

The ruins of Dabod were of limited extent—small Greek arches and courts—three in succession—the entrance to a temple no longer existing. They were light and graceful, with little of Egyptian character; but the sculptured forms, how inferior to those of little Amada—classical Amada, or of Wady Halfah—chaste workmanship of the days of Thothmes—of the best days of Egyptian art;—or to those of Sibooa—shattered and choked by the Libyan sands, yet beautiful with its ruined avenue of sphynxes.

The Nubian pilot said, that the men of the Nubian villages make it their custom to pass the nights in the mountain during the time of a conscription, as the only certain way to avoid being surprised by the Governor and caught; and that, throughout the country, there would be no faith placed in the public declaration, that this conscription was to be confined to Egypt.

On the 28th of January, we awoke at Philœ, the 'Cambria' again lying at the foot of the Bed of Osiris. It seemed like getting home again, and to old accustomed places, to return to beautiful Philœ,

with its rich verdure, and its palms, and its quiet, and its artistic buildings, from the wilds of Nubia. With all my admiration for the ancient people and their sublime works, I could not but acknowledge, as I looked from my window, that after the gloomy, excavated temples, and the colossal figures, and the massive and ponderous pillars of the Nubian fanes, in the midst of their desolate deserts—this light and airy Greek monument—this Bed of Osiris, rising from its verdant bank, where feathery palm-trees waved, was like a being of life and beauty. It was as a temple of Apollo after the hall of Eblis. No sand hides it—no stain marks the warm stone—no ruin disfigures its shapely columns;—here and there small fragments have fallen from the capitals, but these slight touches of favouring time do not affect the grace of its form or injure its air of freshness and of youth. In the evening we dropped down to Morada at the head of the Cataract.

Selim had at intervals done his best to persuade us, or at least the Sitt, not to descend the Cataract in the 'Cambria,' and had indulged in many warnings and exaggerations of danger. Khawajat, he averred, rarely go down this Bab, but take out their belongings, send them by camels to Assouan, and let the boat go down with the crew alone,—

as there is always danger, and some boats are lost in it every season—in the latter part of it, when the water gets low, and the fall is higher. But as to Sitteen going down it—'Sitteen never going down it—never,' he declared. The fact is that, late in the season, there is a certain slight amount of risk in descending the great Bab, for if the boat is not a good buoyant craft—if she does not answer to her helm readily—if she is built too sharp in her bows and is heavy—there is just room for an accident; and if there is an accident, it is a bad one. On my inquiring, however, of the Reis, on our way up, he gave it as his opinion that the 'Cambria' was a good boat and would do it well. At the same time he and the other Sheikhs agreed—now on our return—that if they had got the 'Fortunata' up the Cataract, they could not have taken her down the big fall—but must have let her down backwards, by ropes in a humiliating fashion, by some other Bab. Their reason for this was, that the 'Fortunata' was not buoyant, but heavy and square in the hull and sharp in the bows; and that when she was in the Cataract, the weight behind would drive her sharp bows so deep down into the water at the lower part of the fall, that she would strike the rocky bottom, become ungovernable, and a wreck be the consequence.

For my part, I would not have missed the descent on any account; and the Sitt—the Sitt held riding a donkey to Assouan to be utterly low—a dishonouring proceeding—whereas going down the fall in her boat was only due to herself, and to her credit in the eyes of the crew,—let alone the enjoyment of the adventure, attended as it was, and the enjoyment enhanced, by the slight amount of risk. Accordingly, before sunrise the Reis arrived, accompanied by his father, the ancient chief, by various Sheikhs come to see the fun, and by about thirty men,—the lordly Reis in blue robes and white turban. Selim had been very earnest about the old chief coming with us; 'he coming up making good luck,' said the superstitious Egyptian,—'he with us again, we going down the Cataract like one bird.' Our own crew were all put on the roof of the cabin, it being a vested Nubian interest to pull down the Cataract,—and twenty Nubians were set to the ten oars, two men to each oar. The Reis went into the bows, the various visitor Sheikhs were sprinkled about the bulwarks, and two Nubian pilots were at the helm. The ancient man occupied his old place by the cabin-door on the divan of honour, and, under the influence of coffee, gave it as his opinion that all would go well. All the windows were let down, and all the blinds were put

up, of all the cabins; and so, the Sitt standing by the old chief, we started.

We were soon across the river and in the line of the fall, the men pulling a short, strong stroke, like a Cambridge stroke, and not the long double stroke of the Egyptian boatmen—that of the latter dwelling too long in the water for the swift stream of the rapids, and certainly fruitful of crabs at a critical moment. The Bab was about half a mile down stream, and on the opposite side of the river, between the mainland and an island. It was a narrow channel, about twenty yards wide, between two walls of rock, with a circuitous course; and was said to have been improved by the government in removing rocks, but declared by the Nubians to have been made worse than before by these improvements—more accidents occurring since the alterations. The descent of the fall is considerable at that time of the year, the slope about one hundred and fifty yards in length, and the whole length of the narrow channel about four hundred yards. As we got into the eddies, about a hundred yards from the top of the slope, the order was given for a 'shorter stroke,' and the men merely dipped their oars in and out again with a sharp jerk. The stream hurried us along at an increasing pace; and now we saw that the Bab turned away at rather a

sharp angle from the main river, and the boat was directed towards it. The Reis stripped off his clothing down to a light dress of shorts, his legs and fine muscular and massive torso bared, as did another chief,—and the former got up into the rigging to direct the course, and to be ready for any event.

In the still air of the morning, the distant roar of the whole Cataract had been plainly distinguishable as we lay at Morada; but now as we approached the Bab, the sound became rather fine. As we reached the top of the descent, which was a pretty good steep slope, we came in sight of the whole fall below us, boiling and surging up—a really good piece of broken water. For about fifty yards the slope is smooth, and then it breaks up into wild water for the rest of the descent and along the channel beyond. When we came fairly on to the slope, and were on the smooth rushing sheet, the Reis gave a shout—'Toss your oars,' and every oar leaped from the stream, and the 'Cambria' was committed to the steerer's steadiness of hand.

I looked back to the helm, and both men were standing up and holding the tiller hard and fast between them. The Reis was erect in the rigging, with one arm up and his hand spread as a guiding

mark to the pilots—for the critical turn is made in the worst part of the fall, at near the bottom of the slope, and where any failure of the boat to answer to her helm would be fatal — and where the roar prevents any voice from being heard. The bows drooped, and away we went at a splendid pace down the inclined plane right itno the surge — and then the boat rose and fell with rapid motion, as she got fairly among the broken waters. These were thrown back from both rocky sides of the narrow channel towards the middle, where all was a foaming mass — a wild leaping torrent. As the boat dashed along from one wave to another, the crest of each wave caught her heavily under the bows, and the water surged up on both sides in masses, five or six feet above her bulwarks, and fell upon her deck. What a pace she went through these! But all went well; till, as we were making the turn towards the bottom, she came down on a big wave with all her weight and force, and was driven right into it—her head went under—and then the water rose up high in front, over it and on both her bows, buried the Reis and the visitor Sheikhs, and fell on the deck in a mass; and, rushing all along, it gave us a cold bath up to our knees on its way down into the cabins, the spray blinding us with its showers. But the little boat rose buoyantly from it; and as we

emerged from our bath, we found ourselves past the fall, and hurrying along the boiling stream below it; and looking back I saw the Cataract above us, and the waves coming leaping down in pursuit of their escaped prey. In a couple of hundred yards the narrow channel opened into a small bay, and, the stream bending sharp round to the right, a backwater was formed in the bay; and, the crew, dropping their oars into the water, pulled us with a couple of sharp strokes into this bay; and the danger of the Cataract was over.

Here we lay in still water for a few minutes; congratulations between the Nubians and ourselves were interchanged; the deck and cabins cleared of water; wet clothes exchanged for dry; and the stalwart Reis came, with his kindly face, to say a word to us and to his old father, and to receive our thanks for his work, and his loved glass of sherry, after his ducking.

And now we struck out into the swift current, and the crew, all extremely jolly, pulled hard—very hard — with a short jerking stroke, to give us the force to make a sinuous course among numerous low rocks scattered about in our way. Nothing could surpass the pleasurableness of that pull down the rapids to Assouan. The morning was bright and warm, and the river spread out

wide, sparkling in the sunny light and broken by innumerable little islands, between which the current, swift and clear, hurried us along at a racing pace. Here it flowed a smooth sheet, and there with a waving surface, as the stream swept along over sunken rocks; while perpetually, at intervals, new combinations of the wild scenery broke on us, as we left on, either hand, openings among the islands—Babs impassable from granite masses in midway, and over and among which the angry waters coursed along, and added in their strife to the general voice of the rapids which filled the whole air with their hoarse but musical speech. To this was added the satisfaction of knowing that, while before us were welcoming friends, behind us was the Cataract with its wild waters, in which, as Selim hinted to us, the day before, in the energy of his efforts to dissuade the Sitt from the descent,—"If you come break, lady, you not find one bit of boat like my finger."

Meanwhile the 'Cambria' was impelled along her winding course in and out through the labyrinth of islets, every now and then stooping over some shallow fall, like a weir, on her way, until the last and deepest of these was passed. Then there was much pouring out of glasses of brandy and of sherry among the privileged chiefs, accompanied

by much shaking of hands between the Sitt and the Reis, and the ancient man, and the various visitor Sheikhs, and our own Reis from Alexandria—and which latter was perhaps the happiest man on board, for he had passed the last day or two in a brown study, deeply anxious for the fate of his pretty boat in the Cataract. As we approached Assouan, our crew seated themselves round in a circle in front of the cabin door, and while the Nubians pulled, Mahommed Anad and Djad and the rest of them struck up a chorus of victory; and so we emerged from the granite-bound channel at the foot of the Tower of Syene, passed the point of Elephantina, and came out into the spreading river, making all the noise our party could manage to produce, and announcing before the little town —Selim firing three gunshots as a finale—our arrival with all becoming *éclat*. There lay at the shore the little fleet of boats with British and Belgian and other flags, and among them were the 'Antar' and the 'Fortunata;' and our various friends came out on their decks; and waving of handkerchiefs, and welcoming cheers from the crews hailed us, as, amid insane efforts of our Egyptians to give effect to their music, we pulled to the shore.

CHAPTER XIV.

News of the World—A Pirate Attacks the 'Antar' aground—Rules of the Road—The Sitteen and the Race course—Ombus and Silsileh—The Harmony of Abundance—The Siwah Country—A band of Warriors—the Conscripts—The boatman's Sympathy—Fugitives—Rocks ahead!—The 'Antar's' disgrace—The British Consul's Thunder.

We were in Egypt once more.

All that morning there was a severe traffic running between the ladies of the travelling boats and the native women from the little town, and from the Cataract village, Morada, in baskets, necklaces, head-dresses, silver bracelets, mats, and other home manufactures. Occasionally an antique—deeply sworn to be genuine—from Elephantina, was produced from the vest of some native antiquarian with much mystery and caution and preparation; and then there was a secret retiring into the innermost cabin, and much wise shaking of the head; and deep examination, and display of learning pre-

ceded a small volume of bargaining, the European Khawaja remaining proudly master of his three shilling antique, while the native man of research among the ghostly places of the ancient people goes off softly and noiselessly, happy—with the piastres warm by his heart. Selim and the caliph were in their glory, laying in great stores of live stock. Besides all this, we had to learn the gossip of Assouan—tap root of social existence. What last from Cairo?—Any news from the barbarian North? What from Albion?—Was the Queen well?—and from Gaul—who ruled in Paris? In short it was a busy morning, and we were to start for Thebes in the afternoon. That fortnight in desolate Nubia makes you feel as if you had been —somewhere—for months.

In the afternoon we turned our heads down stream, the three boats in company. On the evening of the last day in January we had the first rain since leaving Alexandria. There were a few clouds about—unusual sight to us—and the rain fell, for a short time, in large drops, few and far between—a remnant of a storm of the previous day on the Arabian desert.

Nothing can be more pleasant than the Nile travelling of two or three boats in company; but it has its disadvantages in descending the stream—

its little events, productive of a temporary breach of the rule of pleasure—as Heaven forbid that it, and all travelling, should not have! Thus, on this first evening, after dark, the 'Antar' got aground just ahead of the 'Cambria;' and almost at the same moment, the latter struck on a sand-bank too. We were passing the evening sociably with the Sitteen on board the former boat, when she went on a sand-bank. The sound of oars and the cheery song suddenly ceased, and shouts and exclamations and various orders took their place. All this rather disturbed our coffee-table; but what disturbed us still more, and sent us hurrying on deck to see what had happened, was a burst of voices, and then a chorus of enraged cries, added to violent stamping of feet and the blows of some heavy body on the 'Antar's side—a perfect uproar.

On first going on deck it was difficult to make out, in the almost darkness, what was the matter; and then, as our eyes got accustomed to the light, the affair looked like a very pretty little attack on the 'Antar' by an enemy—a pirate, perhaps. We were boarded, that was clear, and there was a fight. A single faint lamp on the deck of each boat just served to show the crews of the 'Antar' and the pirate in a *melée*. But after a time we found that the enemy was the 'Cambria,' which

had been the first to get off the sand-bank, had been driven broadside on the bows of the fast-aground 'Antar,' and had swung round upon her; and the crews were in a battle of mutual reproaches. The *mêlee* was but of words, but it was a pretty little scene of confusion, all parties stamping and roaring, and trying to separate the boats, and abusing each other.

In a little while we were all right again, and no damage was done—but this was a warning. The 'Antar' had already suffered from another travelling boat running into her on the way up, on which occasion the Sitteen on board her had been much alarmed, the damage done having required a day's stopping at Keneh to mend her broken side. Now, it would not do to risk another smash; and as much of the passage down was to be done at night, it was necessary to provide against future accidents and night alarms by laying down rules for the voyage. Thus it was decided in council—the 'Antar' being the largest and heaviest boat, shall lead the way, and the 'Fortunata' and 'Cambria' follow at a safe distance, in the event of there being but one channel,—but whenever the channels of the river will allow of it, the boats shall never follow each other in a direct line, but shall go down in parallel lines. This, it was thought, would prevent the

boats from being driven on each other—a thing very likely to happen without some rule of the road—as the river was falling, sand-banks becoming daily more frequent, channels more narrow and uncertain, and fewer in number,—sometimes the whole of the deep water being confined to one narrow and sinuous stream.

But though this plan answered well as regarded fouling, by degrees the arrangement—that the 'Antar' should go always in front, became intolerable to the two other crews. What those two crews liked and wished for, was perpetual races. Had they not been accustomed to this fun all the way up?—and were they now to go sneaking down at the stern of the 'Antar?' This manner of going was galling to them; and their pride was hurt, too, as well as their amusement spoiled Could they not lick the 'Antar?' Of course they could; and their gall-bladders burst with vexation and disappointment. For two or three days the crews submitted to the order given—no races, and no going in front of the 'Antar.' The fact was, that there were Sitteen on board of all three of the boats, and they managed to infect each other with a diseased expectation of accidents; and races, it was decided by them, were conducive to evil, as other races for other reasons in other climes are, by some philosophers, held to be. I confess I felt for

my eager young friends; and having always had a weakness for Arabs, whether in horse flesh or human flesh, from the Derby field to the Nile lot—the Desert blood—I was sorry for their disappointment. I was divided, in fact, between a desire not to injure the Sitteen enjoyment of their Nile life, by making fear a daily ingredient of it—an effectual damper of pleasure—and an objection to spoil sport and deny our young Arabian blood their fun. It ended, after some steady observance of rules for a day or two, in their gradually infringing them—taking advantage of circumstances—making opportunities—slight racings—an occasional 'straight mile'—the Sitteen gaining confidence from safety—the crews presuming on impunity—and a gradual advance from secret winking at trials, to open encouragement of much racing.

You pass a long morning among the fine remains of Ombos, where the warm, hard stone, and the massive columns, and the sculptured ceiling of the temple—so chaste, and yet brilliant with undimmed colouring—demand all your wonder and your admiration. And you walk through the quarries of Silsileh—a town of dead walls seventy and eighty feet high, with smooth perpendicular faces, street after street, and square after square; and you enter the Siwah country.

It seems to be a rule in Egypt—perhaps it is a common law of Nature—that where there is a broad slice of ground for cultivation between the Nile and the desert, order prevails among the inhabitants, and where there is a narrow strip of arable land, disorder is the rule of life—thus order going hand in hand with plenty—plenty of labour, of production, of population—and disorder with scarcity of these three things. Thus it was in Nubia; and now that we came to Silsileh and the Siwah country, where the western bank is desert to the river's edge, and the eastern has but a narrow slip—perhaps half a mile broad—of cultivated land, here we found this country pronounced bad—as bad as any part of Nubia. There is a long succession of poor villages, occupied by a hardy and resolute race of people, who live in a state of perpetual defiance of the Pasha. The villages lie away from the river, at the foot of the Arabian hills, so that the Desert is always handy for the men to retreat to in case of matters coming to extremities, and which it was represented to us they occasionally do. Whenever the conscription has been ordered, these villages have refused to send any of their men to be soldiers, the Sheikhs saying, in reply to the Governor's demand, "We have no men to spare for soldiers."

It was told us that some few years before, on the occasion of the conscription, the Siwah men left their women and children in the villages, and went into the desert. The Pasha sent a military force, which occupied the villages, and prevented any communication between the two parties. The men had no water in the desert, and were obliged to send to the river by night for it. The troops being posted in bodies all along the edge of the desert, obliged the men to send very long distances for their supply, and thus, though they held out for fourteen days, they were forced to submit in the end, and the Governor carried away fifty men for the army. It was now reported in this country, that there would be much trouble in the present levy of soldiers, as the conscription had got wind; the people were resolved to resist—the valiant heroes even talked of fighting the Governor's force, and that they had hit on a new scheme —an immense secret—for procuring a supply of water in the mountains behind Siwah. In that rebellious corner of my heart—which every man possesses against the hard exercise of power—I rather hoped, secretly, that our Siwah neighbours would baffle the Governor; and therefore I was not sorry, when the wind in our face, too strong for

pulling, obliged us to lie for an afternoon moored at the bank of this rebellious land.

Going on shore—the Eastern shore—I found a long thin strip of ground covered with palms and acacias; and beyond this, a cultivated country of about half a mile in breadth, running all along for miles between the river and the mountain. The cultivation looked well, but there was little cattle visible, and not a human being, except a few women thinly scattered, with a cow or two and a few sheep. A village was in sight, but a long way off. While we were speculating as to the success of the rebels, a party of eight or nine men suddenly emerged from the palms and bushes, and met us in the fields. They were powerful men, above the middle height, spare and muscular, with harsh countenances and strong features, and of a fine swarthy complexion. They were all dressed in a rather long dingy white frock or gown, reaching half-way between the knee and the ankle, with long loose sleeves, and belted at the waist with a broad dark leather band, their feet and legs naked, and the head covered with a small dingy skull-cap. They were all armed with clubs, and some with spears besides — a small five-feet long spear, and with shields of crocodile skin of a long, oval form—and which these men say will turn off a ball. When

we stopped and spoke to them about their shields and clubs — capital weapons in a *melée* — they answered in sharp, harsh voices and with a rough manner. In fact, their whole appearance and getting up were thoroughly in keeping with the character they bore, that of a wild and lawless race. I could not help thinking, as the sturdy fellows walked off towards the village at a good swift pace, that they were a very capital material for soldiers, and that with a few regiments of such men, there was no wonder Ibrahim Pasha licked the Turk.

While we were standing, early the next morning, on the Western bank near Edfoo, we observed something unusual going on in the Siwah country on the Eastern side. Men on horseback in parties of two or three, and other parties of eight and ten, were galloping all over the country from village to village. Knots of the country people, women and children, were gathered together in the fields, and men on foot dispersed, singly and in small bodies, were running everywhere. The Pasha's officer was hunting his conscripts, and the Siwah heroes were put to the test. In an hour or two the horsemen and the captives all came down to the river, were embarked in some large boats, and the whole party landed at the place where our boats were lying.

The officer had made but a poor haul—only nine men — three of them youths from seventeen to twenty years of age, and the rest old men. These all had their arms bound behind their backs with rope, and were marched off to Edfoo, half a mile distant, in two parties, each party bound together by a long rope. It was a painful sight, and the poor fellows looked sad enough; but Selim comforted the elder men by whispering to them, that they would soon be back home again:—"You are too old," said he, "only the three young ones will be made soldiers." But the English Sitteen—how did they bear the sight of the men hunted and caught, and bound with cords, and borne off as felons? Why—as English Sitteen—with boiling blood, and with an anger that would not be contained, but broke out — as the landing of the officer and his men and his horses and his captives was going on—in, not loud, but deep expressions of their opinion, in the best Arabic they could command, that the whole affair was—horrible. The thing wore a bad air, certainly—looked ill; and if looks and muttered words could have avenged the Siwah men, the Pasha's officer had fallen on that bank beneath the slaughtering glances of the Sitteen's eyes, and weltering in his blood. As it was, 'the wretch' mounted his bay mare with much

satisfaction in his face, and rode off to Edfoo without so much as turning his head at the angry protestations.

To account for the small number captured, it was said that the principal part of the Siwah men had left their villages and gone away into the Desert, where, some of those with the Pasha's officer reported, they had taken up a position on a mountain, from which the officer had not force enough to dislodge them. This really looked like business; and methought two or three hundred slashing fellows like those I had met on the previous day, might give the Governor some trouble. In the course of the morning other reports came across the river—that the Siwah men had gone away deep into the desert, and the military force employed was too small for a long expedition. A day or two after, when at Esneh, we found that there was some little truth in the Siwah people's resistance, active or passive, to the government, as the Governor had been obliged to collect a strong body of soldiery—cavalry and infantry—a thousand men, and with which he was on the following day to go into the country of the stalwart rebels, and to scour out the Desert behind it.

Our sailors took up the cause of the country people warmly, and talked of resistance—war and

battle—wounds and death—as if these things were meat and drink—dates and coffee—to the Siwah folks, and they were all Antars—valiant scowling-eyed warriors, destroyers of armies. The sailors were immensely brave and daring at small expense, as they are safe from the conscription—the Pasha considering that the well-being of the country depends too absolutely on the river traffic for him to venture to meddle with the bone and muscle of the commercial highway. This exemption is of incalculable value to the country, deprived continually as it is of that necessary ingredient of its prosperity —its agricultural youth—beyond what it can afford to lose. However, this privilege preserves for labour an immense body of young men through the length of Egypt. While we lay at Assouan, a lad of fifteen was smuggled on board the 'Cambria'—the brother of one of the sailors—and when he was discovered by me, the next day, there was a petition that he might be carried down to Cairo. The truth was that he was shirking the conscription, and was safe while on board from its grasp. Now, as we lay off Edfoo, and just after the Pasha's officer had carried off his captives, another lad of the same age dashed down the bank breathless, and leaping on board the 'Cambria' begged the crew to hide him and let him stay. He was flying

from the conscription. The lad was put down into the hold for the nonce; but I confess I began to look upon this conversion of a traveller's boat into an asylum for runaway lads who disliked soldiering, to be—however much in theory I might disapprove of the social politics of Egypt—rather unfair towards the Pasha in his own country. The scene of the morning had, however, roused all the sympathy of the Sitt for these home-sick and anti-military lads to fever pitch, and all arguments about the Pasha and his troops—such as, 'army necessary for the good of the country—the wrong of a foreigner interfering in the regulations of a sovereign prince —the exposure to censure and remonstrance of a local governor, if he should hear of such practices as concealing his young men'—all these high and intensely excellent reasonings on the matter met with a deaf ear: but when it was ventured to add 'that, after all, the lads might do worse than be soldiers—and that probably they, and certainly the young scapegraces of Tafa and Kalabshé, would be all the better for a little discipline and correction,—then the measure of the Sitt's patience was full, and overflowed: — "Why," said she, "you wouldn't deliver these innocent boys to those wretches who hunt them?"

"Well—but—the Pasha——"

"The Pasha"—(rather scornfully)—"Would you like to see these young creatures who beg your protection, bound like felons as those poor children this morning?"

"Well—but—the Pasha——"

"What do I care for the Pasha?—or his army, or for all your cold political reasons?—Would you like to see those boys carried from their homes only to be beaten, and then corrupted?—Give them plenty to eat, and let them stay."

"Well—but—if a Governor——"

"Let him come—let any impertinent Governor come and ask for them and I'll make him ashamed of himself. Let the poor boys come as many as they like, and I'll take care of them," said the indignant Sitt.

The boys remained; but I gave a secret order to Selim that no more must be taken, as had the Sitt's large sentiments on the matter become known and acted on, we should ship, in the course of the voyage down, a very pretty cargo of the youth of Egypt to land at Cairo. The lads were to be set to work, too, at anything they could do on board; but this work consisted entirely in stealing off with the skiff perpetually—paddling off with it on every occasion they could invent, and of course when it

was most wanted—and leading Mahmood, the boy, into deeper wickedness.

As we were on the way down at night from Silsileh to Edfoo—the 'Antar' just ahead of us, and the 'Fortunata' and an Austrian boat close behind—we were suddenly roused by a cry of 'Rocks ahead,' from our steerer, and shouts from the 'Antar.' Going on deck I found that there was no moon and the starlight faint, and the fleet in confusion in the dark. We were near the western shore—all the boats in a line, contrary to orders, and the lights of the 'Antar' just immediately in front of us—going down broadside with her head to the shore, and her crew shouting and pulling her 'hard all' to land. 'Rocks ahead,' was the frequent cry of her pilot; and as they pulled in to shore there, appeared a dark spot in the water close under her stern—a granite rock just above the surface. We were so close to her that we had not time or room for pulling outside the rock, and so were obliged to do as the 'Antar' did and pull 'hard all' towards shore, and in doing which we but just missed her oars. The other two boats, having more room, went outside. The meaning of it all was this:—the pilot of the 'Antar' had been allowed to go on shore for two days to see his family, and was to join the boat farther down, and there was no one on board of her

who knew the river properly. Our pilot knew perfectly well that there were two rocks—very dangerous places,—at two spots in front of us; but, misled by the 'Antar' keeping right on, and in the uncertain light, into the belief that this rock was farther on, and forgetful of all orders against following her close, (the 'Fortunata' pilot made the same excuse) he too kept right on, till warned by the row and confusion in front. The 'Antar' had a narrow escape, for her temporary pilot knew nothing about the rock. It was only seen by a man in the bows just in the nick of time; and had she struck, nothing could have prevented us going on her; and a very pretty little event it would have been in the night—the 'Antar' on the granite rock in the swift stream—for the current is very rapid at this point—and the 'Cambria' upon her.

This circumstance roused all the blood in the fleet. The 'Antar' was furiously abused for leading us all into such a scrape, and was condemned as unfit to hold the place of leader; and so the crews passed much of the remainder of the night in racing, the principal pleasure consisting, on the part of those of the 'Fortunata' and 'Cambria,' in beating the 'Antar,'—which they could do then as she was short of one or two of her oars—then lying by

for her and beating her again, amid much laughter and jeering, in revenge for her mistake. About midnight we approached the other rock, and behold! there lay a travelling boat fast on the top of it. It had been there for two days, and belonged to a party of four English gentlemen, who were—somewhere—on shore in a tent. What a break up to their pleasure voyage! A message had been sent to the nearest governor, at Edfoo, who said he could send a hundred men and get the boat off, but break her perhaps, as his men were unaccustomed to such jobs; and that the right man to get her off was the Governor of Assouan, who was the sheikh of the Upper Nile, and this was his proper business. Accordingly another message was sent to the latter personage; but the result of all these applications for assistance was this—that the opinion of the great and skilled sheikhs of the Nile was, that the boat must lie on the rock till the next rise of the river in the following summer. The Englishmen got on board a country boat and went down to Thebes. This state of things was not a happy one; and it led one very naturally to draw to oneself a little picture of the 'Antar' in a similar condition—fast and hard on the rock below Silsileh — which she had so very narrowly escaped, and lying there a warning and a bea-

con to all pilots, while the Sitteen were—ah, me!—nowhere.

But it so happened that a Levantine gentleman, a long time connected with our consular establishment at Alexandria, had lately been appointed to the situation of British consul at Thebes. This appointment was considered to be a good one, and likely to be very useful to Englishmen on the Upper Nile, in protecting them from imposition, and relieving them from difficulties, and maintaining order. In fact, it had become very necessary that some official person should reside there, for in consequence of the number of English and other travellers remaining off Thebes for weeks together—with boat crews all idle and unemployed—and all kinds of bargaining and extortion going on, and much foreign money extravagantly expended in dissipated Luxor, there arose frequent and very pretty quarrels. Now our wrecked countrymen arrived at Thebes and stated their case to the said British consul; and that gentleman treated them with every attention and kindness, giving them shelter in his house. Backed by his title he was an important personage in the small neighbourhood of Thebes, and all and every man were at his command; and when he heard the story of the wrecked boat, and the opinion of the authorities of

the Nile—that it must remain on the rock till the next summer—the consul sat him down and wrote to the Governor of Esneh on the matter. The governor returned an answer of excuses. This roused the official, not unaccustomed to hurl British thunder, so he looked into his store of bolts, and launched one at the small Governor of Esneh. The consul was irate at being pooh-poohed, when he was anxious to look well in the eyes of Englishmen, and so his second bolt was heavier than the first—a sharp letter—so sharp and so warning of consequences at Cairo, that without an hour's delay a body of men was sent off up the river, and the boat was dragged off the rock—presto—immediately. What added to the credit of the consul and to the gratification of all parties, was that the boat arrived at Thebes in a day or two after, and uninjured.

CHAPTER XV.

Thebes—Royal Procession—A Hymn—The real Antique—The Forest of Pillars—The Sacred Hawk—Dust and Ashes—Begging—History and Enthusiasm—The Colossi of the Plain.

WHO is there that does not know Thebes? Who does not know the great scene that lies before you as you stand on the slopes of the Sacred Western Mountain? There you have Medinet Aboo and its palace halls about a mile off, on your right hand, at the foot of the slope—and, on your left hand, the courts and columns of Khoorneh at about the same distance—while at your feet is the Temple Palace of Rameses, and in front, out on the great green plain—spreading wide from side to side—sit the

genii of the place — the two Colossi. Everybody knows all this — from sketches and descriptions *ad infinitum*—and the Nile running in an irregular line across the centre of the great plain, and the pillars of Luxor on its farther bank—straight away over the level land—and a little to the left of them the towers of wondrous Karnak—while behind all and about four miles across from where you stand, is the Arabian chain of hill. 'Tis a fine boundary and frame to the picture, this long line of mountain, white—no—not white, but of a warm yellow tinge, and particularly so about sunset, when — if you are lucky enough to be on that western slope, you have a scene worth remembering, and which you never forget—that is—if you have eyes for such things, and a heart to feel the presence of the great passed away city which still fills up, in your mind's eye, all that wide space under your sight from where you are right over to Karnak. — There you sit, and tenant the now silent plain with the ancient and brilliant people—and fill it with its royal street of Sphynges—with its gardens, and its dwellings of the noble and the warrior—till the sun goes down behind the mountain at your back, and a curtain falls over the picture—and pretty quickly too, and you get home to your boat in the dark.

The right way to go to Karnak, from the port, is not by the river, but to ride up to Luxor, and then follow the road, once the grand avenue of the Sphynges from the one temple-palace to the other —the avenue connecting the splendid fanes of Amunoph and of Remeses. The Sphynges are gone, it is true; but there are still the unmistakable marks of the ancient way—the Via Sacra—on either hand, the rough mounds and frequent cavities telling to the passer by their tale of departed order and ruined beauty. The distance is one mile and a half from Luxor to Karnak, and the avenue of sculptured forms leads in a direct line from temple to temple. What a grandeur of effect! As you ride up that now deserted way, you still imagine the religious procession, or the triumphal march—the gorgeous and long array of priesthood—or of soldiery—advancing in all the pride and pomp and circumstance of ecclesiastical magnificence, or of military splendour—along that unrivalled approach to the abode of the gods of Karnak. Behold the white-robed students of mystery—true, and yet false, seers of the invisible world—holding magical powers in their hands—the god-endowed diverters of the laws of Nature—the sacred men upon their sacred way towards the city of sanctuaries. How various their orders and their dress,—and females

are among them, women priests—and in front are the typical gods—the Great Triad:—they return from the annual visit to the temples of the Libyan Thebes, while bending thousands border on either side the sculptured way. But lo!—the great Egyptian king! Sesostris passes in triumphal procession to make his offerings of gratitude to the protecting deities in that holiest fane—his offerings on his return, with victory in his hand and noble prisoners at his chariot wheels—sad ornament —from Africa, or from farthest Ind. How well you imagine the grand spectacle as you ride along. But a hymn rises on the air. The procession is not now for joy at blood-stained victories: it celebrates a conquest—but a conquest humane, all-benefitting, love-inspired—a victory over the encroaching Desert—the opening of a broad canal that beats back the footsteps of the wilderness, and imparts to all the widespread fruits of Heaven-blessed agriculture. You listen to the Egyptian choir:—

'The Most High hath ordained husbandry;
And his God instructeth man;
For He to the human race
Indulgent, prompts to necessary toil.
Man provident of life with kindly signs
The seasons marks, when best to turn the glebe

With spade and plough, to nurse the tender plant,
And cast o'er fostering earth the seeds abroad.'*

And so you reach Karnak, as the hymn goes on to rejoice over the rich waters of Nile and the beneficent canal; and you enter within the extensive inclosure, and pass the sacred lake, and stand at length in presence of the 'largest and most splendid ruin of which perhaps ancient or modern times cau boast.' It is a singnlar feeling which crosses a man's mind, as he sits down on one of those fine blocks, all tumbled in confusion but covered with the most delicate sculpture of the days of Osirtasen, and passes his hand over the engraved letters so uninjured, so untouched by time, and says to himself:—In England an object of eight or nine hundred years old creates a sensation, and people go far to look upon the shapeless and battered thing: but this figure under my hand, with fresh sharp yesterday's edges and with beauty in every line—this was traced—not a few hundreds of years since—but near four thousand! —four thousand years!—startling words—and you seem to jump over the huge gap of time, and to sit by the man chiselling there artistically that stone and that faultless figure. How young and

* Lowth's Translation of Isaiah.

fresh that man's work is—and how old!—And so you walk about Karnak.

The sun set; and after expending our admiration on that, we wished for the moon. The moon was there accordingly; and as the yellow light, so warm, and the warmer pink blush of the sky faded from the horizon, the white light of the moon overhead grew stronger and stronger—it was nearly full—till the sloping summit of the sharp-pointed granite obelisk of Queen Amun-eitgori—pretty creature, she sits ever there on the face of the beautiful shaft—reflected, at ninety feet above us, from its polished surface the orb that seemed to hang in mid ether—a pendant and not distant body of light.—Beneath this lamp in the sky we wandered about those ruins, the great Osirei hall—a forest of columns—looking more extensive and more imposing than by day. The pillars, as in all Egyptian temples, are rather crowded, but the effect here is so ponderously grand that you dare not complain, or wish it otherwise. At one spot the eye commands at once four avenues of those colossal columns; and at another point, one column has fallen half across the avenue, and, as seen down one of the long glades of this stony forest and leaning across the space, its pediment appears to balance, and be about to fall. Under that mystery-

loved light, strong and yet ghostly, the long avenues seemed longer; the shadows, so sharp-edged, deepened into blackness; the figures of people sitting at the foot of a column in a knot, and conversing in whispers; or a solitary form stealing along in the distance among the pillared recesses; all had a strange and ghost-like appearance. The columns seemed more shapely than by day, and those of the titanic central way—their fine expanding circular lotus flower capitals standing out against the starry sky—threw a truly solemn beauty—a presence—a feeling, over the whole.

It was a warm night—so warm that we sat by the glittering and pointed obelisk for near an hour in a circle, and felt no air but a soft one as of a summer night; and so strong was the light that anyone read the small print of books with ease. So we stayed, and lingered about that wondrous spot; and wandered over the various ruins, and round by the high mounds—the boundary of the sacred inclosure—and looked down on the great pile in the distance across the lake at our feet; and at length, homewards—through the colossal hall all open to the stars, and lying in masses of shade and light; and as we went, a long, hoarse, vibrating cry of a bird came from some corner down the aisle. It was the cry of the hawk—

sacred bird of this temple in its day of veneration; —and now it uttered its complaint, that unholy voices disturbed it in its haunts amidst the ruins of its desecrated shrines. Towards midnight — the witching hour, particularly for ruins—we left the wondrous pile, and some going home by the river, the rest sauntered leisurely along by the village lying on the outskirts of departed magnificence; and along the grass-grown way we had passed in the morning, and so down to our boats—a most romantic walk, and very much to the taste and enjoyment of the Sitteen. Thank Heaven, there is still a country where romance is not utterly dead!

One morning, as we stood on the mouuds of the area of Karnak, a funeral passed along, among the waving grounds outside, on its way towards the usual cemetery, the Arabian mountain. A woman was being carried from the village to that country which no traveller likes visiting. Some forty persons, chiefly women, walked rapidly along in groups of eight and ten—the corpse in front at some little distance; and the women kept up that peculiar high-toned and tremulous cry—the cry of lamentation and woe—which we had heard in Nubia, near Dirr, on the occasion of the celebrated affray between the crew of the 'Cambria' and the natives.

It was a musical cry and rather pleasing, though mournful. They disappeared behind the ruined heaps of Eastern Thebes—their wailing chant alone telling of their direction in the distance. In a few hours they came straggling back in knots; and as we were sauntering homewards in the afternoon along the still remaining avenue of Bull Sphynges, there stood in midway a solitary woman throwing dust upon her head. She gathered it in handfuls from the ground and tossed it into the air above her, uttering all the time loud lamentations. Dressed in the nsual long blue robe of the peasant woman, tall and still young, her gestures expressive of utter grief—a desolating sorrow and heart-rending pangs—she was a striking figure. She was a near relative of the woman of the funeral of the morning. A crowd of women, from the village hard by, stood on a sloping bank a few yards off; and while some looked on in silence, others wept and threw part of the dress over the face and head, and sobbed aloud, as we came up—varying the sobs with a low moaning cry.

It seems absurd, and unreasonable, and highly unfeeling, and manifesting a want of sympathy, and a great many other things, to deny that there was any real grief in all this display and energy of lamentation. It does not do to be too inquisitive as

to all the reality of sorrow of anyone—and various people show it in various ways—some of it being real, and some of it conventional. It was enough for me that probably some of this was quite real—fully as true as part of that of an Irish wake, or of 'the heir'—in possession—in his study—and that the manner of the woe was decidedly superior to either of the others. It had an antique look about it, and it was in the right place—among the ruins of the East—an Egyptian wail on the Sphynx-bordered way—'dust and ashes were on her head.' I would not have missed it on any account, or have refused my mite of sympathy to the portion of sorrow of that woman and her weeping neighbours. There was one comfort, too—nobody came and begged of us—a fortunate thing for my little spring of sympathy, and which, at the act, would have turned brackish instantly;—and the weeping, and the moaning, and the sobbing continued as we walked on, until palm-trees shut out from our sight the murmurs on the bank, and the anguish-stricken woman in the middle of the way.

The beggars of Egypt are a class in the state, and a large one. Women do not beg there—and this general fact—may it not, perhaps, be taken as a proof that the female sex possess a beautiful natural pride—an inborn delicate reserve—which keeps

them from descending to such low practices as those unhesitatingly followed by the male sex?—and may it not be permitted to think that all women are so formed by nature?—and to suggest—it is merely a suggestion—a childish suggestion—that if they were but allowed to retain their native grace of mind, and were not bullied out of it, and forced into coarser ways by their ruder-minded lord and master, the social body everywhere would be the gainer. Young—very young—girls beg. They have not yet arrived at the beautiful age of reserve. And the men of Egypt of all ages beg—old, middle-aged, and boys—the latter frequently with a trifle in hand, worth half a farthing, under pretence of being commercial characters, and so having a right to approach you. When commerce fails, they fall back boldly on a general claim on your purse. As beggars are not put down by law—at least, no parish act is in force at Thebes—each traveller takes the law into his own hands. Thus you may see a Khawaja putting into force his particular law. He is, book in hand, deeply intent on decyphering a king's name on the Karnak wall. Shishak occupies him. He allows a strong party to surround him—old and young—the more the better. He is patient and quiet under the unceasing and growing clamour. He bides his time; then suddenly gives a signal to

his sailor—as usual at hand with his earthen bottle of fresh water, and armed with his long club—the book shuts up, and the Khawaja and the sailor rush on the surprised crowd in different quarters with shouts and furious gestures, trip up one urchin, and pursue irregularly two or three others. They all dart off like birds over the broken ground, and disperse on every side among the hollows, while a large lump or two of sun burned modern Thebes follow the flying groups, and breaking fiercely among them, or in their rear, show that that Khawaja is a furious antiquarian—a tiger—and they must try another.

But the most successful of the class are blind old men, led by very young girls. What can you do with such a pair? The child, with perhaps scarcely a rag on her pretty little bronzed form—indeed, indeed, she is very young—leads the ancient man up to you as you stand intent on some gem of art; and you are roused from your tender admiration of the mooned Isis by the old man touching you with his groping hand, and his eyeless face approached close to your own, and by a demand, rather peremptory, for baksheesh.—You give him five paras and he goes off muttering. You turn to sweet Isis again; and in two minutes another similar pair steal on you, and another hand

gropes about till it finds your arm, and another eyeless face—sad blank mask—meets you as you turn, and the child puts out her tiny hand. You drop one para into the little bronze palm, and fly; and as you go, you hear one old man jeer the other for his ill success; and the young girls raise a joint and laughing cry after you of—baksheesh.—However the wonder is—not that there are so many beggars there—but that they do not even more abound, for nature and circumstances combine to produce a fine crop of the article. The climate invites to laziness and little industry—existence requires but little protection, whether in food or clothing—the government takes no care of the people—hundreds of rich travellers pass yearly through the country and squander, in many instances with mischievous carelessness, their money—even to the extent of throwing handfuls of small coins among these poor creatures for the amusement afforded by a scramble. It is highly to the credit indeed of those who abstain—especially at the places where there are ruins—from begging.—The market is so plentiful—and goods cheap—they may be had for the asking.

There are writers—or rather there have been—who have attempted to throw more than doubt upon all the histories of the Egyptians which have come

down to us from early times—of their power, and the extent of their dominion; and these would have us believe that the reign of Sesostris is a story of Hercules and a myth, and his battles to be no battles, and his prisoners no prisoners,—his shipping no shipping, and his commerce no commerce. But by the aid of better light we have got over all this, and are inclined to think that the ancient people were a grand people in the matters of commerce and of war too—that they ran a very considerable trade with India and China, and that they walked very much like conquerors from the river of Egypt to Euphrates, as well as southward into the interior of Africa as far as they could. And thus as we passed day after day among those fine ruins of Temples and Palaces at Medinet Aboo, and at Karnak—at Luxor, and at the Remesium—and wandered among the hills and valleys about the Western Mountain, among the lowly graves—and the gorgeous sepulchres—but not the last resting-places are these rifled tombs—of the Royal dead,—we came to the conclusion that—in fact we became very earnest about the ancient Egyptians, and laid out a considerable amount of enthusiasm upon the subject—a very lavish expenditure indeed, utterly regardless of chilling probabilities. 'I believe,'—it was openly avowed—'that the Egyp-

tians knew everything except steam and gunpowder.' The heart of Gliddon, had he heard our talk, would have warmed towards us. We grew hot upon hieroglyphics, ardent upon antiques, and only stopped short of mummies and sarcophagi. Under these influences, and that of the singularity of the scenery, the beauty of the climate, and the wonders of man's hand around us, we lived.

You leave Thebes. But as the western mountain top intercepts the light of the sun, on the day of your departure, you pay one last visit to the Colossi of the plain. You reach them as it grows dark, and nothing can be more imposing than these gigantic figures, near sixty feet high, sitting in their sublime repose in the dusky light. That is the right time to see them, and not by the glaring sunlight which exposes all the fractures and losses —all the patchings and mendings of the two figures. One has lost an arm; while the other is built up from his waist with blocks of stone, and is fashioned rudely to resemble the human form. But when the pink hue fades from the horizon—and the grey shadow falls on them—and the traveller stands at their feet and looks up in the dim twilight to the indistinct countenances, the Colossi wear a strange unearthly aspect.—And as he rides away into the dusky night, now rapidly folding its mantle

around them, he looks back — as he can't help doing—at the royal pair; and he thinks how lifelike they are, and how lonely—how commanding, and how placid—how majestic, and how affecting. —And yet—no — they are not alone, for their's is a mysterious existence — and they people what would be without them a solitude—they people it with their grand presence—and with the presence of the past, and the future. And as he rides away, the night falls on them, as it has fallen on their city and their kingdom;—but will they not sit there—the royal possessors of the spot — waiting till the night ceases? — Waiting till a brighter day dawns upon Egypt—that day when the Egyptians,

> '————shall turn unto Jehovah, and he
> Will be entreated by them and will heal them;
> And blessed shall be his people Egypt.'*

* Lowth's Translation of Isaiah

CHAPTER XVI.

Dendera—The Grottos of Kasr-el-Said—The Gold Mine of Egypt—From Bellianeh to Abydus—From Abraham until Now—A Copt Convent—The Priests and the People—The Heart's Religion.

DENDERA. I will not venture to say anything of Dendera It has been so well described by various travellers, especially in Lord Lindsay's letters—its fine portico, but ungraceful mass of building—that I can add nothing to what they have said. Besides, we had just left Thebes, and Dendera looked, I confess it, cold and poor. So we dropped down to the grottos of Kasr El Said, where are, perhaps, the oldest pictures in the world—of a date before the pyramids—sculptured when Egypt was under its theocratic government. And the colour is still fresh!

The ride from Bellianeh to Abydus is good. Our path, after quitting the palm-groves by Bellianeh,

struck out across a rich and broad plain, covered with a luxuriant growth—a wide extent of young wheat, and of barley in the ear, and clover, and flowering vetches, spreading far as the eye could reach. Dotted, here and there, over the expanse, groups of palms rose from the plain, and among these was frequently a village—each village standing either on its raised substructure of felled palm-trees and branches and earth—layer upon layer—to save it from the Nile flood, or on low mounds, ruins of former villages or small towns. A richer scene than this green plain you can scarcely see. It was not wanting, too, in the one thing necessary to every scene—human life, for frequently in groups were the Fellaheen, with strings of camels, lying down with their saddles on, ready to be loaded with the cut and heaped-up clover; and then another party would meet us with a number of these animals striding along at their stately walk, concealed, all but the swan-like flowing neck and mournful head, beneath the towering loads of the crop, on their way to the neighbouring village. Further on were flocks of sheep—one flock all black—and mingled among them were many goats; while not far off was a herd of cows in the middle of a fresh clearing of vetches. On all sides the fields were dotted over

with the dark-coloured figures of the Fellaheen, every man in his red-brown camel-hair wrapping cloak, and not bare of clothing, as the worker at the sakia by the river-side Children, too, were everywhere tending goats or sheep, ready, of course, with their unfailing cry of baksheesh, as our party—a tempting one for young beggars, the Sitteen being, of course, considered here, as everywhere, to be heavily laden with a superfluity of tenderness and piastres—passed by them. Flights of wild pigeons—hundreds in a flock—were perpetually skimming across our path, or settling in clearings close by. As these were not among Achmet Bey's pets—the Bey is a great pigeon fancier at How, where black slaves protect his pets from harm—there was some very pretty shooting by the way.

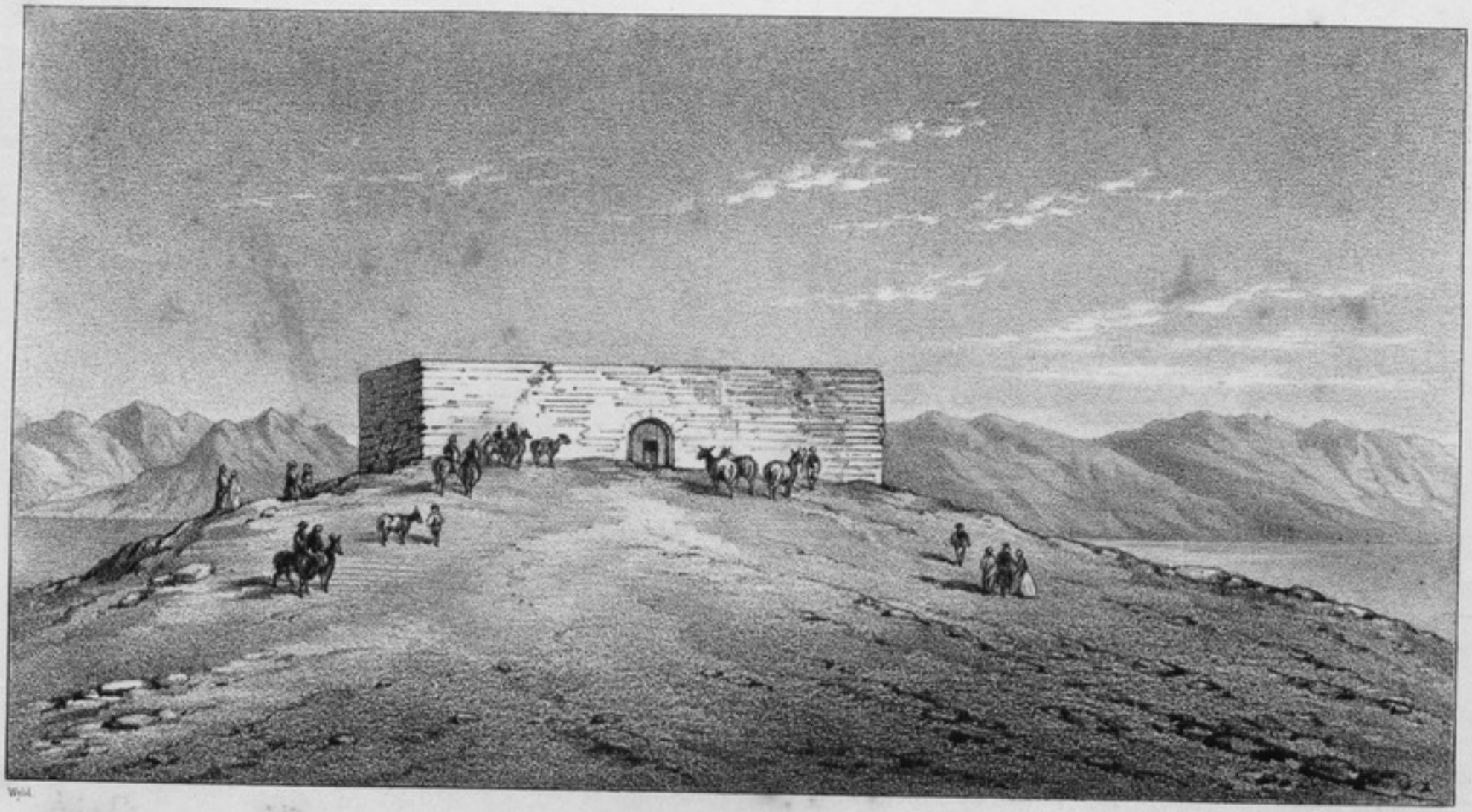
Though the whole way was a dead level, yet the scenery was varied by the windings of the path. This sometimes would lead us for a mile across the plain by some water-course, and then, passing among a few palm trees at the foot of 'ruined heaps,' bring us out on a ground thickly grouped with palm groves and herds of cattle, with an occasional high and spreading thick-branched Gimmayz tree, standing out alone in the wide level, and looking as a solitary remnant of some departed forest. It was a constant succession of

pastoral scenes of peculiar but rich beauty; and you could not help thinking, that so this must have been—always and ever, from year to year and age to age—this same careful cultivation—this same pastoral plenty—from the days of Abraham, or of Job, until now. How unchanged is Egypt, is your thought; there is no country under the wide heaven, save thy deserts, O Arabia, where time has changed so little as in the land of Egypt. Under other skies the barren has become fertile, and the fertile has become barren; but here, the men and their cities have passed away, but nature is the same ancient nature, and the Egyptian earth to-day lavishes her gifts on all, and as bountifully as in the days of Menes.

In two hours and a half we were at Abydus, high, and steep, and extensive mounds marking where had stood the once so sacred city. As you stand on these, the palaces and temples are under your feet, choked and buried; and the necropolis—the burying-place so coveted of the nobles—is a broken-up and rifled place of skulls. Alas for the glories of Abydus! for the great, and the noble, and the ambitious, even in death—the aristocratic resters 'by the side of the great king;—this is all that remains of them. On the edge of the desert,

by the mounds of the city, and on a hill of stone and sand, stands a Copt convent. As you ride up the hill there is before you a high dead wall, mud-coloured and with an arched door in the centre, the only thing which breaks the long, dull prison-looking inclosure. The wall is about twenty feet high, the inclosure square, and on either face is, perhaps, a hundred yards in length. On our knocking at the gate a monk opened the wicket-door, and presently the Superior came. He was a fine dark man, of middle-age, dressed in black, with a mild countenance, and he received our party in a kind and simple manner, giving us all a welcome to the convent. Within, a large yard contained many buildings, and across this the Superior and monks, two or three more of them arriving, led us to the chapel.

This chapel was not large, but a long and narrow building of brick, red and brown, its length forty feet by twenty in breadth, and up the middle of its length ran a division, pillars of red brick separating wooden screens- The screens were about six feet high, of open trellis-work, and each screen, four in number, was pierced with a door. The outer division was for the congregation and the inner one for the clergy, and both were bare of any seats. Beyond the inner compartment, and opposite each



Weld.

Stannard & Dawe.

COPT CONVENT ON THE AFRICAN DESERT BY ABYDOS.

London Hurst & Blackett 1856.

door in the screens, was a low small sanctuary, containing a square altar, and each sanctuary was inclosed by doors. Over the front of each of these little Adyta hung pictures of the virgin and the Saviour-child, or of St. Michael, St. George, and other Christian saints—little old paintings on wood, with something of the look about them of the Byzantine school. Painted arches spanned the two aisles from the side walls to the pillars in the centre, and the whole of the wood-work was painted in a subdued red colour, the whole place looking neat, but faded. The superior read to us in Coptic a few verses from the Testament, and chanted, but the language sounded rough and unmusical. But the sounds, and the man, and the little holy-place so quiet—had they not their charm and their nameless influence?

In the neighbourhood of Abydus reside many Copt people, in the villages all round; "but few of them," said the priest; "ever come to the service which is performed every morning, though about a hundred attend on the Sundays."—On great festivals as many as a thousand will come from all the villages and small towns for a considerable distance. They acknowledged the Bishop of Alexandria, the priests said, as their head, and all shook their heads when it was asked—if they had anything to

do with the Roman Pontiff. Here, as in other places, this people generally can read and write their own language as well as Arabic, there being schools for their children in the villages for their own sect, as they never send them to Mahometan schools. — Here too, as at Edfoo, the reply to the question—if there was any wish for more or better education among them? was, "that there was a general desire to learn the English language—and that if any one were sent from Cairo who could teach it — to Edfoo and Abydus — hundreds more would readily attend the schools."

The Superior very cordially invited all the party to stay in the convent till the next day; and so far from your own country, and on the border of the wilderness, there was something in the men and in the solitude of the spot which drew you involuntarily towards them; and their little chapel and its quaint old pictures, with well-known names and figures, seemed like an oasis of knowledge in the wilderness of ignorance — a green spot having an odour of home—and a common ground of feeling between you and them. There was a charm, too, in the thought that these men were, perhaps, the relics and descendants of the ancient people of Egypt, and that there was a bond of connection linking you to them—you, of these latter days, to those men of the

blood of the noble and the great who had flourished in the elder days in the royal city of Abydus, hard by—for were not your objects of reverence represented on those walls?—And was not their temple your temple — and your worship their worship?—But, for all this, you do not stay; and you refuse the invitation of these men so simply kind, and so friendly in their offer of all they have to the stranger party—and at the gate you hold for an instant the hand of the Superior, as you and he both name the great name—the human, and yet heavenly, bond of union between him and you. And, so separating, you and he commit each other to that protection by a few words; and you go out from the convent of Abydus, and leave the kindly Coptic monks in their walled and fortress-like retreat, on its solitary hill of sand, on the edge of the Libyan Desert.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Power of Coffee—The Night Pull—Grand Cairo—Friends in Boats—The Floating Harem—'Not much looking.'

For three months we had lived a kind of charmed life, among objects appealing to feelings which are strong in some natures—the admiration for the impressive in scenery, and the veneration of the vestiges of a great people of long gone ages. And now we had lingered, with last looks and slow steps, about Tel El Amarna, and Dayr El Nahkl, and, finally, Beni Hassan, with its graphic story to us of the ancient and most accomplished nation—so high—and so fallen. But now the growing activity of life around us, as we passed through a country which seemed more and more to teem with inhabitants, and cattle, and villages, and produce of the fruitful earth of every kind — these things combined to raise up, as if from a grave, all the

great crowd of half-forgotten matters connected with the shouldering and hustling social life we had left behind. A long dormant desire for newspapers —for letters from family and friends, took full possession of us—and Cairo was all our talk and all our desire. "Selim," said I, "we wish to get down to Cairo without losing any time. Do you think the men would pull part of the night—it is fine and still—no wind." "The men pulling all day," replied the ready fellow, with his usual energy—"and all night, if the master wishing."—"No, I do not wish quite that, but if they could rest for a couple of hours at sunset and then pull all night—the last night—we should be at Cairo to-morrow at midday."—"They doing what the master wishing."—"Good—then bring Reis Hassan here, and I'll speak to him about it."—"What for the master speaking Reis—no good making many words with him—all the men your slaves, master—you telling me—I telling them—Reis Hassan nobody."—Selim's mind was cast in the true oriental mould—of entire submission to his master, and pure despotism over all others.—He looked on the Reis as one of my slaves; but I rather liked Reis Hassan as a worthy man though a little soft, so I sent for him, to Selim's vexation, to consult him about the night pull, as the more certain way of

getting the thing done with unanimity and good will. The worthy Reis came into the proposal at once; and the crew, on his repeating it to them—they had been pulling all day—were seized with a fit of delight at the prospect—the picture held up to them by Selim comprising much coffee with sugar, tobacco, an extra baksheesh—and Cairo, with their friends and much jollification in the background. Murmurs of pleasure passed from oar to oar, from Djad and Shbekkah, the stroke oars—to gentleman Abdallah in the bows, now at his oar again, his wound healed—the two young Arabs had had a quarrel at Thebes in which Abdallah received a pretty gash in his shoulder from Shbekkah's knife—and even his face showing a gleam of satisfaction at the inebriating picture of human happiness drawn by Selim as a reward for their night pull.

Accordingly, after two hours' rest at sunset, and a dinner, of which much pigeon—from a great day of slaughter by Benisooef—had its share, the men sat down to their oars in the best of good humour. The cheerful song began, the Reis setting the example of hearty good will by commencing the favourite chant—'Everything passes but God'—and all night long they pulled a steady and even stroke—with the exception of an hour, when a

strong wind got up suddenly in their teeth, and fell as suddenly. Then they lay at the bank and slept. Twice they shipped their oars for a short time, and had their coffee, besides a hot mess from the hands of the boy Mahmood, their cook, and the pipe went round; and then they sat down again to their work with undiminished vigour. Selim looked after the good things for them, and kept them in cheerful spirits by 'delicious words.' Occasionally I awoke, from dreams where familiar sounds mingled in the imaginary scenes. Each time some well-known song of the boatmen of the Nile was in full and flowing chorus, while the measured splash and hollow jar of the oar kept a kind of time, soothing to the sense, and inciting to sleep and dream again—or Mahommed Auad led the song alone, and gave them a solo, and performed all his best shakes untiringly. At sunrise, when I went on deck, the crew were pulling their steady stroke as gaily and as fresh as if they had slept all night, and had just begun—capital fellows, we had many cheery salutations on the occasion—and the pyramids of Sakhara and of Dashoor were in sight. Soon there were houses on the shores of a better class; and then boats and barges and people were everywhere on the river—signs of the neighbouring capital. At midday the great pyra-

mids of Djizeh were in full view, and the tall minarets of Mehemet Ali's alabaster Mosque Tomb were shining through the mist. Mist! Believe it not, ye men of sunny and sacred Philœ, and of ever-laughing Elephantina!—with you such things were but a storm of the desert, or a creature of the dim Khawaja brain!—but at Cairo there was a fog. The sky was full of clouds, and the air thick: there was novelty in the sight, that made us think of other climes—and England. But then we turned the last bend of the river by Old Cairo; and then Grand Cairo, and Rhoda Island, and Djizeh were before us; and vessels of all shapes and sizes were plying across the stream—the narrow and canal-like passage between Rhoda and the Cairo bank, seeming to be choked with craft.

The noise of hammers, and cries, and shouting, were on all sides—what a contrast to desolate Nubia!—and the drums were beating in front of the Djizeh barracks by the shore, where troops were exercising by the water-side—an universal scene of teeming life, gladdening, exciting, stirring the heart's pulses, and forcing you to laugh out with the laughing world. Mahommed Auad led off his most cheery song, and the jovial chorus followed—the happy fellows could not help singing—

but they perpetually paused to reply to numerous greetings of friends in boats and on shore, as the 'Cambria' was recognised, and the names of Zeyd, Shbekkah, Selim, were shouted out from far and near by familiar voices.

But as we came down on Djizeh, a gaily-painted boat, light blue and white—a large-sized dahabeeh,—pulled out from the Rhoda shore and passed in front of us, paddling slowly across our bows at a distance of some twenty yards—the boat's head up stream. Twenty men, in white and red, pulled her—the blades of the oars painted in stripes of blue and white. As the bright thing passed us, our Reis, always looking forward in the bows, turned his head away from it and looked in board, and spoke to his crew. Selim, who was standing by my side, on the deck near the cabin-door, turned his back on the dahabeeh with a look of alarm. "What boat is that?" I enquired, seeing these movements. "That a boat of one bey—Hareem on board—master not much looking." "Not look!—why not?" Now, looking—staring with all my eyes—was exactly the thing I was doing; for as the gay boat passed in a slanting direction across us, her broadside was nearly to us, and the cabins, three in number, had all their windows open, and these cabins were full of female forms.

The Hareem, some ten or twelve, were sitting and standing near the windows, their faces now half concealed by the white cambric or gauze wrapper—for of some only the eyes were visible, while of others the whole face was disclosed except the chin. These, then, were the bey's Georgian slaves, taking an airing on the Nile.

The black guardian of these precious creatures sat in the front of the cabins on a raised seat near the roof. Twenty yards is a tantalising distance; you see minute objects, but you just wish, with all your heart, to see them nearer. To me the hareem appeared lovely, and the guardian an extremely ugly man; so I stood and stared at the dahabeeh and the windows, and wished myself nearer. Selim's advice about 'not much looking' was thrown away, for as we, the Sitt and I, looked at the Georgians, the Georgians looked at us, and there was a good deal of laughing among them, and throwing up over the face of gauzy folds and letting them fall again, some of the movements leaving, in this pretty game of coquetting with the point of concealment, the whole face, chin and all, exposed, the sweet pretenders keeping all the while close to the windows, shewing their white teeth and dark laughing eyes. The bright creatures were as a party of sylphs, in fairy robes, in an enchanted boat upon the water. How was it

possible to do other than stare at the dazzling sight?

All this, and Selim's caution, passed much more rapidly than it takes to write it. 'Not look, Selim, why not?' 'The guardian be angry,' said Selim, looking down and in alarmed tones, 'very angry if the master much looking.'

"I hope he will be; what will he do?"

"He make great noise—he giving hard word?"

"Then I shall shoot him," and suiting the action to the word, I put my hand on the rifle in the slings just at my back. Poor Selim! The face of alarm he put on is not to be forgotten. However, I kept my eyes steadily fixed on the fascinating boat and watched the angry guardian. The dark man exhibited much uneasiness at the state of things, for he kept his head turned in our direction; and now he stood up, and now he sat down again, once or twice, in a hurried manner, as if not knowing what he should do in his anxiety to protect his charge from the gaze of the infidel. Then he spoke sharply to the crew, as if telling them to pull stronger and get out of our neighbourhood, making significant signs to them with his hands. It struck me that it would be a pretty scene if the dusky guardian of the bey's treasures so far forgot himself as to shout insultingly to the

Ingleez, and if the Ingleez resented it on the spot. So I made up my mind at once, that if he did 'give me hard word,' I would fire a barrel right at him. I always kept the rifle only charged with powder, and this I determined I would fire at the bey's boat—a harmless shot, but having the same moral effect as if I put a ball into her side. What a row there would have been! the hareem would have shrieked loudly—at least, I hoped so, and there would have ensued a delicious confusion of tossing of gauze draperies; and the guardian! Between rage and fear, he would have been in a pitiable position. I could not help laughing in my sleeve at the probable effect of the shot, and was rather sorry when the dahabeeh slowly crept away from us, and I was not insulted.

My swelling Selim would, of course, have exaggerated the matter in his relation of the circumstance of the boat; and in a day or two it would have reached the ears of her Britannic Majesty's Consul as a case for his attention in something such a guise as this:—'An Egyptian bey's boat has been fired on in the river, off Djizeh, by an insane Ingleez; the bey was severely wounded, and is dying; the Ingleez boarded the boat, and captured the entire hareem.' Any how, Selim and the slaves would have been proud of their master; the event

would have wound up the Nile voyage neatly; and the character of the destroyer of beys, and a capturer of Hareem, would have been a useful introduction to the Arabs of the Desert on our coming expedition—successful violence ranking as the chief among virtuous acts in Eastern eyes. As it was, the Georgians, in their gay barge, went on their laughing way, while we pulled down towards Rhoda, to our old mooring, at the lowest point, by the steps of the garden of Ibrahim Pasha.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Abbas Pasha—His Character—His Political Economy—Mehemet Ali—Egyptian Admiration of Strength—The Right Man at the Right Time—The Indian Transit—Mr. Shepherd's Story—The Old College—The Pyramids—The Delta and the Desert—The 'Cambria' alone again.

Now that Abbas Pasha is dead the voice of opinion is against him. The generous rule, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, is reversed in his case, and, to a certain extent, this seems to be an unjust reversal. But, in those days, Abbas Pasha was alive, and the ruler of Egypt, and then there were two opinions of him—one very much in his favour, and another as much against him. One person would represent him as a mere sensualist, dull in intellect, and gross in his habits; while another—some European merchant, or foreign official—would admit that he possessed strong passions, and was

given to many vices; but, although he was not a man of fine mind or shining abilities, still that he was endowed with a good share of strong sense. From these contradictory accounts, a passing stranger could only hope to gather an imperfect knowledge of the real character of Abbas Pasha. But, oftentimes, some story—some trait of disposition—related by a disinterested person, will give you more insight into the true character of a public man, than will a laboured statement from official individuals—interested, politically or otherwise, in representing things under a bias, or with an object in view. Thus, I heard accounts from the mouths of officials, and relations from the lips of individuals resident at Cairo; and from these various sources I drew the conclusion that the Pasha was like most men,—that he had a good and a bad side to his reputation; but that the Devil was not so bad as it pleased some people to paint him.

Abbas Pasha was a thorough Oriental. He was fond of power to excess, and disliked his being interfered with in his government of Egypt; but, at the same time, he was not a blood-thirsty or a cruel despot, but was inclined to rule his country with a certain mildness. He possessed no splendid talents, nor what might be called a very vigorous intellect,

—neither a superior mind, nor great powers of administration. He was indolent in business, and averse to the efforts of transacting public affairs in detail—as have been other and greater men before and since his time. But Abbas possessed sufficient plain sense to enable him to see, that the system of Government pursued by the Western world, as contrasted with that of the East, had much merit, and was productive of advantages both to the governed and the governor And thus the tendencies and bias of his mind in his public administration of the country were in a Western, and not an Eastern, direction. His passions—and these were violent and freely indulged, and his vices were inexcusable —his passions and his ardent pursuit of pleasure, made laborious business distasteful to him; but when he would give his attention to affairs, he could understand a question of policy, and take a clear and reasonable view of its bearings.

He was, in fact, though it may seem bold to venture such a statement, a superior man in some respects to his predecessor Mehemet Ali. Mehemet Ali had but one idea of governing Egypt—that of a military despot. Thus he ruled the people for his own sole benefit; treated them and the land as his own private property, and looked on the produce of Egypt as raised for his own use. He

taxed the people arbitrarily, and as often as it suited him. No district or town was safe at any time from a sudden demand for money. He knew nothing of the true principles of commerce, and that liberty and security were its soul. No man dared to appear to be rich, for wealth courted violence; and improvement was arrested at its outset, for improvement involves outlay — a dangerous acknowledgment of wealth. The industrious paid for the idle — for a contribution was levied on a district, and those who possessed money were obliged even by violence to produce it—even although they had paid already their fair share of the apportionment.

Abbas Pasha had altered this system. He had some truer ideas of the rights of property, and some knowledge of the laws which make or mar the wealth of a country. Thus he had made the taxation of the land in a certain measure regular, and had relieved the fellah of some portion of taxation, and placed it on the land owner. The chief man of the district or village was now obliged to apportion the sum demanded by the government, with some fairness, and to take care that the idle or the cunning did not escape payment of their share to the injury of the industrious and the honest. Mehemet Ali monopolised, or managed to

lay under indirect and ruinous contribution, for his own coffers, all the staple products of the country; while Abbas laid a good round tax—bnt a bearable tax—on certain articles, and left the trade free.

This change in social policy was said to be not pleasing to some European merchants at Alexandria, who had been purchasers of Mehemet Ali's monopolies, and turned a good penny thereby. The old Pasha would seize a rich caravan from Sennar and sell it to the very merchants — its owners—at his own price, without reflecting on the ruin of the act to such commerce. And it was said that he would express his surprise—that rich caravans from Ethiopia were so rare! — Abbas laid on these caravans a twelve per cent tax *ad valorem*; and left the merchants in unmolested possession of their property; and the caravans were no longer rare from Sennar. Mehemet Ali paid his troops badly — a heavy reflection on a man who had won all his power by his troops—always much in arrear, and never to the amount of what was ostensibly called their pay. Abbas paid his army with tolerable regularity. Not having the same great political objects in view as his predecessor, he was less exacting towards his officials, more easy in his treatment of them; and he might be said even to be liberal in money matters. Thus he remitted a

large sum of money due to the government — a contribution ordered, but which was represented to him as severe; and he had taken off the poll-tax from all the Christian population.

Mehemet Ali, however, in spite of his tyranny, was generally liked by the people, for various things conduced to give him favour in Egyptian eyes. The first of all virtues in the East is strength, and that he possessed: he was a strong ruler, and the terrible strength of his hand gave him a place in their respect, which, perhaps, no mildness could have gained for him. When he did a wise and useful action for the benefit of a place or a district, though he did it in a savage and barbarous manner, they honoured the act and admired the violence. Likewise he was easily approachable by all classes,—was open to petition from the lowest person, and would do summary and fierce justice in reply to the complaints of the petitioner. He was inclined to curb and keep down the higher and middle classes, and was personally kind to individuals of the lowest—the old way of despots, who instinctively are averse to those who by station approach the throne. These virtues covered a multitude of faults in the eyes of a people who knew nothing of 'the rights of man.'—Thus he established in Egypt, as well as in Syria, during his

occupation of that country, by dint of the terror of punishment, a perfect security for person and property against lawless depredation and violence; and this rough, strong sense of right pervading his despotism—these harsh virtues among his vices—were palpable things which his people could appreciate and understand, and were a source of much of the regard which he inspired among them. In the higher region of politics he was a successful ruler, for he it was who broke down the old fanaticism of the Orientals, the Moslem, and made the east what it now is, open and safe for the European and the christian dress.—But though Mehemet Ali did all this, though he raised Egypt from the barbarous condition of a miserable and down-trodden province to a position of modified independence among the nations, gave her again a place and a name, and set her on the high-road to better and to prosperous fortunes,—still it may be doubted whether, with his rude and despotic views of government—with his ambition and his purely military ideas of rule—he would have continued, with longer life and undiminished intellectual powers, to advance Egypt on the road of improvement.

Abbas Pasha was quite a different man. He possessed neither the energy nor the capacity which could have done for Egypt a tithe of what Mehemet

Ali did. He would never have raised his country from the debased condition it was in as a Turkish province—would never have known how to set about her emancipation; but, nevertheless, he was now, under the present state of things—under the new political and commercial condition of Egypt—probably a better and a wiser ruler of his country, in an industrial point of view, than his military predecessor could have been. Such appeared to be the opinions of more than one European in Egypt. At all events, we Englishmen are not the people who should abuse the memory of Abbas Pasha. Whatever opinion other foreigners might form of him, at least we should not forget that in every thing he extended his favour towards us, making his country free and safe for all our wandering tribes,—that he supported and protected the passage of our countrymen through his dominions—the Indian Transit—that inestimable advantage to England—protected it in the most liberal way and to the utmost of our wishes, giving to all that mass of property and person, constantly moving through his territories, a safety and a security equal to what it could receive in our own land—and even greater, as I have heard persons at Cairo assert.

A circumstance was related to me concerning

Abbas Pasha, which will give some slight idea of the man and of his mode of dealing with affairs. This I had from the mouth of the intelligent and active manager of the Transit business between Cairo and Suez, Mr. Shepherd, and who was also the landlord of the largest hotel in the capital—and our most obliging and attentive host. Thus did Mr. Shepherd, standing in front of his new house in the Esbekéeh at Cairo, relate to me the following:—

"The owner of the house which I now occupy, having given me notice that he intended to live in it himself, I was obliged to look out for another, and as this is the best situation for my business, I wished to obtain a house in this Square. This was difficult to find of a sufficient size, but there was one on which I set my eyes as suited to my purpose; but I could not get it. One day I had occasion to go to Abbas Pasha on business connected with the Indian Transit. He was down at his palace on the desert on the Suez road, Dar-el-Baideh, and there I went and was admitted to an audience. After the Transit affair was settled—which his highness did quickly and pleasantly, as he always does—he asked me various questions about my business—how it went on, and if I was satisfied with all arrangements? I told him I was

quite satisfied. 'But,' said his highness, 'is there anything you want?' And then I thought there was a good opportunity to speak about my house; so I said—'Yes, your highness, there is;'—and then I told him that I was obliged to give up my present house, and that I wanted another. "And where do you wish to have your new house?' said the Pasha. So I said I wished to have it in the Esbekeeh, and I told him of the particular house I had pitched upon. He asked me to describe it, which I did, pointing it out on a map of the Esbekeeh which he ordered to be brought in. After looking at it, he said, 'I am very sorry that I can do nothing for you about that house, for it is not mine, and I cannot do anything to help you to obtain it.' But, after considering a little, he said, 'There is the old college (naming this building)—'will that do for you?' I said I could not tell, for I did not know the inside of it; but if his highness would permit me to see it, I would go and look at it. 'Then,' said he, 'you go and look at it, and let me know as soon as you can. I shall be here for three days longer, and if it will suit you, you had better make your plans, and let me see them, and we can make arrangements.' So I came back to Cairo as hard as I could come (Dar-el-Baideh is forty miles from Cairo), looked

over the house; drew out my plans about alterations that night and the next day; made an estimate of the expense of turning it into an hotel, and on the following day, at mid-day, I was back at Dar-el-Baideh with the plans in my pocket. His highness admitted me to see him directly he heard I was there, and I laid all the plans before him, and the estimates of the expense. He went through the whole thing himself, approved of all I proposed, offered to be at so much of the expense himself, and to advance so much more on very easy terms as the alterations went on. In short, we soon came to terms, and I returned to Cairo in the evening with the whole thing settled; and I am to have a lease of the house. And now I am getting on with it as fast as I can; and I wish all men would do business like the Pasha, for I never had a better or pleasanter man to do business with than his highness."

Of course I went over the old college with the Pasha's new tenant, in its state of transition into an hotel; and I came to the conclusion, as I walked through some of the rooms now finished—so cheerful and liveable—that when the alterations were completed, a man and his wife might make the old college their head-quarters for a month or two in

the winter, much to their advantage and satisfaction.

The pyramids! Yes—you see them every morning and evening, as your boat lies by Rhoda, and you stroll in Rhoda Gardens, and you agree with the 'Antar' and the 'Fortunata' that there shall be a riding party over to them. Of course you all go, and have a jovial canter of it for the five miles right across country, among the luxuriant spring crops, from Djizeh, and you all get up to the top of the big pyramid, the Sitteen all doing it easy in twenty minutes, with the aid of an Arab at each arm. Behold!—a glorious spectacle! You pass an hour in admiration of the wondrous building you stand upon, and looking out from the summit over the far-extending and most impressive scenery of the Delta and the desert. How you long for—at least, I did—for the coming day of the Desert life, as you strain your eyes over Egypt, and the river, and the land of Goshen—beyond these to the far side eastward, to the wilderness—the grand, untenanted wilderness—which beckons you with a mysterious finger towards Arabia. And then you enter within the chamber of the royal dead, and places of everlasting gloom—fit approach to the Hall of Eblis; and you sit in the sand before that now defaced yet fancy-stirring form, and feel thy

grand repose, O sphynx!—and then you ride home again in the dusk.

But the day arrived when our boat-life was to cease, and the Nile party was to break up; and the 'Antar' and the 'Fortunata' and the 'Cambria' to be separated and abandoned. The 'Antar' bore away one evening — one regretful evening — the familiar faces — its enterprising occupants, the Sitteen, down the stream to Alexandria, on their way to England—a sad parting to us after our pleasant life and various adventure. The 'Fortunata'—the Sitt left that, her boat-home, with a heavy heart and amidst tender delays and tearful lookings back—the 'Fortunata' dropped down to Bonlac, and now it lay deserted at the shore. And the 'Cambria' was alone at Rhoda.

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTED BY CHARLES BEVAN AND SON,
STREET'S BUILDINGS, CHAPEL STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST., LONDON.

NEW AND INTERESTING WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT,

SUCCESSORS TO MR. COLBURN.

MEMOIRS OF LIEUT. BELLOT; WITH HIS JOURNAL of a VOYAGE in the POLAR SEAS, in SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN. 2 vols. post 8vo. with Portrait, 21s. bound.

"This is a book welcome to the hearts of Englishmen, for dear to the English is the memory of Joseph René Bellot. The noble young Frenchman, who won so much love and confidence on every side, gains a fresh hold on the affections of this country by the posthumous publication of this memoir, and of the frank unassuming Journal it prefaces."—*Examiner.*

"Of all the naval heroes of recent days, there is none who has gained a reputation at once so brilliant and so spotless as Bellot. These volumes constitute an appropriate monument to his honoured memory, and must be regarded as a very interesting addition to the chronicles of Arctic enterprise."—*Chronicle.*

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK: A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY. By the RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P. Fifth and cheaper Edition, Revised. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"This biography cannot fail to attract the deep attention of the public. We are bound to say, that as a political biography we have rarely, if ever, met with a book more dexterously handled, or more replete with interest. The history of the famous session of 1846, as written by Disraeli in that brilliant and pointed style of which he is so consummate a master, is deeply interesting. He has traced this memorable struggle with a vivacity and power unequalled as yet in any narrative of Parliamentary proceedings."—*Blackwood's Mag.*

"Mr. Disraeli's tribute to the memory of his departed friend is as graceful and as touching as it is accurate and impartial. No one of Lord George Bentinck's colleagues could have been selected, who, from his high literary attainments, his personal intimacy, and party associations, would have done such complete justice to the memory of a friend and Parliamentary associate. Mr. Disraeli has here presented us with the very type and embodiment of what history should be. His sketch of the condition of parties is seasoned with some of those piquant personal episodes of party manœuvres and private intrigues, in the author's happiest and most captivating vein, which convert the dry details of politics into a sparkling and agreeable narrative."—*Morning Herald.*

LORD PALMERSTON'S OPINIONS AND POLICY; AS MINISTER, DIPLOMATIST, AND STATESMAN, during more than Forty Years of Public Life. 1 vol. 8vo with Portrait, 12s.

"This work ought to have a place in every political library. It gives a complete view of the sentiments and opinions by which the policy of Lord Palmerston has been dictated as a diplomatist and statesman."—*Chronicle.*

"This is a remarkable and seasonable publication; but it is something more—it is a valuable addition to the historical treasures of our country during more than forty of the most memorable years of our annals. We earnestly recommend the volume to general perusal."—*Standard*

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT AND CABINETS OF GEORGE THE THIRD, FROM ORIGINAL FAMILY DOCUMENTS. By the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G., &c. THE THIRD AND FOURTH VOLUMES, comprising the period from 1800 to 1810, and completing this important work. 8vo., with Portraits. 30s. bound.

FROM THE TIMES.—"These volumes consist in the main, of letters written by the two brothers, Lord Grenville, and Mr. T. Grenville, to their elder brother, the Marquis of Buckingham, for his information as to the political circumstances of the time. In the two former volumes a great amount of curious gossip, and of valuable information, was contained relative to the formation of the Coalition Ministry, the King's illness in 1788, and the early period of the war with revolutionary France. Volumes 3 and 4 take up the tale where volumes 1 and 2 had left it; and herein we find a connected narrative of the many stirring historical events which occurred between 1800, when Lord Grenville and Talleyrand were in correspondence respecting Bonaparte's proposals for peace, until the return of the King's malady in 1810 and the debates in Parliament relative to the regency. The present collection is more valuable than the last, inasmuch as Lord Grenville, having attained higher dignity and experience, is a more dispassionate observer of passing events. Whoever would desire to read the running comments of so eminent and well informed a man as Lord Grenville upon a decade so interesting as that of 1800—10, would do well to consult these volumes. Lord Grenville was certainly among the most far-sighted men of his time; and to him, from the first, belongs the credit of appreciating truly Napoleon Bonaparte's position and designs. He did so even to a higher degree than Pitt; and it is most remarkable how far his predictions have been verified by the event, even when submitted to the sharp test of the judgment of posterity. The principal points on which light is thrown by the present correspondence are, the negociations before and after the Treaty of Amiens until the time of its rupture—the true character of Addington's Administration, and the relations between 'The Doctor' and Pitt—the formation of the Pitt and Sidmouth Cabinet, when the King's prejudices against Charles Fox were found to be insurmountable—the Grenville and Fox short Administration—the Duke of Portland's Cabinet—the expedition to Portugal, with its climax at Cintra—the Duke of York's scandal with Mrs. Clarke—Sir John Moore's retreat, with the earlier Spanish campaigns of Sir Arthur Wellesley, and, finally, the disastrous Walcheren affair. There is much curious matter interposed in the shape of *précis* upon the situation of affairs written from time to time by Lord Grenville himself; and perhaps still more curious reports made to the Marquis of Buckingham by a certain ——, whose name remains a mystery, but who seems to have been tolerably well acquainted with the *arcana imperii* at the beginning of the century. There is much in these volumes which well deserves perusal. There is a portion of their contents which possesses nearly as high a claim upon our instant and careful consideration as the Minutes of the Sebastopol Committee."

FROM THE ATHENÆUM.—"The present volumes exhibit the same features as the former portion of the series. The general reader is entertained, and the reader for historical purposes is enlightened. Of their value and importance, there cannot be two opinions. There are abundant revelations of interest to arrest attention in many of these papers. On the characters of George the Fourth and the Duke of Wellington there are some very valuable letters. In Court scandals, the affairs of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke are brought under notice; and in what we may designate as public scandals, the 'horrors of routine' receive abundant illustrations in the letters about the Walcheren Expedition, and on the Peninsular War. Our extracts sufficiently show the high interest belonging to these volumes."

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDANCE OF MAJOR

GENERAL SIR W. NOTT, G.C.B., COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF CANDAHAR AND ENVOY AT THE COURT OF LUCKNOW. EDITED BY J. H. STOCQUELER, ESQ., at the request of the Daughters of the late General, from Private Papers and Official Documents in their possession. 2 vols. 8vo., with Portrait. 28s. bound.

"One of the most valuable and interesting books that can ever claim a permanent place in a British library."—*Standard.*

"These highly interesting volumes give a valuable contribution to the history of India and an admirable portrait of a most distinguished officer."—*John Bull.*

"These Memoirs with the Correspondence included in them will do that justice to the part played by Sir W. Nott in the Affghan war, which it is undeniable preceding works have failed to do."—*Athenæum.*

"These memoirs of General Nott, whom the editor very justly describes as a 'model officer,' have been given to the world at the instigation of the hero's surviving daughters. A more graceful tribute of dutiful affection to the memory of a departed parent it would be difficult to name. It is at once a graphic picture of the soldier's career, and a noble monument of his fame. The work issues from the press at a very fortunate moment. The life of an officer who followed in the footsteps of Wellington, making the Despatches of that illustrious warrior his continual study, will be welcomed by many an aspirant for military renown at this exciting crisis. The volumes form a valuable contribution to the biographical stores of the age. To the young soldier, in particular, they will form a most valuable guide, worthy to be placed by the side of the Despatches of the great Duke of Wellington."—*Messenger.*

"When the late General Nott died, the 'Quarterly Review' expressed a hope that some means would be taken for giving publicity to his private letters and official correspondence, because they so completely illustrated his high and chivalrous character, while a memoir of his life would hold out so admirable a lesson to British statesmen, and so good an example to young officers. We are happy, therefore, to find that, under the able editorship of Mr. Stocqueler, the whole of the most valuable portion of the general's correspondence has just been published in two handsome volumes, which comprise also a most interesting memoir of the gallant hero of Candahar, giving a complete account of the stirring campaign in Affghanistan, and throwing much light upon many important points hitherto left in obscurity. The work will be eagerly welcomed by all—more particularly by military readers and those interested in our Indian dominions."—*Globe.*

"A biography of a first-rate soldier, and a highly honourable man. The book will often be appealed to as a standard authority. A valuable and most authentic addition is here furnished to the true history of transactions which will ever hold a prominent place in the annals of our Indian rule."—*Dublin University Mag.*

"We know not a book after the Wellington Despatches, more deserving of the study of a young officer. It might be made one of the standard manuals of military education."—*Literary Gazette.*

This book is one of the most interesting records of military life that we possess, and a genuine memorial of one who has achieved a right to be reckoned among England's greatest men."—*Daily News.*

NARRATIVE OF A RESIDENCE AT NEPAUL. BY

CAPTAIN THOMAS SMITH, late ASSISTANT POLITICAL-RESIDENT AT NEPAUL. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"No man could be better qualified to describe Nepaul than Captain Smith; and his concise, but clear and graphic account of its history, its natural productions, its laws and customs, and the character of its warlike inhabitants, is very agreeable and instructive reading. A separate chapter, not the least entertaining in the book, is devoted to anecdotes of the Nepaulese mission, of whom, and of their visit to Europe, many remarkable stories are told."—*Post.*

MY EXILE. BY ALEXANDER HERZEN. 2 Vols.

post 8vo. 21s. bound.

"From these admirable memoirs the reader may derive a clear idea of Russian political society. Mr. Herzen's narrative, ably and unaffectedly written, and undoubtedly authentic, is indeed superior in interest to nine-tenths of the existing works on Russia."—*Athenæum.*

"The author of these memoirs is one of the most distinguished writers of his nation. A politician and historian, he scarcely reached manhood before the Emperor Nicholas feared and persecuted him as an enemy. He was twice arrested, twice exiled. In a moment of incautious compliance the Emperor granted to Herzen a passport out of Russia; and he migrated to London. In this English version of his memoirs, he presents a highly characteristic view of Russian official society, interspersed with sketches of rural life, episodes of picturesque adventures, and fragments of serious speculation. The volumes, as presenting the experiences of a patriotic and intellectual Russian in conflict with his Government, contain all the sources of popularity; they sparkle with clear thoughts and keen allusions; they are severe, they are ironical; they abound in illustrations and incidents, free portraits of Imperial dignities, and satire upon institutions. We gain from this narrative of persecution and exile a better idea of the governing system in Russia, than from any previous work. It is rich in curious and authentic detail."—*The Leader.*

"In these memoirs, more charming and varied than those of Silvio Pellico, Mr. Herzen narrates the most adventurous episodes of his life. Thrown into contact with a succession of strange characters—soldiers, police, government functionaries, high and low—he was enabled to obtain a close view of the absolute system. He saw its workings in the secret departments, detected its impostures, was witness to its corruptions, and estimated the morality possible under such a despotism. Strict as to facts, but dramatic as a narrator, Mr. Herzen realises with more effect than any previous writer, the social and official life of Russia. For this alone his volumes would possess a rare and durable interest. But they have other popular claims; they are replete with anecdotes, with picturesque scenes, and curious sketches of life."—*Sunday Times.*

TURKEY: ITS HISTORY AND PROGRESS; FROM

THE JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF SIR JAMES PORTER, Fifteen Years Ambassador at Constantinople, continued to the Present Time, with a Memoir of SIR JAMES PORTER, by his Grandson, SIR GEORGE LARPENT, BART. 2 vols. 8vo., with Illustrations. 30s. bound.

"These volumes are of an authentic character and enduring interest."—*Athenæum.*

"This book forms a very valuable repertory of information in regard to the past and present state of Turkey. Altogether the information is completely gievn, and for all purposes of reference during the continuance of the struggle in the East, the book will be valuable."—*Examiner.*

"This highly interesting work consists of two parts. The first volume, after a memoir of Sir James Porter, proceeds to give a general description of the Turkish Empire, of its natural and industrial productions, and its commerce, a sketch of its history from the invasion of Europe to the reign of Sultan Mahmud II., and an account of the religion and the civil institutions of the Turks, and of their manners and customs, chiefly from the data supplied by the papers of Sir James Porter. In the second volume we are made acquainted with Turkey as it is; the religious and civil government of Turkey, its Legislature, the state of education in the Empire, its finances, its military and naval strength, and the social condition of the Turks, are all in succession brought under review. The work gives a fuller and more life-like picture of the present state of the Ottoman Empire, than any other work with which we are acquainted."—*John Bull.*

THE LIFE OF MARIE DE MEDICIS, QUEEN OF

FRANCE, CONSORT OF HENRY IV., AND REGENT UNDER LOUIS XIII. By MISS PARDOE, Author of "Louis XIV, and the Court of France, in the 17th Century," &c. Second Edition. 3 large vols. 8vo. with fine Portraits.

"A fascinating book. The history of such a woman as the beautiful, impulsive, earnest, and affectionate Marie de Medicis could only be done justice to by a female pen, impelled by all the sympathies of womanhood, but strengthened by an erudition by which it is not in every case accompanied. In Miss Pardoe the unfortunate Queen has found both these requisites, and the result has been a biography combining the attractiveness of romance with the reliableness of history, and which, taking a place midway between the 'frescoed galleries' of Thierry, and the 'philosophic watch-tower of Guizot,' has all the pictorial brilliancy of the one, with much of the reflective speculation of the other."—*Daily News.*

"A work of high literary and historical merit. Rarely have the strange vicissitudes of romance been more intimately blended with the facts of real history than in the life of Marie de Medicis; nor has the difficult problem of combining with the fidelity of biography the graphic power of dramatic delineation been often more successfully solved than by the talented author of the volumes before us. As a personal narrative, Miss Pardoe's admirable biography possesses the most absorbing and constantly sustained interest; as a historical record of the events of which it treats, its merit is of no ordinary description."—*John Bull.*

MEMOIRS OF THE BARONESS D'OBERKIRCH,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURTS OF FRANCE, RUSSIA, AND GERMANY. WRITTEN BY HERSELF, and Edited by Her Grandson, the COUNT DE MONTBRISON. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

The Baroness d'Oberkirch being the intimate friend of the Empress of Russia, wife of Paul I., and the confidential companion of the Duchess of Bourbon, her facilities for obtaining information respecting the most private affairs of the principal Courts of Europe, render her Memoirs unrivalled as a book of interesting anecdotes of the royal, noble and other celebrated individuals who flourished on the continent during the latter part of the last century. Among the royal personages introduced to the reader in this work, are Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Philip Egalité, and all the Princes of France then living—Peter the Great, the Empress Catherine, the Emperor Paul, and his sons Constantine and Alexander, of Russia—Frederick the Great and Prince Henry of Prussia—the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria—Gustavus III, of Sweden—Princess Christina of Saxony—Sobieski, and Czartoriski of Poland—and the Princes of Brunswick and Wurtemburg. Among the most remarkable persons are the Princes and Princesses de Lamballe, de Ligne and Galitzin—the Dukes and Duchesses de Choiseul, de Mazarin, de Boufflers, de la Vallière, de Guiche, de Penthièvre, and de Polignac—Cardinal de Rohan, Marshals Biron and d'Harcourt, Count de Staremberg, Baroness de Krudener, Madame Geoffrin, Talleyrand, Mirabeau, and Necker—with Count Cagliostro, Mesmer, Vestris, and Madame Mara; and the work also includes such literary celebrities as Voltaire, Condorcet, de la Harpe, de Beaumarchais, Rousseau, Lavater, Bernouilli, Raynal, de l'Epée, Huber, Göthe, Wieland, Malesherbes, Marmontel, de Stael and de Genlis; with some singular disclosures respecting those celebrated Englishwomen, Elizabeth Chudleith, Duchess of Kingston, and Lady Craven, Margravine of Anspach.

"A keen observer, and by position thrown in the high places of the world, the Baroness d'Oberkirch was the very woman to write Memoirs that would interest future generations. We commend these volumes most heartily to every reader. They are a perfect magazine of pleasant anecdotes and interesting characteristic things. We lay down these charming volumes with regret. They will entertain the most fastidious readers, and instruct the most informed."—*Examiner.*

THE LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET, QUEEN OF

NAVARRE, from numerous orignal sources, including MS. Documents in the Bibliothèque Impériale and the Archives Espagnoles de Simancas. By MISS FREER, Author of "The Life of Marguerite D'Angoulême." 2 vols. with Portrait, 21s. bound.

"The Life of Jeanne D'Albret forms almost a necessary sequel to the history of her mother, Queen Marguerite D'Angoulême. The maintenance of the controversy between the Romish and Reformed Churches, so ably promoted by Marguerite, fell almost by right of heritage to Jeanne D'Albret. The career of the latter presents a rare example of signal talent, combined with integrity, and a moderation which neither success, nor reverses the most grievous, had power to shake. Her unsparing and active foes were Catherine de Medici and Philip II. of Spain. As a wife, a mother, and a sovereign, an eminent rank must be assigned to her in the records of good and honourable women, whose virtues have benefitted and adorned the world."

THE LIFE OF MARGUERITE D'ANGOULEME,

QUEEN OF NAVARRE, SISTER OF FRANCIS I., from numerous Original Sources, including the Private Correspondence of Queen Marguerite with Francis I. By MISS FREER. 2 vols., with fine Portraits, engraved by Heath, 21s. bound.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"This is a very complete and cleverly-written life of the illustrious sister of Francis I., and it may be said of her that the varied and interesting stores of French history offer no theme more worthy of research and study than the career of this great princess, who exercised so potent an influence over the politics and manners of the age of which she was herself the brightest ornament. The published and manuscript documents and letters relating to the life of Marguerite of Navarre, and which are indispensable to a correct biography of this queen, are widely dispersed. The author has spared no cost or trouble in endeavouring to obtain all that were likely to elucidate her character and conduct. She has furnished us with a very interesting and graphic sketch of the singular events and the important personages who took part in them during this stormy and remarkable period of French and English history."—*Observer.*

"This is a very useful and amusing book. It is a good work, very well done. The authoress is quite equal in power and grace to Miss Strickland."—*Standard.*

"There are few names more distinguished that that of Marguerite d'Angoulême in the range of female biography, and the writer of this work has done well in taking up a subject so copious and attractive. It is altogether an interesting and well-written biography."—*Literary Gazette.*

"A work of high literary and historic merit. It is full of absorbing and constantly sustained interest. In these volumes will be found not alone an incalculable amount of historical information, but a store of reading of a charming and entrancing character, and we heartily commend them as deserving general popularity."—*Sunday Times.*

"A candidly, carefully, and spiritedly written production, and no one who peruses it with the attention it merits can fail to acquire a complete and accurate knowledge of the interesting life of the best and most graceful woman who ever filled a conspicuous place in the history of mankind."—*Morning Herald.*

MEMOIRS OF JOHN ABERNETHY, F.R.S. WITH A

View of his Writings, Lectures, and Character. By GEORGE MACILWAIN, F.R.C.S., author of "Medicine and Surgery One Inductive Science," &c. Second Edition. 2 vols., post 8vo., with Portraits, 21s.

"A memoir of high professional interest."—*Morning Post.*

"These memoirs convey a graphic, and, we believe, faithful picture of the celebrated John Abernethy. The volumes are written in a popular style, and will afford to the general reader much instruction and entertainment."—*Herald.*

"This is a book which ought to be read by every one. The professional man will find in it the career of one of the most illustrious professors of medicine of our own or of any other age—the student of intellectual science, the progress of a truly profound philosopher—and all, the lesson afforded by a good man's life. Abernethy's memory is worthy of a good biographer, and happily it has found one."—*Standard.*

"We hope these volumes will be perused by all our readers. They are extremely interesting, and not only give an account of Abernethy, which cannot fail to be read with benefit, but they discuss incidentally many questions of medicine and medical polity. Mr. Macilwain is fond of anecdotes, and has inserted a great number; this does not render his work less pleasant reading. We recommend it most strongly as an interesting, and, at the same time, instructive treatise."—*Medico-Chirurgical Review.*

THE LITERATURE AND ROMANCE OF NORTHERN

EUROPE; constituting a complete History of the Literature of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and Iceland, with copious Specimens of the most celebrated Histories, Romances, and Popular Legends and Tales, old Chivalrous Ballads, Tragic and Comic Dramas, National Songs, Novels and Scenes from the Life of the Present Day. By WILLIAM and MARY HOWITT. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"English readers have long been indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Howitt. They have now increased our obligations by presenting us with this most charming and valuable work, by means of which the great majority of the reading public will be, for the first time, made acquainted with the rich stores of intellectual wealth long garnered in the literature and beautiful romance of Northern Europe. From the famous Edda, whose origin is lost in antiquity, down to the novels of Miss Bremer and Baroness Knorring, the prose and poetic writings of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Iceland are here introduced to us in a manner at once singularly comprehensive and concise. It is no dry enumeration of names, but the very marrow and spirit of the various works displayed before us. We have old ballads and fairy tales, always fascinating; we have scenes from plays, and selections from the poets, with most attractive biographies of great men. The songs and ballads are translated with exquisite poetic beauty."—*Sun.*

RULE AND MISRULE OF THE ENGLISH IN

AMERICA. By the Author of "SAM SLICK." 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"We conceive this work to be by far the most valuable and important Judge Haliburton has ever written. While teeming with interest, moral and historical, to the general reader, it equally constitutes a philosophical study for the politician and statesman. It will be found to let in a flood of light upon the actual origin, formation, and progress of the republic of the United States."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

THE JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF

GENERAL SIR HARRY CALVERT, Bart., G.C.B. and G.C.H., Adjutant-General of the forces under H.R.H. the Duke of York, comprising the Campaigns in Flanders and Holland in 1793-94; with an Appendix containing His Plans for the Defence of the Country in case of Invasion. Edited by His Son, SIR HARRY VERNEY, Bart. 1 vol. royal 8vo., with large maps, 14s.

"Both the journals and letters of Capt. Calvert are full of interest. The letters, in particular, are entitled to much praise. Not too long, easy, graceful, not without wit, and everywhere marked by good sense and good taste—the series addressed by Capt. Calvert to his sister are literary compositions of no common order. With the best means of observing the progress of the war, and with his faculties of judgment exercised and strengthened by experience—a quick eye, a placid temper, and a natural aptitude for language rendered Capt. Calvert in many respects a model of a military critic. Sir Harry Verney has performed his duties of editor very well. The book is creditable to all parties concerned in its production."—*Athenæum.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MILITARY LIFE. BY

COLONEL LANDMANN, Late of the Corps of Royal Engineers, Author of "Adventures and Recollections." 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"Much as has been written of late years about war and Wellington, we know of nothing that contains so striking a picture of the march and the battle as seen by an individual, or so close and homely a sketch of the Great Captain in the outset of the European career of Sir Arthur Wellesley."—*Spectator.*

"The deserved popularity with which the previous volumes of Colonel Landmann's adventures were received will be increased by the present portion of these interesting and amusing records of a long life passed in active and arduous service. The Colonel's shrewdness of observation renders his sketches of character highly amusing."—*Britannia.*

COLONEL LANDMANN'S ADVENTURES AND RE-

COLLECTIONS. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"Among the anecdotes in this work will be found notices of King George III., the Dukes of Kent, Cumberland, Cambridge, Clarence, and Richmond, the Princess Augusta, General Garth, Sir Harry Mildmay, Lord Charles Somerset, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Lord Heathfield, Captain Grose, &c. The volumes abound in interesting matter. The anecdotes are one and all amusing."—*Observer.*

"These 'Adventures and Recollections' are those of a gentleman whose birth and profession gave him facilities of access to distinguished society. Colonel Landmann writes so agreeably that we have little doubt that his volumes will be acceptable."—*Athenæum.*

ADVENTURES OF THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.

Second Series. By WILLIAM GRATTAN, Esq., late Lieutenant Connaught Rangers. 2 vols. 21s.

"In this second series of the adventures of this famous regiment, the author extends his narrative from the first formation of the gallant 88th up to the occupation of Paris. All the battles, sieges, and skirmishes, in which the regiment took part, are described. The volumes are interwoven with original anecdotes that give a freshness and spirit to the whole. The stories, and the sketches of society and manners, with the anecdotes of the celebrities of the time, are told in an agreeable and unaffected manner. The work bears all the characteristics of a soldier's straightforward and entertaining narrative."—*Sunday Times.*

PAINTING AND CELEBRATED PAINTERS, ANCIENT and MODERN; including Historical and Critical Notices of the Schools of Italy, Spain, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. Edited by LADY JERVIS. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"This book is designed to give to the general public a popular knowledge of the History of Painting and the characters of Painters, with especial reference to the most prominent among those of their works which are to be seen in English galleries. It is pleasantly written with the intention of serving a useful purpose. It succeeds in its design, and will be of real use to the multitude of picture seers. As a piece of agreeable reading also, it is unexceptionable."—*Examiner.*

"This useful and well-arranged compendium will be found of value to the amateur, and pleasing as well as instructive to the general reader; and, to give it still further praise, the collector will find abundance of most useful information, and many an artist will rise from the perusal of the work with a much clearer idea of his art than he had before. We sum up its merits by recommending it as an acceptable handbook to the principal galleries, and a trustworthy guide to a knowledge of the celebrated paintings in England, and that this information is valuable and much required by many thousands is a well-proven fact."—*Sunday Times.*

"In turning over Lady Jervis's pages, we are astonished at the amount of knowledge she has acquired. We can testify to the accuracy of her statements, and to the judiciousness of her remarks. The work will deserve to take rank with those of Waagen and Passavant. To the art-student's attention it is in every respect to be commended."—*Messenger.*

"It is not overstating the merits of the work to describe it as the most complete, and, at the same time, one of the most trustworthy guides to a knowledge of the celebrated paintings in England that has hitherto been published."—*Observer.*

CLASSIC AND HISTORIC PORTRAITS. BY JAMES BRUCE. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

This work comprises Biographies of the following Classic and Historic Personages:—Sappho, Æsop, Pythagoras, Aspasia, Milto, Agesilaus, Socrates, Plato, Alcibiades, Helen of Troy, Alexander the Great, Demetrius Poliorcetes, Scipio Africanus, Sylla, Cleopatra, Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Germanicus, Caligula, Lollia Paulina, Cæsonia, Boadicea, Agrippina, Poppæa, Otho, Commodus, Caracalla, Heliogabalus, Zenobia, Julian the Apostate, Eudocia, Theodora, Charlemagne, Abelard and Heloise, Elizabeth of Hungary, Dante, Robert Bruce, Ignez de Castro, Agnes Sorrel, Jane Shore, Lucrezia Borgia, Anne Bullen, Diana of Poitiers, Catherine de Medicis, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Cervantes, Sir Kenelm Digby, John Sobieski, Anne of Austria, Ninon de l'Enclos, Mlle. de Montpensier, the Duchess of Orleans, Madame de Maintenon, Catherine of Russia, and Madame de Stael.

"A book which has many merits, most of all, that of a fresh and unhacknied subject. The volumes are the result of a good deal of reading, and have besides an original spirit and flavour about them, which have pleased us much. Mr. Bruce is often eloquent, often humorous, and has a proper appreciation of the wit and sarcasm belonging in abundance to his theme. The variety and amount of information scattered through his volumes entitle them to be generally read, and to be received on all hands with merited favour."—*Examiner.*

"We find in these piquant volumes the liberal outpourings of a ripe scholarship, the results of wide and various reading, given in a style and manner at once pleasant and pictures que."—*Athenæum.*

MILITARY LIFE IN ALGERIA. BY THE COUNT P. DE CASTELLANE. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"We commend this book as really worth perusal. The volumes make us familiarly acquainted with the nature of Algerian experience. St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoricière, are brought prominently before the reader."—*Examiner.*

"These volumes will be read with extraordinary interest. The vivid manner in which the author narrates his adventures, and the number of personal anecdotes that he tells, engage the reader's attention in an extraordinary manner."—*Sunday Times.*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ENGLISH SOLDIER IN THE UNITED STATES' ARMY. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"The novelty characterising these interesting volumes is likely to secure them many readers. In the first place, an account of the internal organization, the manners and customs of the United States' Federal Army, is in itself a novelty, and a still greater novelty is to have this account rendered by a man who had served in the English before joining the American army, and who can give his report after having every opportunity of comparison. The author went through the Mexican campaign with General Scott, and his volumes contain much descriptive matter concerning battles, sieges, and marches on Mexican territory, besides their sketches of the normal chronic condition of the United States' soldier in time of peace."—*Daily News.*

CANADA AS IT WAS, IS, AND MAY BE. BY THE late LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR R. BONNYCASTLE. With an Account of Recent Transactions, by SIR J. E. ALEXANDER, K.L.S., &c. 2 vols., post 8vo. with maps, &c., 21s.

"These volumes offer to the British public a clear and trustworthy statement of the affairs of Canada, and the effects of the immense public works in progress and completed; with sketches of locality and scenery, amusing anecdotes of personal observation, and generally every information which may be of use to the traveller or settler, and the military and political reader.—*Messenger.*

ATLANTIC AND TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES. BY CAPTAIN MACKINNON, R.N. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"Captain Mackinnon's sketches of America are of a striking character and permanent value. His volumes convey a just impression of the United States, a fair and candid view of their society and institutions, so well written and so entertaining that the effect of their perusal on the public here must be considerable. They are light, animated, and lively, full of racy sketches, pictures of life, anecdotes of society, visits to remarkable men and famous places, sporting episodes, &c., very original and interesting."—*Sunday Times.*

SPAIN AS IT IS. BY G. A. HOSKINS, ESQ. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"To the tourist this work will prove invaluable. It is the most complete and interesting portraiture of Spain that has ever come under our notice."—*John Bull.*

HISTORY OF CORFU; AND OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS. By LIEUT. H. J. W. JERVIS, Royal Artillery. 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

"Written with great care and research, and including probably all the particulars of any moment in the history of Corfu."—*Athenæum.*

THE MOSLEM AND THE CHRISTIAN; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE EAST.

By SADYK PASHA. Revised with original Notes, by COLONEL LACH SZYRMA, Editor of "REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"Sadyk Pasha, the author of this work, is a Pole of noble birth. He is now commander of the Turkish Cossacks, a corps organised by himself. The volumes on the Moslem and the Christian, partly fact and partly fiction, written by him, and translated by Colonel Szyrma, display very well the literary spirit of the soldier. They are full of the adventures and emotions that belong to love and war; they treat of the present time, they introduce many existing people, and have the Danubian principalities for scene of action. Here are sources of popularity which the book fairly claims. As a translation, it is excellent.—*Examiner.*

HOME LIFE IN RUSSIA. REVISED BY COL. LACH SZYRMA,

Editor of "REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA." 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"This work gives a very interesting and graphic account of the manners and customs of the Russian people. The most interesting and amusing parts of the work will be found to be those interior scenes in the houses of the wealthy and middle classes of Russia upon which we have but scanty information, although they are some of the most striking and truthful indications of the progress and civilization of a country. As such we recommend them to the study of our readers."—*Observer.*

"A curious, extraordinary, and very entertaining memoir is contained in these volumes, and at the present crisis cannot but command an eager perusal. The special recommendation of the work to us is the novel view and clear insight it affords Englishmen of the real character of the Russians. Their sayings and doings, and the machinery of their society, are all laid unsparingly bare."—*Sunday Times.*

"So little is known in this country of the internal condition of Russia, or the state of society in that enormous empire, that the contents of these volumes will naturally be perused with great curiosity. The volumes abound in lively dialogue, and are enlivened by satirical and humorous touches, and the manners and customs of the individuals composing what is called the middle rank in Russia are graphically described."—*Morning Herald.*

REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA. BY A BANISHED LADY.

Edited by COLONEL LACH SZYRMA. Third and cheaper Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.

"A thoroughly good book. It cannot be read by too many people."—*Dickens's Household Words.*

"The authoress of these volumes was a lady of quality, who, having incurred the displeasure of the Russian Government for a political offence, was exiled to Siberia. The place of her exile was Berezov, the most northern part of this northern penal settlement; and in it she spent about two years, not unprofitably, as the reader will find by her interesting work, containing a lively and graphic picture of the country, the people, their manners and customs, &c. The book gives a most important and valuable insight into the economy of what has been hitherto the terra incognita of Russian despotism."—*Daily News.*

"Since the publication of the famous romance the 'Exiles of Siberia,' we have had no account of these desolate lands more attractive than the present work."—*Globe.*

SPORTING ADVENTURES IN THE NEW WORLD;

OR, DAYS AND NIGHTS OF MOOSE HUNTING IN THE PINE FORESTS OF ACADIA. By CAMPBELL HARDY, ROYAL ARTILLERY. 2 vols. post 8vo. with illustrations, 21s.

"Full of spirit-stirring adventure and useful information."—*Daily News.*

"This book is replete with interest. The adventures, which are striking and romantic, are most graphically described."—*Bell's Life.*

"To sportsmen, naturalists, and lovers of nature in her more romantic moods, these volumes will prove unusually attractive, positively fascinating, indeed—so varied, novel, and exciting are the adventures and scenes they describe."—*Sun.*

"A spirited record of sporting adventures, very entertaining and well worthy the attention of all sportsmen who desire some fresher field than Europe can afford them. The forests of Nova Scotia abound in moose, cariboo, bears, wolves, partridge, snipe and wild duck, while the rivers are teeming with salmon and other fish, so that Lieutenant Hardy's sport was of the best kind, and in the details which he has given us there is much to interest and amuse. He is a thorough sportsman, patient, skilful, and active, and relates his adventures with the gusto of a man who enjoys the life."—*The Press.*

A SKETCHER'S TOUR ROUND THE WORLD. BY

ROBERT ELWES, Esq. Second Edition, 1 vol. royal 8vo., with 21 Coloured Illustrations from Original Designs by the Author. 21s. elegantly bound, gilt edges.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD,

Comprising A WINTER PASSAGE ACROSS THE ANDES TO CHILI, WITH A VISIT TO THE GOLD REGIONS OF CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA, THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, JAVA, &c. By F. GERSTAECKER. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"Starting from Bremen for California, the author of this Narrative proceeded to Rio, and thence to Buenos Ayres; where he exchanged the wild seas for the yet wilder Pampas, and made his way on horseback to Valparaiso across the Cordilleras—a winter passage full of difficulty and danger. From Valparaiso he sailed to California, and visited San Francisco, Sacramento, and the mining districts generally. Thence he steered his course to the South Sea Islands, resting at Honolulu, Tahiti, and other gems of the sea in that quarter, and from thence to Sydney, marching through the Murray Valley, and inspecting the Adelaide district. From Australia he dashed onward to Java, riding through the interior, and taking a general survey of Batavia, with a glance at Japan and the Japanese. An active, intelligent, observant man, the notes he made of his adventures are full of variety and interest. His descriptions of places and persons are lively, and his remarks on natural productions and the phenomena of earth, sea, and sky are always sensible, and made with a view to practical results. Those portions of the Narrative which refer to California and Australia are replete with vivid sketches; and indeed the whole work abounds with living and picturesque descriptions of men, manners, and localities."—*Globe.*

THE WABASH: OR, ADVENTURES OF AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY IN THE INTERIOR OF AMERICA.

By J. R. BESTE, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"Mr. Beste's book is interesting. In literary merit it is above the majority of books of travel. It deserves consultation from all who may wish to receive a candid, sensible, and fair account of the author's experience."—*Athenæum.*

"Mr. Beste is one of the most instructive and interesting of American travellers. In his sensible and entertaining narrative, which we hope will become as popular as it deserves to be, we find a picture of the country and the people more familiar and more graphic than any which we have met with elsewhere."—*Post.*

AUSTRALIA AS IT IS: ITS SETTLEMENTS, FARMS, AND GOLD FIELDS.

By F. LANCELOT, Esq., Mineralogical Surveyor in the Australian Colonies. Second Edition, revised. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"This is an unadorned account of the actual condition in which these colonies are found, by a professional surveyor and mineralogist, who goes over the ground with a careful glance and a remarkable aptitude for seizing on the practical portions of the subject. On the climate, the vegetation, and the agricultural resources of the country, he is copious in the extreme, and to the intending emigrant an invaluable instructor. As may be expected from a scientific hand, the subject of gold digging undergoes a thorough manipulation. Mr. Lancelot dwells with minuteness on the several indications, stratifications, varieties of soil, and methods of working, experience has pointed out, and offers a perfect manual of the new craft to the adventurous settler. Nor has he neglected to provide him with information as to the sea voyage, and all its accessories, the commodities most in request at the antipodes, and a general view of social wants, family management, &c., such as a shrewd and observant counsellor, aided by old resident authorities, can afford. As a guide to the auriferous regions, as well as the pastoral solitudes of Australia, the work is unsurpassed."—*Globe.*

A LADY'S VISIT TO THE GOLD DIGGINGS OF AUSTRALIA.

By MRS. CLACY. 1 vol. 10s. 6d.

"The most pithy and entertaining of all the books that have been written on the gold diggings."—*Literary Gazette.*

"Mrs. Clacy's book will be read with considerable interest, and not without profit. Her statements and advice will be most useful among her own sex."—*Athenæum.*

"Mrs. Clacy tells her story well. Her book is the most graphic account of the diggings and the gold country in general that is to be had."—*Daily News.*

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

By MRS. CLACY. Author of "A Lady's Visit to the Gold Diggings." 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"In these volumes Mrs. Clacy has presented life in Australia in all its varied aspects. An intimate acquaintance with the country, and with the circumstances in which settlers and emigrants find themselves, has enabled the writer to impart to her narrative a character of truthfulness and life-like animation, which renders them no less instructive than charming. The book is throughout exceedingly attractive."—*John Bull.*

"While affording amusement to the general reader, these 'Lights and Shadows of Australian Life,' are full of useful hints to intending emigrants, and will convey to friends at home acceptable information as to the country where so many now have friends or relatives." —*Literary Gazette.*

MY TRAVELS; OR, AN UNSENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY.

By CAPTAIN CHAMIER. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"This work will be sure to obtain general perusal—as an intelligent, an interesting, and above all, an honest production, by a deservedly popular writer."—*Observer.*

TRAVELS IN EUROPEAN TURKEY: THROUGH Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Roumelia, Albania, and Epirus; with a Visit to Greece and the Ionian Isles, and a Homeward Tour through Hungary and the Sclavonian Provinces of Austria on the Lower Danube.

By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq. Author of "Travels in Circassia," etc. Second and Cheaper Edition, in 2 vols. 8vo., with Illustrations, and a valuable Map of European Turkey from the most recent Charts in the possession of the Austrian and Turkish Governments, revised by the Author, 18s.

"These important volumes describe some of those countries to which public attention is now more particularly directed: Turkey, Greece, Hungary, and Austria. The author has given us a most interesting picture of the Turkish Empire, its weaknesses, and the embarrassments from which it is now suffering, its financial difficulties, the discontent of its Christian, and the turbulence of a great portion of its Mohammedan subjects. We cordially recommend Mr. Spencer's valuable and interesting volumes to the attention of the reader."—*U. S. Magazine.*

A TOUR OF INQUIRY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY, Illustrating their Present Social, Political, and Religious Condition.

By EDMUND SPENCER, Esq., Author of "Travels in European Turkey," "Circassia," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"Mr. Spencer has travelled through France and Italy, with the eyes and feelings of a Protestant philosopher. His volumes contain much valuable matter, many judicious remarks, and a great deal of useful information."—*Morning Chronicle.*

ARCTIC MISCELLANIES, A SOUVENIR OF THE LATE POLAR SEARCH.

By the Officers and Seamen of the Expedition. Dedicated by permission to the Lords of the Admiralty. Second Edition. 1 vol., with numerous Illustrations. 10*s.* 6*d.*

"This volume is not the least interesting or instructive among the records of the late expedition in search of Sir John Franklin, commanded by Captain Austin. The most valuable portions of the book are those which relate to the scientific and practical observations made in the course of the expedition, and the descriptions of scenery and incidents of arctic travel. From the variety of the materials, and the novelty of the scenes and incidents to which they refer, no less than the interest which attaches to all that relates to the probable safety of Sir John Franklin and his companions, the Arctic Miscellanies forms a very readable book, and one that redounds to the honour of the national character."—*The Times.*

FOREST LIFE IN CEYLON. BY W. KNIGHTON, M.A.,

formerly SECRETARY TO THE CEYLON BRANCH ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY. Second Edition, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"A very clever and amusing book, by one who has lived as a planter and journalist many years in Ceylon. The work is filled with interesting accounts of the sports, resources, productions, scenery, and traditions of the island. The sporting adventures are narrated in a very spirited manner."—*Standard.*

"We have not met with a more delightful book for a long time past."—*Lit. Gaz.*

"We have no recollection of a more interesting or instructive work on Ceylon and the Cingalese than that which Mr. Knighton has just given to the world. It displays a great deal of acuteness and sagacity in its observation of men and manners, and contains a vast deal of useful information on topics, historical, political, and commercial, and has the charm of a fluent and graphic style."—*Morning Post.*

TROPICAL SKETCHES; OR, REMINISCENCES OF

AN INDIAN JOURNALIST. BY W. KNIGHTON, M.A., Author of "Forest Life in Ceylon." 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"When Mr. Knighton's pleasant volumes on Ceylon were published, we freely gave his publication the praise which it appears to have well deserved, since another edition has been called for. Amongst the writers of the day, we know of none who are more felicitous in hitting off with an amusing accuracy, the characters he has met with, and his descriptive powers are first-rate. Take his Sketches up and open where you will, he touches upon topics of varied nature—now political, anon historical or commercial, interspersed with traits of society and manners, every page teeming with information, combined with lively detail. His style, indeed, is eminently attractive. There is no weariness comes over the reader with Mr. Knighton's work before him—all is vivacity. The *Tropical Sketches* contains the result of the author's experience in the East in various capacities, but he is chiefly at home when he enters upon the narrative of his mission as a journalist. His revelations of his labours in an educational capacity, are highly amusing, and there is an added charm to the volumes that the impress of fidelity is stamped on every page. In short, *Tropical Sketches* may be set down as the work of a man of education and refinement, gifted with a keen observation for all that is passing around him; such a publication cannot fail in being both amusing and instructive."—*Sunday Times.*

FIVE YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES. BY CHARLES

W. DAY, Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"It would be unjust to deny the vigour, brilliancy and varied interest of this work, the abundant stores of anecdote and incident, and the copious detail of local habits and peculiarities in each island visited in succession."—*Globe.*

TRAVELS IN INDIA AND KASHMIR. BY BARON

SCHONBERG. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"This account of a Journey through India and Kashmir will be read with considerable interest. Whatever came in his way worthy of record the author committed to writing, and the result is an entertaining and instructive miscellany of information on the country, its climate, its natural production, its history and antiquities, and the character, the religion and the social condition of its inhabitants."—*John Bull.*

THE WANDERER IN ARABIA. BY G. T. LOWTH,

Esq. 2 vols. post 8vo. with Illustrations.

EIGHTEEN YEARS ON THE GOLD COAST OF

AFRICA; INCLUDING AN ACCOUNT OF THE NATIVE TRIBES, AND THEIR INTERCOURSE WITH EUROPEANS. By BRODIE CRUICKSHANK, MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL, CAPE COAST CASTLE. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"This is one of the most interesting works that ever yet came into our hands. It possesses the charm of introducing us to habits and manners of the human family of which before we had no conception. Mrs. Beecher Stowe's work has, indeed, made us all familiar with the degree of intelligence and the disposition of the transplanted African; but it has been reserved to Mr. Cruickshank to exhibit the children of Ham in their original state, and to prove, as his work proves to demonstration, that, by the extension of a knowledge of the Gospel, and by that only can the African be brought within the pale of civilization. We anxiously desire to direct public attention to a work so valuable. An incidental episode in the work is an affecting narrative of the death of the gifted Letitia Elizabeth Landon (L. E. L.) written a few months after her marriage with Governor Maclean."—*Standard.*

EIGHT YEARS IN PALESTINE, SYRIA, AND ASIA

MINOR. By F. A. NEALE, Esq., LATE ATTACHED TO THE CONSULAR SERVICE IN SYRIA. Second Edition, 2 vols. with Illustrations, 21s.

"A very agreeable book. Mr. Neale is evidently quite familiar with the East, and writes in a lively, shrewd, and good-humoured manner. A great deal of information is to be found in his pages."—*Athenæum.*

KHARTOUM AND THE NILES. BY GEORGE MELLY,

Esq. Second Edition. 2 vols. with Maps and Illustrations, 21s.

"Mr. Melly is of the same school of travel as the author of 'Eöthen.' His book altogether is very agreeable, comprising, besides the description of Khartoum, many intelligent illustrations of the relations now subsisting between the Governments of the Sultan and the Pacha, and exceedingly graphic sketches of Cairo, the Pyramids, the Plain of Thebes, the Cataracts, &c."—*Examiner.*

TRAVELS IN BOLIVIA; WITH A TOUR ACROSS

THE PAMPAS TO BUENOS AYRES. BY L. HUGH DE BONNELI, of HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S LEGATION. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"Mr. Bonelli's official position gave him great opportunities of observation, of which he has freely availed himself, and he has furnished us with a very interesting and amusing book of travels respecting a country whose political and commercial importance is becoming every day more obvious."—*Observer.*

THE ANSYREEH AND ISMAELEEH: A VISIT TO

THE SECRET SECTS OF NORTHERN SYRIA, WITH A VIEW TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF SCHOOLS. BY THE REV. S. LYDE, M.A., LATE CHAPLAIN AT BEYROUT. 1 vol. 10s. 6d.

SAM SLICK'S NEW WORK, NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE. 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

"Since Sam Slick's first work he has written nothing so fresh, racy, and genuinely humorous as this. Every line of it tells some way or other; instructively, satirically, jocosely, or wittily. Admiration at Sam's mature talents, and laughter at his droll yarns, constantly alternate, as with unhalting avidity we peruse these last volumes of his. They consist of 25 Chapters, each containing a tale, a sketch, or an adventure. In every one of them, the Clockmaker proves himself the fastest time killer a-going."—*Observer.*

SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES; OR, WHAT HE SAID, DID, OR INVENTED. Second Edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"We do not fear to predict that these delightful volumes will be the most popular, as beyond doubt, they are the best, of all Judge Haliburton's admirable works. The 'Wise Saws and Modern Instances' evince powers of imagination and expression far beyond what even his former publications could lead any one to ascribe to the author. We have, it is true long been familiar with his quaint humour and racy narrative, but the volumes before us take a loftier range, and are so rich in fun and good sense, that to offer an extract as a sample would be an injustice to author and reader. It is one of the pleasantest books we ever read, and we earnestly recommend it."—*Standard.*

"Let Sam Slick go a mackarel fishing, or to court in England—let him venture alone among a tribe of the sauciest single women that ever banded themselves together in electric chain to turn tables or to mystify man—our hero always manages to come off with flying colours—to beat every craftsman in the cunning of his own calling—to get at the heart of every maid's and matron's secret. The book before us will be read and laughed over. Its quaint and racy dialect will please some readers—its abundance of yarns will amuse others. There is something in the volumes to suit readers of every humour."—*Athenæum.*

"The humour of Sam Slick is inexhaustible. He is ever and everywhere a welcome visitor; smiles greet his approach, and wit and wisdom hang upon his tongue. The present is altogether a most edifying production, remarkable alike for its racy humour, its sound philosophy, the felicity of its illustrations, and the delicacy of its satire. We promise our readers a great treat from the perusal of these 'Wise Saws and Modern Instances,' which contain a world of practical wisdom, and a treasury of the richest fun."—*Morning Post.*

THE AMERICANS AT HOME; OR, BYEWAYS, BACKWOODS, AND PRAIRIES. Edited by the Author of "SAM SLICK." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"In the picturesque delineation of character, and the felicitous portraiture of national features, no writer of the present day equals Judge Haliburton. 'The Americans at Home' will not be less popular than any of his previous works."—*Post.*

TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR. EDITED BY the Author of "SAM SLICK." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"No man has done more than the facetious Judge Haliburton, through the mouth of the inimitable 'Sam,' to make the old parent country recognize and appreciate her queer transatlantic progeny. His present collection of comic stories and laughable traits is a budget of fun full of rich specimens of American humour."—*Globe.*

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. Author of "Our Village," "Atherton," &c. 2 vols. post 8vo. with Portrait of the Author and other Illustrations. 21s.

"We recommend Miss Mitford's dramas heartily to all by whom they are unknown. A more graceful addition could not be made to any collection of dramatic works."—*Blackwood.*

"Miss Mitford has collected into one chaplet the laurels gathered in her prime of authorship, and she has given it to the world with a graceful and loving letter of reminiscence and benediction. Laid by the side of the volume of dramatic works of Joanna Baillie, these volumes suffer no disparagement. This is high praise, and it is well deserved."—*Athenæum.*

"Miss Mitford's plays and dramatic scenes form very delightful reading."—*Examiner.*

"The high reputation which Miss Mitford has acquired as a dramatist will insure a hearty welcome to this collected edition of her dramatic works."—*John Bull.*

THE MONARCHS OF THE MAIN; OR, ADVENTURES OF THE BUCCANEERS. By GEORGE W. THORNBURY, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo.

"An unwritten page of the world's history is not to be met with every day. The author of these volumes has discovered one, and has supplied the deficiency. The deeds of alternate violence and heroism of the wild adventurers, who soon after the discovery of America, started forth in search of plunder, and sometimes of territorial conquest—now sweeping the main with their piratical vessels—now surprising and sacking some rich and flourishing town—now fortifying themselves in some strong island-hold, where they could bid defiance to a world in arms against them—form the subject of a narrative rich in variety of incident, and replete with striking exhibitions of life and character. To the lover of maritime adventure, these pages offer a fund of infinite amusement, doubly attractive from the novelty of the theme."—*John Bull.*

DARIEN; OR, THE MERCHANT PRINCE. BY ELIOT WARBURTON. Second Edition. 3 vols. post 8vo.

"The scheme for the colonization of Darien by Scotchmen, and the opening of a communication between the East and West across the Isthmus of Panama, furnishes the foundation of this story, which is in all respects worthy of the high reputation which the author of the 'Crescent and the Cross' had already made for himself. The early history of the 'Merchant Prince' introduces the reader to the condition of Spain under the Inquisition; the portraitures of Scottish life which occupy a prominent place in the narrative, are full of spirit; the scenes in America exhibit the state of the natives of the New World at that period; the daring deeds of the Buccaneers supply a most romantic element in the story; and an additional interest is infused into it by the introduction of the various celebrated characters of the period, such as Law, the French financier, and Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England. All these varied ingredients are treated with that brilliancy of style and powerful descriptive talent, by which the pen of Eliot Warburton was so eminently distinguished."—*John Bull.*

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MISSIONARY. BY THE REV. J. P. FLETCHER. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

"We conscientiously recommend this book, as well for its amusing character as for the spirit it displays of earnest piety."—*Standard.*

SCENES FROM SCRIPTURE. BY THE REV. G. CROLY, LL.D. 10s. 6d.

"Eminent in every mode of literature, Dr. Croly stands, in our judgment, first among the living poets of Great Britain—the only man of our day entitled by his power to venture within the sacred circle of religious poets."—*Standard.*

"An admirable addition to the library of religious families."—*John Bull.*

FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF

THE ARISTOCRACY. BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

Among the many other interesting legends and romantic family histories comprised in these volumes, will be found the following:—The wonderful narrative of Maria Stella, Lady Newborough, who claimed on such strong evidence to be a Princess of the House of Orleans, and disputed the identity of Louis Philippe—The story of the humble marriage of the beautiful Countess of Strathmore, and the sufferings and fate of her only child—The Leaders of Fashion, from Gramont to D'Orsay—The rise of the celebrated Baron Ward, now Prime Minister at Parma—The curious claim to the Earldom of Crawford—The Strange Vicissitudes of our Great Families, replete with the most romantic details—The story of the Kirkpatricks of Closeburn (the ancestors of the French Empress), and the remarkable tradition associated with them—The Legend of the Lambtons—The verification in our own time of the famous prediction as to the Earls of Mar—Lady Ogilvy's escape—The Beresford and Wynyard ghost stories correctly told—&c. &c.

"It were impossible to praise too highly as a work of amusement these two most interesting volumes, whether we should have regard to its excellent plan or its not less excellent execution. The volumes are just what ought to be found on every drawing-room table. Here you have nearly fifty captivating romances with the pith of all their interest preserved in undiminished poignancy, and any one may be read in half an hour. It is not the least of their merits that the romances are founded on fact—or what, at least, has been handed down for truth by long tradition—and the romance of reality far exceeds the romance of fiction. Each story is told in the clear, unaffected style with which the author's former works have made the public familiar, while they afford evidence of the value, even to a work of amusement, of that historical and genealogical learning that may justly be expected of the author of 'The Peerage.'"—*Standard.*

"The very reading for sea-side or fire-side in our hours of idleness."—*Athenæum.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM; OR, NARRA-

TIVES, SCENES, AND ANECDOTES FROM COURTS OF JUSTICE. SECOND SERIES. BY PETER BURKE, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:—Lord Crichton's Revenge—The Great Douglas Cause—Lord and Lady Kinnaird—Marie Delorme and Her Husband—The Spectral Treasure—Murders in Inns of Court—Matthieson the Forger—Trials that established the Illegality of Slavery—The Lover Highwayman—The Accusing Spirit—The Attorney-General of the Reign of Terror—Eccentric Occurrences in the Law—Adventuresses of Pretended Rank—The Courier of Lyons—General Sarrazin's Bigamy—The Elstree Murder—Count Bocarmé and his wife—Professor Webster, &c.

"We have no hesitation in recommending this, as one of the most interesting works that have been lately given to the public."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"The favour with which the first series of this publication was received, has induced Mr. Burke to extend his researches, which he has done with great judgment. The incidents forming the subject of the second series are as extraordinary in every respect, as those which obtained so high a meed of celebrity for the first. Some of the tales could scarcely be believed to be founded in fact, or to be records of events that have startled the world, were there not the incontestable evidence which Mr. Burke has established to prove that they have actually happened."—*Messenger.*

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

GERTRUDE;

OR, FAMILY PRIDE. 3 vols.

"A wonderfully interesting and original novel."—*Herald.*

"Brilliant and full of incident."—*Daily News.*

"The publication of this work will add to Mrs. Trollope's high reputation as a novelist."—*Post.*

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A CLEVER WOMAN.

"The 'Clever Woman' is of the same class with the 'Vicar of Wrexhill,' and 'Widow Barnaby.' No person can fail to be amused by it."—*Critic.*

UNCLE WALTER.

3 vols.

"'Uncle Walter' is an exceedingly entertaining novel. It assures Mrs. Trollope more than ever in her position as one of the ablest fiction writers of the day."—*Morning Post.*

THE YOUNG HEIRESS.

3 vols.

"The knowledge of the world which Mrs. Trollope possesses in so eminent a degree is strongly exhibited in the pages of this novel."—*Observer.*

BY MRS. GORE.

MAMMON; OR, THE HARDSHIPS OF AN HEIRESS.

3 vols.

"The most lively and entertaining novel Mrs. Gore has yet written."—*Literary Gazette.*

"Mrs. Gore has not produced a more clever, sparkling and amusing novel than 'Mammon.'"—*Critic.*

"In the novel of 'Mammon,' the style of Mrs. Gore is as buoyant, rapid, and pointed as usual."—*Spectator.*

THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER.

3 vols.

"One of the best of Mrs. Gore's stories. The volumes are strewed with smart and sparkling epigram."—*Chronicle.*

PROGRESS & PREJUDICE.

3 vols.

"This entertaining and clever novel is not to be analysed, but to be praised, and that emphatically."—*Examiner.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARGARET MAITLAND.

LILLIESLEAF.

BEING THE CONCLUDING SERIES OF "PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MRS. MARGARET MAITLAND." 3 vols.

MAGDALEN HEPBURN;

A STORY OF THE SCOTTISH REFORMATION.

3 vols.

"'Magdalen Hepburn will sustain the reputation which the author of 'Margaret Maitland' has acquired. It is a well prepared and carefully executed picture of the society and state of manners in Scotland at the dawn of the Reformation. John Knox is successfully drawn."—*Athenæum.*

"'Magdalen Hepburn' is a story of the Scottish Reformation, with John Knox prominently introduced among the dramatis personæ. The book is thoroughly enjoyable."—*Examiner.*

"A delightful book."—*Scotsman.*

"An admirable tale."—*John Bull.*

HARRY MUIR.

SECOND EDITION. 3 vols.

"We prefer 'Harry Muir' to most of the Scottish novels that have appeared since Galt's domestic stories. This new tale, by the author of 'Margaret Maitland,' is a real picture of the weakness of man's nature and the depths of woman's kindness. The narrative, to repeat our praise, is not one to be entered on or parted from without our regard for its writer being increased."—*Athenæum.*

"In this work the brilliant promise afforded by 'Margaret Maitland' has been fully realised, and now there can be no question that, for graphic pictures of Scottish life, the author is entitled to be ranked second to none among modern writers of fiction."—*Cal. Mer.*

ADAM GRAEME,

OF MOSSGRAY. 3 vols.

"A story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery."—*Post.*

RACHEL GRAY.

By Julia Kavanagh, Author of "Nathalie," "Woman in France," &c.
1 vol.

LADY WILLOUGHBY;

Or, THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.
By Mrs. La Touche. 3 vols.

THE HOUSE OF ELMORE;

A FAMILY HISTORY. 3 vols.

MILLICENT;

Or, THE TRIALS OF LIFE.
By the Author of "The Curate of Overton." 3 vols.

"This novel is one of the most beautifully-written and powerfully-conceived works that has ever come under our notice. It is full of incident and romantic interest. We can honestly say that we do not think a more delightful novel has appeared for very many years, and we most unhesitatingly recommend it to all who can appreciate a work remarkable for its truthful delineation of human virtues and failings."—*Herald.*

PERCY BLAKE;

Or, THE YOUNG RIFLEMAN.
By Capt. Rafter. 3 vols.

"A highly entertaining story, which presents a graphic picture of military life in all its varied aspects."—*John Bull.*

"A capital novel, of the 'Charles O'Malley' school, full of dashing adventure, with scenes of real history cleverly introduced in the narrative."—*Literary Gazette.*

THE WIFE'S TRIALS.

3 vols.

"'The Wife's Trials' deserves to be a successful novel, for it is one of the most spirited and amusing we have read for a long time. The interest is sustained without flagging to the very last page."—*Athenæum.*

PHILIP COURTENAY.

By Lord William Lennox. 3 vols.

"This novel ranks among the good and entertaining books of its kind."—*Examiner.*

"A lively and entertaining novel."—*Literary Gazette.*

THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

Or, CONTRASTS IN LIFE.
By Miss Fanny Williams. 3 vols.

"A deeply interesting and charming novel, in which varied character, extraordinary incident, passionate ardour, female constancy, and man's ingratitude, are developed with great artistic skill."—*Chronicle.*

EUSTACE CONYERS.

By James Hannay, Author of "Singleton Fontenoy." 3 vols.

"Eustace Conyers' is a fresh, genuine, healthy book; beyond comparison Mr. Hannay's ablest, wisest, and maturest work. The present fascination and lasting charm of the book will be found in its gallery of living, vigorous, and subtle portraits."—*Athenæum.*

"'Eustace Conyers' is a capital naval story, with stirring adventures and well-drawn characters. It is much the best book Mr. Hannay has yet written."—*Literary Gazette.*

THE HEIRESS OF HAUGHTON.

By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," &c. 3 vols.

"A story of surpassing interest."—*John Bull.*

"There is enough in Mrs. Marsh's new novel to justify the fame she has gained as one of the most original and pathetic writers of fiction in modern days. In eloquence and sentiment the work may vie with her best tales."—*The Press.*

DISPLAY.

By the Hon. Mrs. Maberly. 3 vols.

"This tale is a most attractive one, with the great merit of highly-finished social portraiture. It is one of the most exquisite specimens of its class we have ever met with."—*The Press.*

THE NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

By Mrs. Gascoigne. Author of "Temptation, &c. 3 vols.

"Passion, pathos, and humour are happily combined in this interesting story."—*Post.*

"The author has successfully portrayed the manners of the day in one of the best novels that have lately appeared."—*Herald.*

THE JEALOUS WIFE.

By Miss Pardoe. 3 vols.

"We place this tale in the highest rank of deeply instructive as well as absorbingly interesting fictions."—*John Bull.*

"A tale of great power. As an author of fiction, Miss Pardoe has never done anything better than this work."—*Globe.*

CONFESSIONS OF AN ETONIAN.

By the Hon. C. Rowcroft. 3 vols.

THE PRIEST'S NIECE.

By the Author of "Lionel Deerhurst."
3 vols.

"This brilliant novel combines, in a high degree, the most varied sources of interest."—*Chronicle.*

CONSTANCE HERBERT.

By Geraldine Jewsbury.
Author of "Marian Withers," &c. 3 v.

"A powerful, highly interesting narrative."—*Times.*

"'Constance Herbert" is a poem in its beauty and its lofty purpose; a romance in its variety and fascination. The tale, as a tale, is deeply interesting, full of quiet pathos, and a calm and beautiful morality. It will be read with rare pleasure and remembered with healthful interest."—*Athenæum.*

OAKLEIGH MASCOTT.

By L. Howe.
Dedicated to Professor Aytoun. 2 vols.

"A very clever romance. The style throughout is fluent and forcible."—*Post.*

HERBERT LAKE.

By the Author of "Anne Dysart." 3 v.

"A cleverly written tale from the pen of the talented author of 'Anne Dysart.' While administering largely to the entertainment of the reader, the Author has added to a well-earned reputation."—*John Bull.*

THE YOUNG HUSBAND.

By Mrs. Grey. Author of "The Gambler's Wife," &c. 3 vols.

"In this fascinating novel Mrs. Grey has surpassed her former productions, talented and powerful as they were."—*John Bull.*

THE CURATE OF OVERTON.

3 vols.

"A powerfully written story, the characters and incidents of which are portrayed with great skill."—*John Bull.*

VIVIA.

By Mrs. J. E. Dalrymple.
Dedicated to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 2 vols.

"An excellent novel. Mrs. Dalrymple paints society in its true colours. We congratulate her upon a production which displays such high purpose, wrought out with so much ability."—*Post.*

MATHEW PAXTON.

Edited by the Author of "John Drayton," "Allieford," &c. 3 vols.

"'Mathew Paxton' bears a strong generic resemblance to those clever stories 'John Drayton' and 'Allieford,' and awakens in the perusal a kindred gratification."—*Post.*

REGINALD LYLE.

By Miss Pardoe. 3 v.

"An excellent novel, containing a great variety of well-drawn characters, and keeping up the interest of the reader to the last page."—*Atlas.*

FLORENCE, THE BEAUTIFUL.

By A. Baillie Cochrane, Esq. 2 v.

THE ROSES.

By the Author of "The Flirt." 3 v.

"'The Roses' displays, with the polish always attending a later work, all the talent which appeared in 'The Flirt,' and 'The Manœuvring Mother.'"—*Standard.*

MARY SEAHAM.

By Mrs. Grey. 3 vols.

"Equal to any former novel by its author."—*Athenæum.*

AUBREY.

By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham."

"This novel is worthy of the author's reputation."—*Literary Gazette.*

AILIEFORD.

By the Author of "John Drayton." 3 v.

"'Allieford' is the biography of the clever writer of 'John Drayton.' It is a deeply interesting tale."—*Britannia.*

A PHYSICIAN'S TALE.

3 vols.

CREWE RISE.

By John C. Jeaffreson. 3 vols.

EDWARD WILLOUGHBY.

By the Author of "The Discipline of Life." 3 vols.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF A HOUSEHOLD.

By the Author of
"Alice Wentworth." 3 vols.

ALICE WENTWORTH.

3 vols.

"This novel reminds us of the tales by Lady Scott, which had power and pathos enough to get a hearing and keep a place, even though Lister, Ward, and Bulwer were all in the field, with their manly experiences of modern life and society."—*Athenæum.*

COLBURN'S UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE, AND

NAVAL AND MILITARY JOURNAL. Published on the first of every month, price 3s. 6d.

This popular periodical, which has now been established a quarter of a century, embraces subjects of such extensive variety and powerful interest as must render it scarcely less acceptable to readers in general than to the members of those professions for whose use it is more particularly intended. Independently of a succession of Original Papers on innumerable interesting subjects, Personal Narratives, Historical Incidents, Correspondence, etc., each number comprises Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Officers of all branches of service, Reviews of New Publications, either immediately relating to the Army or Navy, or involving subjects of utility or interest to the members of either, full Reports of Trials by Courts Martial, Distribution of the Army and Navy, General Orders, Circulars, Promotions, Appointments, Births, Marriages, Obituary, etc., with all the Naval and Military Intelligence of the month.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"This is confessedly one of the ablest and most attractive periodicals of which the British press can boast, presenting a wide field of entertainment to the general as well as professional reader. The suggestions for the benefit of the two services are distinguished by vigour of sense, acute and practical observation, an ardent love of discipline, tempered by a high sense of justice, honour, and a tender regard for the welfare and comfort of our soldiers and seamen."—*Globe.*

"At the head of those periodicals which furnish useful and valuable information to their peculiar classes of readers, as well as amusement to the general body of the public, must be placed the 'United Service Magazine, and Naval and Military Journal.' It numbers among its contributors almost all those gallant spirits who have done no less honour to their country by their swords than by their pens, and abounds with the most interesting discussions on naval and military affairs, and stirring narratives of deeds of arms in all parts of the world. Every information of value and interest to both the Services is culled with the greatest diligence from every available source, and the correspondence of various distinguished officers which enrich its pages is a feature of great attraction. In short, the 'United Service Magazine' can be recommended to every reader who possesses that attachment to his country which should make him look with the deepest interest on its naval and military resources."—*Sun.*

"This truly national periodical is always full of the most valuable matter for professional men."—*Morning Herald.*

"To military and naval men, and to that class of readers who hover on the skirts of the Service, and take a world of pains to inform themselves of all the goings on, the modes and fashions, the movements and adventures connected with ships and barracks, this periodical is indispensable. It is a repertory of facts and criticisms—narratives of past experience, and fictions that are as good as if they were true—tables and returns—new inventions and new books bearing upon the army and navy—correspondence crowded with intelligence—and sundry unclaimed matters that lie in close neighbourhood with the professions, and contribute more or less to the stock of general useful information."—*Atlas.*

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

INTERESTING WORKS.

MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL;

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS SPEECHES, LETTERS, AND CONVERSATIONS, &c.

By TORRENS M'CULLAGH, Esq.

2 vols. post 8vo.

"We feel assured that Mr. M'Cullagh's Work will be received with general satisfaction."—*Literary Gazette.*

"Such a man as Sheil eminently deserved a biography, and Mr. M'Cullagh has, we think, proved himself an exceedingly proper person to undertake it. His narrative is lucid and pleasant, sound and hearty in sentiment, and sensible in dissertation; altogether we may emphatically call this an excellent biography."—*Daily News.*

"In these memoirs ample justice is done to one of Ireland's most brilliant worthies, by which it is shown that Richard Lalor Sheil will ever hold a relative position with such men as Burke and Curran, Sheridan and Moore. The volumes will delight the student and charm the general reader."—*Messenger.*

MR. SHEIL'S
LEGAL AND POLITICAL SKETCHES.

2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.

"We can cordially recommend these Sketches as interesting in matter and brilliant in composition. Their literary merit is very great. The revelations of the Jesuits are very remarkable. The sketches of the Irish Bar paint the characters of the leading persons in Irish politics with graphic felicity."—*Athenæum.*

"Of the great power and brilliancy of these papers there can be no second opinion. In the British senate, as in his own native land, the name of Richard Lalor Sheil will be long remembered in connexion with eloquence and learning and with genius. In these volumes he has left a memorial of all the gems of his rich and varied intellect—every phase and line of his versatile and prolific mind."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

"These volumes contain more matter of high and enduring interest to all classes of readers than any publication of equal extent professing to illustrate the social and literary position, or treat of the domestic manners of the country."—*Dublin Mail.*

CHEAP EDITION OF MISS BURNEY'S DIARY.

In Seven Volumes, small 8vo, EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS,

Price only 3s. each, elegantly bound, either of which may be had separately,

DIARY AND LETTERS

OF

MADAME D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF "EVELINA," "CECILIA," &c.

INCLUDING THE PERIOD OF

HER RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"Madame D'Arblay lived to be a classic. Time set on her fame, before she went hence, that seal which is seldom set except on the fame of the departed. All those whom we have been accustomed to revere as intellectual patriarchs seemed children when compared with her; for Burke had sat up all night to read her writings, and Johnson had pronounced her superior to Fielding, when Rogers was still a schoolboy, and Southey still in petticoats. Her Diary is written in her earliest and best manner; in true woman's English, clear, natural, and lively. It ought to be consulted by every person who wishes to be well acquainted with the history of our literature and our manners."

TIMES.

"Miss Burney's work ought to be placed beside Boswell's 'Life,' to which it forms an excellent supplement."

LITERARY GAZETTE.

"This publication will take its place in the libraries beside Walpole and Boswell."

MESSENGER.

"This work may be considered a kind of supplement to Boswell's Life of Johnson. It is a beautiful picture of society as it existed in manners, taste, and literature, in the reign of George the Third, drawn by a pencil as vivid and brilliant as that of any of the celebrated persons who composed the circle."

POST.

"Miss Burney's Diary, sparkling with wit, teeming with lively anecdote and delectable gossip, and full of sound and discreet views of persons and things, will be perused with interest by all classes of readers."

CHEAP EDITION OF THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS.

Now complete, in Eight Volumes, post octavo (comprising from 600 to 700 pages each), Price only 7s. 6d. per Volume, elegantly bound, either of which may be had separately, to complete sets,

LIVES OF THE QUEENS

OF ENGLAND.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

Dedicated by Express Permission to her Majesty.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS OF EVERY QUEEN,

BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

In announcing a cheap Edition of this important and interesting work, which has been considered unique in biographical literature, the publishers again beg to direct attention to the following extract from the author's preface:—"A revised edition of the 'Lives of the Queens of England, embodying the important collections which have been brought to light since the appearance of earlier impressions, is now offered to the world, embellished with Portraits of every Queen, from authentic and properly verified sources. The series, commencing with the consort of William the Conqueror, occupies that most interesting and important period of our national chronology, from the death of the last monarch of the Anglo-Saxon line, Edward the Confessor, to the demise of the last sovereign of the royal house of Stuart, Queen Anne, and comprises therein thirty queens who have worn the crown-matrimonial, and four the regal diadem of this realm. We have related the parentage of every queen, described her education, traced the influence of family connexions and national habits on her conduct, both public and private, and given a concise outline of the domestic, as well as the general history of her times, and its effects on her character, and we have done so with singleness of heart, unbiassed by selfish interests or narrow views. Such as they were in life we have endeavoured to portray them, both in

LIVES OF THE QUEENS—*continued.*

good and ill, without regard to any other considerations than the development of the *facts*. Their sayings, their doings, their manners, their costume, will be found faithfully chronicled in this work, which also includes the most interesting of their letters. The hope that the 'Lives of the Queens of England' might be regarded as a national work, honourable to the female character, and generally useful to society, has encouraged us to the completion of the task."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

FROM THE TIMES.

"These volumes have the fascination of romance united to the integrity of history. The work is written by a lady of considerable learning, indefatigable industry, and careful judgment. All these qualifications for a biographer and an historian she has brought to bear upon the subject of her volumes, and from them has resulted a narrative interesting to all, and more particularly interesting to that portion of the community to whom the more refined researches of literature afford pleasure and instruction. The whole work should be read, and no doubt will be read, by all who are anxious for information. It is a lucid arrangement of facts, derived from authentic sources, exhibiting a combination of industry, learning, judgment, and impartiality, not often met with in biographers of crowned heads."

MORNING HERALD.

"A remarkable and truly great historical work. In this series of biographies, in which the severe truth of history takes almost the wildness of romance, it is the singular merit of Miss Strickland that her research has enabled her to throw new light on many doubtful passages, to bring forth fresh facts, and to render every portion of our annals which she has described an interesting and valuable study. She has given a most valuable contribution to the history of England, and we have no hesitation in affirming that no one can be said to possess an accurate knowledge of the history of the country who has not studied this truly national work, which, in this new edition, has received all the aids that further research on the part of the author, and of embellishment on the part of the publishers, could tend to make it still more valuable, and still more attractive, than it had been in its original form."

MORNING POST.

"We must pronounce Miss Strickland beyond all comparison the most entertaining historian in the English language. She is certainly a woman of powerful and active mind, as well as of scrupulous justice and honesty of purpose."

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

"Miss Strickland has made a very judicious use of many authentic MS. authorities not previously collected, and the result is a most interesting addition to our biographical library."

ATHENÆUM.

"A valuable contribution to historical knowledge. It contains a mass of every kind of historical matter of interest, which industry and research could collect. We have derived much entertainment and instruction from the work."

CHEAP EDITION OF PEPYS' DIARY.

Now ready, a New and Cheap Edition, printed uniformly with the last edition of EVELYN'S DIARY, *and comprising all the recent Notes and Emendations, Indexes, &c., in Four Volumes, post octavo, with Portraits, price 6s. per Volume, handsomely bound, of the*

DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF

SAMUEL PEPYS, F.R.S.,

SECRETARY TO THE ADMIRALTY IN THE REIGNS OF CHARLES II. AND JAMES II.

EDITED BY RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE.

The authority of PEPYS, as an historian and illustrator of a considerable portion of the seventeenth century, has been so fully acknowledged by every scholar and critic, that it is now scarcely necessary to remind the reader of the advantages he possessed for producing the most complete and trustworthy record of events, and the most agreeable picture of society and manners, to be found in the literature of any nation. In confidential communication with the reigning sovereigns, holding high official employment, placed at the head of the Scientific and Learned of a period remarkable for intellectual impulse, mingling in every circle, and observing everything and everybody whose characteristics were worth noting down; and possessing, moreover, an intelligence peculiarly fitted for seizing the most graphic points in whatever he attempted to delineate, PEPYS may be considered the most valuable as well as the most entertaining of our National Historians..

A New and Cheap Edition of this work, comprising all the restored passages and the additional annotations that have been called for by the vast advances in antiquarian and historical knowledge during the last twenty years, will doubtless be regarded as one of the most agreeable additions that could be made to the library of the general reader.

CRITICAL OPINIONS ON PEPYS' DIARY.

"Without making any exception in favour of any other production of ancient or modern diarists, we unhesitatingly characterise this journal as the most remarkable production of its kind which has ever been given to the world. Pepys' Diary makes us comprehend the great historical events of the age, and the people who bore a part in them, and gives us more clear glimpses into the true English life of the times than all the other memorials of them that have come down to our own." —*Edinburgh Review.*

"There is much in Pepys' Diary that throws a distinct and vivid light over the picture of England and its government during the period succeeding the Restoration. If, quitting the broad path of history, we look for minute information concerning ancient manners and customs, the progress of arts and sciences, and the various branches of antiquity, we have never seen a mine so rich as these volumes. The variety of Pepys' tastes and pursuits led him into almost every department of life. He was a man of business, a man of information, a man of whim, and, to a certain degree, a man of pleasure. He was a statesman, a *bel-esprit*, a virtuoso, and a connoisseur. His curiosity made him an unwearied, as well as an universal, learner, and whatever he saw found its way into his tablets."—*Quarterly Review.*

"The best book of its kind in the English language. The new matter is extremely curious, and occasionally far more characteristic and entertaining than the old. The writer is seen in a clearer light, and the reader is taken into his inmost soul. Pepys' Diary is the ablest picture of the age in which the writer lived, and a work of standard importance in English literature."—*Athenæum.*

"We place a high value on Pepys' Diary as the richest and most delightful contribution ever made to the history of English life and manners in the latter half of the seventeenth century."—*Examiner.*

"We owe Pepys a debt of gratitude for the rare and curious information he has bequeathed to us in this most amusing and interesting work. His Diary is valuable, as depicting to us many of the most important characters of the times. Its author has bequeathed to us the records of his heart—the very reflection of his energetic mind; and his quaint but happy narrative clears up numerous disputed points—throws light into many of the dark corners of history, and lays bare the hidden substratum of events which gave birth to, and supported the visible progress of, the nation."—*Tait's Magazine.*

"Of all the records that have ever been published, Pepys' Diary gives us the most vivid and trustworthy picture of the times, and the clearest view of the state of English public affairs and of English society during the reign of Charles II. We see there, as in a map, the vices of the monarch, the intrigues of the Cabinet, the wanton follies of the court, and the many calamities to which the nation was subjected during the memorable period of fire, plague, and general licentiousness." —*Morning Post.*

Now in course of Publication,

HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY,

A Genealogical Dictionary

OF THE WHOLE OF THE UNTITLED ARISTOCRACY OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

Comprising Particulars of 100,000 Individuals connected with them.

By SIR BERNARD BURKE.

Ulster King of Arms.

A new and thoroughly-revised Edition, to be completed in a single volume, uniform with the Peerage and Baronetage (divided into four parts, the first of which is now ready, price 10s. 6d.).

N.B.—Communications and Corrections intended for this Work are requested to be addressed as soon as possible to Sir B. Burke, care of the publishers, 13, Great Marlborough Street, London.

The Landed Gentry of England are so closely connected with the stirring records of its eventful history, that some acquaintance with them is a matter of necessity with the legislator, the lawyer, the historical student, the speculator in politics, and the curious in topographical and antiquarian lore; and even the very spirit of ordinary curiosity will prompt to a desire to trace the origin and progress of those families whose influence pervades the towns and villages of our land. This work furnishes such a mass of authentic information, in regard to all the principal families in the kingdom, as has never before been attempted to be brought together. It relates to the untitled families of rank, as the "Peerage and Baronetage" does to the titled, and forms, in fact, a peerage of the untitled aristocracy. It embraces the whole of the landed interest, and is indispensable to the library of every gentleman.

"A work of this kind is of a national value. Its utility is not merely temporary, but it will exist and be acknowledged as long as the families whose names and genealogies are recorded in it continue to form an integral portion of the English constitution. As a correct record of descent, no family should be without it. The untitled aristocracy have in this great work as perfect a dictionary of their genealogical history, family connexions, and heraldic rights, as the peerage and baronetage. It will be an enduring and trustworthy record."—*Morning Post.*

"A work in which every gentleman will find a domestic interest, as it contains the fullest account of every known family in the United Kingdom. It is a dictionary of all names, families, and their origin,—of every man's neighbour and friend, if not of his own relatives and immediate connexions. It cannot fail to be of the greatest utility to professional men in their researches respecting the members of different families, heirs to property, &c. Indeed, it will become as necessary as a Directory in every office."—*Bell's Messenger.*

THE PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE
OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.
BY SIR BERNARD BURKE,
ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

NEW EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED FROM THE PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS OF THE NOBILITY, &c.

With 1500 Engravings of ARMS. In 1 vol. (comprising as much matter as twenty ordinary volumes), 38s. bound.

The following is a List of the Principal Contents of this Standard Work:—

I. A full and interesting history of each order of the English Nobility, showing its origin, rise, titles, immunities, privileges, &c.

II. A complete Memoir of the Queen and Royal Family, forming a brief genealogical History of the Sovereign of this country, and deducing the descent of the Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, and Guelphs, through their various ramifications. To this section is appended a list of those Peers and others who inherit the distinguished honour of Quartering the Royal Arms of Plantagenet.

III. An Authentic table of Precedence.

IV. A perfect HISTORY OF ALL THE PEERS AND BARONETS, with the fullest details of their ancestors and descendants, and particulars respecting every collateral member of each family, and all intermarriages, &c.

V. The Spiritual Lords.

VI. Foreign Noblemen, subjects by birth of the British Crown.

VII. Extinct Peerages, of which descendants still exist.

VIII. Peerages claimed.

IX. Surnames of Peers and Peeresses, with Heirs Apparent and Presumptive.

X. Courtesy titles of Eldest Sons.

XI. Peerages of the Three Kingdoms in order of Precedence.

XII. Baronets in order of Precedence.

XIII. Privy Councillors of England and Ireland.

XIV. Daughters of Peers married to Commoners.

XV. ALL THE ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD, with every Knight and all the Knights Bachelors.

XVI. Mottoes translated, with poetical illustrations.

"The most complete, the most convenient, and the cheapest work of the kind ever given to the public."—*Sun.*

"The best genealogical and heraldic dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage, and the first authority on all questions affecting the aristocracy."—*Globe.*

"For the amazing quantity of personal and family history, admirable arrangement of details, and accuracy of information, this genealogical and heraldic dictionary is without a rival. It is now the standard and acknowledged book of reference upon all questions touching pedigree, and direct or collateral affinity with the titled aristocracy. The lineage of each distinguished house is deduced through all the various ramifications. Every collateral branch, however remotely connected, is introduced; and the alliances are so carefully inserted, as to show, in all instances, the connexion which so intimately exists between the titled and untitled aristocracy. We have also much most entertaining historical matter, and many very curious and interesting family traditions. The work is, in fact, a complete cyclopædia of the whole titled classes of the empire, supplying all the information that can possibly be desired on the subject."—*Morning Post.*

CHEAP EDITION OF THE
DIARY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
JOHN EVELYN, F.R.S.

COMPRISING ALL THE IMPORTANT ADDITIONAL NOTES, LETTERS, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS LAST MADE.

Now completed, with Portraits, in Four Volumes, post octavo (either of which may be had separately), price 6s. each, handsomely bound,

"We rejoice to welcome this beautiful and compact edition of Evelyn. It is intended as a companion to the recent edition of Pepys, and presents similar claims to interest and notice. Evelyn was greatly above the vast majority of his contemporaries, and the Diary which records the incidents in his long life, extending over the greater part of a century, is deservedly esteemed one of the most valuable and interesting books in the language. Evelyn took part in the breaking out of the civil war against Charles I., and he lived to see William of Orange ascend the throne. Through the days of Strafford and Laud, to those of Sancroft and Ken, he was the steady friend of moderation and peace in the English Church. He interceded alike for the royalist and the regicide; he was the correspondent of Cowley, the patron of Jeremy Taylor, the associate and fellow-student of Boyle; and over all the interval between Vandyck and Kneller, between the youth of Milton and the old age of Dryden, poetry and the arts found him an intelligent adviser, and a cordial friend. There are, on the whole, very few men of whom England has more reason to be proud. We heartily commend so good an edition of this English classic."—*Examiner.*

"This work is a necessary companion to the popular histories of our country, to Hume, Hallam, Macaulay, and Lingard.—*Sun.*

LIVES OF THE PRINCESSES OF ENGLAND.
By MRS. EVERETT GREEN,

In 6 vols., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 10s. 6d. each, bound.
Either of which may be had separately.

"This work is a worthy companion to Miss Strickland's admirable 'Queens of England.' That celebrated work, although its heroines were, for the most part, foreign Princesses, related almost entirely to the history of this country. The Princesses of England, on the contrary, are themselves English, but their lives are nearly all connected with foreign nations. Their biographies, consequently, afford us a glimpse of the manners and customs of the chief European kingdoms, a circumstance which not only gives to the work the charm of variety, but which is likely to render it peculiarly useful to the general reader, as it links together by association the contemporaneous history of various nations. We cordially commend Mrs. Green's production to general attention; it is (necessarily) as useful as history, and fully as entertaining as romance."—*Sun.*

SIR B. BURKE'S DICTIONARY OF THE EXTINCT, DORMANT, AND ABEYANT PEERAGES OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

Beautifully printed, in 1 vol. 8vo, containing 800 double-column pages, 21s. bound.

This work connects, in many instances, the new with the old nobility, and it will in all cases show the cause which has influenced the revival of an extinct dignity in a new creation. It should be particularly noticed, that this new work appertains nearly as much to extant as to extinct persons of distinction; for though dignities pass away, it rarely occurs that whole families do.

THE ROMANCE OF THE ARISTOCRACY;

OR,

ANECDOTICAL RECORDS OF DISTINGUISHED FAMILIES.

By SIR BERNARD BURKE.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION, 3 vols., post 8vo.

"The most curious incidents, the most stirring tales, and the most remarkable circumstances connected with the histories, public and private, of our noble houses and aristocratic families, are here given in a shape which will preserve them in the library, and render them the favourite study of those who are interested in the romance of real life. These stories, with all the reality of established fact, read with as much spirit as the tales of Boccaccio, and are as full of strange matter for reflection and amazement."—*Britannia.*

SKETCHES OF THE IRISH BAR;

INCLUDING

A JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH CHIEF-JUSTICE BUSHE, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED;

WITH OTHER LITERARY AND POLITICAL ESSAYS.

By WILLIAM HENRY CURRAN, Esq.

2 vols. post 8vo, 21s. bound.

"Mr. Curran's sketches have many claims on our attention. The conversations with Chief-Justice Bushe—a charming collection of curious anecdotes—are full of interest, and are now printed for the first time. Mr. Curran's own recollections of celebrated persons are just as striking as those of Chief-Justice Bushe."—*Athenæum.*

"These papers will be welcomed anew for their animated style, their graphic and sometimes romantic narratives, for the pictures they give of many famous men now passed away, and for the conscientious accuracy and perfect good taste which has governed the writing of them."—*Examiner.*

REVELATIONS OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

Second Edition, 1 volume, post 8vo, with Portrait, 10s. 6d. bound.

"We have perused this work with extreme interest. It is a portrait of Talleyrand drawn by his own hand."—*Morning Post.*

"A more interesting work has not issued from the press for many years. It is in truth a most complete Boswell sketch of the greatest diplomatist of the age." —*Sunday Times.*

THE LIFE AND REIGN OF CHARLES I.

By I. DISRAELI.

A NEW EDITION. REVISED BY THE AUTHOR, AND EDITED BY HIS SON, THE RT. HON. B. DISRAELI, M.P. 2 vols., 8vo, 28s. bound.

"By far the most important work on the important age of Charles I. that modern times have produced."—*Quarterly Review.*

MEMOIRS OF SCIPIO DE RICCI,

LATE BISHOP OF PISTOIA AND PRATO;

REFORMER OF CATHOLICISM IN TUSCANY.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols. 8vo, 12s. bound.

The leading feature of this important work is its application to the great question now at issue between our Protestant and Catholic fellow-subjects. It contains a complete *exposé* of the Romish Church Establishment during the eighteenth century, and of the abuses of the Jesuits throughout the greater part of Europe. Many particulars of the most thrilling kind are brought to light.

HISTORIC SCENES.

By AGNES STRICKLAND.

Author of "Lives of the Queens of England," &c. 1 vol., post 8vo, elegantly bound, with Portrait of the Author, 10s. 6d.

"This attractive volume is replete with interest. Like Miss Strickland's former works, it will be found, we doubt not, in the hands of youthful branches of a family as well as in those of their parents, to all and each of whom it cannot fail to be alike amusing and instructive."—*Britannia.*

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE ALBERT;
AND THE HOUSE OF SAXONY.

Second Edition, revised, with Additions, by Authority.

1 vol., post 8vo, with Portrait, bound, 6s.

MADAME CAMPAN'S MEMOIRS
OF THE COURT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

Cheaper Edition, 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits, price 7s.

"We have seldom perused so entertaining a work. It is as a mirror of the most splendid Court in Europe, at a time when the monarchy had not been shorn of any of its beams, that it is particularly worthy of attention."—*Chronicle.*

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

3 vols., small 8vo, 15s.

"A curious and entertaining piece of domestic biography of a most extraordinary person, under circumstances almost unprecedented."—*New Monthly.*

"An extremely amusing book, full of anecdotes and traits of character of kings, princes, nobles, generals," &c.—*Morning Journal.*

MEMOIRS OF A HUNGARIAN LADY.
MADAME PULSZKY.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF. 2 vols., 12s. bound.

"Worthy of a place by the side of the Memoirs of Madame de Staël and Madame Campan."—*Globe.*

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
SIR ROBERT MURRAY KEITH, K.B.,

Minister Plenipotentiary at the Courts of Dresden, Copenhagen, and Vienna, from 1769 *to* 1793; *with Biographical Memoirs of*

QUEEN CAROLINE MATILDA, SISTER OF GEORGE III.

Cheaper Edition. Two vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, 15s. bound.

Now ready, PART XI., price 5s., of

M. A. THIERS' HISTORY OF FRANCE
UNDER NAPOLEON.

A SEQUEL TO HIS HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

As guardian to the archives of the state, M. Thiers had access to diplomatic papers and other documents of the highest importance, hitherto known only to a privileged few. From private sources M. Thiers has also derived much valuable information. Many interesting memoirs, diaries, and letters, all hitherto unpublished, and most of them destined for political reasons to remain so, have been placed at his disposal; while all the leading characters of the empire, who were alive when the author undertook the present history, have supplied him with a mass of incidents and anecdotes which have never before appeared in print.

N.B. Any of the Parts may, for the present, be had separately, at 5s. each.

THE QUEENS
BEFORE THE CONQUEST.
BY MRS. MATTHEW HALL.

2 vols. post 8vo, embellished with Portraits, price 21s. bound.

"Mrs. Hall's work presents a clear and connected series of records of the early female sovereigns of England, of whom only a few scattered anecdotes have hitherto been familiarly known to general readers. The book is of great interest, as containing many notices of English life and manners in the remote times of our British, Roman, Saxon, and Danish ancestors."—*Literary Gazette.*

"These volumes open up a new and interesting page of history to the majority of readers. What Miss Strickland has achieved for English Queens since the Norman era, has been accomplished by Mrs. Hall on behalf of the royal ladies who, as wives of Saxon kings, have influenced the destinies of Britain."—*Sunday Times.*

"Mrs. Hall may be congratulated on having successfully accomplished a very arduous undertaking. Her volumes form a useful introduction to the usual commencement of English history."—*Sun.*

"These interesting volumes have been compiled with judgment, discretion, and taste. Mrs. Hall has spared neither pains nor labour to make her history worthy of the characters she has essayed to illustrate. The book is, in every sense, an addition of decided value to the annals of the British people."—*Bell's Messenger*

"Of all our female historico-biographical writers, Mrs. Hall seems to us to be one of the most painstaking, erudite, and variously and profoundly accomplished. Her valuable volumes contain not only the lives of the Queens before the Conquest, but a very excellent history of England previously to the Norman dynasty."—*Observer.*

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS;
OR, ROMANCE AND REALITIES OF EASTERN TRAVEL.
By ELIOT WARBURTON.

TWELFTH EDITION, in 1 vol., with 15 Illustrations, 6s. bound.

"A book calculated to prove more practically useful was never penned than the 'Crescent and the Cross'—a work which surpasses all others in its homage for the sublime and its love for the beautiful in those famous regions consecrated to everlasting immortality in the annals of the prophets—and which no other modern writer has ever depicted with a pencil at once so reverent and so picturesque."—*Sun.*

LORD LINDSAY'S LETTERS ON THE HOLY LAND.

FOURTH EDITION, Revised, 1 vol., post 8vo, with Illustrations, 6s. bound.

"Lord Lindsay has felt and recorded what he saw with the wisdom of a philosopher, and the faith of an enlightened Christian."—*Quarterly Review.*

NARRATIVE OF A
TWO YEARS' RESIDENCE AT NINEVEH;
With Remarks on the Chaldeans, Nestorians, Yezidees, &c.

By the Rev. J. P. FLETCHER.

Cheaper Edition. Two vols., post 8vo, 12s. bound.

ADVENTURES IN GEORGIA, CIRCASSIA, AND RUSSIA.
By Lieutenant-Colonel G. POULETT CAMERON, C.B., K.T.S., &c.

2 vols., post 8vo, bound, 12s.

CAPTAINS KING AND FITZROY.
NARRATIVE OF THE TEN YEARS' VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD,
OF H.M.S. ADVENTURE AND BEAGLE.

Cheaper Edition, in 2 large vols. 8vo, with Maps, Charts, and upwards of Sixty Illustrations, by Landseer, and other eminents Artists, price 1*l.* 11s. 6d. bound.

"One of the most interesting narratives of voyaging that it has fallen to our lot to notice, and which must always occupy a distinguished space in the history of scientific navigation."—*Quarterly Review.*

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE,
Comprising the Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan, with an Account of British Commercial Intercourse with that Country.

By CAPTAIN GOLOWNIN.

NEW and CHEAPER EDITION. 2 vols. post 8vo, 10s. bound.

"No European has been able, from personal observation and experience, to communicate a tenth part of the intelligence furnished by this writer."—*British Review.*

STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.
A COMPANION VOLUME TO MR. GLEIG'S
"STORY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO."
With Six Portraits and Map, 5s. bound.

THE NEMESIS IN CHINA;
COMPRISING A COMPLETE
HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THAT COUNTRY.
From Notes of Captain W. H. HALL, R.N.

1 vol., Plates, 6s. bound.

"Capt. Hall's narrative of the services of the *Nemesis* is full of interest, and will, we are sure, be valuable hereafter, as affording most curious materials for the history of steam navigation."—*Quarterly Review.*

CAPTAIN CRAWFORD'S NAVAL REMINISCENCES;
COMPRISING MEMOIRS OF
ADMIRALS SIR E. OWEN, SIR B. HALLOWELL CAREW, AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED COMMANDERS.
2 vols., post 8vo, with Portraits, 12s. bound.

ADVENTURES OF A SOLDIER.
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.
Being the Memoirs of EDWARD COSTELLO, of the Rifle Brigade, and late Captain in the British Legion. Cheap Edition, with Portrait, 3s. 6d. bound.

"An excellent book of its class. A true and vivid picture of a soldier's life."—*Athenæum.*

"This highly interesting volume is filled with details and anecdotes of the most startling character, and well deserves a place in the library of every regiment in the service."—*Naval and Military Gazette.*

SALATHIEL, THE IMMORTAL.

By the Rev. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.

New Revised and Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol. post 8vo, 10s. 6d.

"A magnificent fiction. One of the most splendid productions among works of fiction that the age has brought forth."—*Athenæum.*

"This extraordinary story, the production of a man of great genius, cannot be classed with any of the works of imagination which have been put forth in these times, so fertile in romance. It is perfectly original in the general conception, as well as in its splendid and powerful eloquence."—*Literary Gazette.*

"This is a work of very peculiar character. It is, in fact, the autobiography of the Wandering Jew, and contains a history of the troubles, insurrections, persecutions, &c., which supervened in Judea, immediately after the death of Christ. Dr. Croly has well succeeded in depicting the Jewish character and warfare; and has entered with considerable felicity into what it is probable would be the feelings of such a being as the impious and miserable wanderer whose history he writes."—*Weekly Review.*

Cheaper Edition, in 3 vols., price 10s. 6d., half-bound,

FORTUNE: A STORY OF LONDON LIFE.

By D. T. COULTON, Esq.

"A brilliant novel. A more vivid picture of various phases of society has not been painted since 'Vivian Grey' first dazzled and confounded the world; but it is the biting satire of fashionable life, the moral anatomy of high society, which will attract all readers. In every sense of the word, 'Fortune' is an excellent novel."—*Observer.*

THE MODERN ORLANDO.

By Dr. CROLY.

1 vol. post 8vo, 5s.

"By far the best thing of the kind that has been written since Byron."—*Literary Gazette.*

THE HALL AND THE HAMLET.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

Author of "The Book of the Seasons," "Rural Life in England," &c.
Cheaper Edition, 2 vols., post 8vo, 12s. bound.

HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,

SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

103

LEIGHTON
SON &
HODGE,
SHOE LANE
LONDON