



WHAT
WE SAW
IN
EGYPT.



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ON THE DECK OF THE SLAVE BOAT.



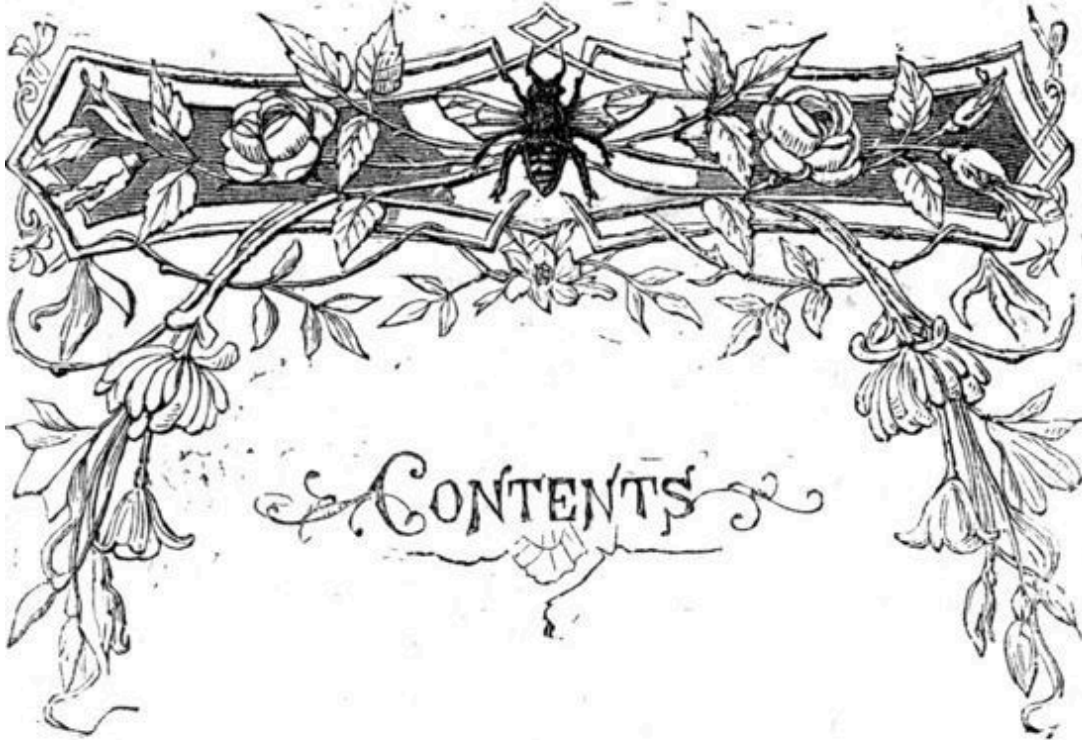
WHAT WE SAW IN EGYPT.

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WHAT WE SAW IN EGYPT.



CHAPTER I.

HOW WE FARED IN THE SUEZ DESERT.



The welcome cry of "Suez! Suez!" resounded throughout the steamship *Bentinck* one November morning. The passage up the Red Sea had been rough, and every one was glad to exchange the rolling and pitching of the vessel for land travelling. The railway between Cairo and Suez was not yet finished, and travellers crossed the desert in vans, each of which held six persons and was drawn by two horses and two mules. Our cavalcade consisted of eight of these high-wheeled vans. The fifth team of vans contained four grown-up people and two children, Hugh and Lucy.

It was a lovely day, the sky blue and clear as on the finest summer day in England.

Some little time after leaving Suez, a spot was pointed out to us as the place at or near which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea. The waters were now calm and peaceful; they lay gleaming like silver in the sunlight. But these very waters had been raised as a wall on the right hand and on the left for the children of Israel to pass through. Then, with a mighty surge, they had overwhelmed Pharaoh and his host, obedient to the word of God. This miracle of old seemed more real than it had ever done before, while we looked at the very waters on which it was worked.

On we went. A blue cloudless sky above; below, sand, sand, sand: except where, every now and then, we jolted over large blocks of stone which sent us bobbing now to this side, now to that, sometimes almost into each other's faces, to the great amusement of the children. We stopped about every seven or eight miles, to change our horses and mules; generally at some little lonely building.

Wherever we stopped, we all got out for a breath of air. For as we passed stage after stage, the sameness of the desert began to be tiring, especially to the children. This was not to be wondered at; for, except the occasional skeleton of some poor camel, whose bones were bleached by the sun, there was really nothing to interest them. Hugh consoled himself with a nap now and then, but Lucy was wakeful and restless.

At last we reached the midway station, where we were to stop for nearly an hour, and to dine.

"How glad I am to get out of this stuffy little van, and to stay out of it for a good while!" Lucy cried, as she jumped down on the sand.

So was everybody.

"Will they give us some dinner?"

Certainly, this was the only thing we had to wait for.

We went into a large room, in which were long tables, and benches at them. The dinner was soon brought in. Dishes of fowl and stewed cabbage, dried fruits, and fresh dates, succeeded one another, with plenty of bottled beer. There was no bread. But some of the older travellers had brought some loaves from the *Bentinck*, and were very good-natured in dividing their store with their fellow-passengers.



SUEZ

After dinner we had some coffee, which we found very refreshing; and soon the vans were announced. In a few minutes we were in our old seats again, cutting our path through the sand and jolting over large blocks of stone.

"There is another skeleton, papa," cried Hugh, pointing to the whitened ribs of a camel. "Do they leave the camels to die, and take no trouble to bury them or do anything with them?"

"Most likely this camel was unable to travel farther," his father said, "either from fatigue or old age, and so was left behind by his owner to die. The hot wind and the sun together have bleached his bones. But the skin and hair of the dead camel are both used by the people of the desert. They are made into clothes, mats, halters, and many other useful things."

"Yes," said Hugh, in a sleepy voice; and the next minute down went his head on his father's shoulder.

Lucy, too, was all but asleep. She was heartily tired of the jolting van and the changeless dreary sand.

The day had worn on rather wearily to her, and now that night was setting in she felt cold and tired. She was wrapped up in a large shawl, and made a pillow of her mother's lap. Indeed, we were all tired. And as night closed in, and all became dark around us, we began to feel that there was weariness in crossing the desert, notwithstanding the deep interest connected with it.



On, on we went. The sky had become thickly studded with stars; the moon had risen, and her beams shed a clearer light and cast deeper shadows than they do in our colder country. All was quiet round us. Not a sound, except the crushing of the sand beneath our wheels and an occasional crack of the whip, urging our horses and mules on their way. There was no chirping of grasshoppers, no croaking of frogs, no beating of tomtoms, such as we had been used to hear at night in our Indian homes. All was so still that we might have fancied ourselves the only living creatures in all the wild waste of sand.

We stopped at one of the little lonely buildings to change horses and mules. The stoppage roused us from the half-asleep state we were in, and we got out of the van to look at the glorious star-gemmed sky. There was an unusual stir in the little building, and the moonlight showed a large dusky mass nearing us. Nearer and nearer it came; and as it passed, we saw that it was a long string of camels.

The war with Persia was going on at this time; and this was a treasure party, carrying money to pay the army. The camels were laden with chests of treasure, silver and gold. On they came, with their long, sailing step. "Ships of the desert," the Arabs call them. The name is well chosen, for their motion over the sea of sand is very like that of some stately vessel over the desert of waters.

The caravan was escorted by a party of Arab horsemen. The officer in command of the party stopped behind for a few moments at the building at which we were halting, to give some orders. The string of camels and their escort were again becoming dusky in the subdued light when he flashed past us on his Arab horse, his drawn sabre glittering in the moonlight, which sparkled for a moment on its jewelled hilt, and on the gems in his turban. Then he too was lost in darkness.

The stately procession moved noiselessly on; the picturesque rider flying by like some fleet graceful bird. No tramp of feet, no ring of horses' hoofs. The deep sand hushed every sound. It was like a beautiful dream; seen for a moment, then vanishing into the land of shadows for ever.

We were fortunate to fall in with this treasure party; still more fortunate to see it by moonlight. Travellers generally pass through the desert by this beaten track without anything to break its monotony.

In a few minutes we were again on our way; those of us who could were dozing, perhaps dreaming of camels and horsemen, and only just conscious of the stoppages we made.



ARAB SOLDIERS.

At last some one said, "Wake up, we are near Cairo."

We shook ourselves up, undrew part of the curtains, drew our wraps more closely round us (for the night was cold), and looked out. We were going down a gentle slope, passing walls which enclosed gardens, and above which we could see the tops of trees and shrubs. The moon was getting low, and we could not distinguish what trees and shrubs they were; but the sight of green leaves was very pleasant.

We drove on down the easy descent into Cairo; and at between three and four o'clock in the morning we drew up before Shepherd's Hotel. We had left Suez at ten o'clock on the previous morning. Dusty and tired, we were all glad to have the prospect of a comfortable rest.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN CAIRO.



A las! for the news which greeted us. The hotel was full!

The passengers by the overland mail from Alexandria had arrived the afternoon before. What with their number, and with travellers staying in the house, it was full to overflowing. What was to be done? We tried another hotel with the same ill success. After a great deal of driving about, we came back to Shepheard's, and it was arranged that a large sitting-room should be given up to the ladies and children, and that the gentlemen must do as they could.

The room which was given to the ladies and children had, according to eastern custom, couches ranged round it, and a large divan, or couch, in the middle. Every one was hungry, and the children were clamouring for something to eat. One after another among us went to see whether supper or breakfast (or whatever you like to call a meal at four o'clock in the morning) could be had. But no! we could not even get bread-and-butter, much less tea or coffee.

In vain poor Lucy pleaded, "But I am *so* hungry and thirsty." And Hugh's eyes filled with tears which it took his strongest effort to choke down, when he looked round at the number of people and the few couches, and thought that, tired and hungry as he was, he might be obliged to do without either supper or bed.



COURTYARD OF THE HOTEL.

But things were not to be quite so bad as this. Every one began to unpack such little stores as they had. One of the ladies had a tin of biscuits, another had some sandwiches, another some soda-water, and some one found a little hoard of concentrated milk.

Little enough among so many. But He who once fed a multitude on five barley loaves and two small fishes, put it into the hearts of all to be unselfish and to think of their neighbours' need before their own. And so the little store went farther than we could have believed possible.

Hugh's mother brought him a share.

"No. There are not beds and suppers enough for the girls and the babies," he said, trying to look very brave, though his lip quivered; "and I am a boy."

It was with difficulty he was persuaded to take a sandwich and a little wine-and-water. Directly he had swallowed it, he took a little blanket, which no one seemed to want, and went away. And our next sight of Hugh was rolled up in his blanket, and sleeping quietly on the floor under the table in the billiard-room.

Did you ever try to pack bricks into a box all but too small for them? That would be a joke compared to our task. However, we were all bent on lying down somewhere and somehow, and we managed it.

Lucy's mother was very delicate, and, by common consent, she was made to take one of the best couches. Lucy had part of a tiny one near a window.

"I do thank God for my bed to-night," Lucy whispered. "Oh, how sorry I am for all the poor little children who have no beds! I never thought what it was to have a bed till to-night, when it seemed as if we should get none. Has Hugh got a bed?"

"Hugh was fast asleep when I last saw him," I said.

But Lucy hardly heard; her eyes were close shut, and her own words had come out very dreamily.

I sat down beside her for a little while, and amused myself by looking at the strange scene. There was a large round table in the room, on which were carriage bags of every kind, size, and shape. Some were half open, some quite open, and their contents jumbled together in the greatest confusion. In the middle of the table was a lamp, which cast a dim light over the room. This was large and lofty. The couches were filled with sleepers, covered, some with blankets, some with cloaks, shawls, wraps, of every sort and every colour. The large divan which had been in the middle of the room was pushed on one side and ornamented with a circle of little faces peeping out from among their wraps, like lilies from moss. On the floor were carpet bags of all colours, black bags, white bags; boots, shoes, baskets. I wished that I could sketch the scene, and especially the divan with its tiny sleepers, who looked as happy as if in their own little beds at home.

At last, almost without knowing it, I fell asleep in my corner, and was conscious of nothing more till I felt the chilly air of dawn blowing in through the venetians at my side.

The hotel was soon all bustle. We pitied the passengers who were going on to England. They were to start at half-past eight, and the hotel breakfast was not till nine. With great difficulty they managed to get some tea; this was all.

Our own party were intending to remain in Cairo for a time. We knew that as soon as the passengers going each way by the overland route should have left, we should find comfortable quarters. This made us the more sorry for our fellow-passengers, who had been so unselfish on our arrival. But they would soon reach Alexandria by train, and we were glad to know that they were to stop for refreshment by the way.

"What sort of bed had you last night, Hugh?" Lucy asked.

"A hard floor and a couple of warm blankets. Some kind friend threw a second blanket over me after I fell asleep. I was well taken care of, and never slept better. I fancy a good many would have been glad to have changed places with all of us who were snugly under the billiard-table."

CHAPTER III.

SIGHTS IN CAIRO.



All was bustle that morning. We had scarcely finished breakfast before two or three parties of travellers set off for Sinai and Palestine; then the passengers for India prepared to start. Before noon we were settled in comfortable quarters.

Shepherd's Hotel (which was burnt down some few years afterwards) stood in a large, handsome square, called the Uzbeekéh, laid out like a garden and planted with beautiful acacias, which give a delightful shade. Almost every procession passes through the Uzbeekéh, serpent charmers and jugglers make it the place for showing off their tricks, and there is always something going on in it.



Some of our party had business at the consulate, and they promised to take Hugh and Lucy out first and show them a little of the town.

At the end of an hour and a half the children came back in great excitement.



EASTERN VEIL.

"Oh! such lovely things," cried Lucy, chattering as fast as lips and tongue could move. "Such lovely things we have seen! and curious women with their faces bandaged up, and only two holes left for their eyes, and-"

She stopped for want of breath.

Hugh went on: "Yes; and there was such a noise of shouting and screaming among all the donkey-boys, to make people get out of their way. And I think my donkey-boy screamed louder than any. It was such fun."

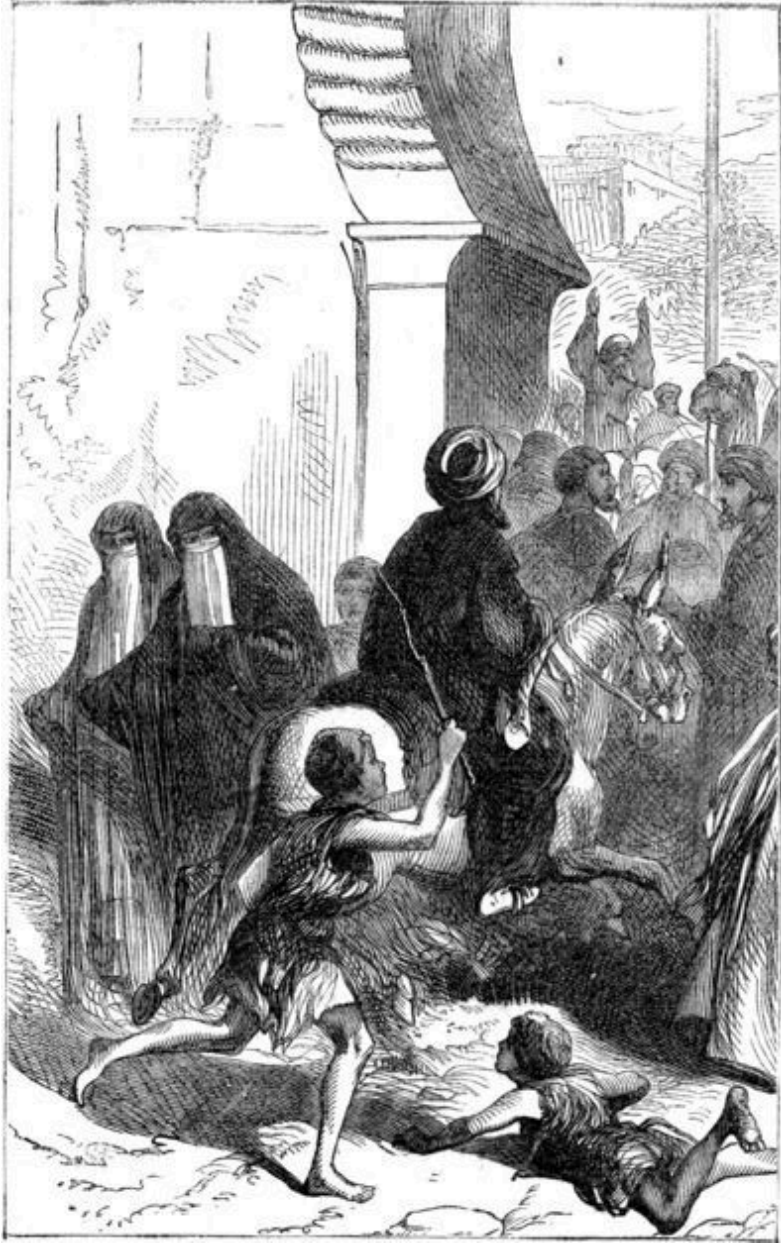
"And the beautiful things in the shop, Hugh! There were bracelets, and slippers, and carpets, and shawls, and all sorts of things. I never saw any bazaar half so beautiful."

"And there is a grand procession, and they say it is sure to pass by here. Come, Lucy, come and watch for it."

We all went to the window, and were just in time to see the procession pass.

It was headed by two wrestlers, who played all kinds of antics, and asked every well-dressed passer-by for money. Then came two more men, wearing a sort of helmet, and carrying shields and swords. They flourished the swords, and twisted themselves about in such a curious way, and made such funny faces, that we all laughed heartily. These men were followed by musicians, who played on pipes, flutes, cymbals, tambourines, guitars made out of cocoa-nuts, violins with only one string, and a sort of drum called darabookha, beaten with the hand instead of with drum-sticks. Besides the sound of all these instruments, there was such a singing and clapping of hands that the noise was quite deafening.

Behind the musicians came a camel carrying a machine, something like Punch's show-box, covered with gilding. The camel had red leather trappings, ornamented with shells. Then we saw six led horses, and on them were six little boys, very handsomely dressed in clothes worked with gold. They were followed by some people on foot.



SIGHTS IN CAIRO.

Next came another band of musicians like the first. After them, a number of young women, covered up to their eyes and over their heads with large shawls, and holes left for their eyes just to peep through. They carried large bouquets of fresh flowers.

Now came the grandest person of all, the bride.

She was covered from head to foot, eyes and all, by a large scarlet shawl, which reached down to her yellow boots. A circle of gold, studded with sham diamonds, was bound round her head, over the shawl. As she could not see, she was led by two of her relations-women, who were muffled up in black silk. A canopy of yellow silk, with four gilt poles, was carried over her head by four men, dressed in grand robes and turbans.

Behind the bride came a number of her relations, all women, and all muffled up in black silk. The procession was closed by a number of hired women, who made shrill cries, as the custom is in Cairo on all joyful occasions.

After a hearty laugh at the men who headed the procession, Hugh and Lucy had watched it without speaking. Now they began to talk as fast as before.

"How uncomfortable to have to walk with that heavy shawl over her face," said Lucy.

"Yes," Hugh answered. "I should hate that; and what a noise the musicians made! I am sure it was not a bit like music. I liked the camel and the horses the best. But look! here is a serpent-charmer; and now, see! such a grand man coming!"

As he spoke, an Arab rushed by at full speed, cracking a long whip to clear the way. He was followed by an Egyptian gentleman, mounted on a horse covered with velvet and gold and tassels. His pipe-bearer, on a splendid horse, rode close behind him.

This was the align="left" beginning of our sight-seeing in Cairo.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE SIGHTS IN CAIRO.



The name Cairo is corrupted from Musr el Kaherah, which means the "Victorious City." It was founded by a general called Goher. The walls were built of brick till the time of the famous Saladin, who erected stone walls in their place.

It is impossible to get on in Egypt without a dragoman to arrange everything and act as guide. We had a very good one, named Mohammed Abdeen.

We put ourselves under his guidance and he engaged to show us all that was worth seeing. Hugh and Lucy were delighted with the promise that they should come with us. Mohammed had excellent donkeys waiting for us. They were pleasant to ride, and ambled along with a light elastic tread, quite unlike that of our English donkeys.



EGYPTIAN PIPE-BEARER.

We first turned down the chief street of the city, called Moskee; and from it wended our way towards one of the oldest bazaars in Cairo. As we went along, we were much struck with the beautifully carved woodwork of the houses, and with the curious overhanging windows.

The children were delighted, too, with the gay confusion of the streets. People were there dressed in every variety of colour. Egyptian ladies, enveloped from head to foot in blue silk mantles and white veils, which left

nothing but their eyes to be seen, were riding on high donkeys, preceded by their attendants. Then there were Mamelukes, in their dresses of richly braided cloth; Copts, in dark turbans; Mecca Arabs, with flashing eyes, and heads wreathed with folds of snowy muslin; majestic Mograbbyns, in their white burnouses; Caireen merchants, in silken robes.

And the noise! Such shouting, screaming, pushing! Donkey-boys and others, each trying to make the best path for his own animal through the crowd of horses, asses, camels, dromedaries, which filled the narrow streets.

We threaded our way to the southern gate of the city, called Bab Zuweyleh.

"What are those people doing?" Hugh asked.

He pointed to some people who were resting their heads against the hinges of a large iron-bound door, fastened back to the wall. Mohammed told us that these people had had headaches, and were waiting for them to be charmed away by the good spirits who dwelt behind the door. He showed us that the door was covered with metal plates, and that every crevice of them was full of nails, driven in by persons who had had headache, that they might be cured. Besides the nails, a great number of teeth had been crammed in by persons who had suffered from toothache.

Their faith is a lesson to us, whose hearts are less ready to trust in the God who reigneth in the heavens, than the hearts of these poor heathen are to trust the gods of their imagination.



CURE FOR THE TOOTHACHE.

From the gate Bab Zuweyleh we went to the citadel. Here we were to see the palace of Saladin.

"What! the great Saladin who fought with Richard Cœur de Lion?" Lucy asked.

"Yes, that very Saladin."

"Delightful! the next best thing to seeing Saladin himself," cried Hugh.

Hugh and Lucy were impatient to see a real palace like those in old eastern tales; we all felt a thrill of excitement, expecting something of Oriental grandeur. Great was our disappointment! There was nothing left of the renowned Saladin's palace except a few grand fragments of its granite pillars, and some blocks of granite covered with hieroglyphics. We found another memorial of him in "Joseph's well," which is also in the citadel, and is now generally considered to have been called after the great Saracen, whose name was Yussuf Salah-ed-Deen, and not after the patriarch Joseph.

From the gloomy remains of Saladin's palace we went to the palace of the Viceroy, the windows of which look into a beautiful garden. From the terrace we had a magnificent view. Cairo, with its domes and minarets; then, the tombs of the Caliphs; beyond them, the broad, silent Nile; beyond it again, the eye rested on the sands of the desert and on the long line of pyramids which loomed in the distance.



MOSQUE.

We next saw the new mosque, built by Mohammed Ali, of beautifully veined alabaster. And, last of all, the court where the Mamelukes were massacred by Mohammed Ali in 1811. Here Mohammed pointed out to us the spot at which Emir Bey took his famous leap.

Hugh and Lucy begged to hear the whole story; but it was too long to tell at that moment and was put off till evening.

We then returned to the hotel for lunch, and in the afternoon went to Shoubra to see the pacha's country palace.

Our road lay through a beautiful avenue of sycamores and acacias, which interlaced their boughs over our heads, so that we seemed to be in a bower of green. The palace is small, and the gardens are the sight really worth seeing. There is a great variety in them; terraces, covered walls, labyrinths, and bowers. But the great sight is the kiosk with its large reservoir of water.

"See!" Lucy exclaimed, "see! the water comes through those animals' mouths."

"They are crocodiles, Lucy," Hugh said; "marble crocodiles; and look at the arcade. Do let us walk all round."

We did so. It was a charming arcade: on one side the water, on the other the gardens, from which the most fragrant perfumes filled the air around us.

"It is like fairy-land," said Lucy, as she danced along the arcade.

"The young lady is delighted with it now," said Mohammed; "but she would think it much more beautiful if she could see it when the lamps are lighted and the fountains are playing."

"When can we see that?" Lucy asked.

But Mohammed told us that this can only be seen on fine nights when the pacha and his household are assembled here; and that no Christian is admitted.

"Not even a small one like me?" Lucy suggested.

No, not even the smallest one, Mohammed assured her; not if she were as small as a grasshopper.

The gardeners brought us beautiful bouquets and quantities of oranges; and we walked about or rested on the divans in the arcade till it was time to go home.

In the evening we read the following story of the massacre of the Mamelukes to Hugh and Lucy:-

The Mamelukes had long given a great deal of trouble to the pachas of Egypt. It once happened that Mohammed Ali was on the point of sending an expedition against the tribe of the Wahabees, when he discovered that the Mamelukes were only waiting till his army should have gone, to try and overturn his government. He was very angry, and determined to meet their treachery with treachery. So he sent a message to them, through their chief, inviting them to come to Cairo and to be present at the ceremony of investing his son with the command of the army.

The Mamelukes fell into the snare. Between four and five hundred of them went to the citadel on the day fixed. Mohammed Ali received them very courteously, and ordered coffee and pipes for them, according to Eastern custom. When the ceremony was ended they mounted their horses to leave the citadel. At this moment a volley was fired upon them by the pacha's troops, and the gates of the citadel were all shut, so that there was no possibility of escape. Shots flew in thicker and faster among the unfortunate Mamelukes. In vain they galloped hither and thither in hope of finding some shelter or escape. Men and horses fell under the shower of balls, and the open space before the palace was strewn with the slain.

Emir Bey, one of the Mameluke chiefs, determined to make a desperate effort for his life. He rode his spirited horse to the parapet of the citadel wall, and urged him to take the leap. Together they go over the wall; they are safe from the whizzing shots. Together they go down, down. They near the ground, they touch it, they roll over together. Emir Bey rises unhurt, but the faithful horse lies motionless. He will never rise again. He has bought his master's life with his own.

Emir had no time to linger by the side of his faithful friend. Every moment was precious. Happily for him, an Albanian camp was at hand. He rushed into the nearest tent and threw himself on the kindness and generosity of the officer to whom it belonged.

The officer contrived to hide him for some days. But Emir Bey's wonderful leap became talked of, and the story came to the pacha's ears. Orders were given that the person who had sheltered Emir should deliver him up to the pacha; but the officer resolved that he would not give him up. He provided Emir with a horse and helped him to escape into Asia, where he would be safe.

Some years afterwards Mohammed Ali heard where Emir Bey was living, and invited him to come back to Cairo, settled a pension on him, and made him many friendly offers. But Emir Bey would never trust the pacha again. He lived at Acre for the rest of his life, and died there.

Hugh and Lucy listened breathlessly to this story. When it was finished Lucy said, "I am so glad Emir Bey would not go back. I was afraid he might."

"Was it safe for the officer to hide him?" asked Hugh.

"No, he did it at the risk of his life."

"What a noble man! Did he know Emir Bey before?"

"Probably not. He saw a stranger in distress, and risked his life to help him."

"How generous!" Hugh cried. "Emir Bey must have felt as though he could never do enough to show his gratitude. I wonder whether they ever met again."

This no one could tell. But the noble act of the Albanian officer led us to talk of the gracious Saviour, who came from heaven, not only to risk his life, but to give it for us. He gave it, not for those who had done him neither good nor harm, but for us who were rebels against him; and he came, not to win for us earthly life, which must soon pass away, but a heavenly life, which will last for ever and ever. Shall not we show our gratitude to him by helping our

neighbours whenever we can, even at the cost of some self-denial? The heathen officer has set us a noble example of love to each other.

CHAPTER V.

THE PYRAMIDS.

Hugh was so very anxious to see the pyramids, that every one agreed to visit them from Cairo, instead of from the boat on the voyage up the Nile, which was to be as far as the second cataract; but neither the children nor their mother were to go. The latter was not strong, and she thought it best to keep the children with her. Lucy would very much have liked to see the pyramids as well as Hugh, but the ride from Cairo was too long for her.

Our donkeys were ordered early, and we set off in high spirits. As we drew nearer and nearer to the pyramids we realised more and more their immense size. Their grandeur impressed us very much, and we shall none of us forget the thrill of awe we felt when we first saw their base and their gigantic size.



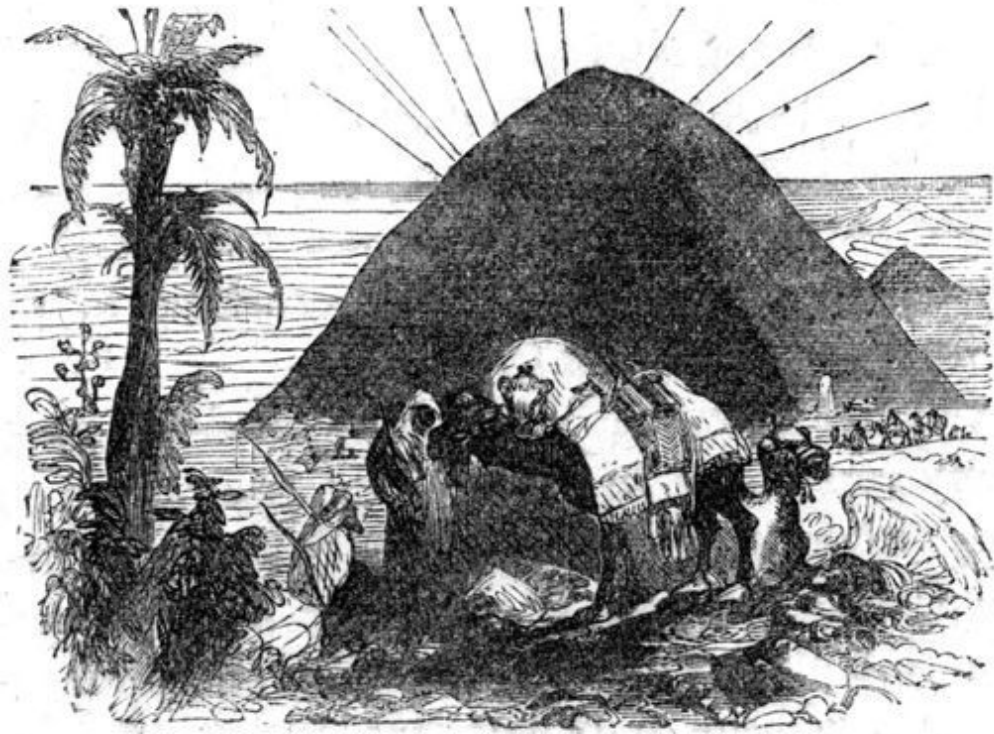
DONKEY-BOYS AT CAIRO.

They are the oldest monuments in the world. Jacob, Joseph, Moses looked upon them. They are the grandest work of man in lasting endurance. The workmen who laboured at them have been dead and forgotten for thousands of years. But their work lives, and will live for hundreds of years to come; probably till the Great Day when the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the earth and everything on it shall be burned up and melt with fervent heat. No other work of man has been so enduring.

The pyramids are supposed to be the tombs of the Pharaohs, kings of Egypt.

We went first to the Great Pyramid, or Pyramid of Cheops. We were attended by Arab guides, who carried wax candles, and undertook to show us everything. We went down a sloping passage till we came to a large block of granite. A narrow way has been made round this block, and by it we reached the other side and came to an ascending passage. This was very low, so low that even Hugh could not stand upright in it. This brought us to the great passage, from which a gallery led to a room called the Queen's Chamber. The ceiling is painted, and the masonry very beautiful.

Here we rested for a little while, and then went back to the great passage. We still had to ascend to reach the King's Chamber. The passage being cased with polished granite, we found it very slippery. Indeed, Hugh and I were continually sliding backwards, and found a special difficulty in getting on.



At last we reached the King's Chamber. This is the largest in the pyramid. It is more than thirty feet long and about half as wide. The roof is flat, made of seven immense blocks of red granite, with halves of two other blocks. The walls are of the same red granite. In this room we saw a large granite sarcophagus, but there was neither any inscription on it nor any of the hieroglyphics which the old Egyptians used in writing.

There are five other rooms above the King's Chamber. But the guides told us that we could not get to them without ladders. As we could not find out that there was much worth seeing in them, we left them unvisited. Many travellers suppose that these rooms were only built to break the great weight of the large upper part of the pyramid, and to prevent it from pressing too heavily and crushing in the ceiling of the King's Chamber.

Colonel Howard Vyse (who made a great many researches in Egypt, and has written a very interesting book about them) says that the Great Pyramid is now four hundred and fifty feet high, and that when it was entire it must have been four hundred and eighty feet high. The blocks of stone become smaller in size as they near the top. The lowest fifty rows measure one hundred and thirty-eight feet three inches; the highest row, only three feet six inches.

When we had come back again into the fresh air the guides asked if we wished to go up the outside of the pyramid. Hugh wished it very decidedly. I was advised not to attempt it, and told that the view would not repay me for the exertion. So I consented to stay below. The others went up, and returned in about twenty minutes. Hugh said that the steps were steep, and made of irregular broken stones. All agreed that the view was not so fine as might have been expected. Cairo; the Mokattan Hills; the Nile, with its fresh green banks; the Pyramids of Aboosir, Dashoor, and Sakkara, were the chief objects.

Hugh asked one of the guides in how short a time he could go to the top of the pyramid and down again. He said he would show us, if we would give him a present. We agreed. Within five minutes he was at the top, and in three more he was by our side again below, claiming his reward.

The Great Pyramid is seven hundred and forty-six feet square at its base.

"How many yards is that, Hugh?"

Hugh thought for a minute. "Two hundred and forty-nine yards all but a foot," he answered.

"Right, so that if you were to build a straight piece of wall as long as the four sides of the pyramid, it would stretch more than half a mile."

"How wonderful!" exclaimed Hugh, gazing in astonishment at the gigantic pyramid. "May I ride round it?"

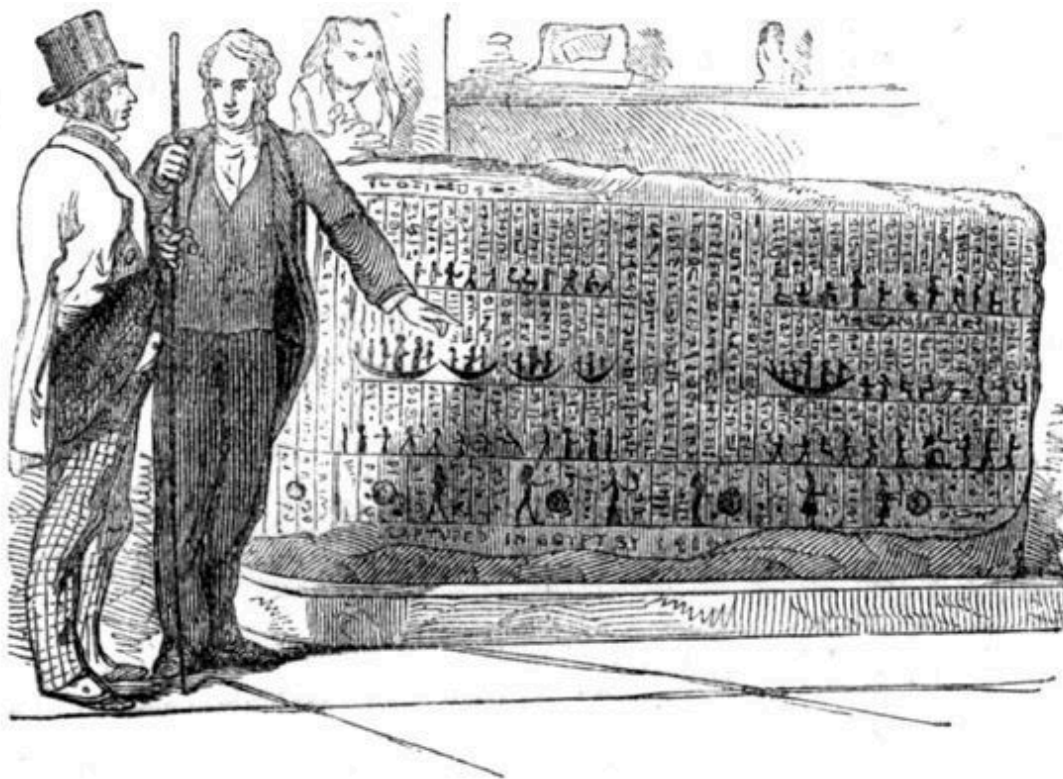
We rode round it, and then went on to the second pyramid. This is sometimes called the Pyramid of Cephren. He was brother to Cheops. The casing-stones are still left on the highest part of this pyramid. They are of a

delicately-grained white stone which comes from the Mokattan Hills, and are highly polished. We saw great quantities of granite lying scattered about.

This pyramid was opened by the celebrated traveller Belzoni, in the year 1816. Passages were found in it like those in the Great Pyramid. In a granite room, with a pent roof, we saw a sarcophagus half-buried in the floor.

The third pyramid, called the Pyramid of Mycerinus, was opened by Colonel Howard Vyse. Mycerinus was the son of Cheops. He was a just king, and treated his people with kindness. This pyramid now measures three hundred and thirty-three feet at its base, and is two hundred and three feet high. It was originally cased with granite, and some of the casing is still left.

In it is a room with a painted roof; a space is left over it to prevent its being crushed in by the weight above. A sarcophagus was found in this room, in which was the coffin of King Mycerinus, and his name on it. The coffin and the king's body were sent to England, and are now in the British Museum. This pyramid is thought to have been the most beautiful of the three.



EGYPTIAN SARCOPHAGUS.

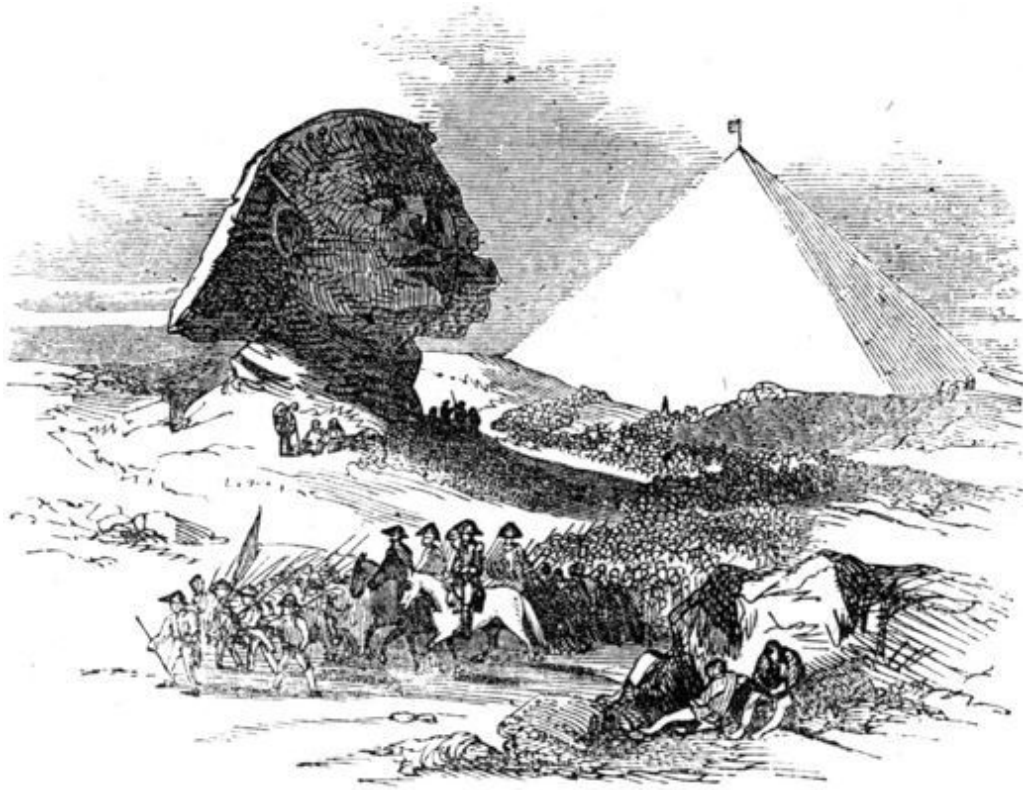
As we stood in these solemn chambers of the dead, we thanked God, who has given us a better hope than these mighty kings of old had. Death must have had many terrors for them. But our blessed Saviour came to make it the gate to eternal life for all who love him and serve him truly.

We next went to look at the tombs around the pyramids. Some are very much injured, others are in better preservation. One of the most curious of these was opened by Colonel Vyse. We looked down into a deep well or pit, about fifty feet deep, and there we saw a large black sarcophagus. There were many other tombs on all sides, but we had not time to examine them.

Time was passing quickly, and we had not yet seen the wonderful Sphinx.

The excavations which have been made show the Sphinx to have been a gigantic figure of a crouching lion, with the head of a man, and wearing a royal crown. It is cut out of the natural rock. Its length, according to Pliny, was one hundred and forty-three feet, and its height sixty-three feet.

The Sphinx is now much injured: and the sand drifts so fast from the desert that the space where excavations have been made is soon filled again. Yet, defaced and half-buried as it is, it is grand beyond description. The "Father of Terrors," as the Arabs call him, is majestic in his mighty repose. There he crouches, guardian of the solitary desert and its solemn tombs. Thousands of years have rolled over his head, yet there he still sits on his lonely throne amid his silent court. There as long as the world lasts he will abide; grand, silent monarch of the desert!



THE SPHINX.

It was long before we could tear ourselves away from the majestic Sphinx. But at last Mohammed warned us that if we wished to reach Cairo before nightfall, we must no longer delay. We remounted our donkeys. But though we rode at a quick pace, the sun was already setting before we reached our hotel.

Our first thought the next day was to find out all we could about the Sphinx. We searched our books of Eastern travel, and from them we found that the Sphinx originally supported a small temple between its paws. The walls consisted of three tablets, the top of one of which yet remains. The middle one was of granite, and represented Thothmes the Fourth making an offering to the Sphinx. He lived about fourteen hundred and ten years before the birth of Christ.

The side walls were of limestone. They, too, were sculptured, and represented offerings made by Rameses the Great, He lived in the year thirteen hundred and eleven before the birth of our Lord.

There was an inclosure in front of this temple, bounded by a low wall, which stretched from one paw of the Sphinx to the other. The space inclosed between it and the temple was about fifty feet. There was an altar for sacrifice in front of the steps leading to the temple.

In front of the wall was a wide paved space, from which two large flights of steps went up to a paved road. This road led to the plain, and had a brick wall on each side to protect it from the sand.

The approach must have been very grand. A man coming by it would first be on a level with the breast of the Sphinx, and would have a full view of the altar and temple below. Then, as he went down the roadway, the Sphinx would seem to rise higher and higher, till he must have felt himself quite a pigmy, looking up at the vast figure.

The children were, like ourselves, very much interested in these accounts of the Sphinx, which their father had collected for us.

"Has any one besides Colonel Howard Vyse tried to clear away the sand?" Hugh asked.

"Yes, Mr. Salt and Signor Caviglia excavated the upper portion and all the front of the figure. Colonel Howard Vyse continued what they had begun."

CHAPTER VI.

THE MOSQUES.



This day was to be given to seeing the mosques in Cairo. We set off early, and went first to see the mosque of Sultan Hassan. This is thought to be one of the most beautiful specimens of Arabian architecture in Cairo.

It was built in the fourteenth century, and the blocks of stone for it were brought from the Great Pyramid, of which these were the casing-stones. Inside, the mosque was beautiful. Rows of coloured glass lamps hung from the walls; some were especial curiosities, for they were the finest early glass-work of their kind. The arches also are fine, and so are some of the ornaments of the roof.

One sight was pointed out which made us shudder. This was the dark stain of Sultan Hassan's blood on the pavement. He was murdered in the mosque by his Mamelukes. His tomb is just in the middle of the inner inclosure. On it we saw a copy of the Mohammedan holy book, the Koran. It was splendidly illuminated in gold and colours. The sultan's tomb was once covered with a rich embroidered covering, but this was faded and moth-eaten when we saw it. The marble pavement, too, was broken in many places.

The mosque of Sultan Hassan has always been famed for its beauty. It is said that the sultan cut off the head of the architect, that he might never build another as beautiful.

From the mosque of Sultan Hassan we went to the mosque of Sultan Tuloon. It was built about the year 879 after the birth of our Lord, and is said to be the oldest mosque in Cairo. It has double rows of handsome pointed arches. There is a fine view from the chief minaret. Our guide told us that it even excels that from the citadel. But the staircase is spiral, is outside, and in rather a ruinous state.



MOSQUE.

On reaching the second gallery, some of us became faint-hearted and stayed to rest. Even from it the view was a grand one; but those who went to the top said that we had really seen nothing in comparison.

Lucy was tired and giddy when we came down, so some of us went home with her while the rest went to see the mosque of El Ghoree.

"It is beautifully painted," said Hugh, when giving us an account of it afterwards. "And inside there are pillars of marble and mother-of-pearl."

"Those are in the niche for prayer," his father said. "The windows and walls of the mosque, and the roof, are ornamented with stone carved like lace-work. But I think, Hugh, that what I admire most are the horseshoe arches, and the four grand columns which look as if they had belonged to some ancient temple."

"What did the man call that niche for prayer?" Hugh asked.

"The Mahrab. In every mosque the Mahrab looks in the direction of Mecca, where Mohammed was born; and which is therefore to the Mohammedans the most sacred of cities."

"Do they pray towards Mecca, then, just as Daniel prayed towards Jerusalem?"

"Yes, they do. When we were looking at the Mahrab, I, like you now, thought of Daniel, and wished for the day when the knowledge of the gospel shall have spread over the earth, and when all places for prayer shall be used for the service of the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent."

"I should like to make one little Egyptian girl a Christian," said Lucy; "would not you, Hugh?"

"But how could we, Lucy?"

"Oh! we could talk to her, and teach her our hymns, and tell her about our Bible pictures."

"Only," Hugh answered, thoughtfully, "she would not understand what we said, and we should not understand her."

"I forgot that. Mamma, may we learn Egyptian?"

"That would take a long time, and I think you can do something better than that. There is a mission already at Cairo, where the children are taught by persons who understand the language."

"May we see it?"

"Yes, and you can give some of your money and time in buying and making clothes for those who are very poor. And something else you can do."

"What is that? Can I do it?" asked Hugh, "for I cannot hem and sew the clothes."

"Yes, we can all do it. We can pray every day for the Egyptian children, that God will give them hearts to serve him, and to love our precious Saviour Jesus Christ, who came to save little children as well as grown-up people."

It was a happy thought that we could all begin that very night to do something for the Egyptian children. Hugh and Lucy said so, and we all felt it.

CHAPTER VII.

HELIOPOLIS, AND OTHER SIGHTS AND SCENES.



The next morning we set off for Heliopolis.

Heliopolis, or the "City of the Sun," is the same which is called "On" in the Bible. Joseph's wife came from On, where her father was a man of wealth and importance.

The ride from Cairo to Heliopolis is delightful. We went across the edge of the desert, and on our way were struck by a solitary dome marking a tomb. This is the tomb of Saladin's brother, Malek Adhel, to whom Richard Cœur de Lion wished to marry his sister Matilda.

Beyond this our road lay through green fields and shady avenues of acacias. The air was filled with a delicious perfume and with the humming of the wild bees. We saw Arabs, with bare legs and turbaned heads, tilling the ground, oxen treading out the corn, long strings of camels and asses bringing home provender.

It was, indeed, a living Bible picture.



ARAB SITTING IN FRONT OF HIS TENT.

The land of Goshen was opening before us. We were looking at the same scenes among which Joseph and his brethren had moved. The strings of asses laden with corn were like the strings of asses which Joseph's brethren had taken back laden to their dear father in Canaan.

It was a solemn feeling to be treading the very ground, and looking at the very fields over which the patriarchs once trod.

A village called Matarieh stands near where the city of Heliopolis once stood. Here a sycamore was shown to us under which Joseph and the Virgin Mary and Infant Saviour are said to have rested when they fled into Egypt from King Herod. The gardens of Matarieh were in former times famed for their balsams. They were first brought from Judea, and were of the same species as trees from which was made the "Balm of Gilead" that we read of in the Bible.

Heliopolis, the "City of the Sun," was so called because in ancient times there was a magnificent temple in it which was dedicated to the sun. Besides

the temple of the sun, there was in Heliopolis another temple, dedicated to the bull Mnevis.

Cambyses, a king of Persia, took the city about five hundred years before the birth of our Lord. He burnt the temples and destroyed the palaces. Some of the obelisks escaped, and were afterwards taken to Rome and Alexandria. One is still left. It is about sixty-five feet high.

Part of a Sphinx was found near it some time ago, so that it is supposed that an avenue of Sphinxes led up to it, and that it is one of two obelisks which probably stood at the entrance of the Temple of the Sun. Wild bees had made their nests on the top of the obelisk, and came down upon us in swarms, as is their wont to travellers. Lucy was frightened; and though Hugh tried to look very brave, he did not feel quite at ease any more than myself. However, we came to no harm, though they buzzed all about us. The obelisk stands in a garden of rosemary and other herbs, which perhaps attracted the bees to it as their home.

In vain we wandered hither and thither, searching for some other traces of the bygone glories of this City of the Sun. Here it was that Joseph once lived. Here it was that Moses was made "learned in the wisdom of the Egyptians." Here the wise and learned men of Egypt used to assemble. Here was once heard "joy and the voice of melody." Where is it now? All is silent, still. This solitary pillar alone stands to mark the scene of long-forgotten pomp and glory.

Thus do earthly cities vanish. But the heavenly city which our Saviour has prepared for them that love him, will endure for evermore. Its glories are far brighter than ever were those of this City of the Sun, and are unfading; be it ours to have a part in that new and blessed city!

The next morning we met some travellers who had been to a Copt wedding, of which the lady gave us an account.

"The family was a rich one," she said, "and everything was most splendid. The inner court of the house was beautifully lighted, and was crowded with guests. In the middle were the musicians, with all sorts of instruments: Arab flutes, dulcimers, fiddles; the noise was deafening.

"The master of the house took us to an up-stairs room in which were the guests of higher rank. These were all men. Though the Copts are not Mohammedans, it seems the custom for their women to live in as great retirement as the Mohammedan women do, and also for them to cover their faces when they go out of doors.

"We were taken into a large room covered with rich carpets, and lighted by a number of wax candles and a large chandelier. We were led to a large divan, where pipes, coffee, sweetmeats, and sherbet were handed to us, whilst we listened to the songs of the singing women.

"These singing women are called 'Almé.' They attend the weddings of all the rich people in Cairo, and are paid by contributions from the guests. Generally they make a good sum at a wedding, especially those who are clever enough to invent songs at the moment.

"We stayed in this room for a long time, and then I was taken to that part of the house where the ladies of the family live. At the entrance some negress slaves were waiting to receive me and lead me to the room in which the lady of the house awaited me. She was mounted on a complete throne of cushions, and some eighty or ninety guests, all ladies, were with her. They were dressed in every variety of colour, and their dresses were all embroidered in gold. The young ladies wore pretty gauze veils, pink, white, or blue. These were all edged with needlework; some in gold, some in silver. The elder ladies wore gorgeous Cashmere shawls thrown over their heads and shoulders, and most of them wore diamond ornaments.

"I was conducted to the seat of honour by the side of the lady of the house, and a narghilé (a sort of pipe) was brought to me. Then a china saucer was filled with bonbons from a tray covered with all sorts of confectionery, and was handed to me with some rose sherbet.

"After this I was taken into another room to see the bride. She was a girl about twelve years old. She lay on a sofa, with her face muffled up in some kind of white stuff which was ornamented with diamonds, and was bound on by a band of diamonds. Her nurse was with her. The poor child was very tired, and more than half asleep. When the covering was removed that I might see her face, she moved uneasily, as if she did not like to be disturbed.

She was dressed in satin, scarlet, and gold, and had a white cashmere shawl round her waist. She wore a number of splendid ornaments.

"It was nearly midnight when we came away. The cool night air was delicious after all the heat and glare of the house. It was a glorious night, the sky radiant with stars which sparkled more brightly than the little bride's diamonds."



VISIT TO THE HAREM.

It was now time for us to go to the mission schools, which we all very much wanted to see.

We went first to the girls' school, where we saw a number of children copying portions of Holy Scripture in Arabic. They wrote beautifully. Lucy took a great fancy to one little girl, and stood beside her, watching her, for a long time. The child stole a shy glance at her now and again; a kindly feeling sprang up between them, though they could not understand each other's language.

We were told that the language taught in the schools generally is Arabic, but that some of the children learn English. They are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, needlework, embroidery, and, in fact, everything that can be useful to them. They read the Bible, and many of them can say large portions of it by heart.

We next went to the ragged school. There we saw a number of little children, some of them not more than three years old. They are fed and clothed, and stay at school all day, only going home at night. They looked very happy.


Besides these schools, there is also a school for Coptic young men.

These schools were all founded by the Rev. Theophilus Lieder (a German clergyman, head of the mission in Egypt) and his wife. So great a work needed much self-denial, courage, energy, industry. But Mr. and Mrs. Lieder gave these willingly for love of Jesus Christ, and of the lambs of his flock. He has helped their work, for he always blesses the work which is done from love to him. Very few of us can do such a great work for Jesus Christ as Mr. and Mrs. Lieder have done. But we can all do something for him. And if we love him, he will help even our smallest work in his name. For he has said, "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

On our way home from the schools we rode round the principal bazaars, a never-failing pleasure to Hugh and Lucy.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LONG DAY.

ostat, or Old Cairo, was the next place of interest which we visited. The walls built round it by the Romans were of small squared stones, mixed with tiles, and were about nine feet high. There were two towers, each half a circle in shape, standing out from them, and two other large towers at the principal gate. The gateway was almost buried in sand: still, we could distinguish an eagle on one part of it.

The only entrance it now has is a small gate, too narrow for a carriage to pass through. The streets are really only lanes, and the houses are high. In old times this city was called Egyptian Babylon.

"Is it the same as Babylon the Great?" Hugh asked.

"No. Babylon the Great stood on the River Euphrates, and was the capital of the Babylonian empire."

"Can you tell me anything more about this Babylon in Egypt?"

"Yes, a little. Sir Gardner Wilkinson mentions an early Christian record, sculptured on wood, of the time of Diocletian. It is in the west tower, and we will try and find it. Then the crusaders, under Louis IX. of France, besieged but did not take it. The Sieur de Joinville, who wrote the life of the king, has given an interesting account of the siege. He describes the terror caused in the army when the 'Greek fire' was thrown from the walls. In the middle ages it was a noted place, and a stuff called 'cloth of Baldeck' was manufactured here. It was made of silk and of gold and silver threads, and was ornamented with imitations of trees, flowers, and birds. It was worn and much prized by persons of high rank. Henry III. was, I believe, the first English king who wore cloth of Baudekin or Baldeck, but it was worn in other countries of Europe before his time."

We went to the upper chamber over the west tower of the old gateway, and there saw the record described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson. The upper part with the Greek inscription; below it a symbol of the Deity, a globe supported by two winged angels; and on each side six figures, which Sir Gardner Wilkinson believes to be the twelve apostles. We were very much interested in this Christian record, and wished that we had had some knowledge of who these early Christians were who had left the traces of their assembly in this upper chamber.



OLD GATEWAY.

We next went to see the mosque of Amer. This mosque was built by the Saracen Amer on the spot on which he encamped with his army when he besieged the city and took it. He founded the city of Fostat, which became the capital of Mohammedan Egypt. Four hundred years afterwards the present city of Cairo was built by one of the caliphs. He made it the capital, and called it Masr-el-Kahira, or "the Victorious City." The city built by Amer was then called "Old Cairo."

We were not so much struck by the mosque of Amer as we had been by some other mosques. There are some fine pillars and arches, both pointed and circular. But its chief interest is its great age. There is an old tradition that whenever this mosque falls, the Mohammedan power will fall in Egypt.

From Old Cairo we crossed over to the Island of Roda, to see the Nilometer. It consists of a square well, in the middle of which is a pillar marked in degrees, for measuring the rise of the Nile. There was once a tower over it. At the time when the Nile is rising, the criers come into Cairo every morning to proclaim the height to which it has risen since the previous morning. This overflow of the Nile irrigates the country for a long distance from its banks, and makes them very fruitful.

From the Nilometer we went to see the gardens belonging to Ibrahim Pacha; then to the spot where Moses is said to have been found by Pharaoh's daughter. We could picture the cradle of bulrushes floating on the still waters; the royal princess coming down with maidens to bathe, the anxious Miriam watching with eager eyes to see what would be the fate of her baby-brother. Hugh and Lucy both said that it made the Bible seem much more real to them, now that they were in the very land where so many of God's wonders of old were wrought. We all felt it so, as we looked at the spot where Moses was preserved in his babyhood, while floating in his cradle in the very waters which afterwards at his word, by God's command, were turned into blood.

Our next expedition was to the tombs of the Mameluke kings. We rode through a not very interesting part of Cairo to the "Bab-el-Nasr," or "Gate of Victory."

The tombs stand at a short distance from Cairo, on the edge of the desert. Each has its mosque, with dome and minarets. In one, called El Kait Bey, there is the print of a man's foot on the marble slab. This is said to be the footprint of "the Prophet" Mohammed. It is within a covered enclosure which is open at the sides. The Arabs show their respect for it by touching it reverently with their hands, which they kiss afterwards.



THE FINDING OF MOSES.

Another beautiful tomb is El Berbook. It has been faced with red and white stones, many of which are still left. There is an open corridor on the first floor. The entrance-hall leads into the large court of the mosque, in which there once was a fountain. It has long ceased to play, and the ornaments are all in ruin. The dome was richly ornamented. The door to it was locked, and we could only peep through some holes at the beauties within.

We next went to the tomb and mosque of Ahd Bey. The pavements, the windows, the grand arch, the ornamentation, all were beautiful. And the thought that the great Mameluke sultans, in whose honour these were wrought, made us silent. These palaces were not for the living, but for the dead. Even Hugh and Lucy grew grave. It was such a solemn thought that we were walking among earthly palaces, dedicated to those to whom earthly glory has for centuries been less than nothing! Here they sleep, silent owners of their silent city in the desert, till the last great trumpet shall sound, and the mighty dead shall (with their humbler fellow-men) be judged according to their works. Thanks be to God who giveth his people the victory in that day, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

In silence we passed on from one tomb, one mosque, to another.

"Where are we going now?" Hugh asked, after we had ridden on for some time.

"To the petrified forest."

"Shall we find the trees standing, all turned into stone? For petrified means turned into stone, does it not?" said Lucy.

"Yes, it does. But I do not think we shall find any trees standing, from what I have read about the 'petrified wood.'"

True enough. When we reached the petrified forest in the Valley of Wanderings (this valley forms the beginning of the desert leading to the Red Sea) we did not see a single tree, but the sand was for miles covered with fragments of wood. Though these were turned into stone, we could see knots and fibres, and even the rough bark, which showed them to be fragments of trees.

"Is it not wonderful!" exclaimed Hugh.

It was indeed wonderful. And now we came to what looked like the trunk of a large tree; there was another like it, at a little distance; they must have been quite fifty feet long, or more; they lay in the sand, and seemed to have broken as they fell, for there were small pieces scattered about all around.

"What made it?" Lucy asked.

None of us could tell; nor have we since been able to find any account of how these trees were turned into stone. But it seems certain that all this part of the desert, on which there is not now a blade of grass, must have been covered by a wood.

We could but look and wonder. "How unsearchable are the judgments of God, and his ways past finding out!"

We all picked up some pieces to bring away with us. Then we sat down on one of the large petrified trunks and ate our lunch, the wonders all round us giving us plenty to talk about the while.

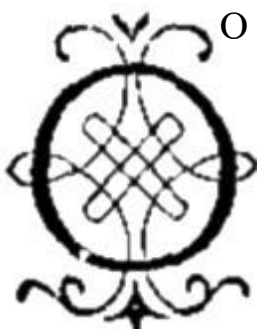
On our way home we came round by another group of tombs beneath the mountains of Mokattam. We had had a long day, and it was nearly sunset when we left the tombs.

The sunset clouds were gorgeous. All at once, as the sun sank beneath them, the deep-toned sound of the muezzin called the faithful followers of the prophet Mohammed to prayer. Every one around us prostrated themselves. Our hearts obeyed the call; we offered our thanks to our Heavenly Father, who has made such a world of beauty and wonder for our enjoyment.

"O God, O good beyond compare,
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
What must those glorious mansions be
When Thy redeemed shall dwell with
Thee!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE START UP THE NILE.



O ur party was now to be divided for a time. We were all anxious to see the Nile, but it was thought better for the children and their mother to stay quietly in Cairo. Those who were not pressed for time offered to remain with them, while the others hastened up to the second cataract. After much discussing and arranging, it was decided that three should stay with the invalid and her children in Cairo, and the other three should go up the Nile together.

The most comfortable sort of boat for travelling is the "dahabieh." One was engaged. Mohammed laid in the stores necessary for the journey; and when all was ready, we went to Boulak, which is the port of Cairo, to see the travellers start.

We went on board the dahabieh.

"What a beautiful room!" Lucy exclaimed, as she went into the saloon.

And so indeed it was. Carpets, cushions, divans, book-shelves; nothing was wanting to make the dahabieh a most luxurious little home. There were easy-chairs of every kind on deck, and an awning was spread as a protection from the sun. The crew consisted of a captain, or reis, as he is called, a pilot, and fourteen Arab sailors.

We exchanged farewells, heartily wishing that we too were going, and they started. As we waved our last farewells from the shore, Hugh said, in a disconsolate voice, "Great fun for them, but no fun for us."

We were all a little dull that evening. But the travellers had promised to keep a journal, and we soon began to think when we should receive news of them.

The first instalment of the journal was brought by a gentleman with whose dahabieh they fell in off Benisooéf. It was eagerly opened and read aloud, while we listened with all our ears and eyes.

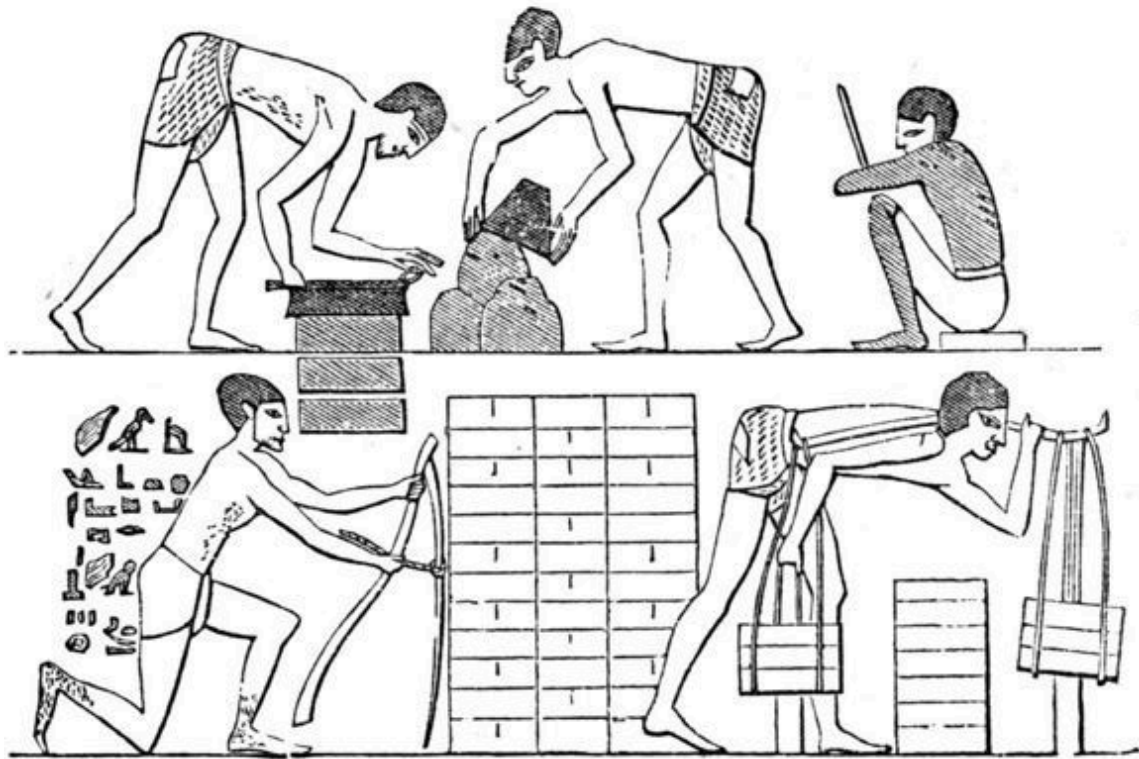
JOURNAL ON THE NILE.

The wind was fair when we left Boulak. We passed Roda, the Nilometer, and Old Cairo. Then a long reach of the river brought us to the village of E Deyr, which is inhabited by Copt Christians. We next passed, on our left, El Masarah, where there are large stone quarries. The stone for the Great Pyramid was taken from these quarries.

At Bedreshyn we landed, Mohammed procured donkeys for us, and we set off to see the Pyramids of Sakkara.

We rode first to the village of Mitrahenny, where the ancient city of Memphis once stood. The country round it is very pretty. The village itself stands in a wood of palm-trees. We were told that at the time at which the Nile overflows its banks the people leave their houses and live in the palm-trees, where they put up a sort of scaffolding to sleep on. When the river falls again, they leave the trees, repair their mud huts, and live in them till the next overflow.

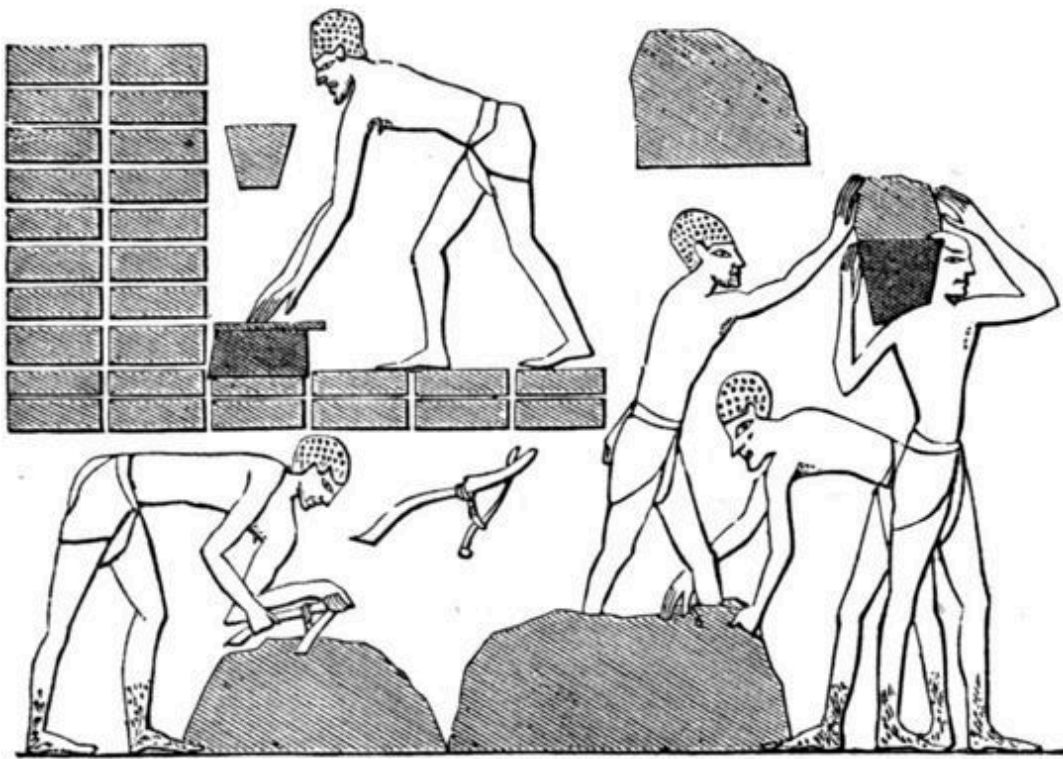
Memphis, formerly such a splendid city, is gone. There is scarcely a trace left of this once busy capital of Lower Egypt in which Moses lived, where the poor Jewish captives toiled to make up the tale of bricks for Pharaoh's taskmasters. Some few remains of foundation-walls are found in the sand. But nothing is left to tell of the temples and palaces of this ancient city, except only a part of a colossal statue of Rameses, called Sesostris. It is of a pure white, made of polished limestone, and must have been more than forty feet in height. The statue lay on its face, and we could not see the features. It has a scroll in its hands. Pieces of the legs and feet were lying about. All around are magnificent palm-trees.



BRICKMAKING (*from Egyptian Sculpture*).

The Pyramids of Sakkara are near the village of the same name. The largest of them is called by the Arabs "the Pyramid of Degrees." It has outside six stories or degrees, each smaller than the one below it. Inside are passages and chambers.

Near the pyramids are the famous pits, in which are ibis mummies. The ibis was a sacred bird among the Egyptians. We bought one of these mummies. It was enclosed in a round earthen jar, the top of which was shaped like a cone, and was fastened down strongly with cement.



BRICKMAKING (*from Egyptian Sculpture*).

The bird was rolled up in long bandages of linen. The head and neck were folded over the breast, the wings laid close to the sides, and the long legs were folded up and brought close to the beak. The bird was perfect. We said we knew how delighted you all, and especially Hugh and Lucy, would be to see it. But our curiosity was selfish. As soon as the air played on it, it crumbled into dust.



THE SACRED IBIS.

There are some fine tombs near the Pyramids of Sakkara. We went to the one which we were told was the best worth seeing. The roof was hollowed into the shape of an arch and covered with smoothly-cut stones cemented together. This led into a room in which is a deep well. We also saw some hieroglyphics, and some sculpture; most of these represented men carrying birds. It was not very interesting, and we did not stay long to look at it.

We had a delightful ride back to Bedreshyn, through fields and among clumps of thorny mimosa, on which the camels love to browse. The palm-trees looked beautiful in the clear sunlight. Nothing was wanting but the song of birds, and this is a want almost always felt by Europeans in the hot climates of Africa and Asia.

The next day we went to the Pyramids of Dashoor. Two are of stone and two of brick. The first was the largest. Colonel Howard Vyse gives its height as three hundred and twenty feet. The entrance was covered with stones and rubbish. The second pyramid is not so large. The ascent to the entrance is not

very difficult, but the descent is exceedingly so, and there is not much to repay one for the trouble.

We returned to our boat in good time, and were much amused, after we had again started, by watching the peasants raising water from the river with poles and buckets, and with looking at the Arab boats, a number of which passed us.

We next came to El Kafr el Jyat. It is only a small village, but in it is the residence of a wealthy chief whose hospitable house is the resort of travellers. He bears the title of Khabeéree, or "the guide." We find from Sir G. Wilkinson's book^[A] that this title "has been hereditary in his family since the time of Sultan Selim, who gave it to his ancestor as a reward for his services in that capacity, when he took possession of the country after the defeat of the son of El Ghoree."

[A] "Modern Egypt," vol. ii.

We next passed the False Pyramid. It takes its name from the base being of rock and not really part of the building.

The banks of the river and villages were enlivened with palm-trees. But we passed no place of any size or interest till we came to Benisooéf.

Benisooéf is the capital of the province, the Fyoom, and has several manufactories of cotton and silk.

We are lounging idly on deck looking at the scene before us. A great many boats are tied to the shore, and a number of people are on the quay. The children are tolerably clad, and some of the old men are exceedingly picturesque in their white dresses, with their cloaks thrown over their shoulders and leaning on their staves; girls are coming down to fill their jars with water and carrying them away most gracefully on their heads. And as for animals! Hugh would find more than enough to satisfy him. Dogs, goats, poultry, cows, horses, camels, buffaloes! And *such* a noise! we can scarcely hear ourselves speak for the clatter. But a gentleman who is going down to Cairo, and will leave at daybreak, has just sent to know whether he can take any letters for us. So good-by for the present.



SCENE ON THE NILE.

CHAPTER X.

STILL UP THE NILE.

It was some little time before we could expect the next part of our travellers' journal.

I Hugh very much wished to go to the citadel again. Lucy wanted to pay another visit to the gardens at Shoubra. We gave an afternoon to each, and almost every morning we went to the Mission Schools; either to the girls' school or to the ragged school. The more we saw, the more we admired the energy and self-denial of Mr. and Mrs. Lieder, and the more zealous and anxious we grew to do what little we could to help in the great work of making known the love of Jesus Christ and the salvation he has bought for us with his blood. Those who have the love of Christ really in their hearts must always long to make others love him too.

Day by day went on and we began to watch anxiously for some more news. The gentleman who had brought the first part of the journal told us that he knew there was another dahabieh which was not very far behind him. He had passed it, not having time to stop and see all that its travellers were stopping to see.

At last this dahabieh arrived, and we had a large packet. Lucy had leave to open it. She and Hugh danced about in delight for the first few minutes. Their father was one of the party who had gone, which made the joy of news the greater.

The first great excitement of the arrival was soon over, and we all clustered together eagerly to hear the contents of the large letter.

JOURNAL ON THE NILE.

We finished our last letter just after we arrived at Benisooéf. It is a large town, and was once famous for its manufacture of linen.

We started the next morning with a fair wind. We passed Isment; and near it, the quarries from which the beautifully veined marble was obtained of which the mosque of Mohammed Ali at Cairo was built.

But what delighted us most was the high table-mountain, Sheikh Embarak. This giant seemed standing to block our path. Its surface is broken; and as we neared it, we saw one large cliff which looked like a ruined castle. The Sheikh, like some other giants of olden times, is accustomed to give travellers rather a rough welcome, and we came in for one of his gusty greetings in a sudden gale of wind.

Tell Lucy that her father, who was lounging in a chair on castors, suddenly found his chair running away from him, and he narrowly escaped a ducking in the Nile. And tell both Hugh and Lucy that the dahabieh lay over so suddenly that every one else was nearly following me, and that if I had gone over into the Nile, I should only have been ready to welcome the others who were coming after.

After this unwilling prostration to the Sheikh, we went on without any further trouble.

A rock in the stream next attracted our attention. It is called the Hagar o' Salam, or Rock of Welfare, because the boatmen say that they cannot venture to call a voyage down the Nile prosperous until they have passed it. We looked at it with interest. It seemed an emblem of our Saviour Jesus Christ; for, till we have come to him, there can be no safety for us in our voyage on the river of life.

Our journey was, after this, a little dull for a time. On both banks of the Nile we saw the sites of various ancient towns; and at Khom Amer, or "the Red Mound," there were some rough grottoes. We also saw the mounds of the ancient Cynopolis, the "City of the Dogs."

The mountain chain of Gebel e' Tayr was more interesting. Some of the mountains rise straight up from the water, and are enlivened with palm-trees; and on the opposite banks we saw some fine acacias. The top of Gebel e' Tayr is flat. On it stands a convent called Sitleh Mariam el Adea, or "Our Lady Mary the Virgin." It is a Copt convent. But I am afraid that religion has

little effect there, for there seems to be more begging than industry among the monks. As soon as they see a boat full of travellers coming they hurry down the cliffs and swim out on inflated water-skins to ask for charity. Our Arab boatmen were inclined to treat them rather roughly, and we were heartily glad when we got beyond their beat, for they were very noisy and clamorous in their petitions for alms.

Gebel e' Tayr means "the mountain of the bird." There is a curious legend belonging to it. It is said that all the birds in the country assemble here every year. They choose one of their number who is to stay on the mountain till the next year. Then all the rest fly away and leave the poor solitary bird by himself till the next year, when a fresh one is chosen to take his place.

We have now just arrived at Minieh, six days exactly since we left you all at Boulak. We are going to dinner, and then on shore.

"I want to ask something before you go on, please," said Hugh. "Why was that city called 'the City of the Dogs'?"

"Because the dog was then considered to be a particularly sacred animal. One of the largest repositories of dog mummies is found on the opposite bank. It was not unusual in Egypt for a city to bury its dead, as well as its sacred animals, on the opposite shore of the Nile, especially if a better place could be found there for making catacombs."

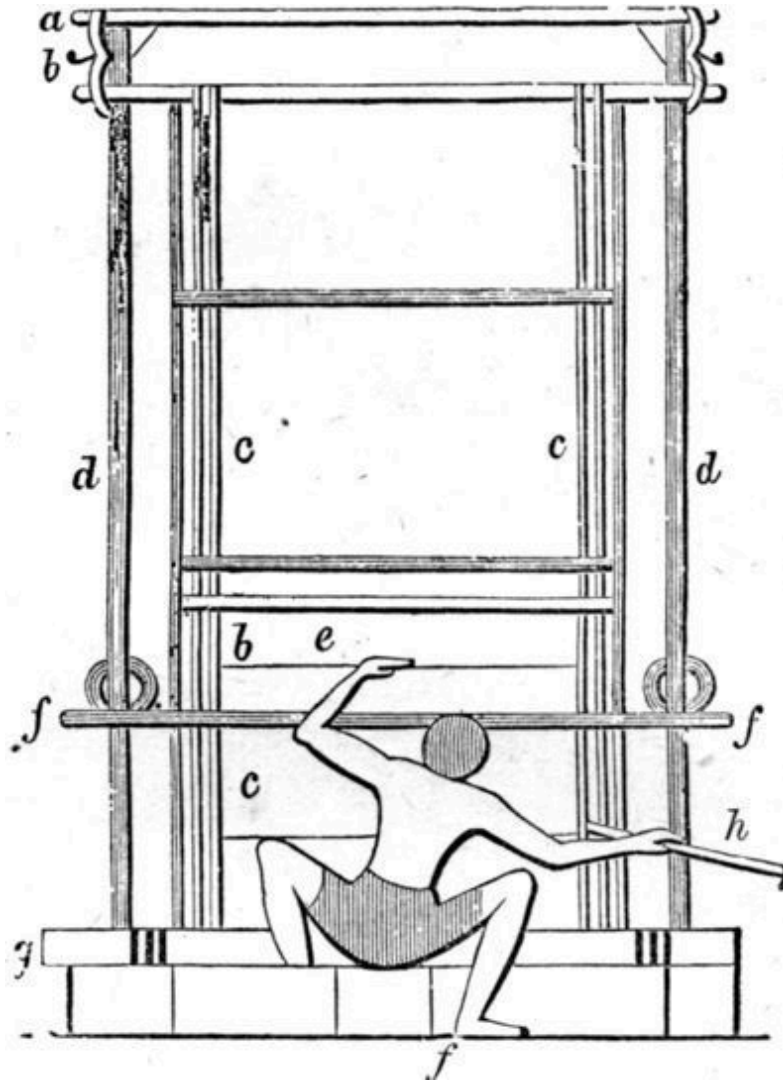
Minieh is a pretty and busy town. Near the landing-place we saw the tomb of a sheikh, shaded over by a palm-tree, which is very picturesque. We admired the houses too, with their trellised balconies overhanging the river. And there are such queer little coffee-shops! Some are tents, some only little huts made of reeds. We found the bazaar airy and some of the buildings handsome. The country round Minieh is rich and beautiful; it abounds in groves of palm-trees and in every kind of fruit. We enjoyed our ramble exceedingly, and the two guns brought back a fair share of wild fowl.



EASTERN BAZAAR.

Our next stopping-place was Beni-Hassan; we arrived this morning, and have been on shore all day.

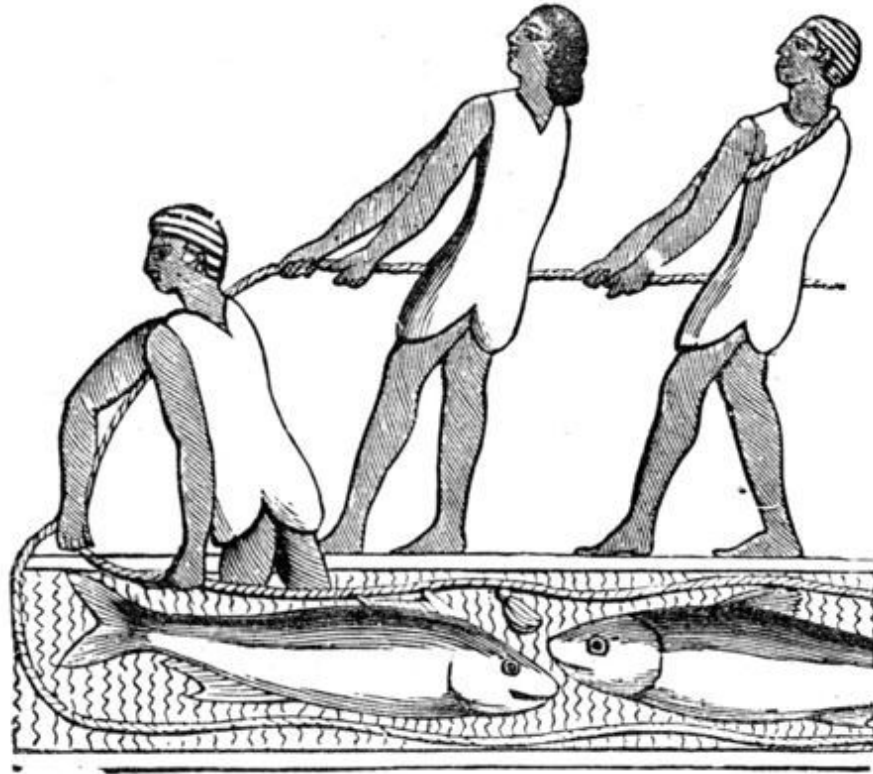
The tombs of Beni-Hassan are open to the Nile, and are ornamented with coloured figures or other devices, and are very old.



EGYPTIAN LOOM.

***a b.* Rollers for carrying and tightening the warp. *c c c.* The warp *d d.* Frame of the machine. *e f.* Movable bars, for pressing the successive weft threads together. *g.* Roller for relieving the cloth when woven. *h.* Hooked stick (used instead of a shuttle) to carry the weft threads.**

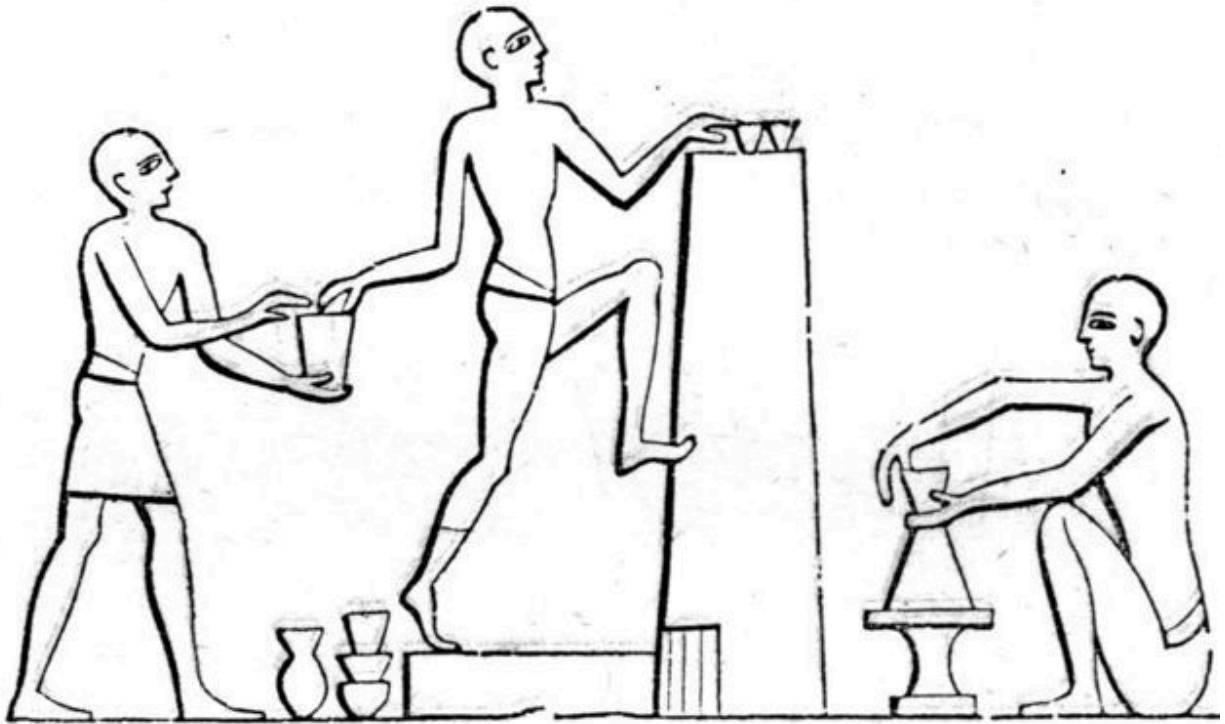
We went first into the most northern tomb. In front of the entrance is a portico, supported by pillars, which leads into a vaulted room: its roof is supported by four large pillars. These pillars have been coloured to imitate red granite, and so have the lower part of the walls. Above this coloured part of the wall are long lines of figures; some employed in outdoor work, some in indoor work, some in amusements. Some are fishing, some are watering flax, some dancing, others wrestling.



FISHING.

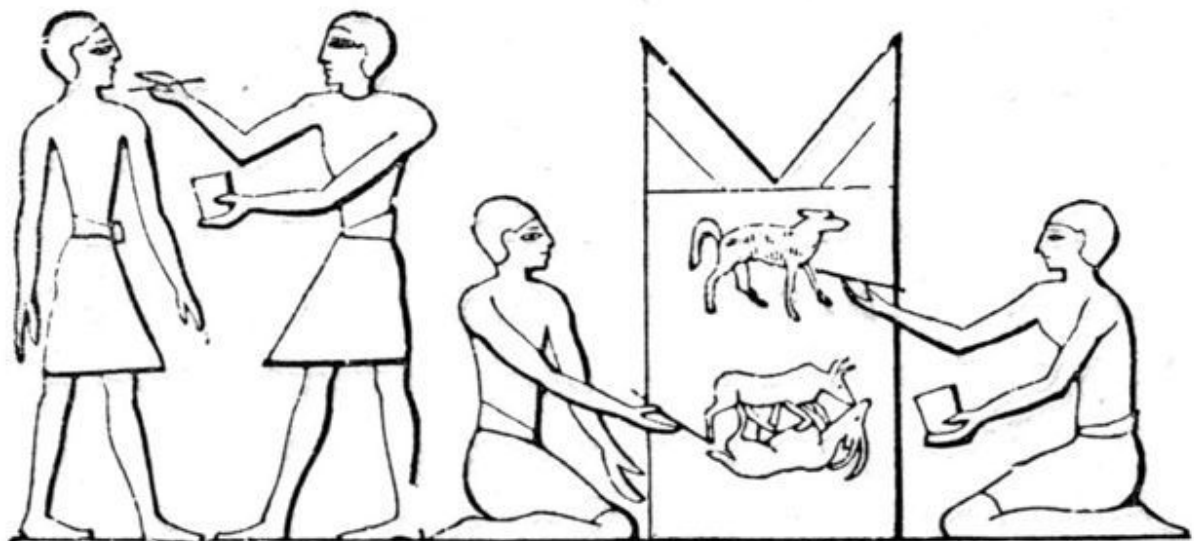
In one part there are men catching wild fowl in nets; in another part there are women kneading or making bread; and others playing the harp.

On one part of the wall we saw a procession. As we had heard that this procession represented the arrival of Joseph's brethren, we were very much interested with it. The first figure is an Egyptian scribe, who is giving an account of the arrival of the strangers to one of the chief officers of the king, and the owner of the tomb. The next, also an Egyptian, is ushering the strangers into his presence. Two of the strangers are advancing, and bring with them presents, a goat and a gazelle. Four men follow, carrying bows and clubs, and leading an ass, which two children are riding on in panniers, accompanied by a boy and four women. Last, are another ass, laden, and two men; one of these holds a bow and club, and the other a lyre.



POTTERS.

We saw another curious tomb, where there is a hunting scene, and the name of each animal is written above it, in hieroglyphics. Below this are birds, and their names are also written. There we saw a group of women jumping and dancing; others playing at ball, throwing up three balls one after another and catching them; men dancing on one leg and performing other feats of skill.



IDOL PAINTERS.

The occupations and trades of the ancient Egyptians are also shown. There are goldsmiths, glass-blowers, painters, potters, workers in flax. On one wall there are wrestlers in different attitudes; on another, some unhappy people who are undergoing the bastinado. We were surprised, too, to see that dwarfs and deformed people formed part of the trains of the great men of Egypt in those days, just as they did in Rome in later days.

In one of the tombs we saw a Greek alphabet on the wall; the letters were transposed in different ways, apparently for the purpose of teaching Greek.

We meant to have gone to see the Temple of Diana of the Egyptians, but were all tired, and have left it till our return.

We have been obliged to have a strict watch kept over our boat to-day. The villages of Beni-Hassan were destroyed by order of the pacha some years ago, because the people were such great thieves. But this cure for theft does not seem to have answered, for the villagers still have the character of a love of pilfering.

We sat up rather late last night, helping each other with our journal for your amusement. Just as we were putting by our pens and paper we were startled by seeing a bright light. Mohammed appeared and told us that a dahabieh was on fire, and that English travellers were on board. We hurried on deck. The dahabieh was a mass of fire. Pillars of smoke rose from it, and large tongues of flame darted from them and seemed to lick down into the fire whatever came into their way. There was a great buzz of voices on the shore, and the wild light cast a lurid glare on the figures which were hurrying to and fro. A European figure rushed on shore with something in his arms, then darted back and was lost in the smoke. We did not wait to see more, but went on shore instantly.

There was no possibility of saving the dahabieh. But every one on board was safe, and we brought the travellers to our dahabieh, where they are now.

They prove to be Mr. and Miss Roper, father and daughter, a European servant, and a negress girl, whom they call Rahaba. I never heard such an outpouring of fervent thanksgiving as Mr. Roper offered up to God as soon

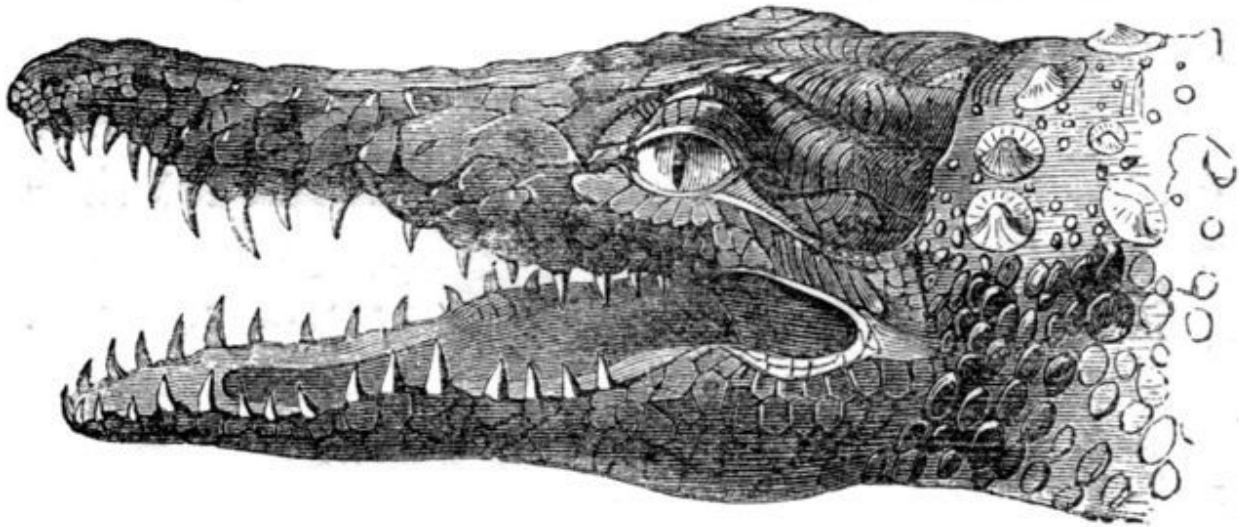
as they were all safely on board our boat. It reminded us of the history of Jacob wrestling with the angel, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

Rahaba has a sad expression of face, but her eyes brighten when Miss Roper speaks to her.

Mr. and Miss Roper only arrived at Beni-Hassan that evening. There seemed little chance of their being able to get on to Cairo, so we asked them to be our guests and to return over their old ground with us.

We left Beni-Hassan the next morning, and saw crocodiles that day for the first time. They were on a sandbank basking in the sun. One was very large, the two others smaller. A salute from our guns was fired at them, which made the smaller crocodiles rush into the water in a great hurry, but the larger one treated us with cool contempt.

The first sight of Manfaloot was charming. A sudden bend of the river brought us full in view of its minarets, which rise from a group of mingled buildings and palm-trees.



HEAD OF CROCODILE.

We have not landed since we left Beni-Hassan. Miss Roper has been making a sketch of our reis and the crew. Rahaba looks on her sketch-book and colour-box as some kind of magic possessions, and contrived to save them from the fire in consequence.

Miss Roper took the sketch at sunset. The sky was flooded with gorgeous tints, and their glow was reflected on our reis as he sat in his blue robes and crimson turban, smoking his pipe. We shall reach Thebes to-night, and shall go on shore early to-morrow to see some of the interesting sights of which Mr. Roper has been telling us.



RUINS OF THEBES.

Our boat was moored as near as possible to the village of Koorneh, or Karnac, as it is often called. We went on shore early in the morning and visited the small palace and temple of Koorneh, and then rode on for about twenty minutes to the palace-temple of Rameses the Second. This is one of the most interesting temples in the valley of the Nile. The entrance leads into a court where are the ruins of the largest statue in the world. It is made of granite from the quarries of Syene.

Mr. Roper told us that this was a statue of the king, seated on his throne with his hands resting on his knees. Judging from the fragments the foot must have been eleven feet long and about four feet ten inches wide. The statue

measured twelve feet ten inches from the shoulder to the elbow, twenty-two feet four inches across the shoulders.

The throne and the legs are quite destroyed. The figure is broken at the waist, and the upper part is thrown back on the ground. No one knows who erected or who destroyed this giant statue. We gazed at the ruin with astonishment, almost with awe.

In a beautiful court, with a double row of columns, we saw some interesting sculpture. An enemy is flying from the Egyptians. The complexions and features of the men are quite different from those of the Egyptians. They are fleeing towards the river in chariots; some are represented as drowning in the river, and others as entreating for mercy. In the grand hall we saw another battle-scene.

The great hall leads into a room with eight columns, which support the roof. On it are represented the Egyptian months, and on the wall are sacred arks borne by priests. The side walls of the temple are destroyed, so that the pillars are seen to great advantage.



GRAND HARP.

We saw, too, the famous colossal statues; they are made of a hard stone, marked with black and red oxide of iron. The northern statue is called Salamet by the Arabs. It is the celebrated statue of Memnon, which was said to utter a sound of melody every morning at sunrise, and a mournful sound at sunset. The sides of the throne are ornamented with figures; they represent the god Nilus winding up a pedestal, over which is the name of the king who made them. The statues of his wife and mother are attached to the throne. We then went to the Temple of Medeénet Háboo. The early Christians had a settlement here, and they used one of the deserted courts of the great temple for a church, hiding the idolatrous sculptures with a coat of mud. But a time of persecution came. The colony was invaded by Arabs, the Christians fled to the neighbourhood of Esneh, and the village of Medeénet Háboo fell into ruins.

We passed the palace of Rameses the Third, and went into the temple. Two fine pillars ornament the doorway which leads from the court into a corridor

before the second doorway. Over this doorway there is a beautiful winged globe and serpent, the colouring of which still remains.

This doorway leads into another corridor and afterwards into a small court. We looked at this court with great interest, because Mr. Roper told us that it was built by Tirhakeh, whose battles with Sennacherib we read of in the Bible.

On the outside wall of the temple, King Rameses is represented in his chariot, attended by fan-bearers and lions, and advancing with his army. His enemies are defeated, and heaps of tongues are among the tokens of his victory.

In another part, the king, while pursuing his enemy, is attacked by lions. He kills two with his arrows, and is on the point of killing another with his spear.

CHAPTER XI.

WE GO TO ALEXANDRIA



And that is the last piece of journal we shall get, very likely," said our reader, as he folded up the packet again.

"I hope not," said Lucy, "for I want to hear more about Rahaba."

"And I want to hear about the temples and the statues, and how they got on past the first cataract."

But no more news could be expected for some time. So, to amuse ourselves, we determined on paying a visit to Alexandria. The distance is about one hundred and thirty miles, and the railway being already opened, we went by train. The carriages had double roofs, as a protection from the sun; the upper roof was raised about a foot above the lower, on little iron pillars, so that a current of air could pass between the two roofs.



BAGGAGE CAMEL.

On leaving Cairo we could see the high road. Hugh and Lucy were much amused with watching the strings of camels, tied one behind the other with ropes, and laden with large bales of cotton. There were sometimes as many as sixteen camels in one string; then we saw donkeys laden with various things for sale, and numbers of people carrying goods of different kinds. We saw a great many people, too, working in the fields. The country is fertile, and we thought the villages very pretty, peeping out from their groves of palm-trees.

As we came near Alexandria the country became more sandy and less pretty.

"Alexander the Great built Alexandria, did he not?" said Hugh.

"Yes. And in old times it was very famous for its library."

"Oh, yes," said Hugh, "I remember that; it had a museum with a library of I do not know how many volumes."

"Yes, and besides the museum library there was another library in a splendid building called the 'Serapion.' The museum library was burnt during the wars of Julius Cæsar with the Alexandrians, and the 'Serapion' library was destroyed by the orders of the Caliph Omar."

"Why?" asked Hugh, in astonishment.

"The caliph said that if the writings in these books agreed with those in the Koran they were useless, and that if they did not they were mischievous; so in any case they would be better destroyed than kept."

"I think his reasoning was very foolish, though I suppose he meant it as very wise."

"So do I. Two thousand of the volumes had belonged to the kings of Pergamos, and had been given by Marc Antony to Cleopatra."

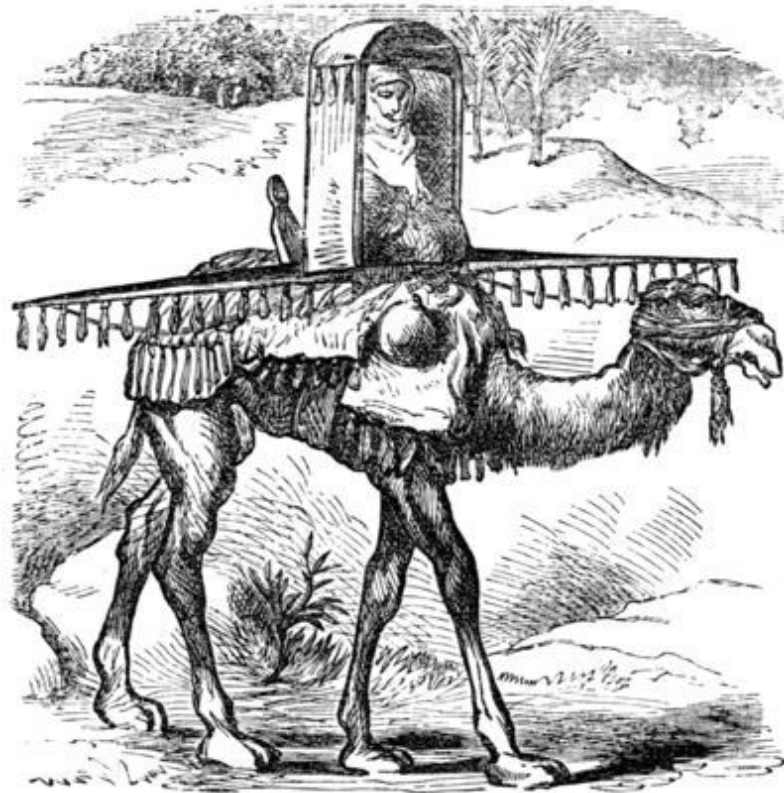
It was too late to see anything that evening, but we set off early the next morning. We first visited the pacha's palace. It faces the harbour, and has a fine view of it. We went through a small garden up a staircase, and then, on the upper floor, came to the pacha's apartments; these were very handsomely furnished. We saw beds with rich curtains of cloth of gold and silver, and large divans which were very handsome. In the dining-room the floor was of inlaid wood. The view from the balcony was very fine; but one of the things which we admired most was a beautiful table of Roman mosaic, representing all the most interesting monuments in Rome.

After leaving the palace we went to see a garden belonging to the pacha. The garden was pretty, and we very much enjoyed our drive along the Mahmoudieh canal. We had some friends who lived in a villa not far off, and we called on them. After lunch the lady asked if we had ever ridden on a dromedary.

We had not, and Hugh and Lucy were specially anxious to try what it was like. So the dromedary was ordered to come for us.

It looked very handsome with its saddle of crimson velvet, from which splendid draperies of gold and silver stuff hung on all sides, with a number of silken cords, loops, and tassels.

Most of us thought the motion very pleasant. But Lucy was a little frightened, and said she felt as if she was going to tumble over the dromedary's head. She would only go at a walk, which we thought a disagreeable pace. Hugh thought the dromedary's trot delightful, and wished he could always travel by dromedary, but Lucy thought a Cairo donkey very much to be preferred.



DROMEDARY.

Almost everything that we see in Egypt reminds us of something we read of in the Bible. We seem to live among Bible pictures, which help us to understand the Bible and the customs it speaks of.

We were pleasantly surprised the morning after this little visit to our friends at the villa to receive another packet of journal from the travellers. The last had been so long on the way that we scarcely expected to hear again from them before their return.

We opened it eagerly, and were all excited to know how they had passed at least the first cataract.

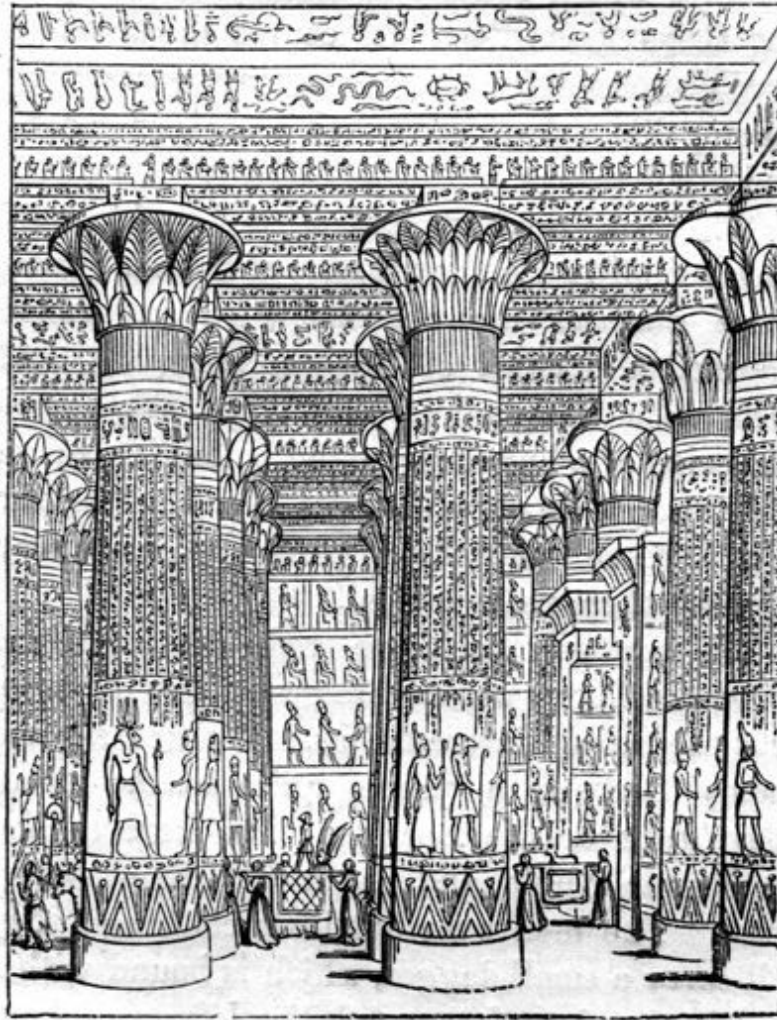
JOURNAL ON THE NILE.

We wrote last from Thebes, which place we left the next morning. We were obliged to wait at Esneh for twenty-four hours for our sailors to bake bread. In the evening we saw at least twenty crocodiles pass our boat.

We left Esneh with a fair wind, and stopped nowhere till we reached Assouan. Here we had to make our arrangements for passing the first cataract.

The management of our boat was given over to the reis of the cataract. He provides men to help in taking us through the rapids. Whilst these arrangements were being made, we had time to see all that was worth seeing round Assouan.

There was a gay scene on the quay. Large boats which had been damaged were undergoing repairs; others were being loaded and unloaded with bales of cotton, which are sent from here across the desert to Sennaar. Then there were the tents of the owners; groups of Nubian merchants in white turbans; natives of Assouan seated on the ground, smoking their chiboques; camels waiting for their loads; and donkeys which seemed as strong and lively as our Cairo favourites. Of course there was a terrible noise-shouting, screaming, quarrelling among the various sellers of arms, ornaments, and other things.



INTERIOR OF GREAT TEMPLE AT ESNEH.

We hired donkeys and a good guide, and then set off to see the quarries of Syene. From these quarries the obelisks were cut which adorned the cities of Thebes, Memphis, and Heliopolis thousands of years ago. We passed the ruins of a burying-ground belonging to an old Saracen town which was desolated by the plague some hundreds of years ago, and very gloomy these ruins looked.

On our way back we rode through the bazaar. There was nothing very gay for sale, but the people interested us. We saw a great many Berbers, a people quite unlike either the Arabs or the negroes. The Berbers live in Lower Nubia, and are a wild, fine-looking race. The men wear but little clothing; they all carry a small dagger, which is bound with a red leather bracelet round the left arm, above the elbow. They also wear a *fetish*, or charm,

enclosed in a little red leather case. The women uncover their faces, and wear nose rings of either brass or bone. They also wear quantities of coloured bead necklaces and bracelets, brass ear-rings and finger-rings; and whenever they can get them, they wear gold or silver coins hanging on the foreheads. They tattoo their chins and dye their under-lips blue, which looks very ugly.

To-day we crossed to the island of Elephanta. We went to the quarries, visited groups of tombs of sheikhs and dervishes, and the mosque of Amer. We had a delightful row round the island. Its groves of palms and its granite rocks are picturesque. But we were disappointed to see no flowers. The Nubian children offered us some pretty baskets for sale, and some Egyptian agates. We are bringing some of them back with us: amongst them a lovely little basket of palm leaves for Lucy.

We sailed towards the cataract with a stiff breeze. The scenery was wild and beautiful. On the western side the sands of the Great Desert, yellow as gold, came to the water's edge, with dark masses of rock rising from them here and there. On the east, granite rocks rose one above the other in strange forms.

With the help of about fifty Arabs, who shouted at the top of their voices as they hauled us by a thick rope, we passed the first little fall of the cataract. Then we passed a succession of rapids. It was an exciting passage. Great masses of granite towered round our little boat; sometimes we even struck against them, but not so as to do us any harm. The groups of Nubians were picturesque. Miss Roper has sketches of some of them swimming on palm logs.

At length we came to the grand fall. At first our boat seemed to grow faint-hearted, and to make as though she would go back to Assouan. But our cataract reis was prepared for this. He seemed to be everywhere at once. He had thrown off his turban and looser clothes, and the activity with which he darted from place to place was wonderful. One minute he was in the boat, at another on shore pulling with the Arabs at the rope; the next, he was mounted on a rock in the middle of the rapids shouting to the Arabs and boatmen. Wherever there was danger, there was the reis ready to ward it off. At last the boat was clear of the last projecting rock; one long, strong pull

from the men on shore, and she shot forward like an arrow into the smooth water.

We anchored for the night at Mahatta, glad to be at peace from all the screaming and yelling which made the chorus during our passage through the rapids.

At Mahatta we had a touching scene.

Early in the morning a large boat laden with slaves came alongside of us. Mohammed told us that they were to be landed here, and to march to Assouan, to save the trouble of taking them down the cataract. At Assouan they will be put on board a boat for Cairo. There must have been at least fifty: men, women, children, and even little babies. About half-a-dozen Egyptian soldiers had them in charge. Poor things! they looked very miserable. Some were black and very ugly; some of a bronze colour: these were not so ugly, and many of the women were very graceful.

It made us very sad to see these poor creatures, who were bought and sold like animals, without the knowledge of a Saviour and his love and mercy to support them in their sorrows. We longed to speak to them of Jesus Christ and his love; but, alas! they could not understand us, nor we them. Rahaba was crouched on deck by Miss Roper's side, and her eyes were flashing with eagerness.

We asked Mohammed if anything could be done for their comfort. He took two men with him and brought back as many dates as they could carry for us to divide among the poor captives. Miss Roper and I went up to a group of women whom Rahaba had been watching. Rahaba attended her mistress. All at once Rahaba seized a baby from its mother's arms, kissed it, and fondled it. Then she and the young mother bent over it together and clasped each other's hands tightly and kissed each other. But there was no joy in their faces. Sad, silent tears trickled down their cheeks. Rahaba said a few words in a low, choking tone to the mother. Both looked pleased when Miss Roper took the baby in her arms. Our eyes filled with tears, and as Miss Roper leant over the sleeping child her tears too fell fast upon it. For a moment a gleam of hope seemed to shine on the poor mother. She asked Rahaba if the white girl was going to buy the baby. When she found that her baby could

not stay with Miss Roper the large tears gathered in her eyes again, and chased each other down her cheeks.

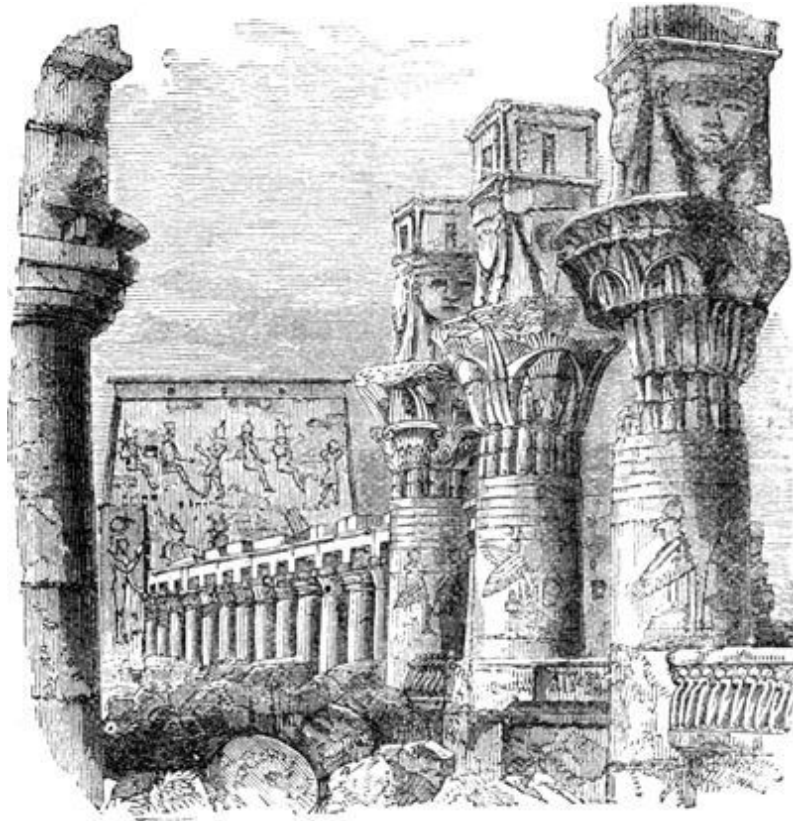
Miss Roper, who understands a few words of Rahaba's language, pointed to the sky, and told the mother that the great God loves little babies, and that he cares for slaves and loves those who are good and obedient. The poor girl folded her baby to her heart and shook her head sadly. The news seemed to her too good to be true.

But Miss Roper tried again to make her believe it. All the rest of the time till the pioneers were ordered to march on, Rahaba and her sister negress crouched side by side in grief and despair. We could not comfort them, but we prayed that God would in his mercy bring them to know and love him and his Son Jesus Christ; and then they will be comforted for every sorrow.

We rowed to Philæ, the sacred island of the ancient Egyptians, in the evening; but it was too late for us to stay amongst the ruins. Early the following morning we left Mahatta. The weather was warm and pleasant, and on the third day the scenery began to be lovely. On both sides the banks of the river were fringed with castor-oil plants and prickly mimosa; above these we saw plantations of dates and palms. The fruits of these trees are the chief food of the Nubians.

We passed near the capital of Nubia without landing. It is a large town, and the streets are wide and busy.

We still had the desert on our left, but it was partly hidden by the broken hills fringed with acacias. The mountain Gebel Derr projects into the river; and for nearly three hours we coasted under broken rocks which rise straight up from the Nile.



RUINS OF COLONNADE AT PHILÆ.

After this we saw acacias on the left bank of the river, and on the right groves of palm-trees. There were numbers of peasants to be seen; some walking, some riding. The men wore long white dresses and turbans, the women blue gowns.

The wind was fair, and we hastened on, passing some places where there were interesting ruins without stopping, and at last anchored here at Wadee Halfeh.

Miss Roper has been even more diligent than before in trying to teach Rahaba, who has looked very sad ever since we left Mahatta. To-day Miss Roper has been telling her the story of our Saviour's birth, and of his being laid in a manger; and how he, the King of glory, came to suffer and die for us sinners. Rahaba listens, but she shakes her head. She tries to understand and learn anything that Miss Roper teaches her. But it is only to please her mistress that she does this; and as yet she is no nearer to being a Christian than when she was in her own country.

Directly after breakfast this morning we hired donkeys to take us to the second cataract. All was still and silent as we rode over the loose, shifting sand of the desert. Nothing living was to be seen. We passed some skeletons of dromedaries which had been bleached by the sun and wind. They made the silence and desolation seem the greater. After riding for about an hour and a half we came to the first rocky islands. About an hour more brought us to the Rock of Abousir.



PAPYRUS ON THE NILE.

The view here was indeed grand. The second cataract covers a space of about seven miles in length. The river bursts its way among numberless rocky islets. Some of these are so small that they are hardly more than large stones; some are rocks of considerable size; others are larger, islands of rock and sand. Between them all the rapids rush headlong, throwing up their foam on every side. There are trees on some of the islands, and five of the largest at the northern extreme of the cataract are inhabited. Far off to the south we

saw what looked like a dark-blue cloud, and were told that it was the mountains of Dongola. We wished that we could have gone to them.

On the side next the cataract the Rock of Abousir is like a straight wall. On the desert side it is a succession of crags. We found the names of various celebrated travellers on these rocks, amongst others that of Belzoni. We gazed at them with a thrill of interest, and lingered long looking at the beautiful view and scanning the names of the travellers, great and small, who had visited the rock. What would we not have given at that moment to go farther and track the grand river to its source! But it was impossible! We must turn back at this point and begin our homeward journey down the Nile.

Wadee Halfeh, the highest point we reached on our journey up the Nile, is very picturesque. The houses are built in groups, and most of them are surrounded by palm-groves. They are of mud, but are generally larger and cleaner than those of the Egyptian peasants. We went into one. Its mistress had a double row of plaits round her forehead, oiled to an extreme degree. The people are generally well dressed and appear comfortable.

We left Wadee Halfeh at dawn, on our return down the river to Cairo, and arrived at Aboo Simbel, or Ipsambul as it is sometimes called, in time to see the temples before dusk. The sand-drifts of hundreds and hundreds of years had once covered these temples, so much so that nothing could be seen but the giant head of one statue. Burckhardt was the first traveller who discovered them. In the year, 1817, Belzoni, in company with Captain Irby and Captain Mangles, began to clear away the sand.

There are two temples. In the small temple are six giant statues, three on each side of the door. On the walls are pictures. The temple was dedicated to the goddess Athor, and her emblem was a sacred cow. Mr. Roper told us that, in the inscriptions, the goddess is called "Lady of Aboshek," Aboshek being the ancient name of Aboo Simbel.

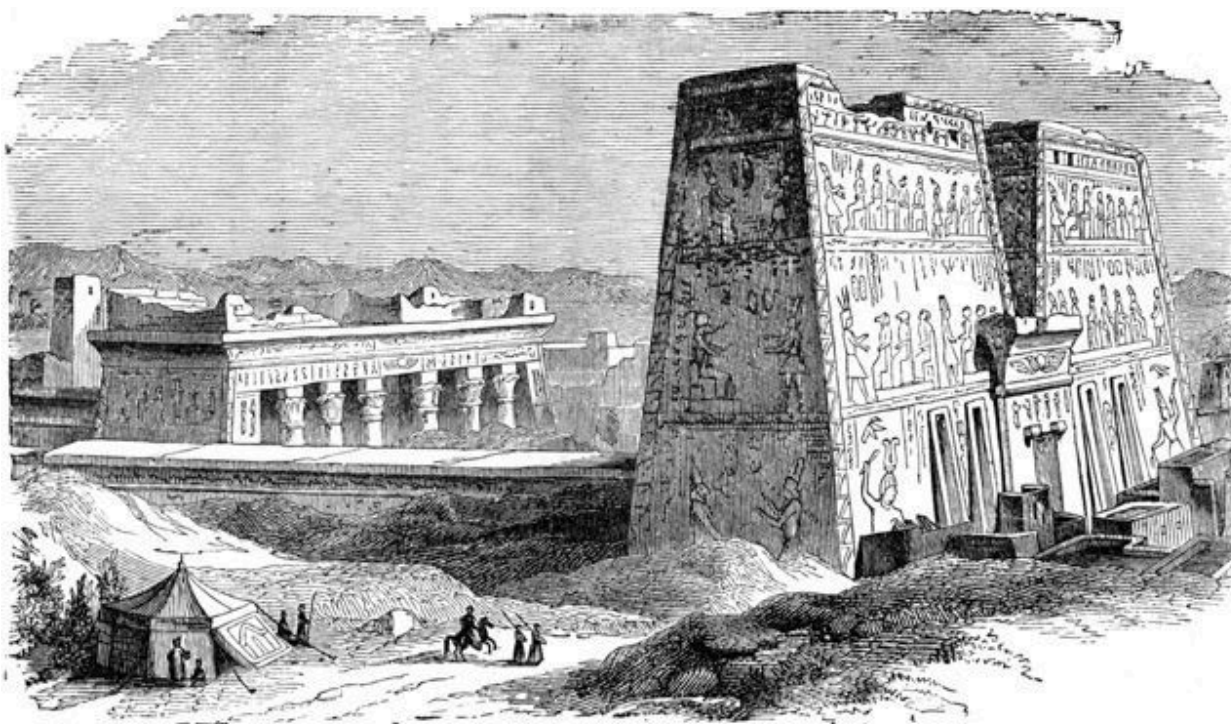
The front of the large temple is adorned by four enormous statues. They are seated on thrones. The heads of two are nearly perfect, and so is the face of another. We were very much struck by them. On the arms there is an oval bearing the name of the great Rameses. Over the entrance we saw a large figure with a hawk's head. Mr. Roper told us that it is a figure of the god Re.

He pointed out to us the figure of Rameses offering little images of Truth and Justice to the god.

Mohammed had provided torches for us that we might see the inner chambers of the temple. The walls and ceilings were beautifully ornamented with hieroglyphic figures.

These temples must have been very grand when in their beauty, for they are grand even now in their decay. As we walked through them our thoughts went back to the time when Egypt was in her glory, when princes worshipped their gods in these gorgeous temples, and when priests clad in splendid robes offered their sacrifices with all the pomp of grand processions. All have passed away. The temples of the false gods have fallen into ruin. The kings, and those who recorded their victories, are all gone. The giant ruins which are left only serve to show how great has been the decay.

Thus, "the fashion, of this world passeth away, and the glory of man is as the flower of the grass; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." The throne of our great and glorious God is in heaven; in that holy temple his faithful servants shall worship him through endless ages. It knows no decay and no change.



EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.

After passing through several places of interest without stopping, because our time is getting short, we anchored last night at El Kab, and this morning started to see the tombs. They are about twenty minutes' ride from the spot where our boat is moored. In the larger grotto we saw curious coloured pictures of the occupations of the ancient Egyptians. In the first line the peasants are ploughing and sowing. There is a car in the field, which is supposed to show that the master has come out to overlook his workpeople.

There is an inscription in hieroglyphics which was translated by Champollion thus:

"Work, oxen, work,
Bushels for you and bushels for your master."

In the second line, the peasants are reaping wheat and barley with a sickle, and pulling the doorà, a kind of corn, up by its roots.

In the third line they are carrying the crops, and oxen are also treading out the ears of the wheat and barley. The doorà was not trodden out. It is

represented as being bound in sheaves and carried to the threshing-floor, where the grain was stripped from the stalks with a pronged instrument.

The hieroglyphics are thus translated by Birch in his *Egyptian Hieroglyphics*:

"Thrash ye for yourselves,
Thrash ye for yourselves, O oxen;
Thrash ye for yourselves,
Thrash ye for yourselves,
The straw which is yours,
The corn which is your master's."

There are also pictures of winnowing, measuring, and homing the grain.

Below are the asses, pigs, goats, cattle, belonging to the owner of the tomb. They are brought to be numbered and a list made of them by his scribes.

In another part there are other scenes. There is a boat with a chariot on board. There are also men fishing, catching geese, and salting fish and geese. There is also a party of guests.

Then in the last compartment is the funeral procession of the owner of the tomb-the end of all things for him. This, with some religious subjects, take up the remainder of the wall. We noticed that the Egyptian boats were large and handsomely painted-large enough to take a chariot and its two horses on board.

On the opposite side of the tomb the owner and his wife are seated, with a pet monkey close to them, tied. They are entertaining a party of guests, the men and women sitting separate; servants are handing round refreshments, and musicians, with a double pipe and a harp, are amusing the company.

These pictures of the home-life and manners of the early Egyptians have interested us very much. I certainly prefer them to the battle scenes and pictures of sacrifices to their gods.

Leaving El Kab, we next stopped at Esneh. Our sailors have been baking bread here. They bring it from the oven and spread it on the roof of the

cabins, where the wind and sun dry it into a sort of biscuit.

We landed to see the temple. It is very perfect, and the pillars are of great beauty. They are about fifty feet high, and are covered with hieroglyphics. There are four rows of pillars, six in each row. On the ceiling is a zodiac, and the walls are covered with sculpture.

The villa built here by Mohammed Ali is well worth a visit. It is on the bank of the river below the town. A flight of stone steps leads up to a terrace, which is shaded by acacias and other shrubs. The palace stands in a garden; the entrance and chief rooms are large and high, and have carved wooden roofs. The pacha's rooms are very comfortably furnished, with carpets, divans, and every sort of luxury. We saw numbers of lemon, orange, cypress, acacia, and palm-trees in the garden, and hedges of Cape jessamine. Below the palace there is a delightful walk on the bank of the Nile. Altogether it is a charming retreat.

We have now an opportunity of sending letters. They will be the last you will have. For we shall delay nowhere on our way back after we have again visited the temples at this place. You may expect us in two days after this packet arrives.

"So they are really coming back," said Lucy; "I am so glad. I want very much to see Rahaba."

Hugh, who was more taken up with sight-seeing at that moment, began to make his calculations as to how much we should be able to see before the Nile party reached Cairo.

We determined to lose no time, but to set off early in the morning to see Pompey's Pillar, and such other sights as we could. The day after, we must go back to Cairo to meet our friends.

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.



We wished to make the most of our day in Alexandria; and, at Lucy's request, went first to see Cleopatra's Needle, which, as Lucy observed, is not a needle, but an obelisk of red granite, about seventy feet high. There were two, but one has fallen.

Sandys, an Egyptian traveller of a hundred years ago, calls this obelisk "Pharaoh's Needle." Even in his day the other had fallen. It was so nearly buried in sand that we could only see part of the top of it. The two obelisks are supposed to have been brought from Heliopolis by one of the Cæsars, to adorn the city of Alexandria.

We next went to "Pompey's Pillar." It is more than ninety feet high. We were quite angry with the foolish people whose vanity has made them scribble their names on the pedestal.

"I am very glad that all the people who have disgraced themselves so are not English," said Hugh.

So we all were, if one could feel glad about anything so discreditable. There were French and Italian names there as well as English.



MARKETING IN ALEXANDRIA.

About two miles beyond the Rosetta Gate we came to Cæsar's Camp. It was here that Augustus Cæsar defeated Antony's followers. We saw some remains of towers and walls. This spot also had a still greater interest for us English as being the place on which Sir Ralph Abercrombie fell, in the famous battle on the 21st of March, 1801.

In the afternoon we went over the "mosque of the thousand and one columns." This mosque is said to stand on the spot where the church of St. Mark once stood, and where the evangelist St. Mark was put to death. The church was destroyed by the Moslems in the year 121, in the reign of Malek el Kamel, and whilst the crusaders were besieging Damietta.

We passed another large mosque, the Mosque of St. Athanasius. From this mosque was taken the sarcophagus called "The Tomb of Alexandria," which is now in the British Museum.

The next day we returned to Cairo, and on the day following our Nile travellers arrived. A very happy meeting it was. They had stayed one day at

Luxor, to see the temples there, and had then hastened back to Cairo as quickly as they could.

We were all very much interested in Rahaba. To Lucy's delight, the little girl seemed to take a great liking for her. Before Hugh and Lucy left, they had taught her the hymn which begins,-

"Jesus who lives above the sky,
Came down to be a man and die."

Miss Roper thought of asking for admission for Rahaba into the Mission School, and said she would take her first to see it. But Rahaba's eyes streamed with tears when it was spoken of, and she pleaded so hard that she might not be taken from Miss Roper, that the idea was given up.

Mr. and Miss Roper took her with them to England. The prayers of us all are offered daily that God would send a blessing on Miss Roper's labours to make Rahaba a Christian. We believe that our prayers will be heard, for Jesus Christ's sake, and that Rahaba will learn to love the gracious Saviour who died to save us. For he has said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive."

LONDON: R. K. BURT AND CO., PRINTERS.

Transcriber's Note:

A List of Instructions has been added for those illustrations that were captioned.

The following corrections were made:

On page 11, "wearily" was changed to "wearily".

On page 12, "th" was changed to "the".

On page 74, "soun" was changed to "sound".

On page 113, "wa" was changed to "was".

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK WHAT WE SAW IN
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