



CAIRO.

MY JOURNEY WITH THE KHEWIVE.

IN TWO PAPERS.—FIRST PAPER.



TWO years ago I had the good fortune to travel with the present Khedive into Upper Egypt. The news that the Khedive was going to make a voyage up the Nile with the Princess Consort and young Princes caused the natives some perplexity, until the characteristic story got abroad that intelligence had been received of a magnificent treasure—gold, jewels, and precious stones—

buried for thousands of years, and now to be unearthed and brought in triumph to Cairo. The Khedive, when I told him the story, was somewhat amused, but made the kingly answer that the only treasure he desired to find was the contentment and prosperity of his people.

The expedition started on January 22nd, and consisted of four fine, large steamers—the Khedive in the first, next the Princes, then such of the suite as were not in the other two, and lastly a provision boat with two barges in tow conveying four carriages and thirteen horses. The splendid palaces of Cairo—one of which, still unfinished, is said to have cost the late Viceroy over £3,000,000—soon faded away, and gave place to the ordinary village, a cluster of mud-built houses, thatched with cane-straw. The scenery varies little for some distance, until the line of hills that follow

the right bank comes nearer the river; but the monotony of palm and sand is forgotten in the endless magic of colour that plays about the horizon. On the left bank the succession of Pyramids from Gizeh to Medûm, their great number and strangely different shapes, gave one plenty to think about: and all along our route on either side the fellahîn thronged out of their villages with drums beating and banners flying. At sunset we stopped at Uasta, whence a branch line of railway leads to Fayûm, the Arsinoe of the ancient Greeks. The Mudir and people received His Highness with every sign of loyalty and rejoicing. Large crowds were gathered on the banks, but were kept at a little distance by some Bedouins who had made a course for themselves a hundred yards long in front of the steamers. Here they displayed their wild horsemanship, galloping, drawing rein, and turning suddenly. At full charge they held their guns pointed, then brandished and fired them off, and rapidly reloaded: while some devout worshippers kneeling towards the east, and bowing their evening prayers, made a strange contrast with the noise and tumult around them. At dark the bank was illuminated with scores of lamps fixed on poles, between which flags were waving with the Khedive's emblem. Overhead a bright moon shone, and far into the night the splendid band of the Khedive played European music.

Our next station, Benisuêf, was reached at 10 a.m. after an early start; for Friday is the holy day in the East, and His Highness always attends mosque at midday. On his return, he was received with salutes of musketry and music, clouds of cavalry, and cries of "Long live the Khedive!" Again there is a show of Bedouins, but this time a regular battle, pistols and sabres gleaming among the flintlocks. They seemed never weary of burning their powder. Backwards and forwards they charged in storms of dust, banging their guns and shouting their war-cries in a ceaseless,

deafening uproar. Not quite ceaseless, happily—powder or patience failed them at last, and after tethering their horses they dispersed to cut sugarcane for their dinner. In the afternoon we strolled about the tents, which made a scene not unlike a country fair in England. As we passed we were invited into the tent of the head Sheik. The floor was spread with beautiful carpets, but the tent was lined and the divan covered with printed calico, and glass chandeliers adorned with prisms hung at the entrance. European furniture is always a mark of wealth and fashion, but it is rather depressing to see the preference given to hideous things of English or French make by a people who have still the fine artistic talent long lost in Europe.

Minyêh, capital of the province of that name, was our next destination; and at 8 p.m. on Saturday we anchored in front of the palace, that stands only thirty paces back from the river. The palace walls, which ran down the shore for half a mile, were flashing from end to end with lights; and in front long rows of lamps and portfires shone, making a scene of great splendour. Before dining in the palace, the Khedive drove into the town, where great pains had been taken to make a display in his honour. All the streets were adorned on either side with continuous arches of painted woodwork, and every arch was hung with flags and lanterns. Here and there, perched in boxes at the side, or actually over the street in mid-air, groups of musicians and story-tellers spoke or sang, to the great amusement of the turbaned crowd below. Sometimes beneath one of the boxes we had to fight our way, shoulder to shoulder, through a densely-packed mob, but they took it all with great quiet and good-humour.

The following morning we had even clearer proof that the hand of civilisation had reached Minyêh. At nine o'clock His Highness drove to the great sugar factory, where the whole process of manufacture, from the cane to the crystal, was witnessed by and carefully explained to the Khedive, who showed great interest, listening and asking many questions. Gigantic machinery, erected by a French firm, is employed, and the native artisans have, with their usual quickness, so far mastered it, that they not only repair any chance breakage, but make all fresh machinery that may be required in foundries of their own. The sugar trade is a great source of wealth to Egypt; it is unfortunate that the rare occurrence of a frost this year seems to have spoiled the promise of next season. After the usual noonday breakfast there was a grand display of Bedouin horsemanship, varied with sword and lance exercise. Horses and riders are both undeniably quick and clever, but they do not come up to their reputation. Tumbles are not uncommon; and their rude weapons, flowing robes, and motley harness do not suit English ideas of discipline and smartness. Still they are not soldiers, and their equipment is too artistic and picturesque to be disparaged. The saddles, which rise six inches in front and have a high cushioned back, are embroidered with needlework or overlaid with emblems in spangles.

The stirrups are huge plates of iron with triangular sides, hooped by a thick semicircle of metal: the largest foot is lost in them. Some of the guns had ivory stocks, all were inlaid with silver, and in many the barrels were banded with silver. Dusk followed soon after the close of the performance, and the palace flashed again with 5,000 lanterns, which cast their lustre across the river, where it fell faintly on a grove of palm-trees that had stolen a footing underneath the cliffs. The Khedive, as usual, entertained the chief people at dinner, and then drove through the town. Many of the suite also went independently on foot, and everywhere as we passed the native bands struck up with sounds of welcome. It is impossible to mistake the delight with which the people see the Khedive among them; and all who are fortunate enough to travel with him partake in some degree his triumph. Every step almost gave some fresh proof of good feeling. One house we noticed especially, with its carved stone doorway, curiously resembling late Norman architecture, where the merchant had set an ingenious device in Arabic: "We have been prosperous (*tewfik*) for the first time in the reign of His Highness Tewfik Pasha;" and other loyal mottoes abounded. Emerging suddenly from a narrow lane we found ourselves in a small open square, on one side of which was a massive gate. The moment we were seen, loud bursts of music greeted us, and a carpet was unrolled from the inner part of the house to our feet. Crossing the courtyard upon it, we entered a marble hall amid profound salaams, and thence a grand saloon. While refreshments were handed round, some native minstrels performed on strange instruments, and sang or wailed Arabian ditties. The same hospitality awaited us everywhere; all comers were friends, especially strangers. On our way home we stood and viewed with much amusement some of the native paintings. The background is generally a white sheet of linen: sometimes instead rude frescoes are drawn on the whitewashed walls. The favourite subjects are flowers and animals—lions, camels, elephants, and donkeys—painted in flat colour of red, blue, and green; but now and then a steamer is seen, a palm-tree, or a European head with a "tall hat." They are all grotesque and laughable caricatures, but the artists were delighted with our amusement, and thronged grinning and chattering around us. But we had no curious crowds to follow us home, only whirlwinds of dust.

But it is time to pass on to Assiout, the capital of Upper Egypt. Thousands of people were on the banks, and cannon thundered in salute, as the Khedive touched land in the early afternoon. The hottest part of the day once past, towards 4 o'clock His Highness started in a state carriage for the town. The procession was headed by some native horsemen; then came a standard-bearer with green turban, denoting his descent from the Prophet; some bare-legged runners in white tunics and waistcoats brodered in black and gold; next, part of the mounted guard; then the Khedive, drawn by a pair of splendid black horses; ten more guardsmen came

behind, and after them the suite mounted as best they could, *i.e.*, on donkeys. Close behind and on either side thronged Bedouins on their prancing Arabs, and then the population. The road, of course, was only a raised causeway of ordinary Nile mud, and lay three inches deep in dust. The effect may be imagined when a vast mob, horse and foot, were rushing on together, all with the one idea of keeping as close to the Khedive as possible.

Fortunately I had secured a very good donkey and donkey-boy, who fought tooth and nail and managed by some means to keep me in my place, just behind the guardsmen, all the afternoon. For a mile, through air literally darkened with dust, we pushed on to the city. The narrow gateway barely allowed His Highness's carriage to pass, and when the guardsmen were through and the crowd came, all storming the one point, the usual result followed. For a moment we were all wedged immovably together, then, being well in the centre of the archway, I saw the foremost on either side fall heavily, and disappear under a heap of fresh bodies, flung over them by pressure from behind. I thought bones must have been broken, if not lives lost, but no accident has been reported. As the sides yielded, the centre was relieved, and my donkey, after a desperate struggle to avoid being swept off his feet, brought me through the press in triumph. In the town the Khedive was greeted with music and shouts from the soldiers. The men, as a rule, make a great deal of obeisance but are silent; they do not know how to cheer; but the women on the housetops raise their shrill "Lul-ul-ul-ul," which is exactly the Latin "ululatus," and is used to express either joy or mourning. As we wound through the narrow streets, the scene was indescribably vivid and amusing. In front of the procession all was calm and quiet; behind a confused battle for place was incessantly raging. A staff of "beaters" came to the rescue of the suite, and with long sticks belaboured the crowd until they reversed the pressure. Even the donkey-boy would lay his cudgel smartly across the shoulders of a man twice his size. A hundred blows were falling on every side; none were resented or returned. The Arabs seem a tractable people. Of course there was also a ceaseless by-play made up of little incidents. Now a luckless Arab lost his shoe in the *mêlée*, and followed plunging, diving, and swearing, as it was kicked about

by all comers; another is seen wildly smiting the heads of his neighbours with an ivory fiddlestick, without damage on either side; there again a scimitar or battle-axe swings round and makes a momentary way for its owner; there a huge burly officer rolls ignominiously off his donkey amid shouts of laughter; later on a man rushes to the Khedive's carriage with a censer of burning incense, and the odour is sweet in one's dust-laden nostrils. So we move on into the bazaar, where heat and dust are redoubled, in spite of the carpets strewn beneath our feet. There is an instant of rest while an ox is being slain; then forwards again over his blood, and out, at last, into the air at the far side of the town. There we turn and charge our way back again. As we leave the city gate another ox is sacrificed: dancing-girls beat their tambourines; His Highness's carriage goes at a trot, the donkeys at a gallop, and we reach the steamers at sunset, as the hour of prayer is called from the lighted minarets. The evening ended with a grand display of fireworks on the river-bank; while over the water boats were moving, decked with Chinese lanterns and laden with singers, who dropped fire-fountains as they passed. The broad river under the full moonlight was magnificent.

A delay of another day enabled the Khedive to receive or visit all the chief personages of the neighbourhood. His visit to the American Mission should not be omitted. The teachers, who are Presbyterian clergymen, had pitched their tent near the river, and there maps, charts, &c., were exhibited, while the pupils sang English hymn-tunes to the harmonium. His Highness talked in English with the chief teacher, a missionary, and showed a keen interest in the work and management. There are no less than nine schools in Assiout connected with the mission, and six of these are supported by natives. Christians and Mohammedans are taught together, though most of the pupils are Coptic Christians. The aim of the mission is rather education than proselytism; and in religious matters their battle is rather with the dead and deadening formalism of the Coptic Church. The chief of the mission, a Scotchman, has devoted twenty-three years of his life to his self-denying work, that has had no reward beyond its own success, and has fairly lived down the suspicions and evil rumours that his coming created. All the community respect and honour him; no one now believes he uses magic or incantations.

A SWEET REFLECTION.

LAY down the palette and resign the brush!
 What art, O painter, e'er can hope to trace
 The matchless glory of that fair young face?
 What hand depict the secret of that blush
 That deepens at its own rare loveliness?
 Or those dear eyes, twin stars that shine to bless
 Some lonely wanderer on life's toilsome way,
 Turning his night into the broadest day?

Thrice happy wanderer, oh, if thou be he,
 Dream-laden artist, evermore to thee
 A power, an inspiration she shall be,
 Crowning thy effort with a light sublime;
 Remembering her, whate'er thy hand shall do
 Shall blend in love the beautiful and true,
 Fixing her graces to the end of time.

MATTHIAS BARR.

on circuit; a fire broke out, and John was energetic in his help. All were safe but one little maid in the garret; John rushed back into the burning house and saved her, but in doing so a burning beam fell on him; some injury was inflicted to one eye; he was ill for months, and the sight was gone, not only from one, but both. The local papers had a thrilling account of the accident, every one talked of him, and then every one forgot. He had done his duty—he had saved a life; his own life was marred and spoiled, and no one remembered how, or why, but God and the angels.

"Mon père" said the engagement must be broken off. John had nothing, and now he could not work; and when "mon père" died, Marie had nothing either. "Ma mère" went to friends in Paris, and Marie came to England as governess, and toiled on for years. Occasionally she saw John. His life was beautiful; he did all he could, comforting, helping, teaching. Marie knew his heart was hers, but though "ma mère" would have allowed the marriage, there was nothing for them to marry on, and no hope of anything coming. Madame grew infirm, and Marie took to daily teaching at Eastbourne that she might be with her. Years of patient toil—years of hopeless love! "Ma mère" had died the year before, and Mademoiselle was trotting about doing her daily duty.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Honor, "setting sums, teaching French verbs, so lonely, and such a disappointed life! and yet it is *lovely*, it really *is* a noble life," repeated she. I mourned with Honor, and agreed that she had found a romance, and a very sad one.

But this was not the end. Some days after, Honor hurried into the little sitting-room, her cheeks aflame, and one of her thick coils of golden-brown hair escaped from its fastenings and hanging down her back, a great sign of excitement on Honor's part.

Hepburn, quietly reading the newspaper, looks up almost anxiously to see what can have happened.

"Oh! I've such news! only think! Mademoiselle's story is coming right at last!" gasped out Honor, and then proceeded to explain that John Grey had had a fortune left him, a very good one, and he was coming—coming after all these twenty-five years to claim his Marie for his wife! It was not surprising that Honor's back hair had fallen down with an excitement like this! "John" came and stayed at my forlorn hotel, which instantly became transfigured in Honor's eyes. Yes! his was a face that

would transfigure a very dull spot. The fair hair was growing grey, the slow grave smile and the white teeth were the same as ever, the eyes were gone, and he walked with that peculiar gait of almost all blind people, as if he were always looking up for some lost light. Never again did I call Eastbourne prosaic or unromantic!

Two or three weeks afterwards, on a sunny forenoon, Honor, Hepburn, and I stood inside the bare church; before the altar was John Grey, and by his side was Mademoiselle. The brown alpaca Mademoiselle was gone. She now wore a soft pale pink cambric. "Let me think, you have the colour that I last saw you in," said John, so she was his "Marie" again: a black lace shawl, twisted round, and a soft pink bonnet, with one rose in it; and behind her were the two elder trots with large bunches of white roses. No. 1 seemed entering into something wonderful that had befallen Mademoiselle. No. 2, with widely open blue eyes, was mostly interested in gazing at John Grey, and wondering if his eyes were *always* shut. As for Honor, there was a dimness over hers, and I believe over Hepburn's too, as they stood in the porch; while No. 3, in her perambulator, showered many-coloured roses in Mr. and Mrs. Grey's path. Did it matter that twenty-five years had passed since the blue enamel ring had been put on the slender young finger? Did it matter that Marie was elderly, and no longer the bright young girl? Did it matter that John's thick curly hair was grey and thinned, and his eyes closed? He had got the light of his eyes again; he had worked and waited patiently with no hope of any joy in this world, and Mademoiselle had done the same. "No!" says Honor, in decided tones, "it does not matter one bit; it is beautiful; they have loved and they have trusted, and the love has made all their lives beautiful, and *now* they are happy, and Eastbourne really *is* a very interesting place!" These were Honor's reflections as the fly with the bride and bridegroom drove off along the chalky road. The trots were clamouring round mama. "Did not you say we were going to have a cake because Mademoiselle is married?"

Hepburn is quietly remarking, "I suppose we shall have to come to Eastbourne every year for more excitement." And Honor is laughing at the trots, and smiling at Hepburn, and saying, "Oh, no! *never*, because nothing could ever again be like Mademoiselle and her blue enamel ring."

MY JOURNEY WITH THE KHEDIVE.

BY HIS HIGHNESS'S FORMER TUTOR. IN TWO PAPERS.—SECOND PAPER.



THE morning after our arrival at Assouan, as I was leisurely dressing, there came a message, "His Highness is starting." I had no idea what "starting" meant, but in two minutes was on deck, and found we were all going towards the Cataract. It was barely eight o'clock, and it is not pleasant to travel under a burning sun without break-

fast; but the chance of reaching fine scenery was too good to lose. Four large eight-oared boats rowed us across to Elephantine Island, where the ancient Nilometer was visited, and other ruins. Thence we went steadily up-stream, among scenery that became at every stroke more and more interesting. On the right was a long line of hills, showing here and there

a dark rock through their cover of bright, golden sand—sand so golden that at first one thinks the colour some passing illusion of the light. On the left, near the water, were flats, from which jagged and broken crags rise and slope away to the mountains beyond. The mountain-tops are generally crowned with tombs or ruins, and often on the face of a water-worn boulder one noticed some old hieroglyphic—the cartouch of a Ptolemy or Alexander. Crowds of Arabs followed us along the shore, and astonished us by their skill in climbing up and down precipices where there seemed no footing even for a cat. The river became more winding and narrower as we advanced, till at last the force of the current, shut in between close walls of rock, was too strong for rowing. Then the Khedive landed, and the party climbed hill after hill in search of the best view. A geologist would have revelled in the extraordinary variety of stones lying at our feet: all sorts of most beautiful granite, quartz, syenite (which, by the way, takes its name from Syene, the old Greek name of Assouan), and other stones to me new and nameless. At last we reached an eminence from which the Nile was again visible, but it was nothing like the Nile we had seen beforehand. One looked across what seemed a great lake lying below, sown thickly with small rocky islands on which palm-trees were gently waving; between the islands the blue water was rushing in hundreds of smooth channels, or foaming in rapids among huge boulders that blocked the way, and a continuous roar was sounding. The lake was enclosed by cliffs and hills, with every point and line thrown out clearly in dazzling sunshine. One felt the scene could never be forgotten—in fact it made one forget the want of breakfast.

Philæ was our destination for the afternoon; the island lies above the Cataract, and His Highness resolved to go by special train, for there is a railway, though travellers are not generally aware of it. The station is some way from the town, but the ride was worth making, as it lay through some palm gardens, where tall sunflowers in full bloom under the palms made a picture to enchant the lovers of "high art" among us. The gardens gave way to groves, the groves to desert, before we alighted at the station. There nothing was visible but a short, empty, luggage train. This, however proved to be the "special." The railway was only made for goods traffic round the Cataract, and has not a single passenger carriage. Four trucks decked with palm branches and filled with chairs served for the escort and the rest who were not lucky enough to be invited by the Khedive into the guard's van. I was among the favoured few. The van had been set with flags outside, and hung with silks and mirrors inside, so that it made not a bad state saloon: and the Khedive, like an English prince, is amused at having to rough it occasionally. Half an hour's jolting through the desert brought us opposite Philæ, and a steamer was waiting to take us across to the island, that lies in mid-stream, almost covered with ruined temples. We walked through all, admiring the perfect preservation of every colour

and curve that had not suffered wanton destruction: for it is only destruction, not decay, that can spoil the monuments of Egypt. Even so the ruins seem, as it were, to have worked into their place, to have become part of nature, as they stand now in magnificent repose, the centre of a scene for romantic beauty and interest perhaps unequalled in the world, and viewed by us under all the splendours of an Egyptian sunset. This alone was worth our 600 miles' journey from Cairo, and formed its fitting climax.

In the evening His Highness remained on board the steamer, where the band played such operatic and other music as from time to time he commanded. Several of the suite were honoured with invitations into his presence under the awning; and the Khedive was kind enough to order some English music, on behalf of the only Englishman present with the expedition. It was a strange sensation to sit there in the soft Eastern night, sipping coffee out of gold cups studded with diamonds, and looking on the blaze of lanterns among the palm-trees, as one listened to familiar home airs splendidly rendered so far in Africa. "God save the Queen" came in due time, and by a curious though of course accidental coincidence, was accompanied with a loud salute of cannon. Then followed Italian and French pieces. But the state of dreamy pleasure which the whole scene produced was soon rudely changed, as a powerful native band struck up within a stone's-throw of the steamer. The discord was enough to tear the strongest nerves; but it was well meant—it is a way they have of showing honour—and the Khedive bore it all with great good-humour, though he is very fond of good music. And even when a solitary Arab came down to the water's edge, and beat with loyal fury his tom-tom, tin-kettle, or other execrable instrument, he was allowed to din away unmolested. He seemed to be supremely happy, only he had not the art of conveying his emotions to his audience.

On the 5th February our bows pointed northwards once more, and the rocks and ruins of Assouan soon melted away behind us. But the progress of the Khedive was not quite finished yet. Edfou, with its magnificent temple, the finest relic of old Egyptian architecture, received the next visit. The entrance-gates, the high walls of the rectangular enclosure, the temple itself, with outer and inner courts, huge pillars capped with lotus and palm, mystic chambers and dark staircases, is, generally speaking, entire. Once an Arab village clustered in this, as in most temples. Now it is jealously guarded, and the only inhabitants are a few owls that flit about, haunting the place where their ancestors of old were honoured. In the farthest recess at Edfou lies the shrine of the deity, hewn from a solid block of grey Assouan granite. An inscription fixes the date, but twenty-four centuries seem to have produced absolutely no effect on the clean polished surface which shines as though cut yesterday. The Khedive seemed greatly interested in everything. Our return was varied by a troop of natives on dromedaries who preceded the Khedive, and all the way kept up a mimic battle with their sabres. The beasts

charged and turned with a speed and nimbleness that upset all one's ideas taken from the sedate and awkward gait of the laden camel.

On Friday evening we reached Luxor—perhaps the most interesting town in all Egypt for the antiquarian. After dinner the Khedive rode through the streets on his white charger, and was much gratified with the warmth of his reception, here as everywhere, by all classes. Weeks might be spent here in mere sight-seeing; it would require years of study and volumes of writing to make anything like a description. Luxor is the site of ancient Thebes—Homer's "Hundred-gated Thebes"—and on both banks of the river are vast remains; it was the No Amon of sacred history. Early next morning the Khedive drove to the ruins of Karnak, a mile from Luxor, which cover acres of ground. The chief temple—for there are several—is a stupendous work; its length altogether, including the avenue of sphinxes, is 2,000 feet. Much of the building has entirely disappeared, other parts are marked only by piles of gigantic hewn stones lying piled in wild disorder; but the splendid Hall of Pillars still remains, and is enough alone to bewilder the imagination. As one moves from ruin to ruin, the evidence of colossal forces everywhere accumulates—forces of creation and forces of destruction, one scarcely knows which to wonder at most. The son of Mustapha Agha, the English Consul, came with us, and had the honour of explaining the points of interest in the inscriptions, &c., to His Highness; he speaks capital English, and is thoroughly familiar with the ancient history of Egypt. This was to be a day of hard work for the Khedive. Scarcely was luncheon over after the return from Karnak when a steamer conveyed the party across the river. There horses and donkeys were ready, and a three miles' ride brought us to the now voiceless statue of Memnon and its fellow Colossus, that rise in solitary grandeur from the midst of the green corn-plain around them. Thence the ruins of Thebes proper, and the temples of Gournah and Rameses, were rapidly visited; and we saw, lying in huge fragments, the overthrown statue of Rameses, once the largest monolith in the world, with a weight of nearly 2,000 tons. The way after this lay among vast rubbish-heaps, broken by dangerous pits, where ancient sepulchres had been explored and plundered. Some difficult riding brought us to the foot of a mountain range, on the other side of which lay the famous "Tombs of the Kings." A narrow and steep footpath was the only ascent; at no point was there a sure foothold, at each step the ground yielded, and showers of stones were sent flying below. Horses and donkeys soon had to be abandoned, and every one had to clamber for himself, sometimes along the edge of a precipice; it required some nerve to trust the slippery ground, and look down the abyss that sank a hundred fathoms at one's feet. But the Khedive and all struggled onwards till the top was reached, when a magnificent view opened before us. A broad valley, or basin, lay sunken among the mountains that encircled it, and in the circuit, long sloping spurs of broken limestone alter-

nated with bastions or perpendicular walls of solid rock, and here and there one saw square doorways hollowed out—the entrances to the tombs. The descent into the hollow was nearly as hard as the ascent had been, but by dint of sliding and scrambling it was accomplished. Lights were soon ready, and a flight of steps brought one down from one of the doorways inside the principal tomb. Each tomb consists of several storeys, sinking one below another into the very heart of the mountains; in each storey are several cubical chambers with pillars, and the whole is covered with sculpture and painting, which represent the achievements and lineage of the buried king. The work of chisel and brush is still singularly fresh, but has been much mutilated by tourists and others; it is a pity that a locked doorway cannot be placed at each entrance. But we had scant time to examine details, as the sun was already getting low. Still there was time enough to experience an irresistible sense of one's own littleness, a sense of belonging to an inferior age and race. These men, one thought, were kings indeed, and giants of the earth, and no more fitting resting-place for their bodies could have been chosen. Power and death, sublimity and desolation, the might of man amid the grandeur of nature; these were the ideas of the scene that pushed imagination almost beyond its limits. Our route back was varied. The way lay through a winding ravine, down which the bodies of the old kings were carried; gradually the mountains gave way to hills and detached blocks and crags, or heaps of broken limestone, and finally the desert gave place to fields of waving corn. A long ride remained, but the rare good fortune of a cloudy day had made the heat and fatigue quite bearable. Still the Khedive had done a day's work worthy the Emperor of Brazil, and all were glad when Luxor was reached again.

Here then the narrative of the journey fitly closes. No fresh places of interest were visited after this till Cairo was reached again on the 12th of February. The journey, of course, was rather an official progress than a pleasure-trip; the Khedive was anxious to see and to make himself known to the people in his dominion. There is no doubt that he has been most enthusiastically received from beginning to end, and is personally extremely popular with the natives. It is not so long ago since the people used to run away and hide when a Khedive was coming; but they vie with each other in coming near the person of their present ruler. This spirit of trust is doubtless just now quickened by gratitude; for the remission, lately decreed by His Highness, of sundry small but vexatious taxes has given great relief to the poorer classes.

Such are the words I wrote two years ago; and neither my own subsequent experience of the Khedive's policy and of native feeling, nor the momentary success of Arabi's mingled terrorism and fanaticism, has at all shaken my belief in the Khedive's devotion to his people's good, or the people's affection for their sovereign.