

From Cairo to Cataract.

BY SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.



THIS is not an attempt to describe the archæological and historic wonders that abound in the land of the Pharaohs. That work has been done so often and so well, that further effort would probably result in mere repetition. It is an account of the experiences of six Britishers who spent about a month on the glorious Nile. What they saw and what they did may be of interest to those who have never traversed those regions, and it will revive pleasant memories perhaps in those who know them well.

Egypt is now in the hands of two armies

cheaper and more comfortable than it would have been without them.

But we have embarked on the Nile too soon ; we must first stay a few days at Cairo, the many-sided, many-coloured city of the desert. We first put up at the Gezirah Palace Hotel—a very fine palace built by the late Khedive to entertain the monarchs and other distinguished visitors who came to the opening of the Suez Canal. To erect such a huge place for a special occasion shows the breadth of hospitality of His Highness, and the confidence he had in the long-suffering endurance of the tax-payer. But the Palaces of the Khedive are numberless. Nearly all the



From a Photo. by]

CAIRO AND ITS CITADEL.

[Bonfils.

of occupation. One is composed of British soldiers, and the other of the men of Thos. Cook and Sons. The latter generals have certainly taken possession of the Nile. The former are here to preserve order and insure good government, and the latter to issue coupons. Both appear to do their work well, and to have gained the confidence of their clients. Speaking of clients reminds us of lawyers, and the only time when either of the two armies has suffered serious defeat was when they fought against one another—in the Law Courts. The *casus belli* was the question of the ownership of some large postal steamers—and it is said that the army of coupons was worsted with severe loss, viz., £16,000. This from one point of view is rather to be regretted, as there is no doubt that they have made travel, here as elsewhere,

largest houses in Cairo are inhabited by the Khedive and his relations. When you are passing a particularly fine place, you ask the dragoman what relative of the Khedive lives there, and he tells you that it is his mother, or his brother, or his cousin, and so on. We soon found the beautiful Gezirah Palace too far from the town, and removed to the world-renowned Shephard's Hotel.

We did wisely. In front of this hotel is a large covered space, in which people sit and watch the ever-changing scenes of the liveliest street in Cairo. The costumes are endless in variety of shape and colour. Egyptians, Arabs, Bedouins, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Assyrians, Nubians, Maltese, and Europeans. The natives wear, for the men, a white flowing, folding garment, which looks more like night than day attire. The women are in a similar



From a] ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF SIAM AT THE GEZIRAH PALACE HOTEL. [Photograph.

dress, only mostly black. Their religion compels them to cover their faces with a veil, concealing all but their jet-black eyes. It is



AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN.
From a Photo. by Bonfils.

fastened to their headgear by a brass or wooden or silver nose-bridge, which looks like a chess king or rook. The few women's faces that are seen uncovered lead one to thank a religion which insures the concealing

of the female features. They are dusky and ugly.

One of the most curious sights in Cairo is that of the saïs, or carriage-runners. Rich people employ one or two of these saïs to run in front of their carriages to clear the way. They are dressed in a most picturesque costume, and carry a gold-tipped staff. On approaching a corner they shout a warning—or if anyone is in the way. They run

most gracefully, and are fine-looking fellows. But they do not live long, and generally die of heart disease—the prolonged fast running, extending sometimes for several hours a day, proving in time too much for them. They are private servants, regularly engaged like footmen. The privilege of having two saïs running side by side is supposed to be limited to the Khedive's relatives, high Government officials, Army officers, and some others,



SAÏS, OR CARRIAGE-RUNNERS.
From a Photo. by J. H. Lebah.



From a Photo. by]

BAZAAR AT CAIRO.

[Zangaki.

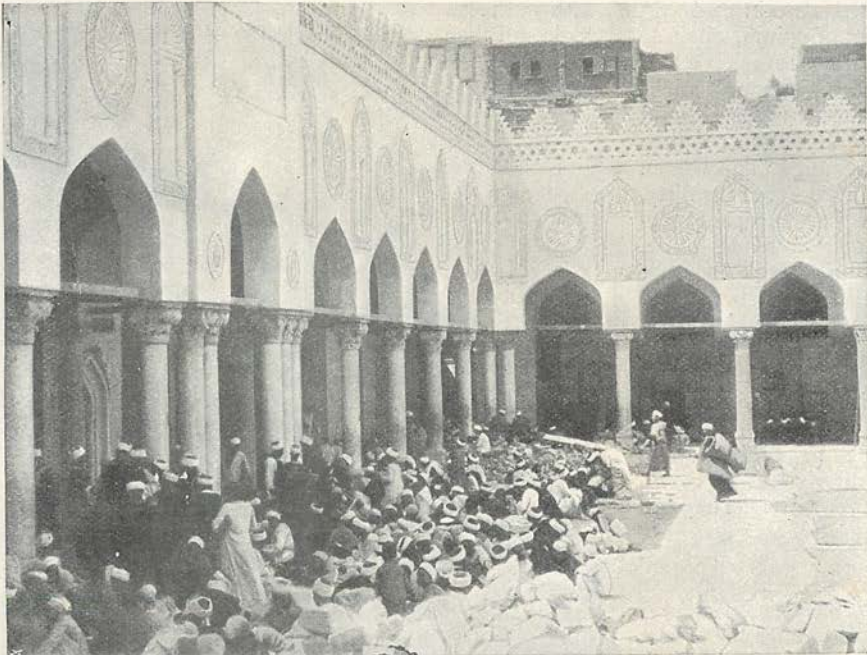
of Cairo. They are narrow lanes of shops—if one can call places not much bigger than large boxes or wardrobes by the name of shops. The owner sits cross-legged in the front, and his wares are on little shelves around him. Every necessary and unnecessary of life is exhibited. Also the making of jewellery, tin-work, brass-work, saddlery, clothes, slippers, etc., all done openly, with no windows. These bazaars are almost always crowded with people passing to and fro; and it is indeed a strange and lively scene.

Perhaps the most remarkable sight we witnessed was at the University Mosque. Students from all parts of the world come there, many of them with a view to becoming Mohammedan priests. The mosque is, for the most part, without roof, and there—squatting cross-legged, like tailors, on the floor—were 6,000 men and youths, in classes, learning the Koran and other religious works. Professors were talking to their classes or examining their pupils' work. This was

though, like that of the cockade in Britain, it is sometimes wrongfully appropriated.

The bazaars are, of course, the chief feature

about 11 a.m. We were told, had we gone at eight, we should have seen 15,000. This University is the one to which all Moham-



From a]

A CORNER OF THE UNIVERSITY MOSQUE.

[Photograph.

medans wish to go, no matter in what country they live. What strikes one is the utter slovenliness in dress. Although many of the students belonged to rich families, there was a complete absence of any attempt to adorn themselves even neatly, and fine raiment was not to be seen. They all looked as if on getting up in the morning they simply threw around their bodies some folds of white, blue, or black drapery, put on a turban, slid into slippers, and sallied forth.

There are five hundred mosques in Cairo, and it is the custom to summon the people to prayer by shouting from the top of the minaret or tower of each mosque. At six in the morning they are all five hundred calling the faithful to their devotions, and you can imagine the babel there is. Besides attending mosque the Mohammedan has his other hours of prayer, and in the middle of his work, in his shop, in the street, anywhere, before any number of people, you will see him suddenly falling on his knees, swaying up and down, looking towards Mecca, and praying. He does not think it necessary to isolate himself, as the act of prayer is so revered that he is quite free from any risk of being disturbed.

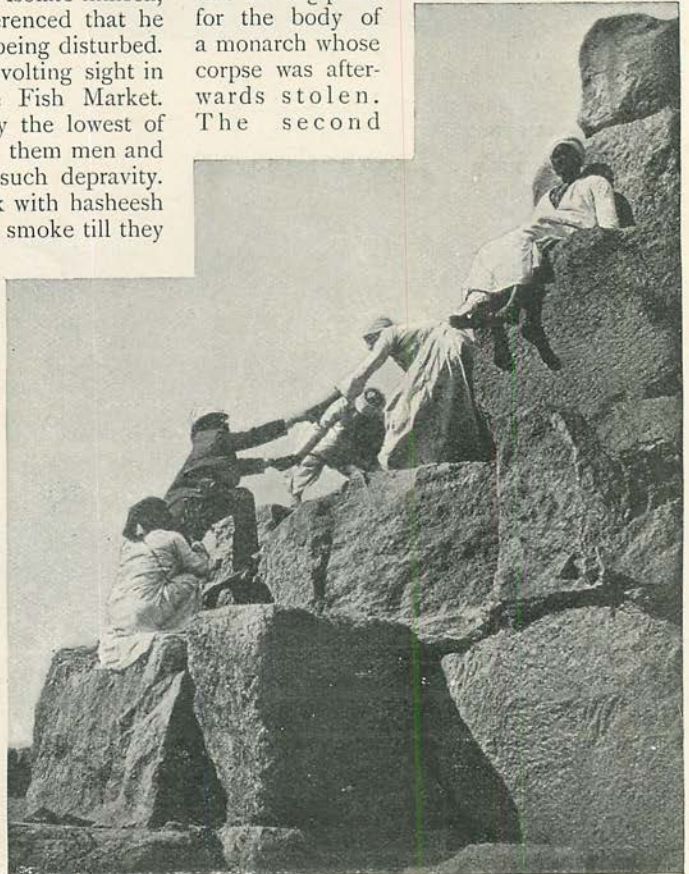
A most remarkable and revolting sight in Cairo is what is called the Fish Market. This quarter is inhabited by the lowest of the low. You can hardly call them men and women, they have sunk to such depravity. The males are in cafés, drunk with hasheesh—a sort of opium, which they smoke till they imagine themselves in battle, and sway sticks about in a helpless, stupid kind of way, just as if they were dreaming. The women stand or lie about the dirty, narrow streets, openly plying their horrible trade. At eleven o'clock they are compelled to go inside, and they sit behind iron bars inviting passers-by to come into their dark dens. The sight is indeed a sad one. It would be impossible to find women more utterly lost to everything womanly. They are as degraded as they are ugly. It is a wonder that such a scene is possible in a country under British rule. It is only fair to say, however, that, since the British occupation, much

has been done to sweep away these vice spots, and doubtless more will be accomplished in the future.

But for the most part Cairo is bright and cheerful. European cities are in many respects alike. Cairo has, so to speak, an individuality of its own. The hours slip rapidly by amid the varying scenes. No one is ever bored in Cairo. It seems as if every nation on earth has sent its quota to form the great kaleidoscope.

Lord Cromer (Sir Evelyn Baring), our Consul-General, really governs Egypt. He is extremely deferential to the Khedive at public functions, but it is well known that he holds the reins, and the Khedive does nothing without consulting him. Indeed, he is sometimes called the King of Egypt.

The trip to the Pyramids is now easy, as a good road has been made. A ten-mile drive brings you to the foot of Gizeh, the greatest of them all. It is said that 100,000 men were employed for thirty years over its construction—all to make a safe resting-place for the body of a monarch whose corpse was afterwards stolen. The second



From a]

ASCENDING THE GREAT PYRAMID.

[Photograph.

largest is close to it, and almost equals it in size. Then come others of varying distances and varying heights, the total number still standing reaching about fifteen. Many visitors make the ascent of the great Gizeh, and some are sorry for it afterwards; whilst many declare that there is no great difficulty in it—and for the young and strong and agile, perhaps there is not. It is astonishing to see the Bedouin Arabs, who are there, run up and down Gizeh against time. The two fastest agreed that for a few shillings they would undertake to run up to the top of Gizeh and down again in eight minutes. One of these monkey-like climbers took just under and the other just over the prescribed time.

We referred previously to the passion of the Khedives for building houses. One of them has even placed a sort of villa or bungalow just at the foot of the great Pyramid, altogether out of place and out of keeping with its surroundings. It is merely put there so that his friends may have lunch in private. A few hundred yards from Gizeh is the greatest of the Sphinxes—known by sight to all the world.

We must now make a start for the First Cataract. We have chartered the good ship *Nitocris*, a small steamer with a crew of sixteen, with berths for eight passengers, a comfortable saloon, and an excellent upper deck extending fore and aft. It may be wondered where so many as sixteen sailors sleep on such a small ship. As a matter of fact, they sleep very comfortably on deck well wrapped up. When we go from the saloon aft to our beds forward, at night, we have to thread our way between their reclining forms.

In command of our little vessel is our



From a]

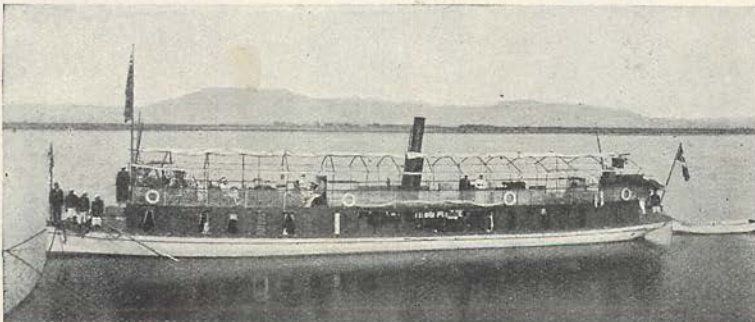
SALEM GAZIRI.

[Photograph.

dragoman, Salem Gaziri, who has for nearly twenty years in the winter been conducting parties up the Nile, and the rest of the year taking other parties through the Holy Land, Turkey, Greece, and elsewhere. Admirable Crichton was supposed to know everything and to do everything. So is a good dragoman. Salem provisions our ship, looks after the cook, helps to wait at the table, points out all the places of interest we pass, goes with us to the temples and tombs, knows every hieroglyphic in each, hires our camels and donkeys, keeps off the natives—who are for ever, men, women, children, and even babies, holding out their hands for back-sheesh—pays all expenses, acts as captain of the ship, takes his turn at the helm, calls down the pipe orders to the engine-room, and generally superintends and bosses everything and everybody on board. If you wish it, he is quite willing and able to cut your hair and shave you; and one night, when two of our

party went ashore to have some billiards, they were not in the least surprised when they looked up and saw Salem marking the game.

He is deferential to us, autocratic to the crew, and bullying to the crowds that follow us on shore. In his picturesque Syrian



From a]

THE "NITOCRIS."

[Photograph.

dress he looks the dignified genius which he is. Some people who had him last year were so pleased with him that they took him to London to show him the Jubilee procession, which he says was magnificent; and I believe the only regret he had with regard to it was that he himself was not conducting all the arrangements.

Our first stop is for the purpose of visiting Memphis and Sakkara. The tombs of the Sacred Bulls of the latter place, and very many others, were discovered and excavated by the great French Egyptologist, M. Mariette, who built himself a house out in the desert, so as to be near his beloved labours. He lived there for thirty years. The tomb mentioned is a great cavernous passage nearly a mile long, on each side of which are the sarcophagi of these sacred beasts. Each one was worshipped for twenty-five years, then put to death and buried here, and another reigned in its stead.

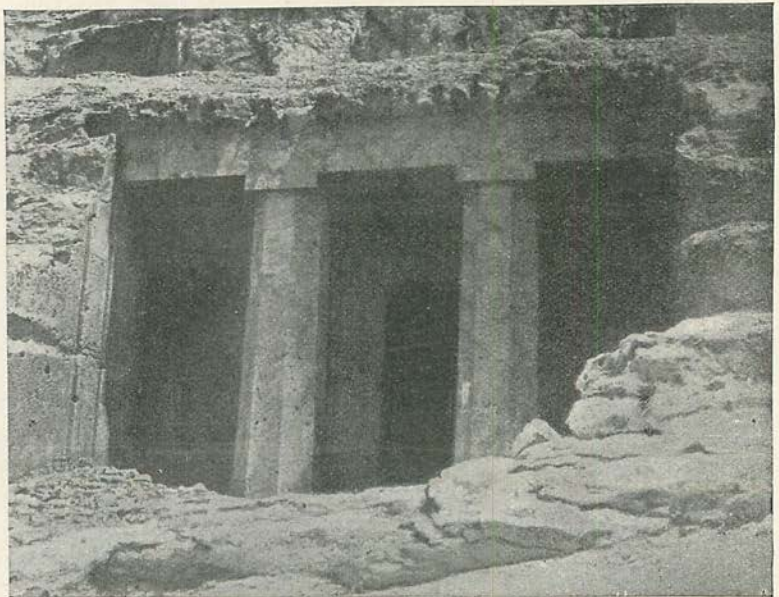
Pagans on the banks of the Nile worshipped all kinds of animals—cows, jackals, geese, crocodiles, birds—especially the ibis, the owl, and the vulture—sheep, hogs, rams, goats, serpents, scorpions, and even the ungodlike domestic, the cat. If anyone was known to ill-treat a pussy, he and all his family were burnt to ashes. This idolatry lasted 4,000 years. In other parts of Egypt the rising sun, the midday sun, and the setting sun were all worshipped; and, in fact, in different places they seem to have set up gods of every conceivable and inconceivable kind.

While visiting the tombs of Beni Hassan we heard a wild, wailing sound in the valley below, which turned out to be a native funeral. The procession crossed a field from a village of mud huts to the cemetery, the men in front singing, "There is no God but one God, and Mohammed was sent by God," the children behind singing and the women moaning and groaning. It was a weird scene.

At Beni Hassan is the tomb of Ameni, who appears to have had a very high opinion of his manifold virtues, and not to be overburdened with modesty in setting them forth. This is the inscription which runs right round the walls of his tomb:—

I have done all that I have said. I am a gracious and a compassionate man, and a ruler who loves his town. I have passed the course of years as the ruler of Meh, and all the labours of the palace have been carried out by my hands. I have given to the overseers of the temples of the gods of Meh 3,000 bulls with their cows, and I was in favour in the palace on account of it, for I carried all the products of the milk-bearing cows to the palace, and no contributions to the king's storehouses have been more than mine. I have never made a child grieve, I have never robbed the widow, I have never repulsed the labourer, I have never shut up a herdsman, I have never impressed for forced labour the labourers of a man who only employed five men; there was never a person miserable in my time, no one went hungry during my rule, for if there were years of scarcity I ploughed up all the arable land in the nome of Meh, up to its very frontiers on the north and south. By this means I made its people live and procured for them provisions, so that there was not a hungry person among them. I gave to the widow the same amount as I gave to the married woman, and I made no distinction between the great and the little in all that I gave. And, behold, when the inundation was great, and the owners of the land became rich thereby, I laid no additional tax upon the fields.

One day we stayed at a village quite unknown to the usual tourist, just for the sake of an hour's exercise. It proved to be a happy thought. The place was most interesting. It consists of the usual mud huts and bazaars. It was market day, and the people



From a Photo. by]

ENTRANCE TO AMENI'S TOMB, BENI HASSAN.

[A. Beato.

had come in from the country-side and the edge of the desert. We created a sensation; not being a place where Cook's steamers stop, the folks had probably never or seldom seen Britishers before. They stopped their work to stare at us, and when we halted at a shop to buy a few things, a crowd collected, and followed us all through our wanderings. The policeman on duty took us under his care, and went with us, beating off with a stick any whom he thought were pressing us too closely. We were quite a little procession. The dragoman, who had not landed here before, took on shore a sturdy boatman, who marched in front with a big stick. Next came Salem.

Then we followed with the policeman. The market-place was crowded with buyers and sellers, all squatting on the ground. Everybody sits tailor-fashion in Egypt, apparently. This was a rough, swarthy, grizzly crowd, and all dressed in the long folding garment which reaches from head to foot, except the children of both sexes, and their account at the tailor's or dressmaker's is *nil*. I recommend all travellers on the Nile, who charter their own private steamers, to visit some of those places where Cook's tourist boats do not stop. There you see the real Eastern life, untouched by European invasion, and the curiosity you arouse in them and they arouse in you is mutually interesting.

For this purpose, on another day we selected an out-of-way mud hut village, almost hidden behind a belt of date palms. It was far away from any show-place, and had a difficult landing. Here we ought to see the dusky native in all the rough simplicity of his home. And so it was. Salem thought it wise to take two sailors with us, a precaution which we did not desire, as we thought six fairly muscular Christians ought to be able to take care of themselves. But any escort was quite unnecessary. The people were very civil, simply opened their eyes wide, and their mouths also, as they followed us around. The Sheikh, or chief of the village, told us that no European had visited them before, at any rate, dressed as we were.

We never could have believed that the prosaic, inartistic appendages to the lower limbs of the animal man would have excited so much wonderment; it was, indeed, like the name of the garment in question, inexpressible.

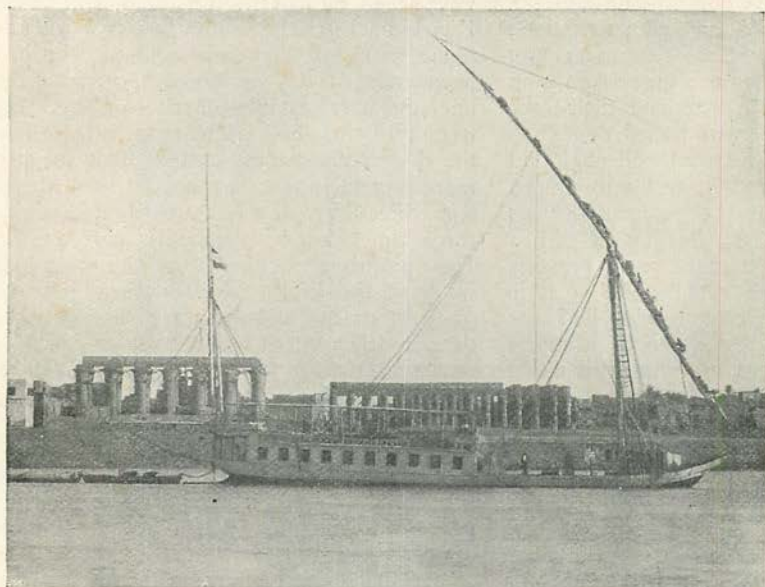
Our next stop was at Naghr Hamadi, which was the extreme limit of the rail-

way which ultimately, it is said, will reach Khartoum. At the station we saw a large number of workmen and soldiers who had been engaged on the Berber portion of the line, and were invalided home to Cairo. We were told they had been very badly fed in the desert, not having tasted meat for two months, and, in fact, only subsisting on hard, stony bread, which has to be boiled two or three times before the teeth can bite it. Hearing this, we bought up all the provisions we could get in the station—bread, cheese, oranges, dates—and we gave these out to them as they sat or stood in open compartments waiting for the train to start. We also gave them cigarettes, and as the train steamed out they raised a tremendous cheer for us, something like our "Hip! hip! hurrah!" and we felt that for a few shillings we had enjoyed more genuine pleasure than perhaps in seeing half-a-dozen ancient tombs.

We once more embark on the good, albeit venerable, ship *Nitocris*.

There is one, and so far only one, disappointment with the river. There are two Niles, the Blue Nile and the White Nile. This is the Blue Nile—but, alas! it is not blue. It is a muddy brown caused by the deposits from the Abyssinian Hills. But there are always compensations in Nature, and if the Egyptians are deprived of looking upon blue waters flowing down their beloved river, they are at any rate consoled by the fact that these selfsame deposits are the great cause of the fruitfulness of the land upon its shores. The Nile is said to be one of the tributaries of the river spoken of in the Bible which ran through the Garden of Eden, and then parted into four huge rivers and watered the earth—the other three being the Indus, the Tigris, and the Euphrates.

Luxor is perhaps the most interesting place we have seen. Not for itself—but because it is built upon the site of ancient Thebes, once the capital of Egypt, and, indeed, of the world. The Thebes of to-day consists of a few mud huts. Here is the great temple of Karnak—by far the finest we have seen. It contains one hundred and thirty-four carved columns, each one as large in circumference as the Vendôme Column in Paris. It took about a dozen kings to complete it. The ancient Egyptians knew not how to make arches, so they had to choke up their temples with pillars—placed no farther apart than would admit of one stone spanning across from one pillar to the other in forming the



From a

DAHABEAH AND TEMPLE OF LUXOR.

[Photograph.]

roof. It is said that a life was lost for every stone put in its place in Karnak temple.

The Egyptians appear to have had no cranes or other appliances known to the modern builder. It was, so to speak, brute force architecture, and the masses of stone were only dealt with by the employment of enormous numbers of men and beasts. Having no scaffolding, they heaped up sand and earth against the building as it arose, and thus carried the materials. When finished the sand and earth were dug away and removed.

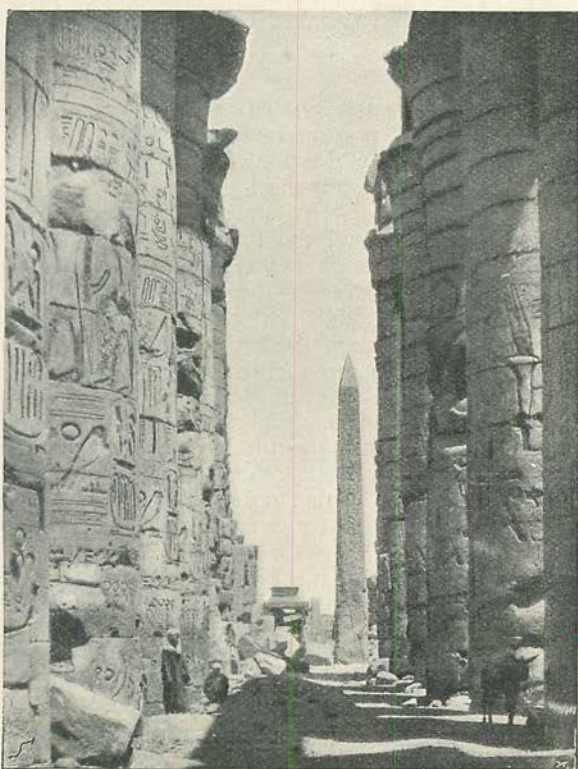
In Luxor Temple is a colossal statue of Pharaoh Rameses II. Behind him will be observed his wife meekly standing, her height scarcely reaching to the knee-cap of her lord and evident master, showing in what esteem, or want of it, women were held in those heathen times. The ladies have taught us much civilization since then. What Britisher of to-day would dare to have a family representation made in such proportions?

In accordance with a custom often followed, we gave the men a sheep at Assiout and another at Luxor. In acknowledgment, they decorated the ship with palm leaves and scores of Chinese lanterns, and gave us an Arabian concert. Strange and weird it was, though not very entertaining,

This was the Pharaoh who gave the Israelites such a bad time. He is everywhere in evidence. He seems to have built more than any six of the other kings, and his manifold

being a continuous dull monotone.

To visit Thebes, we crossed the river, and spent six hours amongst the tombs and temples. We went on donkeys over a high mountain of sand and stone in the Libyan range. There is not a vestige of verdure in it, and yet it is imposing, and the air most exhilarating. At the Ramesseum there is the fallen colossal statue of Rameses II., which weighs a thousand tons, and is one solid stone.



From a

KARNAK COLUMNS AND OBELISK.

[Photograph.]



STATUE OF RAMESSES THE GREAT.
From a Photo. by A. Beato.

At Luxor the Consular Agent kindly invited us to an Oriental lunch. All sit on the floor round a table without legs. Each course is brought in on one dish—meat, vegetables, etc., together—and placed in the centre. It is eaten with the fingers, with a spoon or on pieces of bread. There are no knives or forks, and everyone dips in, like in a lucky-bag at a bazaar, and takes what happens to come. The food was good, well-cooked, and even tasty, but the method of eating it is not conducive to the stimulating of British appetites.

We have been much struck with the primitive way they do many things on the banks of this great river. Round great fields of doora—a sort of Indian corn—8ft. high, you will see half-a-dozen men on high mounds aiming at sparrows with slings and stones, identically the same as that with which David ended Goliath's career. They do not often hit them, but it frightens them off. A couple of ugly scarecrows made to turn with the wind would answer the same purpose, and these six men on each field could be working at something else.

works have given him the name of Rameses the Great. All the way from Cairo to the Cataract the name which is most constantly on the dragoman's lips is Rameses II. He was the father of the Pharaoh whose hosts were drowned in the Red Sea.

As stated at the outset, there will be no room in this skeleton sketch to describe the antiquities of this ancient land. Of the great ruins of Tel-el-Amarna Sohag, Abydos, Denderah Isneh, Elkab, Edfon, and Komombos nothing has been said.

Every few hundred yards men are seen pulling up water, for irrigating the fields, by means



From a Photo. by]

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE CITY OF THEBES.

[A. Beato.

of a weighted pole resting on a cross-bar. The men—sometimes two, three, or even four men—pull the bucket down and fill it, then the weight raises it again, and the water is emptied into a basin. Above is another man—or more—getting it into a higher basin, and perhaps a third still higher. It is then run in channels over the fields. One would have thought that suction or force-pumps would have done twice the work, with a sixth part of the labour, but as the irrigation is under the supervision of the British Government official experts, it is to be presumed that it is found the best available. There is some talk of utilizing the force of the First Cataract for irrigating purposes. Except during the inundations, which are caused by the rain and the melted snow coming down from the Abyssinian mountains, and which last from June till September, the crops are entirely dependent for moisture on artificial means.

The demand for backsheesh is everywhere; it is the first word a baby is taught to say, before even "father" or "mother," and tiny ones in arms hold out their hands and lisp it long before they know what it means. People even going about their ordinary work will put down their burdens to ask for backsheesh. The old, the young, the halt, the lame, the blind, and even the strong and healthy utter the same cry, which appears to be the watchword of the country. It means literally "the sprinkling of iron," which metal was formerly used as coin. A nickel worth about a fifth of a halfpenny used to be sufficient, but British and American tourists by their lavishness have made the natives dissatisfied with less than half a piastre ($1\frac{1}{4}$ d.). But the best way

is to pay only for services rendered, and thus discourage this tiresome and demoralizing wholesale beggary. To be followed in all your trips by a crowd asking for backsheesh does not add to your enjoyment of the study of Egyptology, and the only thing which sends them away is the application of a thick stick, which one is naturally averse to use.

Our furthest point south is Philæ, an island a few miles beyond the First Cataract. We started for this from Assouan on donkeys, for, although there is a train, the back of the useful moke is much the best way to go, as he gives you a comfortable seat and takes you about seven miles across the Arabian desert. The train also traverses part of the desert, but is not a very inviting conveyance. First and second class are very poor, and as for the third—the passengers have to sit on the top of the loaded open trucks. This morning,



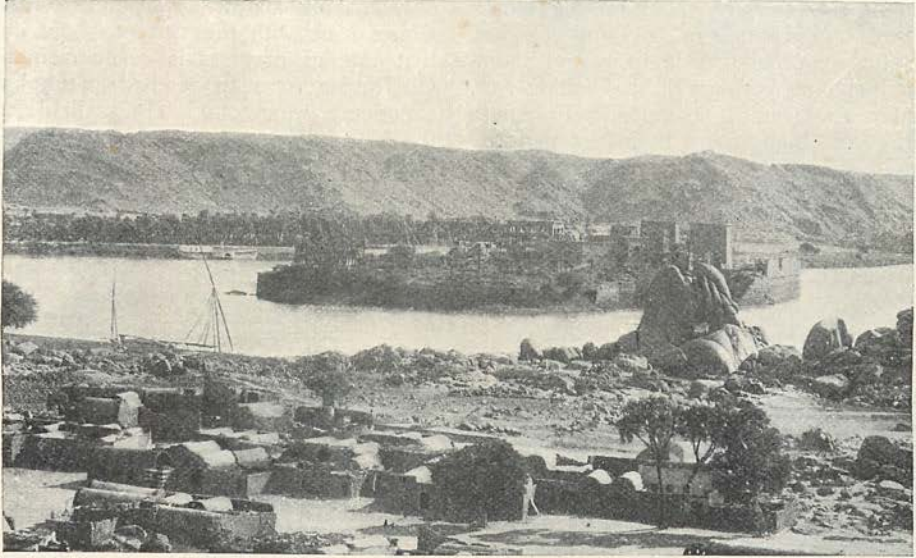
From a

SADOUF, OR IRRIGATOR.

[Photograph.]

when I saw them off, about fifty of them were enjoying the delights of sitting on coal. As there is no chance of rain, and they can stand any amount of sun, this is not perhaps so dreadful as the Midland third-class dining-car passenger might regard it; still, it is not luxury.

But to return to our donkeys. Our first stop was at, perhaps, the most ancient quarry in Africa. This supplied the huge monoliths which form the obelisks now in London, Paris, New York, and Thebes. There is one splendid piece of granite about the same size lying down. It was formerly all one stone, but Salem tells us that the Romans lately cut it in two. Asked what "lately" meant, he replied, "About 300 years B.C." After all, the affairs of life are largely matters of degree



From a]

ISLAND OF PHILÆ, ARAB VILLAGE IN FOREGROUND.

[Photograph.

and proportion, and a man who has been in the habit of talking about thousands of years has a contempt for mere hundreds B.C. Near here is the sacred cemetery, situated on the

course, is very dry, is also bracing. After desecrating the beautiful ruins of the Temple of Philæ by spreading out a luncheon in them, and regretting

that the frailties of modern flesh so much clashed with the study of ancient history, we started in our boat for the trip so long looked forward to—the shooting of the Cataract. Before taking the rapids ourselves, we landed in order to see about a dozen natives dive in and



From a]

THE SACRED CEMETERY OF ASSOUAN.

[Photograph.

battlefield where the Mohammedan hosts were slain by the Christian and heathen allied forces. Next to Mecca this is regarded of all burying-places with the greatest reverence, and one of the most profound oaths a Mohammedan can take is when he swears by the sacred cemetery of Assouan.

The ride across the desert is most exhilarating; the air, which, of



From a]

A RIDE ACROSS THE DESERT.

[Photograph.

swim or ride through them on big blocks of wood. This is one of the funniest sights. One after the other they jump in, and, shouting and singing as they ride the boiling surf, all come safely out into comparatively smooth water. And then, saving their best performance in order to get double payment, they offer to dive from a rock about 30ft. high into the Cataract. This they did with great

only making six or seven miles an hour. Going back with the current, about double that rate of progress is easily maintained. On leaving Assouan we had an unpleasant experience, which one is always liable to on the Nile. We ran aground on a sand-bank. Our own sailors could not get us off, so thirty or forty men were sent for from shore, and pulled all together at a rope attached

to an anchor, and so released us. Two of our party were playing chess, and another came up and asked, "Whose move is it?" "It's the ship's turn to move," was the reply; "we've been here for three hours."

Between Assouan and Luxor are the Chari Mountains, interesting from the fact that the sandstone used in constructing all the temples on the Nile was quarried here.



From a Photo. by]

THE CATARACT THE MEN SWIM.

[J. B. Sebah.

skill and confidence, and buffeted through the swirling waves as before.

Some people are disappointed that there are no perpendicular falls as at Schaffhausen; but of course, if there were, it would be impossible for boats to shoot them. These rapids are more like the river above Niagara Falls, which rushes down around numberless rocks, making eddies and whirlpools as it pursues its angry course.

There is a very black spot in Assouan, which is depressing. A prison is there, nearly all the inmates of which are murderers. They work a good deal on the river front unloading vessels, and always in heavy, clanging chains. Visitors stop and stare at them for a long time, out of somewhat morbid curiosity at seeing a hundred murderers pass them in single file, and who are utterly callous of this want of respect for possible feelings of shame. They are all there for life, with never a vestige of hope of liberty.

The *Nitocris* now starts on her return trip, with a great difference in her speed. Going towards the Cataract we have been all the time working against stream, and

Each king has put an inscription on a panel stating when and where he used the stone. From here we steam back rapidly. The friendly stream, after resisting us so long, now works almost as hard for us as the engines, whilst the beautiful full moon lights up hill and dale and river far into the night.

And so we come once again to Cairo, full of enthusiasm for the enjoyment we have had, and our memories stored with recollections that will linger there for many a day.

To have a quiet life upon the smooth waters; to know as you go to bed at night that when you wake in the morning the sun will be streaming through the windows of your room, and that you will be able to enjoy all day its warm and constant rays; to have no fear of rain or snow or fog; to inhale genial, yet invigorating, air; to look, hour by hour, upon an ever-changing panorama; to find these happy and healthy days pass by amidst the oldest and greatest temples and monuments the world has ever known—these are the temptations presented to those who are able to go from Cairo to Cataract.