

seizing and kissing our hands with great fervour, a process to which I had great internal objections; one woman covered my hand with her robe and kissed *that*, which was even worse. When the excitement had subsided a little, we began to explore the buildings—stables full of camels, others of splendid cattle, horses, buffaloes, mules, asses, and feathered stock *galore*. After inspecting all, we ascended the mud staircase to the residence of the "Manager," whose "best room" was also of that material, as to walls, roof and floor. The furniture consisted of roughly-made wooden divans, there was no table, but a sort of wooden stool, on which stood two "goolahs" of water, but I was not thirsty enough to drink out of them. After resting awhile, we began to think of returning, and had various animals placed at our disposal for the return journey, horse, ass or mule, for which, if we objected, a camel or buffalo might be substituted. I chose a donkey, as I had not ridden a native saddle before, and feared to trust myself on a horse without practise. If I rode a donkey, I should not have so far to fall, I considered; but to my surprise I rode quite easily, using the high pommel as a horn, and as the movement was as easy as a rocking chair, I came in an easy first in the race which ensued, although my saddle *did* slip round and accompany me to the ground as I dismounted, so loosely girthed had it been.

Of course, even in Upper Egypt, man must have his club, and in the town I have mentioned he has it too, a fine building, comparatively speaking, with all the usual European appliances for disposing

of leisure hours, English, French and Arabic journals, billiards, etc., nay, they even *dine* at the club also, their private servants bearing the dishes, already cooked at home, to that establishment. There is a postal delivery every day, so what can the heart of even civilized man desire more?

Alexandria, ancient and modern, is also well worthy a visit, for was not Cleopatra's palace situated here? that palace where was played so much of the drama of her life; the celebrated Pharos, and other places of interest. The blue Mediterranean washes its shores, and gives a charm lacking in Cairo, while the watering-place, or suburb, Ramleh, is as delightful a spot as any on earth, fishing, boating, and swimming, and all other seaside amusements being available. The Casino at San Stefano affords a pleasant lounging place for a hot afternoon for all who have not gone to Europe, for few of the "upper ten" of any nation remain in Egypt during the summer months. To wander round Ramleh (which is an expansive term and covers a distance of nine miles from town to terminus) is like taking a walk in England, for the fact that Smiths abound, Browns and Robinsons congregate, and Dixons increase and multiply, residing in mansions bearing the names, however inappropriate, of Melton Priory, Richmond Cloisters, and others only suitable to cathedral towns, gives quite a British flavour to the place. Nationality is strongly emphasized on Sunday, when each resident proclaims his country from the housetop, where float the Union Jack, the German, French, Italian, Austrian or Turkish flag, making that day quite like an international *fête*.

