

in front of wher we stood on the steps of the hotel. A scene similar, in wild excitement, to that witnessed in the morning on board the steamer, only of a more laughable character, is here again enacted. Around each of us, as we one by one descend to the place of conflict, a circle of donkeys is formed with as much despatch as a British regiment ever formed square. Each donkey is under the protection of a bold, eloquent, and, we fear, somewhat unscrupulous patron in the shape of a half-naked, keen-featured Arab boy, who extols the merits of his beast by asseverating that "he is berry good donkey," that his donkey is Mehemet Ali, Sir Colin Campbell, or Lord Derby, as the case may be; and that, indeed, to sum up every virtue in one sentence, his "donkey is like horse." Once mounted on one of these animals, the rider is no longer a free agent. He has resigned all control of his own movements to the donkey-boy, who does not, however, seem to be himself under the control of any fixed principles of locomotion. At times the cavalcade creeps along at a solemn funeral pace, affording the riders a good opportunity of seeing around them. All of a sudden, and without the semblance of a reason, a simultaneous attack is made on the animals by their drivers with those formidable goads that each boy carries as his rod of office. The poor animals are so well acquainted with this *a posteriore* argument that it does not need much of it to convince them that the maximum of speed is the conclusion sought. Away the troop gallops till it is brought to a halt, as sudden and unaccountable as the start, by a vigorous and general pulling of tails. We were struck more than once by the nice discrimination of sound possessed by this much maligned quadruped. In passing through the bazaars of the city, the boys occasionally lingered behind, tempted by sweetmeats or sugar-cane, and, as there is always a fixed proportion between the speed of the boy and the speed of the donkey, the donkeys lingered too, and neither threats nor kicks nor kindness could induce them to go faster than a very slow walk. The boys, however, awakened after a little to the folly of spending precious time in the pursuit of pleasure, made, all of a sudden, a very

impetuous charge to catch up with their animals. No sooner, however, did these creatures, attentive and wide-awake, catch the sound of the naked feet of their pursuers on the hard road, than without further warning, they scampered away, as for dear life, to preserve the necessary distance between their posteriors and that stick, whose weight they had so often felt. In many a long and interesting donkey ride through Egypt we learned to sympathize with these ragged boys. We found them intelligent and free-spoken enough truly, though their speech was not always to the credit of the travellers from whom they had learned a smattering of the English language, and a very extensive vocabulary of English oaths. They were generous, patient of fatigue, anxious to teach and to learn, and almost invariably very ambitious of and rising in the long run to, the rank of *dragomans*, to guide travellers up the Nile and through the ruins of Upper Egypt.

The antiquities of Alexandria are few, and, with the exception of what is known as Pompey's Pillar, insignificant. To us there is more interest in the people that throng the bazaars and ply the different trades of the city. The most of our time on this occasion, and on a second visit, was spent, therefore, in lounging in the bazaars, in visiting their churches and what few schools exist, and in wandering over the mounds and wastes that lie around the city, where, at all hours of the day, noisy groups of children are busy at play. This mode of spending time was more interesting to us, because it was in Alexandria we made our first acquaintance with eastern manners. On the streets of Marseilles one sees a great variety of dress, and hears some variety of tongues; but from the streets of Marseilles to Alexandria is as great a leap as from a romance by Lamartine to a story in the "Arabian Nights." The shop of Europe is here exchanged for the small box, with one side open to the street, called a bazaar, and the pushing urgency of the Frank salesman for the stolid indifference of the Turkish merchant. Instead of feathers and hoops, ladies wear an outer garment, strikingly akin to the dismal sheet in which our credulous forefathers were