

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. II

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1882.

No. 19.

SCENES IN EGYPT.

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[As the eyes of all the world are fixed upon the land of Egypt where the soldiers of Queen Victoria are performing such brave exploits we have pleasure in presenting an account of a recent visit to that country by the accomplished pastor of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, to whom our acknowledgments are due for permission to make the following extracts from his admirable volume of travel "Toward the Sunrise."—Ed.]

EARLY on the morning of Friday, February 25th, 1881, all was astir on board the good ship *Saturno*. We are looking out for land. There, in the distance, is a long low stretch of coast. It is Egypt—proud and ancient Egypt, with its hoary arts and early civilization. Egypt, the oldest land on earth—mother of civilization—that taught Greece letters, and trained Moses in earthly lore. Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, of the Ptolemies; the land in which Abraham sojourned and into which Joseph was sold, the land that gave shelter to the infant Saviour when Joseph arose and took the Young Child and his mother and went down into Egypt. Egypt! there it lies, silent in the morning sunshine, wrapping itself in the memories of three thousand years.

The domes and minarets of Alexandria glitter in the sunlight. We enter the famous old harbor and pass the lighthouse where once stood the colossal Pharos, said to have been four hundred feet high, catch a view of that venerable column, Pompey's Pillar, next, the marble Palace of the Khedive, and now, within a magnificent breakwater, our ship comes to anchor. At once we are surrounded by little boats filled with dark-skinned, curiously robed, gesticulating, shouting Arabs. Boats enough to carry the passengers of a *Great Eastern*. We get into one of them, are rowed to shore, and are soon dashing through the streets and bazaars of Alexandria.

On landing in Egypt, the first thing demanded is your "passport," and the next thing "backsheesh." Having

safely got through the hands of the officials, you next have to run the gauntlet of the donkeys. All the donkeys of Egypt—of all colours, white, black, mouse—have come down to meet you, and all the donkey-boys are there to drive them,—shouting, gesticulating, laughing, capering, urging their beasts upon you, if you will not get upon them.

We drove first to the hotel, and then secured a guide and carriage for the day. First, to the bazaars—what views of street life! What a strange commingling of Eastern and Western manners and habits! What a babel of tongues! What a blaze of cos-

the Arabian tales of enchantment. The interior of the palace is in execrable taste—Egyptian, Mohammedan, European treasures and adornments, all arrayed in costly but "Frenchy" display; floors of ebony, divans of silk and knit tapestry, and massive chandeliers, a pair of which alone cost one hundred thousand dollars. The late Khedive had a mania for building palaces, and leaving them unfinished.

The Khedive's Palace stands on a peninsula, what was formerly the Island of Pharos. The modern city does not occupy the site of the ancient city of the Ptolemies. Pliny tells us that the famous city had a "circum-

poverty-stricken Arab village of a few hundreds. But when Mahomed Ali rose to power, and became ruler of Egypt, he turned his attention to the restoration of Alexandria. With keen insight, he saw the importance of the ancient mart, and determined that it should fulfil its destinies, not only as the emporium for the rapidly developing trade of Egypt, but become again the magnificent gateway to the East. Up rose a stately city, which now numbers a population of nearly a quarter of a million, and with its canal and railway improvements it is the centre of communication between Europe and India. The Frank quarter

of the town, with its streets and squares, shops and hotels, offices and banks, has all the appearance of a European city. And you might fancy yourself to be in the heart of Paris or London, were it not for the motley sights and sounds around you; the donkey-stations, with their pushing, jostling donkey boys and animals, the strings of ungainly camels stalking solemnly and noiselessly along, with all sorts of bulky and enormous burdens on their backs, surmounted by the driver; vehicles with one or more footmen, with girded loins and swinging staff, who run ahead and cry aloud for room, and clear the way most unceremoniously, while here and there are devout Mussulmans, prostrate in the roadway on their prayer-rugs, and going through their



STREET SCENE IN ALEXANDRIA.

tumes! What a blending of all colors and nationalities! English, French, Italians, Greeks, Circassians, Chinese, Coolies, Hindoos, Bedouins, black Nubians, high-capped Copts, swarthy Egyptians, veiled women with laughing eyes peering out upon you, and cross-legged Turks smoking their narghilies. The scene is most animated, there is a constant uproar and continual passing of camels, donkeys, and carriages through the surging, heaving, jostling crowd.

Next, to the Palace of the Khedive. It is built of white marble, and the beautiful columns at the entrance were stolen from the Mosque of the Thousand and One Columns, and remind us

of the magnificence of fifteen miles." How all this magnificence has vanished! Once, the confluence of eastern and western civilization, the emporium of the commerce of Europe, Asia, and Africa, the only warehouse for receiving the treasures of India, Ethiopia, and Arabia, and for transmitting them to other places, considered by the Romans themselves as inferior only to their own matchless capital, its glory departed with the downfall of the Byzantine Empire, and its commerce was annihilated by the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope.

Under the Turks it sank into utter insignificance, and at the beginning of the present century, it was a small

devotions. The Egyptian and Arab sections of the city are dirty and dingy enough, the people live in silt and extreme wretchedness. Mrs. Partington speaks of her "oil factories" breathing the "execrations" of coal smoke, that are so dilatory to health; but what would the old lady say if her "oil-factories" had to take up the aroma of an Egyptian street? Ugh! The odor from bone-factories is the fragrance of roses in comparison. The narrow lanes of streets twist and turn like cow-paths, and the houses are low, wretched hovels, pestiferous dens, in which the father, the mother, and the children are huddled pell-mell, with dogs, cows, goats, and other animals.