

This afternoon, as we were steaming up towards Suez, I had a chat with Mahomet, one of our Indian firemen, who was fringing a piece of muslin for a turban. I asked him if it was English. "No, Missy; no English—Switzerland; English no good; all gum and sticky stuff; make fingers dirty; all wash out; leave nothing." In the South Sea and Sandwich Islands, and in the Malay Peninsula, the natives make the same complaints as to the Manchester cottons. It will be a bad day when the confidence in England's honesty as a nation throughout the world, and consequently her well-earned supremacy in commerce, have passed away.

After four o'clock we came near two steamers lying at anchor, and were shortly afterwards boarded by the captain of the port, the health officer, and sundry other functionaries. After a short delay we dropped anchor, and just as the sun was setting in "purple and gold" behind the mountains of Arabia, we went ashore in the steam launch. At the office, the *Sunbeam* was entered on the Company's books, and arrangements were made with the chief pilot for to-morrow.

There is nothing to see at Suez, but still we went for a ramble to see that nothing. We cleared our boxes and our letters, and then went on, ankle deep in sand, to the one European house, the railway station, the Arab quarter and the bazaars, where it is occasionally possible to pick up rather interesting little curiosities brought by the pilgrims from Mecca and Medina.

*Thursday, April 26th.*—Such a sunrise as this morning's you could only see in Arabia or Egypt. There is a peculiarity about desert colouring at sunrise and sunset that can never be seen anywhere else. Before ten o'clock we were in the Canal and steaming on at regulation speed. As the sun rose the heat became intense, 96° in the shade under double awnings. So far from there being a cool breeze to temper it, a hot wind blew from the desert, like the blast from a furnace. I stood on the bridge as long as I could bear the heat, to look at the strange desert view, which could be seen to great advantage in going through at the top of high water. Sand, sand everywhere; here a train of camels, there a few Arab tents, now a whole party shifting their place of abode; a group of women washing, or a drove of buffaloes in a small tributary stream.

We passed Chaloux and reached Ismailia just at nine o'clock, not without considerable effort on the part of the pilot. A steam