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## ROUND THE WORLD,

A Run. through the OCCIDENT, the ANTIPODES, and the ORIENT.

(Extracts from a series of letters written to the employes of the Massey Manufacturing Co., by W. E. H. MASSEY, Esq.)

### EGYPT.

Tenth Letter, dated Port Said, Egypt, April 27th, 1888.



WATER CARRIER.

While impatiently waiting here in this most undesirable place for the ship in which we go to England, I will improve the time in writing, and resume my correspondence with you.

It was the dead of midnight and a hushed

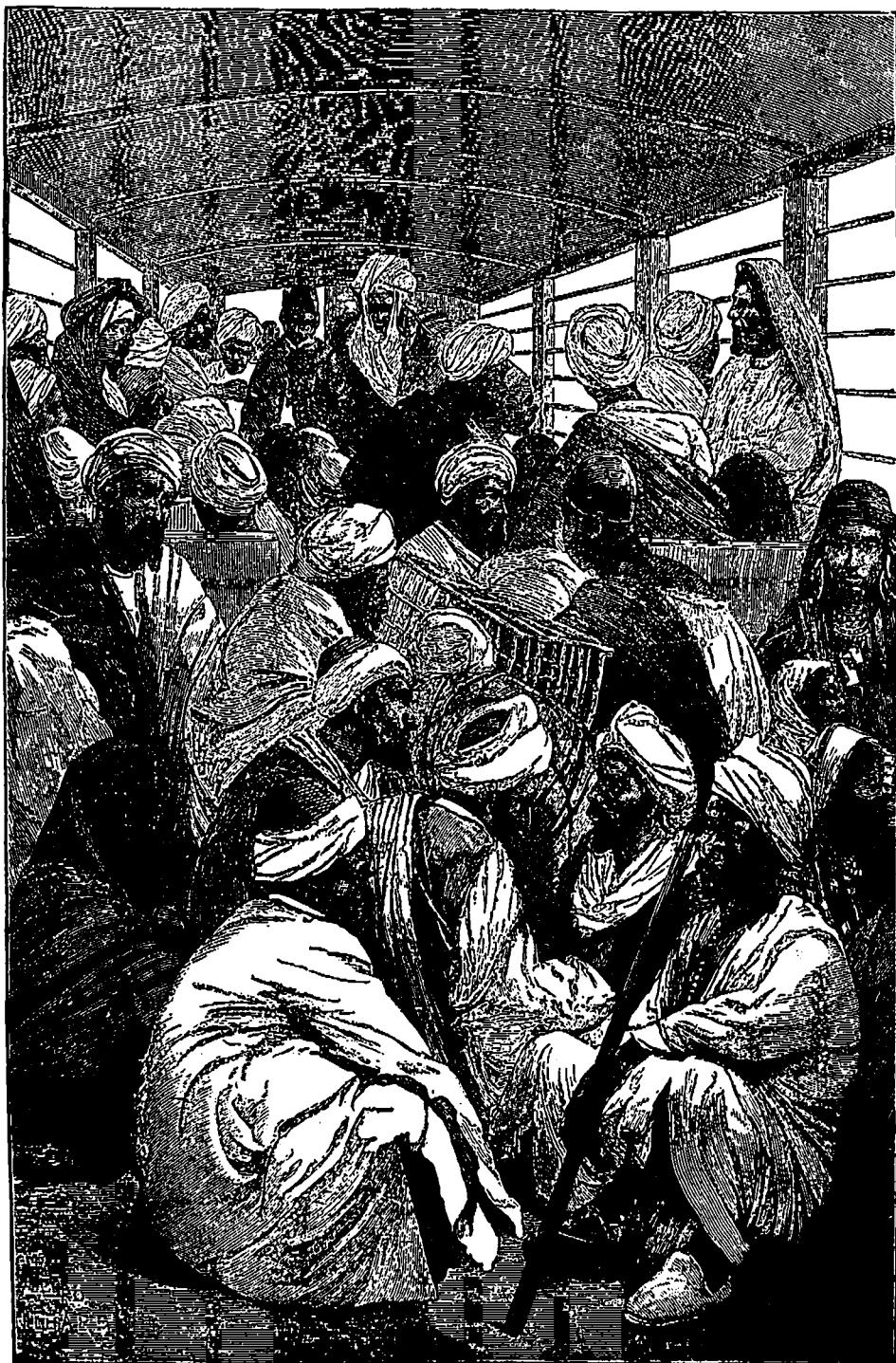
stillness that was almost oppressive reigned over the town of Suez and its harbor, the waters of which were like a mirror, reflecting so prettily the lights along the shore and those from anchored ships, when the tiny steam launch, manned by three Arabs, steamed away from the *Lusitania* to take us ashore, half a mile distant.

We were the only passengers disembarking, and when the launch came up alongside some old barges, we scrambled over these, in the darkness, to the wharf, and at every step had to guard against treading on sleeping humanity! An Arab, you know, will get as much rest curled up on a sidewalk, or most anywhere he happens to be, as you would in your comfortable bed, and in many cases the sidewalk is the only bed he can claim. No sooner had we set foot on land than "sleeping humanity" awakened itself, and shortly we were surrounded by a band of Arabian Night-hawks, each individual, and only one of whom could speak a few words of English, clamoring for our baggage, or rather the privilege of carrying it. Passing the sleepy but well-armed Customs' sentinels was a short matter, and we proceeded at once to the hotel, fortunately but a short distance off, along the dark and lonely water front, followed by the whole band jabbering in Arabic, which is quite as unintelligible as Chinese. It was a weird experience. Arrived at the hotel entrance, a series of bangs on the great doors, which sounded loud enough to wake the dead, finally

roused the hall porter from his mattress on the marble floor, who drew the immense creaking bolts and opened the portals, the latter sufficiently large for the entrance to a mammoth cathedral.

Candle in hand, like a mummy from the tombs, the black Arab led us through a series of strange courts and corridors, and at last opening a door

beckoned for us to enter and left us. Too tired and sleepy to investigate the merits of the apartment shown us, we took to our couches at once, to be awakened early by the Mahomedan call to prayer from a neighboring minaret, and to find ourselves located in a comfortable hotel. A stroll around Suez in the morning made plain the fact that we



SCENE IN A THIRD CLASS EGYPTIAN RAILWAY CAR.