

and foot passengers, but especially so in the early morning. We counted sixty-eight camels on the bridge, laden with fresh clover, grain, and forage, besides donkeys innumerable, laden with oranges, lemons, dates, fresh vegetables of every sort, and all the varied supplies needed for a great city. As all these had to pay a toll for crossing the bridge, a very animated scene is exhibited of kneeling camels, chaffering and huxtering men and women, toll-takers and bridge-keepers,



CAIRENE WOMAN
IN WALKING
DRESS.

soldiers,
donkey-
boys, camel
drivers,
and all the
indescrib-
able varie-

ties of eastern life. The garbs of blue and white, with the hundreds of white turbans or red fezes surmounting the dark faces and the many-coloured dresses, give the undulating crowd, buzzing like a bee-hive, somewhat the appearance of a vast bed of flowers shaken by the wind.

It is a
railway
ride of
fourteen



WOMAN AND CHILD.

miles in stuffy little cars, in full view of the great pyramids, to Bedrasheyn. On the left stretches old Cairo, with its low hills studded with ancient windmill towers, behind which rises the long Mokattam ridge. To the right stretches the Lybian Desert. At Bedrasheyn, a vociferous crowd of Arab boys try to carry us off by storm. We remain prudently within the station inclosure, and depute one of our party, Rev. Mr. Read, who enjoys the reputation of making a shrewd bargain, to encounter the perils of the turbulent



CAIRENE WOMAN AND CHILD.