

Lord Chesterfield told his son if he liked fiddling to hire some one to play for him; if the Egyptian likes dancing, he employs professional dancers to dance for him. The man of the black coat and white cravat finds his pleasure in twirling round with a damsel in his arms, and he of Nile-land in sitting on a divan watching others do it, though in a different fashion. It is done by the woman alone, the feet almost stationary, and the dancing consists in writhing, willow like bendings and turnings, languid reclinings, and visible vibrations of the muscles. It is a series of passionate poses, is thousands of years old, and it is probable that Herod was thus charmed by the young woman who demanded a heavier tribute than Taglioni would have ever dreamed of. The Almas, or dancing and singing women, compose a class apart, but distributed in various bands over Egypt, and are usually employed for weddings, funerals, and entertainments. The Alma thus weeps over the dead, twirls her *cezar* over her head, and sings his virtues. "The light of the house has gone out!" "The camel is dead!" and the same day, in the evening, will jingle her tambourine and sway her supple body to and fro in terpsichorean delights.

In the streets of Cairo there is probably more noise, crowd, and confusion than in any other city in the world. Turbans, donkeys, camels, and carriages are mixed up in a way that seems inextricable, and lungs of man and brute make all the noise of which they are capable. The runners who precede the carriages, dressed in their long white flowing sleeves and red jackets, are among the most picturesque figures to be seen, as they run ahead shouting to people to make way for the coming vehicle. It is singular that the donkeys are not injured by the carriages, which are driven at a brisk trot, for the streets swarm with the little animals. The Egyptian donkey is the best of his race—strong, fleet, hardy, less lazy than the donkey of other lands; and suffering is the badge of his tribe here as elsewhere. His strength is remarkable. One now and then sees two stout natives astride of one not larger than a Newfoundland dog, and the animal bears them along at an amble. The Egyptian of stalwart make, when mounted on the under-sized donkey, looks as if he ought to change places, and carry the quadruped. The donkey is the Egyptian cab; all use him—rich and poor, stately Turk and dirty *fellah*, servile Jew and lordly Frank, women and children, all astraddle.

When I rode down the crowded thoroughfare on this mount, I was closely followed by the donkey-boy, who shouted as we went along, the old cry of "*Eh sheik, eh bint, reggalek syumalek,*" etc., etc. "O venerable man, O maiden, get out of the way on the right; O maiden, O venerable man, get out of the way on the left—this howadji comes, he comes!"

The vocation of the Egyptian *garroche* is the care and driving of the donkey. He is bare-legged, bare-footed, and wears, besides his head-covering, but one garment reaching to his knees. He carries a sharp pointed stick about a yard long, with which he pokes up the animal from behind, and there probably is some connection between this instrument and the quadruped's unusual spryness in this quarter of the world. The boy pushes him into a canter if desired—which always means through a judicious application of backshish—he swiftly pursuing. He runs his ten miles after his donkey to the Pyramids, and his ten miles back, as a matter of course. He is a sharp lad, quick of speech and action, and full of the humor of his race.