

the interest collecting around his lectureship, overcame all opposition, even extorting from the University confessions of wrong and expressions of sympathy.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Egyptian Steeds.

A block occurring in the canal, caused by a steamer swinging clear across the channel, a number of our passengers footed it in the cool of the morning across the sands of Suez, a distance of two or three miles, promising to send down some donkeys for the ladies. Accordingly, in about an hour and a half a number of dark specks are seen making for the ships, which, on inspection with the glass, prove to be donkeys carrying along their native riders at a brisk trot. A very little thing causes excitement on ship-board when you are likely to be delayed for several days—a sunrise in the morning and a sunset in the evening—so when the funny little animals scramble down the bank of the canal under our very noses, all are gathered at the ship's side in eager expectation of some fun.

"See de town, mane." "See Suez?" "A donkey for *you*, mane." "One for you, sir;" then, catching a glimpse of my length of leg, "a fine large one, sur-r-r-r." The native who bestrides the smallest and meanest looking beast of all leads him forward proudly and shouts in broken English, "Good donkey, sur-r-r-r, No. 1 donkey, sur-r-r-r; 'Ave a ride, sur-r-r-r;" thrilling his "r's" in a most amusing and puzzling manner. "How much do you want?" we shout. "What you please; what you please!" screams every mother's son of them. This signifying that they will allow you to ride the donkey nearly to town, and then exact their own price for the ride, under penalty of leaving the half-roasted rider on the lonely and hot road.

These sons of Arabs (for very few are Egyptians) are very quick at *repartee*. "What do you call your donkey?" "This, sur-r-r-r," says the proprietor of the smallest, a white one with a melancholy expression, "the Jerusalem Cuckoo." "Yeres the Beauties of London," cries the second, slapping the sides of two long-eared, skittish looking brutes, the

ugliest of the lot. "Oh, the Beauties of London! But what are their names?" "Mrs. Langtreys and Mrs. Cornwallis West, sur-r-r-r." "Yeres the Marquis of Ripon," yells a third, twisting the tail of a brown, very bilious looking animal. "Gentlemen, sur-r-r-r, this Mr. Parnell, you know Mr. Parnell?" whereupon his donkeyship, Mr. Parnell, pokes his rapacious nose into the bait bag of his English neighbor, the Marquis, and with a snort which says plainly, "No rent!" makes off with it, at the same time administering a sharp kick on one of the "Beauties."

"'Ave a ride! Good donkey, sur-r-r-r." "Which donkey falls down the oftenest, and which kicks the highest?" A dubious look comes over the faces of the red men for a moment; then as the meaning of the question flashes upon their minds, together with the possible consequences of admitting any such failings on the part of their steeds, they yell in chorus for fully five minutes, "What you say? No! No!"

When evening comes we begin to look out for our party who have spent the day in Suez. Soon a number of figures are seen in the distance moving rapidly over the sand. The glass reveals the funny spectacle of ten long legged Englishmen on as many short legged donkeys. Soon we can distinguish faces, and perceive that the unusual speed is caused by a most active application of legs, heels, and umbrellas to the ribs and heads of their steeds with the evident determination on the part of each rider to reach the ship prior to his fallows. Before they can, however, a deep ditch must be crossed; and as donkeys will seldom move ahead willingly on land, much less in water, the riders dismount and discuss the question, how shall we get across? This is soon settled by a lithe Arab volunteering to put them across pick-a-back. This proposition is agreed to readily, since it presents an opportunity for more fun; but the features of those yet to cross assume a different aspect when they see the Arab dump his first load over his head upon the sand.

The next fellow meets with the same fate, only worse: the Arab, miscalculating his distance from the bank, shoots him head foremost into the dirty ditch.

J. R. H.

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