

The Bruns- wick Antislavery

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. J. McLEOD.

VOL. XXX.—No. 33.

1883.

Spring and Summer.

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THE SUBSCRIBER is now showing a most complete stock of
FINE WOOLSTEDS,
SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEED SUITINGS,
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All of the above goods will be made up in the latest
NEW YORK STYLES, and in a superior manner.

WM. JENNINGS.

Corner Queen St. and Wilton's Alley,
may 26—ap 6—ly.

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The Intelligencer.

A WEEK IN THE HEART OF EGYPT.

MARY L. NINDE.

Luxor is on the Nile, four hundred miles from Cairo. The ruins of Thebes lie just across the river, and those of Karnak, an hour's walk south of the village. In the midst of a sweet-scented garden, grown with opium, date and lemon trees, stands the Luxor hotel. It is rambling and low, with a flat roof and breezy verandas, into which the bedrooms open. The front door is arranged all kinds of Egyptian curiosities, while the white turbaned Arab servants, who dart out upon you from every nook and passage with their pleasant "akher"—"good morning," give the surroundings still more of an Oriental air.

Our first duty was to select a guide, and "Abraham" presented himself as the fittest in every respect. Indeed, was he not cousin to Joseph, the head dragoman, and brother-in-law to the governor's son? What further recommendation could be needed?

When we started for Karnak, the sun was boiling, and the road as dusty as it possibly could be in a country where rain is scarcely known. Our route lay through the village of Luxor, indifferently miserable and dusty. The houses were made of unburnt brick, roofed with dried cornstalks, and resembled mud holes. We ventured to look into one. A woman in a corner grinding corn between two stones. Just outside the door was an earthen tub, raised a few feet from the ground, where the inmates slept in summer for fear of the scorpions. But the loveliest place was the town square, enclosed within a circle of these mud houses. Donkeys, camels, buffaloes and children swarmed about with discordant cries. There was no escape. A pack of snarling dogs followed close behind, while a bevy of little boys with screeching voices, their heads shaved, with only a single long lock left on the crown, to charm away sickness. The flies were intolerable, and would not be driven away. Indeed, it is actually known to be true that in many cases they are the children's eyes, and these, with the glaring light and fine sand carried about in the air, account for the poor eyesight prevalent among the natives. At last we emerged from this hellish into the open country. The fields were green, and sown with half-ripened crops of barley, wheat, peas and sugar-cane. All along the road, wells had been dug from which the Nile water had been drawn and directed into artificial channels for irrigating the farms. The wells were of two kinds—*shafes* and *shadufs*—the former being worked by oxen or camels, and the latter by hand. Only on the last hand watered, can two crops be sown each season.

The double row of colossal sphinxes that once connected the temple of Luxor with that of Karnak has almost entirely disappeared. A few fragments still guard the approach to Ptolemy's temple. Passing under this wonderful gateway, we hastened on to the temple and palace of Karnak. Here two hours were spent wandering among the ruins—admiring the reared columns in the great hall, with their capitals of lotus and papyrus flowers—reading some of the hieroglyphs—gazing at the massive columns of the temple, and trying hard to realize how great a man was Ramesses II., and that he lived hundreds of years ago. Of course we were interested, because it was the proper way to feel under such circumstances, but somehow the sight and beggars wouldn't let us soar very high.

On our way home we visited a Coptic school established by our American Mission. There were seventy children present—sixty-seven boys and three girls. The school room was cool, with a brick floor and wooden benches, which was a step in advance of the native schools, where the pupils sit on the floor. The teacher was an able young man, who is going to Cairo in a few months to study for the ministry. He teaches the children English, Arabic, arithmetic, geography and catechism. Some of the boys were called up to us to catechism, and their knowledge of Bible history made us ashamed of our own ignorance. One of the brightest pupils, a girl of fifteen, had just left the school, as her father could no longer allow her to appear unveiled before the world.

In the evening we were invited to a *fantasia* at the house of the English Consul. He is an old man and a strict Mohammedan. His ancestors were not native Egyptians—these are the seldom found except among the agricultural poor—but he is descended from the original Arabian conquerors of the country. The consul is built right among the ruins of the temple of Luxor, overlooking the river. At eight o'clock the entertainment began. As we approached the house, the sound of Arabic music was heard. Admired, the Consul's son, in European dress, opened the door and conducted us into a side room to remove our wraps. There we were introduced to the Governor of Luxor, the Postmaster, and the Consul himself, who were a white gown, a great Indian shawl about his shoulders, and the inevitable Turkish cap. This last article of dress is never laid aside even at the table, and they say the Khedive has made it a law that all foreigners in the service of the Government must wear it. After our remarks had been put to the host, we were conducted to a seat on one of the divans in the *salon*. This was quite a large room, carpeted with Turkish rugs and lighted with candles. It was filled with gentlemen of all ages and colors, but L. and I were the only ladies present. At the farther end of the apartment, on the floor, sat the dancing girls and musicians. The girls were attired in gay-colored silks and morocco slippers, while their hair was braided in fifty or more tiny strands, and left to hang down the back. The band rattled away vigorously on their one and two-stringed instruments. It was the wildest kind of music. Presently Mehemmet, the servant, came in with some pipes, of costly wood and several feet in length, as the music ended of the pipe rests on the floor, while it is being smoked. One of these he offered us, touching at the same time his hand to his head and heart, the usual sign of respect, which means literally, "I respect you from the top of my head to the bottom of my heart." We declined his proffer as graciously as possible, but he soon returned with a tiny cup of burning coffee. This is the favorite beverage among the natives, who drink it clear and strong as life. Of course we accepted the coffee, and for fear of committing an unpardonable error, we drank it. The coffee was very strong, and we were obliged to drink it. The coffee was very strong, and we were obliged to drink it.

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When we started for Karnak, the sun was boiling, and the road as dusty as it possibly could be in a country where rain is scarcely known. Our route lay through the village of Luxor, indifferently miserable and dusty. The houses were made of unburnt brick, roofed with dried cornstalks, and resembled mud holes. We ventured to look into one. A woman in a corner grinding corn between two stones. Just outside the door was an earthen tub, raised a few feet from the ground, where the inmates slept in summer for fear of the scorpions. But the loveliest place was the town square, enclosed within a circle of these mud houses. Donkeys, camels, buffaloes and children swarmed about with discordant cries. There was no escape. A pack of snarling dogs followed close behind, while a bevy of little boys with screeching voices, their heads shaved, with only a single long lock left on the crown, to charm away sickness. The flies were intolerable, and would not be driven away. Indeed, it is actually known to be true that in many cases they are the children's eyes, and these, with the glaring light and fine sand carried about in the air, account for the poor eyesight prevalent among the natives. At last we emerged from this hellish into the open country. The fields were green, and sown with half-ripened crops of barley, wheat, peas and sugar-cane. All along the road, wells had been dug from which the Nile water had been drawn and directed into artificial channels for irrigating the farms. The wells were of two kinds—*shafes* and *shadufs*—the former being worked by oxen or camels, and the latter by hand. Only on the last hand watered, can two crops be sown each season.

The double row of colossal sphinxes that once connected the temple of Luxor with that of Karnak has almost entirely disappeared. A few fragments still guard the approach to Ptolemy's temple. Passing under this wonderful gateway, we hastened on to the temple and palace of Karnak. Here two hours were spent wandering among the ruins—admiring the reared columns in the great hall, with their capitals of lotus and papyrus flowers—reading some of the hieroglyphs—gazing at the massive columns of the temple, and trying hard to realize how great a man was Ramesses II., and that he lived hundreds of years ago. Of course we were interested, because it was the proper way to feel under such circumstances, but somehow the sight and beggars wouldn't let us soar very high.

On our way home we visited a Coptic school established by our American Mission. There were seventy children present—sixty-seven boys and three girls. The school room was cool, with a brick floor and wooden benches, which was a step in advance of the native schools, where the pupils sit on the floor. The teacher was an able young man, who is going to Cairo in a few months to study for the ministry. He teaches the children English, Arabic, arithmetic, geography and catechism. Some of the boys were called up to us to catechism, and their knowledge of Bible history made us ashamed of our own ignorance. One of the brightest pupils, a girl of fifteen, had just left the school, as her father could no longer allow her to appear unveiled before the world.

In the evening we were invited to a *fantasia* at the house of the English Consul. He is an old man and a strict Mohammedan. His ancestors were not native Egyptians—these are the seldom found except among the agricultural poor—but he is descended from the original Arabian conquerors of the country. The consul is built right among the ruins of the temple of Luxor, overlooking the river. At eight o'clock the entertainment began. As we approached the house, the sound of Arabic music was heard. Admired, the Consul's son, in European dress, opened the door and conducted us into a side room to remove our wraps. There we were introduced to the Governor of Luxor, the Postmaster, and the Consul himself, who were a white gown, a great Indian shawl about his shoulders, and the inevitable Turkish cap. This last article of dress is never laid aside even at the table, and they say the Khedive has made it a law that all foreigners in the service of the Government must wear it. After our remarks had been put to the host, we were conducted to a seat on one of the divans in the *sal*