

The harbour of Alexandria is one of the finest in the world, but it is not beautiful, and though very large, it is hardly large enough for the shipping out there, which has increased very much of late years. The outer harbour is sheltered by an enormous breakwater of loose stones, which stands the force of the water much better than a made wall. The inner harbour is sheltered by the point of Ras-el-Tin. On this point stands the lighthouse, and the English Military Hospital. Till two years ago, there was only one pass into the harbour, the Boghas Pass, and this was too shallow to allow large ships to enter by, but now there is a second one which enables any ship to enter; it is called the New Boghas Pass.

The Arab quarter is very interesting to newcomers, though it is filthy and smelly in the extreme. Here you see a swarming crowd—men, women and children, crying, running, shouting, buying, selling, quarrelling; the children half-naked, generally filthy, and often with sore eyes covered with flies. The shops are nothing but square sheds, with no doors or windows, and they “shut up shop” by hanging a piece of matting in front of their wares. At night time, these shops are lit by large paraffin lamps, and sometimes by flaring torches; then dirt and shabbiness is hidden and everything looks very picturesque, particularly the fruit shops and brass shops. But the shop most patronised by Europeans is the one where they sell carpets and rugs; some of these are very beautiful and very expensive, and the older the carpet, the more you have to pay; but it is advisable to take someone with you who speaks Arabic and understands carpets, before attempting to buy, for somewhat like Aladdin’s uncle, they will sell you new carpets for old. You must give yourself plenty of time at these shops, as you have to bargain. The carpet-seller will name a price, with no idea of getting it; you promptly offer half; he protests, but comes down a little in price, and you go up a little, and this goes on for days, or even weeks, till you both agree to a fair price. There is one thing to be said about these shops—you never leave them without taking something away with you, and how you wish you hadn’t, for you are on the fidget the whole way driving home again, until you can retire to the privacy of your own bedroom.

Leaving the Arab town behind, you arrive into the quarter inhabited by Europeans and the rich Egyptians. Here you have broad streets, huge houses, fine shops, and gay cafes, and very fine square called “Mohamed Ali Square,” in the middle of which stands a life-size statue of Mohamet Ali, seated on a beautiful Arab horse. He was the founder