

CHAPTER XXVII.

ESNEH, THE ALME, AND THE ARNAOUTS

As o'er the sands, in evening's glow,
That temple threw its lengthening shade,
Upon the marble steps below
There sate a fair Egyptian maid.

Epicurean.

Fierce are Albania's children * *
For never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
In which the stranger's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;—
The ruined maid, the shrine profaned,
Oaths broken, and the threshold stained
With blood of guests—there written all * *

MOORE

OUR anxiety for English letters and news acquired force, like gravitation, as we descended the river; and we only stopped at Assouan long enough to take in necessary stores, such as charcoal, flour, &c. I may mention here, for the information of travellers, that during the first month of our voyage we had used only the bread of the country, which was often very indifferent; but, on entering Nubia, we could no longer obtain even this, and Mahmoud thenceforth made Arab cakes for us of flour and water, which he baked upon a flat piece of iron; this we found so excellent and wholesome, that we used nothing else until we reached Cairo. Our crew also laid in little stores of merchandise, for presents or for profit, of the Nubian articles most prized in Egypt. The premiums and prizes for work which we had given them from time to time, enabled them to do this; and our boat became heavily laden with the dates of the Ibreehmes and other luxuries.