

itself much on my memory, except this : that I could not get from anyone any news whatever about any steamers to Cyprus, that the cold still followed us, that the waves of the Mediterranean were slate-coloured, and that finally, late in the gloom of the third evening, we entered the harbour of Alexandria under a deluge of soaking rain.

All the passengers, with the exception of two or three, were going to proceed at once by train either to Suez or Cairo. The few others, amongst whom I was included, were allowed by the captain to remain for the night on board—a kindness on his part to which he added another, that of instant enquiries for me as to my future journey. His success, however, was not equal to his wishes. He first came to me with news that there would be a steamer in three days. Then he came again to tell me he had been misinformed, and that I should have to wait for six days or a week. My delight, therefore, was great when, in the course of another hour, everything was cleared up by an agent of Messrs. Cook, who announced that a steamer was going to start next morning, and arranged that some one, by the time I had done breakfast, should come to take me off to it without further trouble.

The steamer was an Austrian Lloyd, which would touch at the ports of Syria, and only reach Cyprus after four days of coasting. This was tiresome ; but in one way I was repaid for it, for I found that two of the friends whom I had lit on so unexpectedly