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Amelia B. Edwards
A THOUSAND MILES
UP THE NILE

Introduction by Quentin Crewe



A THOUSAND MILES UP THE NILE

WHEN a trip into the middle of Africa is still something of an adventure, it is astonishing to think that over a century ago a lady of solid Victorian upbringing decided, on perhaps no more than a whim, to embark on an extraordinary journey 1,000 miles up the Nile—in a wooden dahabeeyah.

Amelia Edwards embarked on this voyage full of unrestrained enthusiasm for Egypt and a compulsive interest in all its archaeological treasures. The Egypt she saw was little changed since Pharonic times; the people living lives regulated by the seasons, unaltered for thousands of years, the pyramids and temples unrestored and for the most part unexplored. She describes in graphic detail the splendours of the Great Pyramid, the wonders of Karnak and the Valley of the Kings at Thebes, for she visits most of the great antiquities of Ancient Egypt.

Her account of this voyage is written with an artist's eye for local colour and is crammed with lively anecdotes imbuing the journey with a spirit of adventure. This is the first time that the book has been re-issued since the nineteenth century and it is introduced by Quentin Crewe, who has himself just returned from a similar voyage up the Nile.

hawk, circling overhead, utters the same sweet, piercing, melancholy note that the Pharaohs listened to of old.

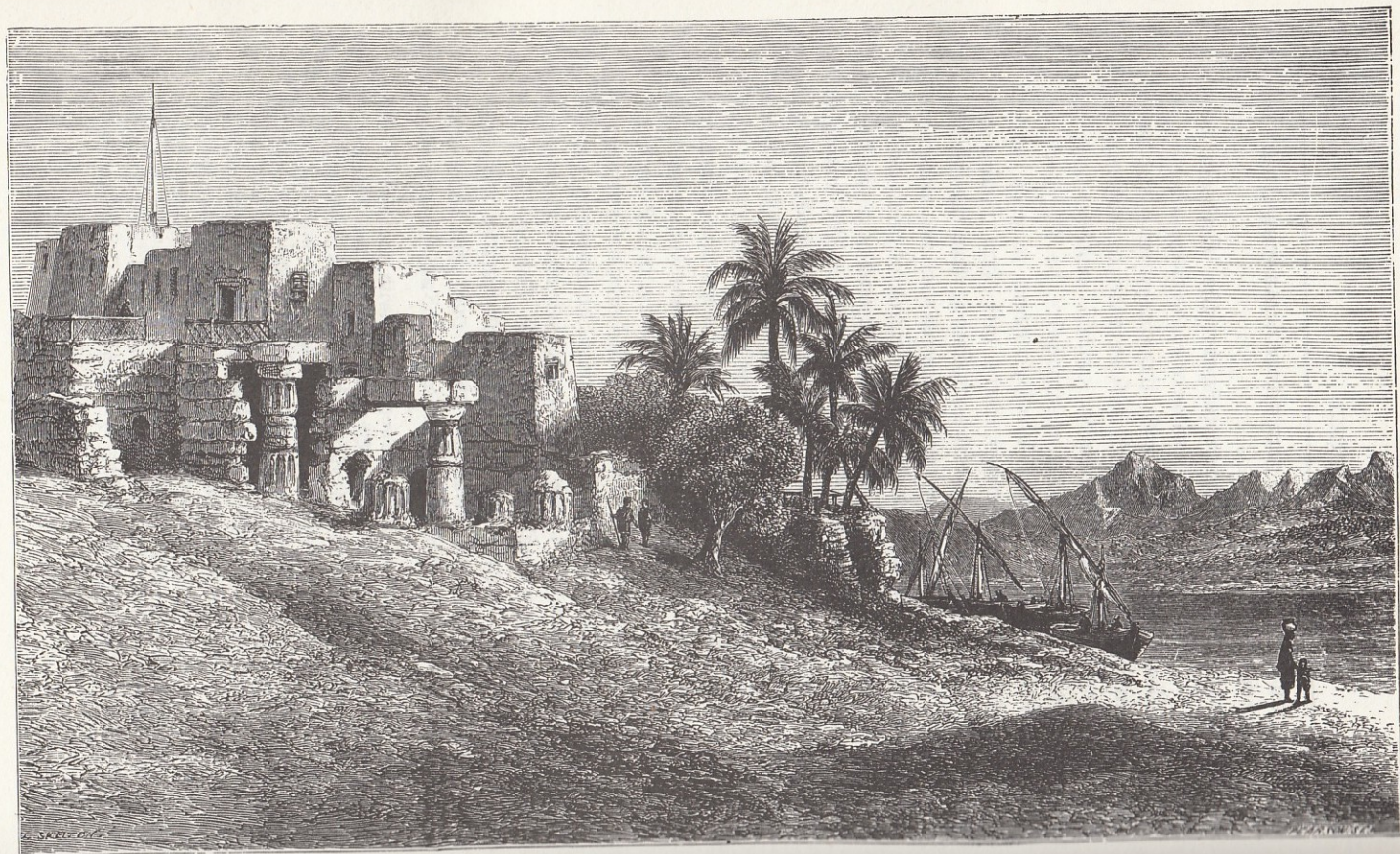
The scenery is for the most part of the ordinary Nile pattern ; and for many a mile we see the same things over and over again :—the level bank shelving down steeply to the river ; the strip of cultivated soil, green with maize or tawny with dura ; the frequent mud-village and palm-grove ; the deserted sugar-factory with its ungainly chimney and shattered windows ; the water-wheel slowly revolving with its necklace of pots ; the *shâdûf* worked by two brown athletes ; the file of



GEBEL ABUFAYDA.

laden camels ; the desert, all sand-hills and sand-plains, with its background of mountains ; the long reach, and the gleaming sail ahead. Sometimes, however, as at Kom Ahmar, we skirt the ancient brick mounds of some forgotten city, with fragments of arched foundations, and even of walls and doorways, reaching down to the water's edge ; or, sailing close under ranges of huge perpendicular cliffs, as at Gebel Abufayda, startle the cormorants from their haunts, and peer as we pass into the dim recesses of many a rock-cut tomb excavated just above the level of the inundation.

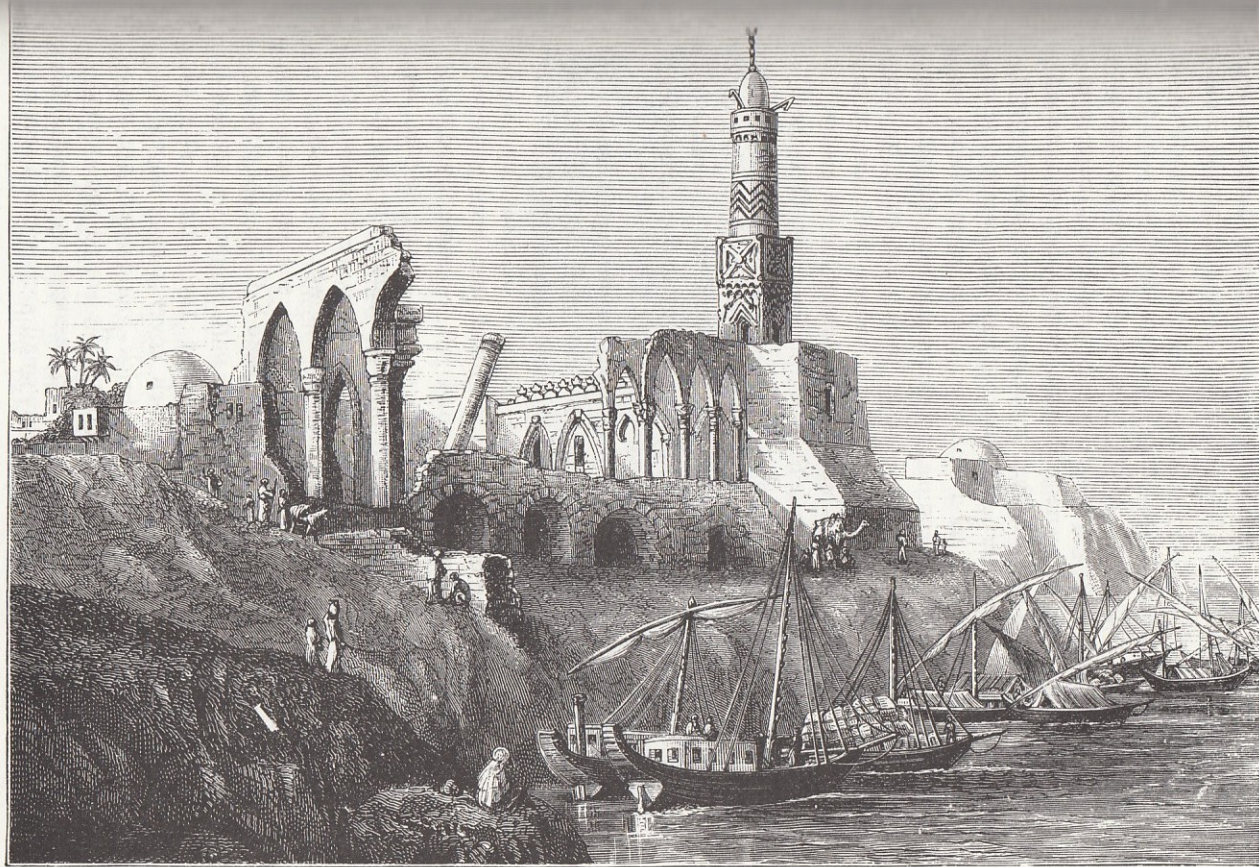
This Gebel Abufayda has a bad name for sudden winds ; especially at the beginning and end of the range, where the



THE "FRENCH HOUSE," LUXOR.



TEMPLE OF LUXOR



GIRGEH.