



McGill University Libraries

PR 4629 D3L5

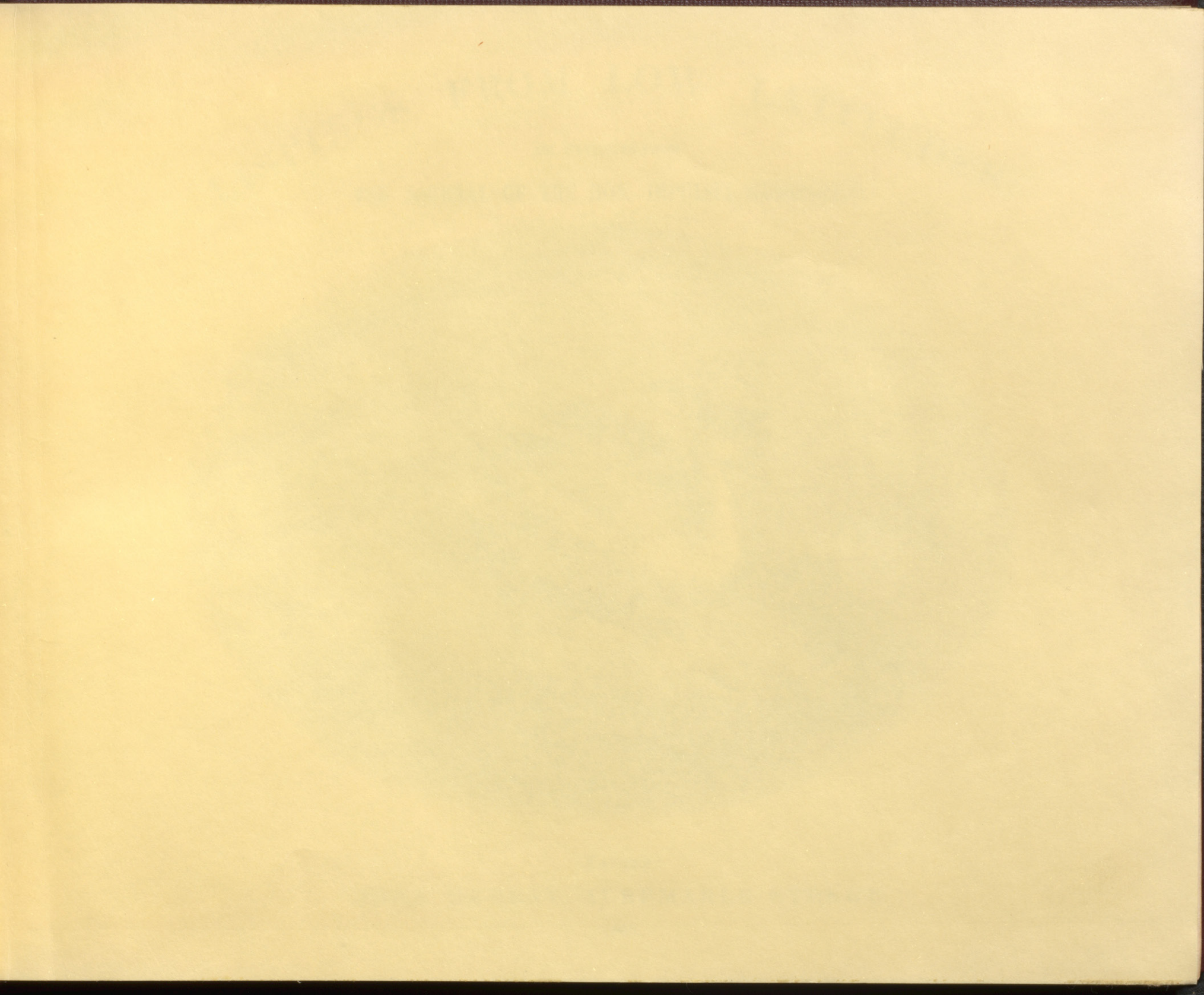
Lispings from low latitudes, or, Extract



3 000 744 137 S



McGill
University
Libraries
McLennan Library



PF
Lk



General

LISPINGS FROM LOW LATITUDES;

OR, EXTRACTS FROM

THE JOURNAL OF THE HON. IMPULSIA GUSHINGTON.

Lady Dufferin.

Mr. Brown
June 15/25



July 3/25

London:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1863.

PR4629 D3L5 McLennan
Dufferin and Clandeboye, Hel
Lispings from low latitudes,
or, Extracts from the journa
[REDACTED] 71841740

THIS little Volume of Sketches, with their accompanying legend, was advertised to appear at Christmas last. In deference to the feelings of the Author and Artist (who at that time sustained a severe affliction), her kind Publisher has hitherto delayed its publication.

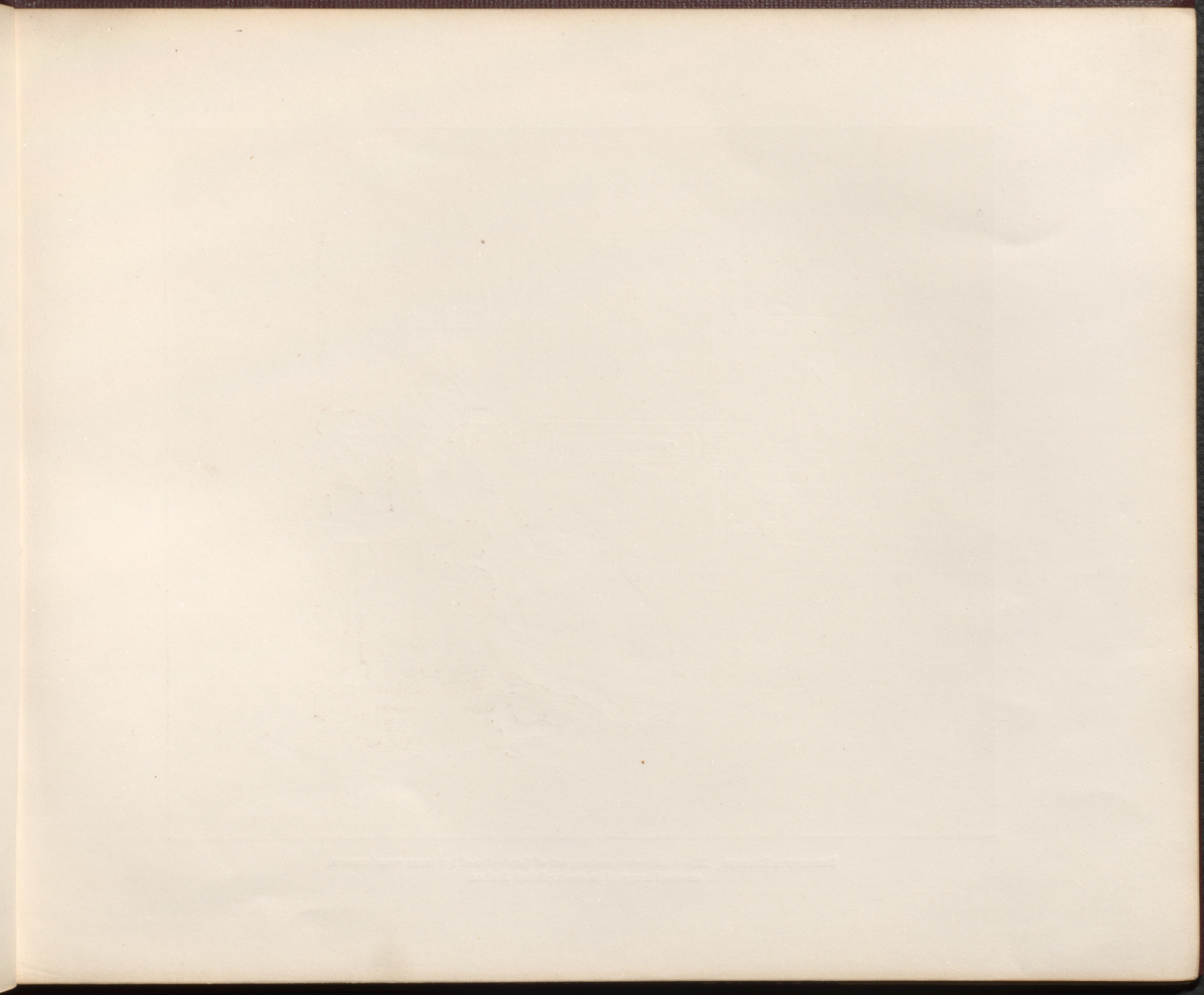
Circumstances have now induced me to sanction its appearance.

Although the contents of the Volume are of a light and humorous character, they served an earnest purpose, in lightening the tedium and depression of long sickness in the person of a beloved friend.

DUFFERIN.

CLANDEBOYE,

March, 1863.





DELIGHTFUL READING. Miss Gushington evolves, out of the depths of her inner consciousness, an exact image of an accomplished Author.

LISPINGS FROM LOW LATITUDES;

OR,

THE HON. IMPULSIA GUSHINGTON'S DIARY.

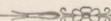


PLATE I.

DELIGHTFUL READING.

1st January, 1861.—ANOTHER New Year's Day! Dear me! how astonishingly fast they come round; and all so like one another. If I did not begin to perceive a few gray hairs about dear Bijou's muzzle, I should hardly credit the lapse of the last ten years.

I certainly feel a little bilious this morning. This foggy time of the year never agrees with me, and the light to-day seems to me to cast a most unbecoming shade over the complexion.

I have been interrupted by a singularly agreeable and well-timed visit from my valued friend and physician, Sir Merlin Merrivale. He quite poh-pohs the notion of my being bilious, and assures me I look younger than I have done these ten years! What a delightful temperament he possesses! so cheerful and animated. I think, upon the whole, that there is no profession I so sincerely admire as the medical one. A doctor is ever a charming companion; seeing so much of life, with such varied attainments, such resources of scientific knowledge, how can they fail to eclipse all other men in their powers of conversation?

34 5

Sir Merlin tells me that he makes it a rule to read some entertaining book in the carriage, between his professional visits.—“Does it on principle;—a change in the current of the ideas being as necessary to the mind as a tide to the ocean.” How striking is the observation, and how true! He “fancies that my ideas have been running all one way for some time past, and thinks a change would be beneficial.” I am sure he is right!

I have been trying to ascertain exactly what is the subject that has particularly occupied my thoughts of late, but I have not come to a satisfactory conclusion. Bijou's asthma certainly engrosses me at times; and the parrot's state of health gives me much uneasiness; but not to the exclusion of other things. Then, again, that redness in my faithful Corkscrew's face, which has increased so alarmingly of late,—that *has* preyed upon my mind a good deal. I ought to have spoken to Sir Merlin upon that subject. Corkscrew himself attributes it to a rheumatic affection, hereditary in his family.

4 p.m.—A note from Sir Merlin,—and a book. ‘Eöthen!’ pretty

DELIGHTFUL READING.

name! I am to give him my opinion of the work. Sir Merlin strongly advises me to travel. "Travels himself pretty constantly; always takes a little run in the holidays:—spent a week in Otaheite last September, and thinks of a trip up the Zambesi this autumn." How delightful it sounds! His activity is quite inspiring; I feel an inclination to go Somewhere immediately. It must be so beneficial to the mind.

Sir Merlin says some very striking things in this note about the "desirableness of making the most of our opportunities, and of cheerfully appreciating the powers and faculties allotted to every age." I see he ends with a quotation:—

"Nor from Life's last stale dregs hope to receive
What the first sprightly runnings could not give."

Dryden! hum! I can't say I admire him much. A little *coarse* I should say, and certainly *obscure*. "Last stale dregs,"—what a pot-housy sound it has! And then again, "sprightly runnings:" of course I understand the indirect allusion to Sir Merlin's active movements; but surely the words "rapid locomotion" would have conveyed the meaning more clearly, and given a more elegant turn to the expression.

2nd January.—'Eöthen' is indeed a delightful book! I fell asleep over it last night, and dreamt that, mounted on an ostrich, I was careering over the boundless sands of Arabia with the author

by my side! What a fascinating being he must be!—simple, earnest, full of reverential feeling and mild enthusiasm! he has taken complete possession of my imagination. I know by instinct what his personal appearance must be: *dark*,—with the rich bronze of travel on his manly cheek,—wild masses of raven hair, and flashing eyes of jet! Something Manfredy and Corsairish in expression, perhaps,—but mellowed and softened, no doubt, by the gentle influences of a more ornate civilization.

I wonder—does he still wander on those distant shores? or, like the honey-bee laden with exotic sweets, has he returned to garner his perfumed memories in his native land—and another volume? If in England—*where?* I gather from the book that he is still unmarried,—if so—*why?* Ah, Frolic Fancy! whither wouldst thou stray?

The answer from Sir Merlin just arrived! "The author of 'Eöthen' is *not* dark, and he *is* married."

4 o'clock p.m.—I have been reading a page or two of my favourite poet, Moore. What beautiful lines those are,—

"'T was ever thus: since childhood's hour," &c.

Mem.—Moore infinitely superior to Dryden! Far deeper knowledge of the human heart.

s
t
n
e
e
r
?
ll
st
of
e
r.



A SUDDEN INSPIRATION.

PLATE II.

Half-past 4.—THE parrot has had another fit! This weather surely exercises a malign influence on us all?

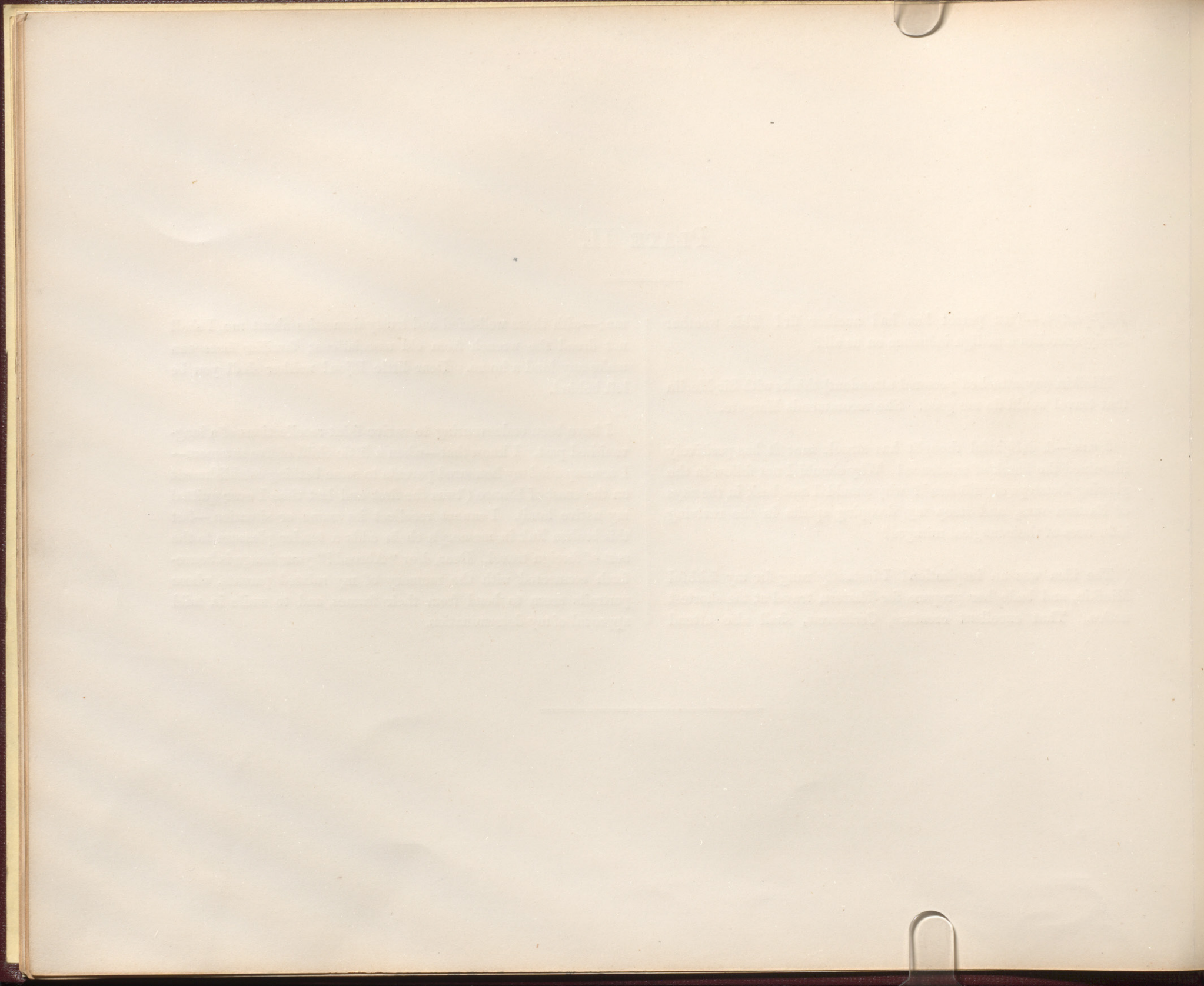
Minikin (my attached personal attendant) thinks with Sir Merlin that travel would do me good. She recommends Margate.

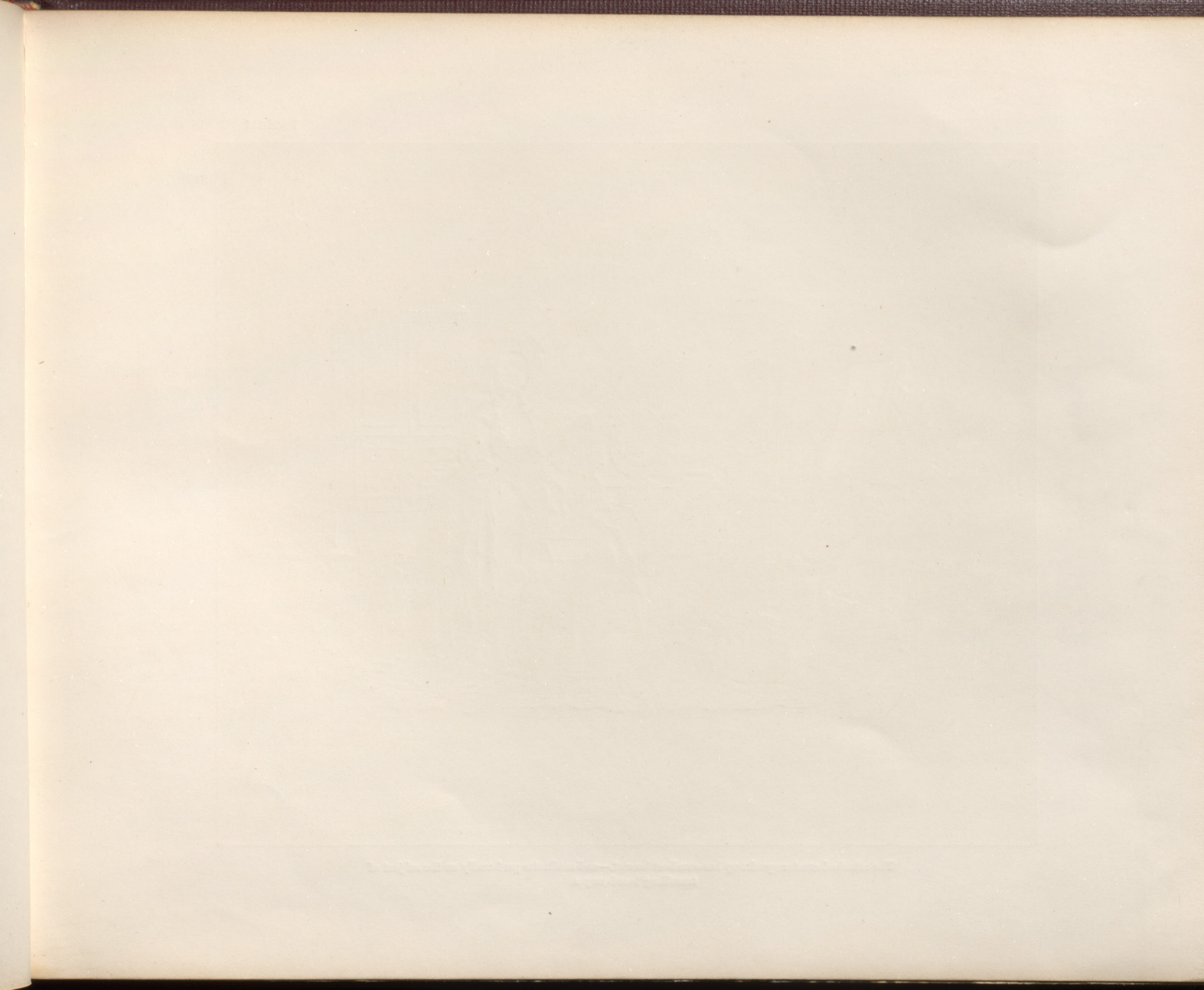
5 p.m.—A delightful thought has struck me; it has positively illumined the blank of existence! Why should I not follow in the glowing footsteps of 'Eöthen'? why should I not bask in the rays of Eastern suns, and steep my drooping spirits in the reviving influences of their magical mirages?

The idea was an inspiration! I instantly rang for my faithful Minikin, and bade her prepare for Eastern travel at the shortest notice. That excellent creature, Corkscrew, shall also attend

me;—with these well-trying and trusty domestics about me, I shall not dread the wrench from old associations; familiar faces can make any land a home. Dear little Bijou! neither shall you be left behind.

I have been endeavouring to revive faint recollections of a long-vanished past. I know that—when a little child of five summers—I accompanied my honoured parents to some bathing establishment on the coast of France ('twas the first and last time I ever quitted my native land). I cannot recollect its name or situation,—but this broken link in memory's chain adds a tender pleasure to the zest of foreign travel. Dear, dear "Abroad!" your image is henceforth connected with the memory of my sainted parents, whose portraits seem to bend from their frames, and to smile in mild approval of my determination.







The attached creature packs up her own best bonnet,—and meditates profoundly on the subject of travelling board-wages.

PLATE III.

MRS. MINIKIN.

ALL is prepared for departure. I have purchased a serviceable little hat, of a fashionable shape, which is really not unbecoming. I regret to say that my last moments in my native country have been saddened by a most painful interview with my poor faithful Corkscrew! Yesterday evening, whilst occupied with my own little preparations for the journey, he desired to see me. On entering, I observed that he seemed agitated. He began at once by observing that he understood I was about to travel in Egypt; and that, to prevent unpleasantnesses, he made bold to inquire if he should be expected to black his own boots on the journey? I own that this contingency had not occurred to me, and I hesitated to reply. Seeing my confusion, he proceeded to remark, with some asperity of manner, that he understood, from a gentleman's gentleman of his acquaintance, who knew the place, that there was a good deal of going up rivers, in native boats called "*Dabyers*,"—that he begged to know "whether he should find a proper pantry and steward's room on board these here 'dabyers;' and above all, whether or not there would be a 'second table' in the servants' hall?" A dreadful sense of the privations we might all be subjected to, rushed across my mind,—but it was a duty I owed to

Corkscrew and to myself to face the realities of travel, however painful, and to state the exact truth. "Corkscrew!" I said, "*pantries* I am not prepared to promise or deny; but, as to '*second tables*,' I fear that there may be sometimes a difficulty in furnishing sufficient materials for a *first!* we may occasionally have little to put on it, save a haunch of crocodile, or a dozen pelican's eggs!"

The excellent creature stood aghast! There was a painful pause. At length he said in thick and husky accents—"Miss Gushington, Ma'am! for fifteen years have I drunk—that is—kept your wines" (the poor fellow in his agitation made this curious mistake)—"I shall never drink—I mean—take care of them no more! I'm well aware, Ma'am, that service is no inheritance, and you'll please to consider this as a warning, being a respectable man, Ma'am, that has lived in your service, man and boy, this fifteen year, and I shall expect two months' warning, or two months' wages, board ditto likewise; but as to going a wild-goose chase in a 'dabyer,' without so much as a regular wine-cellar, let alone pantry, among pelicans and crocodiles, it isn't to be done, Ma'am! no, not if Queen Victoria

MRS. MINIKIN.

herself was to go down on her bare bended knees to ask me!" The faithful creature spoke so incoherently and indistinctly,—his discourse running to vowel in so singular a manner,—that I was quite terrified, especially as I perceived that he could hardly stand upright. I really anticipated an apoplectic fit. I begged him to be calm, and not to worry himself,—that I couldn't hear of his leaving my service,—and that I would arrange that he should

remain in charge of the house in Brook-street. It would indeed have been madness to part with this attached and faithful retainer, for so trivial a cause as his refusal to accompany me on my pilgrimage! My good Minikin will be more than sufficient chaperon, and in her sympathizing services I shall lose my present sense of deprivation. I can easily procure a dragoman at Alexandria.





SECTION OF A GREAT AGONY. Mrs. Minikin requests that she may be set on shore—anywhere.

PLATE IV.

THE P. AND O. STEAMER.

AFTER a hurried journey to Marseilles, we are safe on board the P. and O. boat. I was less affected at the last view of Albion's white cliffs than I had anticipated. Perhaps the little worries and annoyances attendant on the transportation of a certain number of trunks, boxes, and portmanteaux, are providentially calculated to diminish the poignancy of our natural grief on these occasions; but I had worked myself into quite a nervous state beforehand, dwelling on the probabilities of my experiencing a burst of uncontrollable emotion at the moment of leaving my native land. I can hardly explain to myself how I came to omit it.

The day is bright, cheerful, breezy! My spirit partakes of the general exhilaration such an animated and novel scene is likely to produce. The passengers seem numerous and respectable. A good many languid-looking ladies are reclining on their respective bamboo chaise-longues, attended by hovering ayahs in muslin veils and silver bangles. These, I understand, are the wives of officials in India, returning from pleasant episodic visits in England to their Eastern homes. As a general rule, I should say their countenances are somewhat repellant, and their complexions pasty. There is a large sprinkling of babies, and a certain proportion of

Cingalese nurses and Malay attendants. The babies cry a good deal,—but nobody seems to mind it. Captain Weatherbow has just presented himself to me; he “hoped I had a comfortable berth on board,—was sure I would prove a good sailor,” &c. A very pleasing, animated personage! He realizes my idea of what Christopher Columbus must have been; full of dash and daring: I think I have an instinctive attraction towards members of his profession, so open-hearted, frank, and free-spoken! as companions, none are superior to them.

I have been watching Captain Weatherbow for some time; he really seems ubiquitous: at one moment he is tenderly wrapping a shawl round an invalid lady's feet, on the lee-side; in a second he is perched on the bridge, answering a hail from a passing steamer, with the voice of twenty trumpets. Now, he is acting umpire on the Italian question in a sharp discussion between a Mazzinist and a French commis voyageur; and now he is deep in an argument on Election and Free Will, with a Presbyterian missionary going out to be eaten at Tongataboo. Just now he was handing a lame gentleman down the companion,—and here he is picking up one of the loose babies that has tumbled against the binnacle, and rubbing

THE P. AND O. STEAMER.

its fat knees "to make the place well." Evidently a man of large sympathies, and versatile genius!

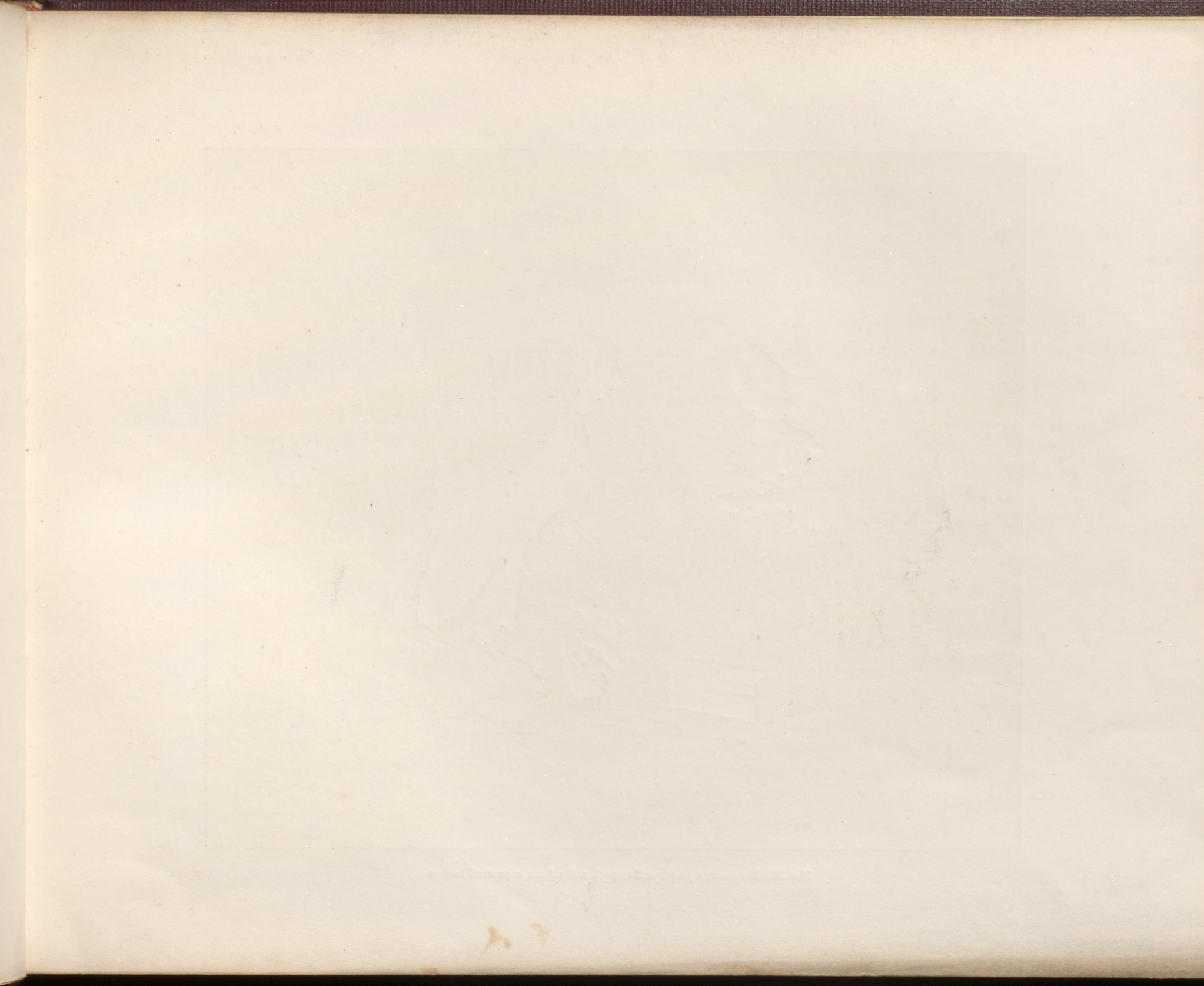
5 o'clock.—Dinner-time. We have a little ground-swell; nothing to speak of. I have never clearly understood why the smell of *cabbage* should be the most penetrating and persistent of all odours on board ship.

5¼.—Minikin and I have thought it best to seek the retirement of the ladies' cabin. A most attentive and obliging steward assures

me, "upon his honour," that, so far from being rough, the sea is positively "like a glue-pot,"—yet even he appears to find some difficulty in keeping his equilibrium!

Mem.—How different are the estimates which custom enables persons to—

[There is here an abrupt hiatus in the MS.—NOTE BY THE EDITOR.]





Mrs. Minikin shows a proper self-respect, and refuses to proceed further.

PLATE V.

ARRIVAL AT ALEXANDRIA.

15th January.—A TERRIBLE blow has fallen on me, at a time when my whole soul was expanding with delight under the novel influences of this delightful Oriental scene. Minikin, my faithful Minikin, refuses to accompany me further!

On landing from the steamer, we were instantly surrounded by large herds of donkeys, and their picturesque attendants, who assured us, in broken English, that no other mode of conveyance to the town was forthcoming. I was cheerfully preparing to mount, when I was startled by a fearful shriek from Minikin, caused by an attempt on the part of one of the donkey-men to lift her into the saddle. Administering an energetic blow with her muff in the face of the offending individual, she exclaimed in piercing, agitated accents—"That she had been already put upon more than she had ever ought to abear; that she never had had no idea of what she had had to undergo through with; but as to donkeys—never! Donkeys was all very well in their proper place—'Ighgate or 'Ampstead; but the line must be drawn somewhere. That for her part, nothing should induce her to demean herself by riding into a respectable town on one of them 'ere ridiculous animals, with one of them bare-legged cannibals a hanging on by

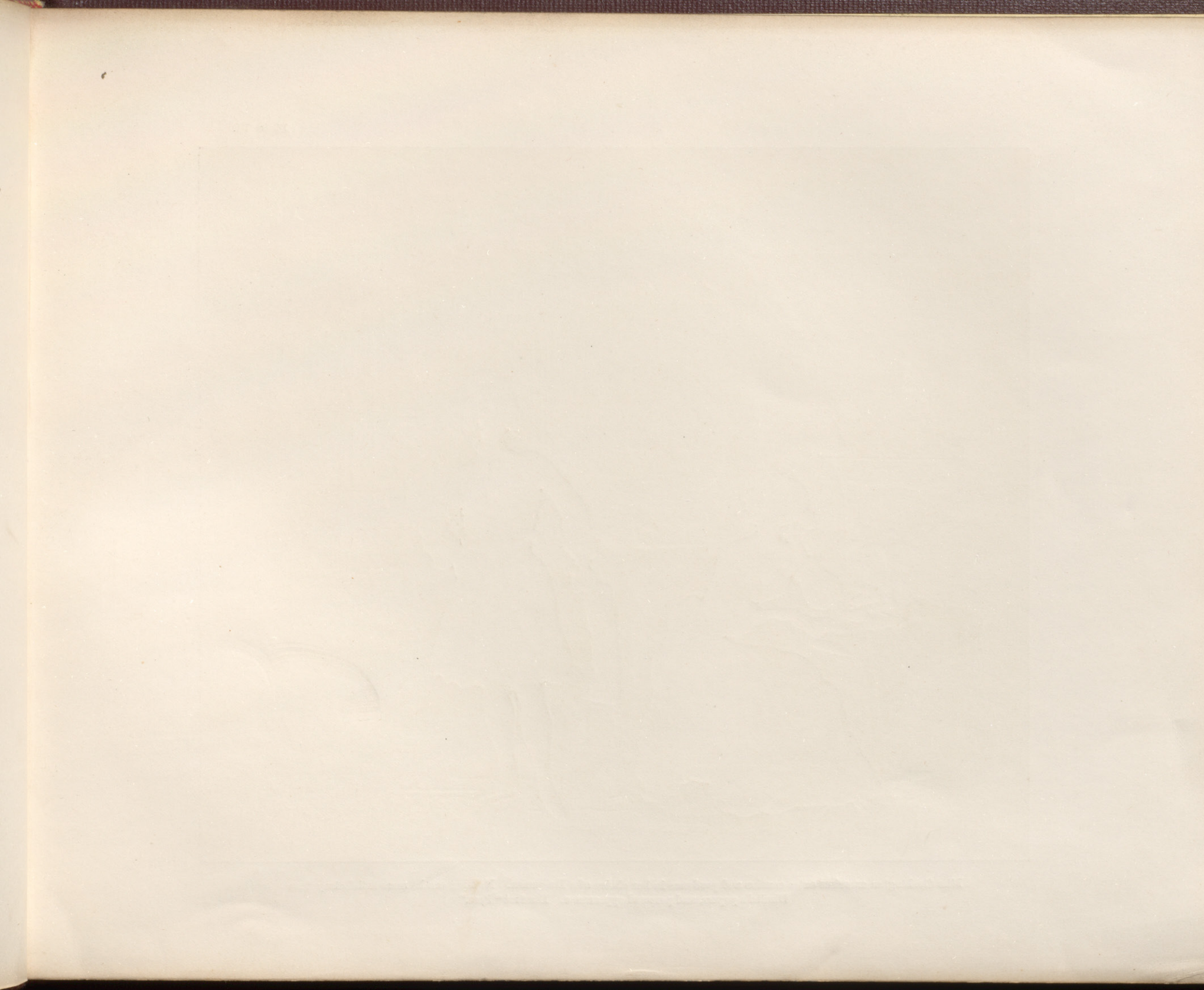
his tail! no, not if she knowed it!" In short, she gave me warning on the spot, and expressed her determination to return to England by the next steamer. My own lonely situation struck cold upon my heart—thus left, stranded as it were, and desolate, among my boxes, on a foreign shore. But I also felt a profound pity for the unfortunate Minikin, and, paying her return passage, I begged her to make herself as comfortable as she could, and directed her to rejoin my excellent Corkscrew in Brook Street, there to await my return. Attached servants are such real treasures!—trifles should never induce one lightly to deprive oneself of the inestimable comfort of their affectionate ministrings.

16th January.—A most fortunate occurrence in the course of yesterday afternoon restored me to that tranquillity of mind which my poor Minikin's desertion had greatly disturbed. Winding my solitary way through the narrow streets of Alexandria, attended by several self-constituted Arab guardians, who had apportioned my boxes between them, at the rate of two donkeys to each box, which I am told is the usual arrangement,—bewildered by the unaccustomed crowd and noise, deafened by the shouts of my attendants, half crushed on one side by a mule laden with huge water-jars,

ARRIVAL AT ALEXANDRIA.

and narrowly escaping annihilation on the other from a string of camels carrying several hundredweights of hewn stone on their backs—I suddenly heard myself accosted by name, and in good English, by a friendly, cheerful voice, proffering assistance. It proved to be that of Mr. H. T., one of the princely merchants of Alexandria, who had heard of my arrival; and having been

informed of my present uncomfortable and unprotected condition, had thus kindly come forward to rescue me from it. I am even now under his pleasant and friendly roof, where I am to continue during the short period of my sojourn in Alexandria. What an invaluable guide and counsellor in this outset of my pilgrimage!





Miss Gushington exercises extra caution and prudence in her choice of a Dragoman. Nothing can be more satisfactory than Dimitri's papers, and personal appearance. His first "Pose."

PLATE VI.

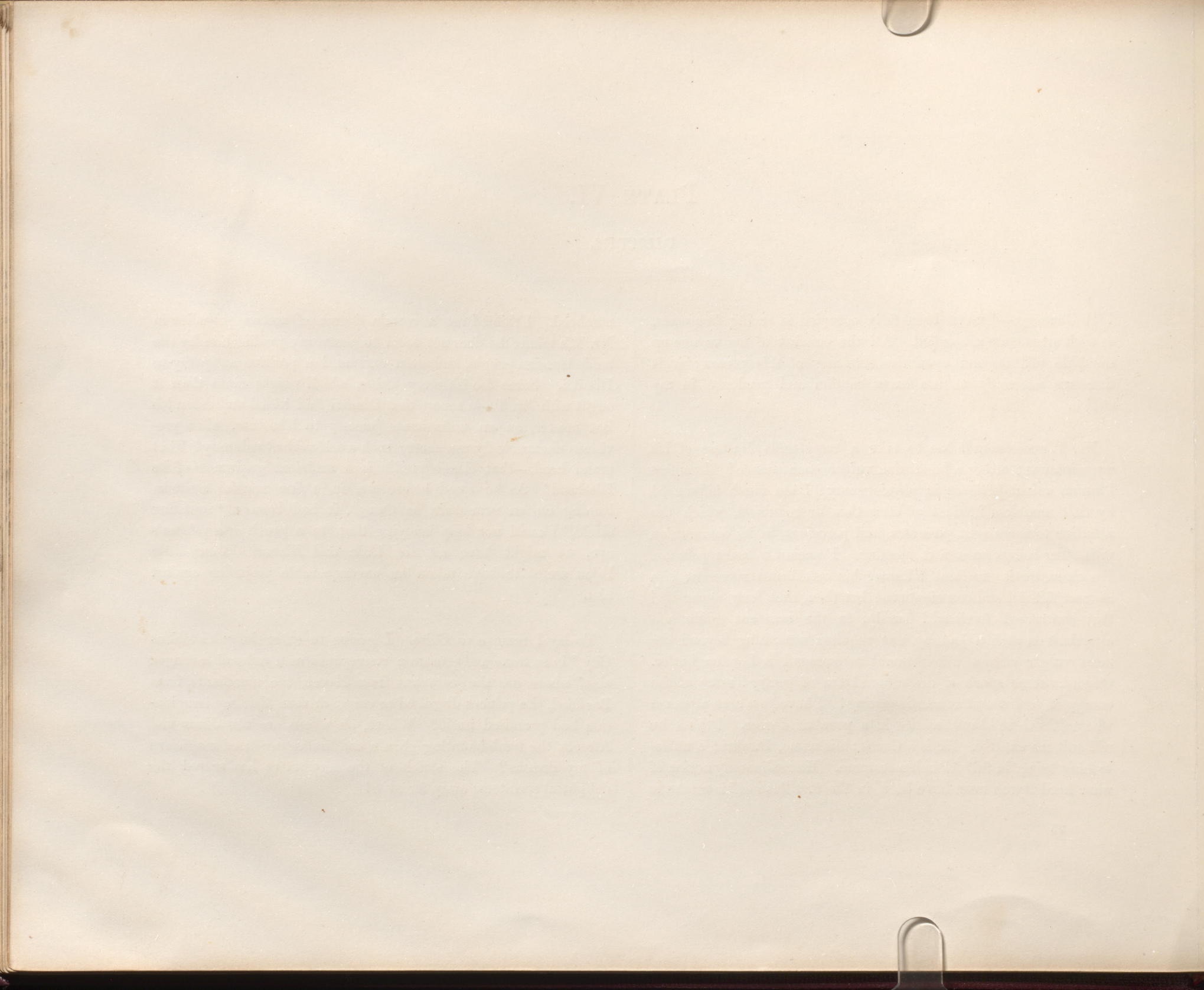
DIMITRI.

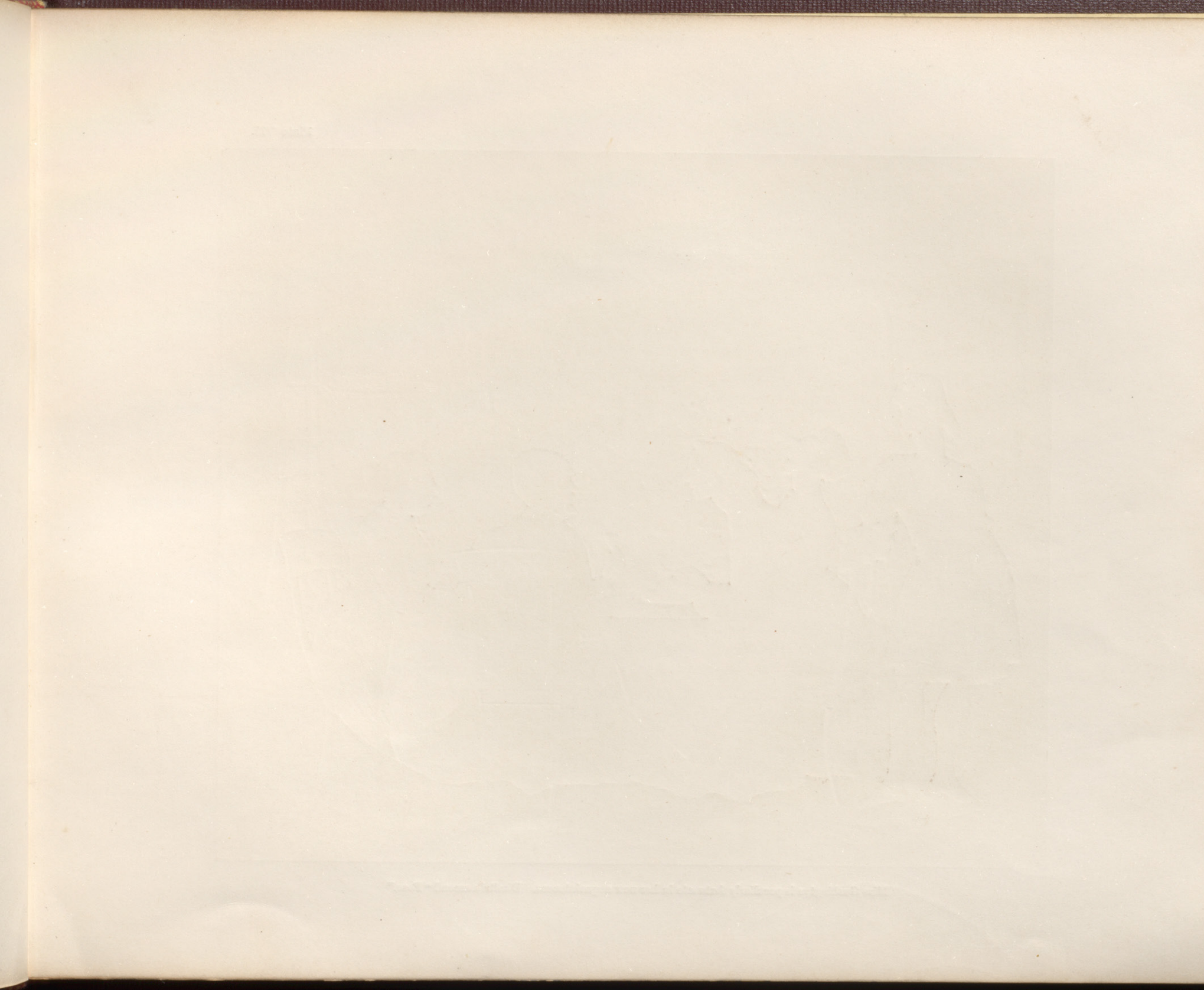
17th January.—I HAVE been fully occupied in seeing *Dragomen*, as such attendants are called. All the comfort of my voyage up the Nile will depend upon the efficiency of this person; it is therefore necessary to use extra caution and prudence in my choice.

Mr. T. recommends me to take a respectable Maltese of his acquaintance; rather a humdrum, vulgar countenance! I confess I am an ardent believer in physiognomy: I am much influenced by that nameless instinct of attraction, or repulsion, which the sensitive temperament possesses, and perceives, in its communion with other beings on a first meeting. Francisco's face repels me. His character is excellent, I know; his certificates represent him as most faithful and conscientious; but then, that long upper lip! that contracted forehead! surely, in the constant guide and attendant on such a journey, one requires something beyond the mere vulgar virtues which would recommend a London butler. One asks some spark of the ethereal fire of poetry! some of the energy of genius and romantic daring! I have just seen a person who unites these characteristics in a peculiar degree. I think he will suit me exactly. He is a Greek; his name, Dimitri; a noble-looking being, in full Albanian costume. He realizes my notion of what Lord Byron must have been, in the first flush of his romantic

manhood. I think I see a certain degree of narrow prejudice in Mr. T.'s mind; he does not seem to share my predilection for the noble Grecian people, and even expressed a positive antipathy to Dimitri. Some foolish story exists, which weighs more than it ought with Mr. T.—a report that Dimitri had killed and eaten his last master, on an unfortunate journey to Khartum, when provisions unexpectedly ran short; such a self-evident calumny! That grand head,—that classic profile is a sufficient guarantee of its falsehood! As he stood before me, in a fine martial attitude, leaning on an arm-chair, as though it had been a "sounding shield," I could not help fancying that, to a poet's or a painter's eye, we might have sat for Dido and Æneas! Dear little Bijou seems to have taken an unconquerable prejudice against him.

To-day I remove to Cairo. I grieve to enter the "Victorious City" in so tame and prosaic a conveyance as a railroad carriage: alas! where are the caravans from Mecca, the merchants from Baghdad, the princes disguised as camel-drivers, that my imagination had promised itself? Where, oh where, are the Jinns and Afreets, the tomb-haunting ghouls, and mahogany-faced magicians of my dreams? The shriek of the locomotive has scared the delightful phantoms away for ever!







Miss Gushington is peculiarly fortunate in her new acquaintances. Dimitri's second "Pose."

PLATE VII.

THE TABLE D'HÔTE, CAIRO.

18th January.—THE charm of my delightful pilgrimage increases hourly: on the short but interesting railroad journey between Alexandria and Cairo, I found myself in contact with a singularly pleasing Scotch family—the MacFishys of that ilk. We entered into conversation, and soon found that our mutual impressions of the shifting scene around, assimilated in a really remarkable manner. On arriving at Shepherd's Hotel (a colossal caravanserai in the lovely Esbekîeh Gardens) I joined their party at the table-d'hôte, and we have agreed to continue daily companions. Unprotected as I am, and in some measure unused to battle with the hostile array of unforeseen contingencies, the protection of Mr. MacFishy, and the companionship of his amiable wife and daughter, are advantages for which I cannot be too grateful. The husband is silent and abstracted, but with much of the dry and "pawkie" humour of his country. He recalls to my mind some of those delightful characters that figure on the graphic page of the Great Northern Magician. Richard Monyplies and Bailie Jarvię come with irresistible force to my recollection as I gaze upon his astute

yet benignant countenance: Mrs. MacFishy is a most excellent, motherly creature,—perhaps not refined in appearance or manners, but full of good humour and kindness.

I own that, in my present mood, the conventional elegancies of what is called in the world's jargon "*good society*," have lost much of their potent influence;—worth, goodness, a certain spice of refreshing originality, combined with intellectual superiority, strength of will, and a dash of boldness, have a singular power to rivet the imagination and fill the mind. These qualities combine to render Mr. Andrew MacFishy, junior, a very delightful companion. Without much regularity of feature, or height of stature, his appearance is nevertheless singularly prepossessing. The nose is slightly "retroussé;" the eye, lively, and, as it were, *conquering* in expression; there is a general air of self-reliance, and readiness to meet all emergencies, in his appearance; the contour of the head is remarkably bold and resolute; the hair, of that bright, energetic hue called "Highland red," which I own I think charac-

THE TABLE D'HÔTE, CAIRO.

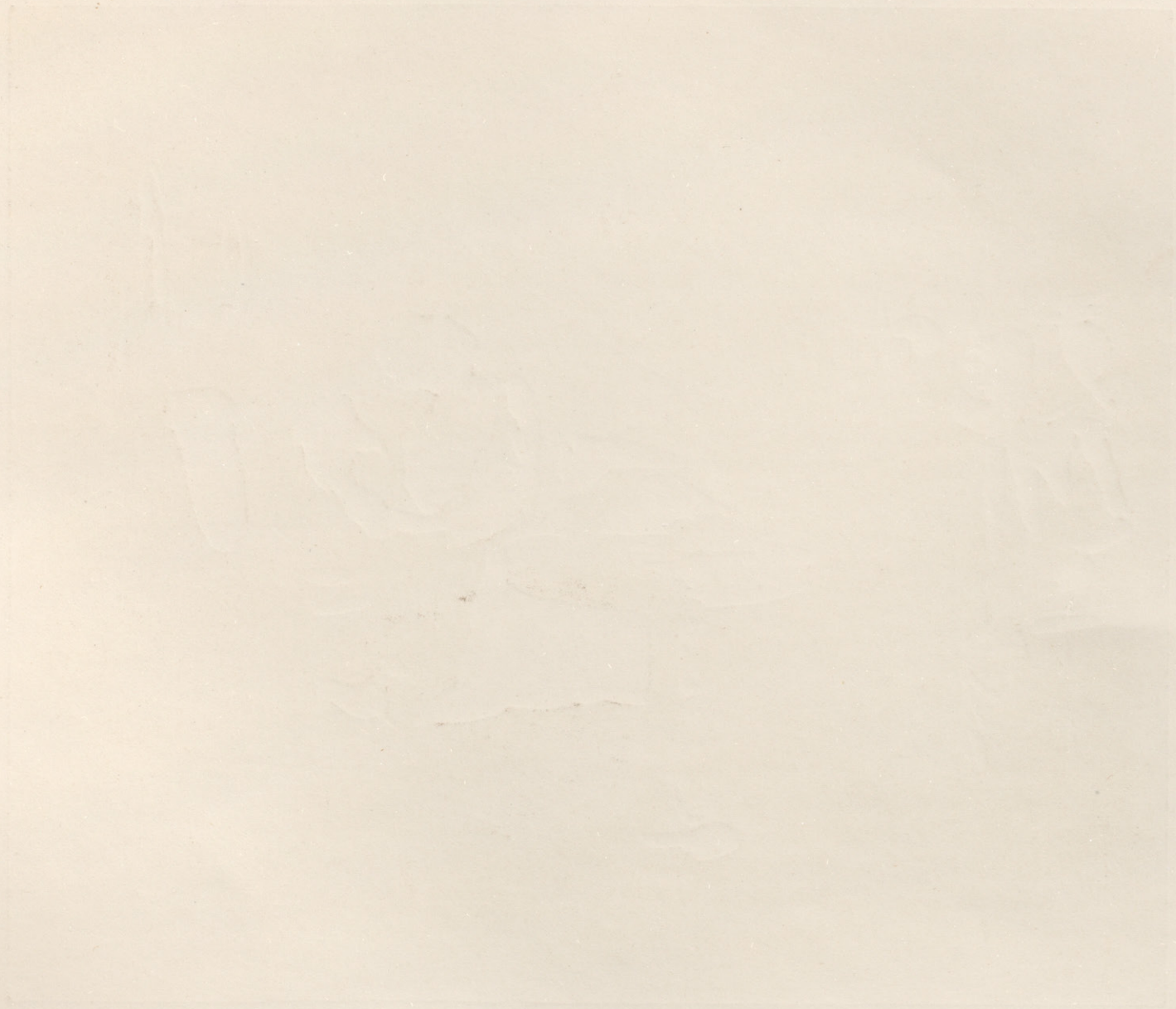
teristic and becoming. He has hitherto devoted his very superior talents to the study of that great palladium of our liberties—the law. Young as he is, he already writes himself *W.S.*—or “Writer to the Signet,”—a place of great trust, I am told, in the Scottish legal ranks. Altogether, he is a very remarkable young man, and realizes in some degree my idea of the Cid.

His sister Euphemia is the least attractive figure in the family-group; but she is a very estimable young person, and perfectly inoffensive. I think I may consider myself wonderfully fortunate

in having accidentally fallen in with souls so kindred in their aspirations,—so delightfully attuned to my own peculiar organization!

I continue to like my dragoman Dimitri. He is certainly a most effective attendant. Perhaps he is not so *actively* useful as I had at first anticipated,—but his attitudes are so picturesque, his whole demeanour so gallant, daring, and spirited—in repose, that I have no doubt of his proving the most valuable acquisition, when circumstances arise to call forth his latent energies.

1877





Fearful realization of an awful anticipation. Bijou makes an ineffectual rally round his mistress.

PLATE VIII.

THE INDIAN MAIL.

20th January.—A MOST annoying incident has interrupted the easy tenour of my present existence: yesterday morning, Mr. Shepherd—the obliging proprietor of this fine hotel—stopped me as I was going an airing with the MacFishy family, and, in a rather constrained and nervous manner, hinted that I should do wisely in locking my bedroom door carefully that night, “*as the Indian Mail was due.*” This mysterious, and indeed inexplicable warning, fluttered me a good deal, and I requested an explanation. “Well, Miss Gushington,” said he, “the fact is, the passengers from Suez are generally a roughish lot, and, whether there’s room or not, they WILL sleep *somewhere!*” “Good gracious!” I exclaimed; “you don’t mean to say, Mr. Shepherd, that they would intrude on the privacy of my apartment?” “Lord bless you, Miss!” he replied, “*they’re* no ways particular; it would make no odds to *them* your sleeping in the same room; so, if the lock of your door is not made pretty secure, they’re as likely as not to intrude on your privacy. I thought I’d just give you a hint. You see they’re from shipboard, Miss: they’ve been sleeping in one another’s pockets for weeks past! They’re not a bit squeamish about privacy, and that kind of thing.”

I am certain I must have turned as white as marble (I felt as cold and deathlike) on hearing these terrible words. I pictured to myself a horde of these devastating barbarians bursting into our

quiet chambers, and pitching their bandit bundles among our peaceful portmanteaux. I spent the day in nervous apprehension: at night, after vainly endeavouring to persuade Euphemia MacFishy, who laughed at my fears, to share my apartment, I retired to it with a beating heart. I bolted and barred the door as effectually as I could, and lay down in breathless apprehension that precluded slumber. However, the hours passed away without interruption, and, I suppose, the silence and apparent security of my position lulled my fluttered nerves into repose.

I slept at length; I must have slept, for I was lost in a rosy dream of pathless deserts, studded with lovely smiling oases of verdure, o’er which tall feathery palms stretched their columnar shadows, and sparkling fountains bubbled up from the golden sands to meet the traveller’s thirsty lip. One only companion ranged the wild beside me; my mind is confused as to his identity,—still I say *his*, because I have a shadowy impression of a neat pork-pie hat in connection with the vision, such as Mr. Andrew MacF. habitually wears. Suddenly a thunder-bolt seemed to fall from the treacherous blue vault above us; the palm-trees crashed around me,—the fountain sprang fifty feet into the air, and deluged me with its cold showers—and—I woke! to see the dreadful picture that had haunted my day realized in all its horrors!

THE INDIAN MAIL.

Two desperate-looking wretches, with travelling-bags in their hands, and shawls about their heads, had burst all the bolts which had constituted my fancied security. I stayed not to contemplate them; with the shriek of a startled fawn* I sprang from my pillow, and, catching up the first loose garment that presented itself, rushed from my desecrated chamber.

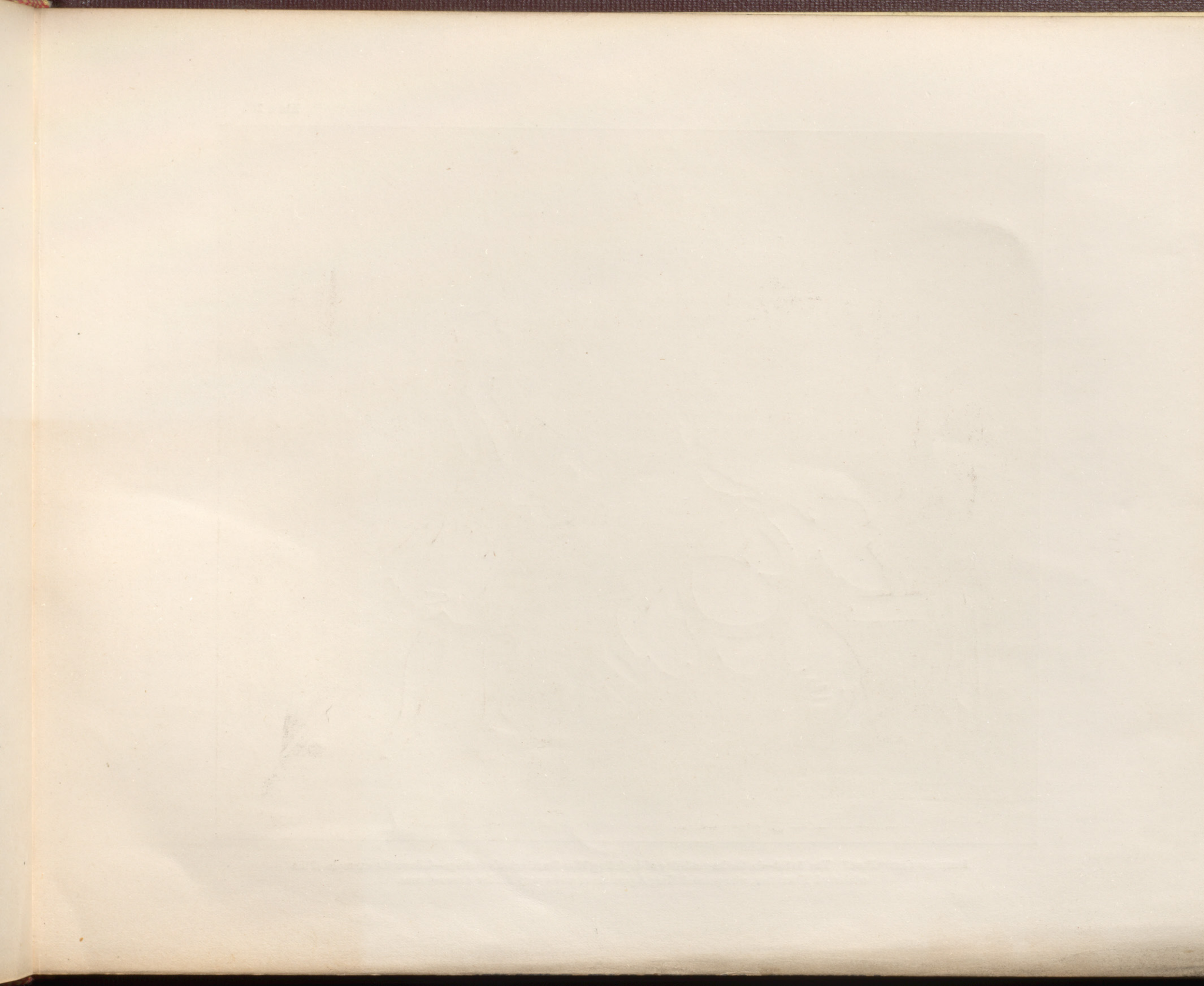
The next day, when order was restored, and these barbarian hordes had departed by the early train, I was describing to the MacFishys my dreadful situation, shivering all night on the stone staircase, without so much as a blanket to cover me; when Mr. Andrew MacF. amusingly remarked, that, "being *Feme Sole*, I had no right to plead *couverture*." I did not at first quite comprehend the drift of this observation; but when he had explained the meaning of the legal terms, I enjoyed it amazingly.

* This expression refers to a fact in natural history which the Editor has not yet had an opportunity of verifying.

He has, indeed, delightful spirits, and a ready wit, which constantly enlivens us with its brilliant corruscations.

It is singular that I had never hitherto appreciated at their real value the powers and faculties which render legal men, perhaps, the *most* agreeable companions in the world. The highly developed acuteness of observation, the knowledge of the human heart, which they necessarily acquire in the progress of their professional avocations, when combined with great original powers of intellect, of course form a remarkable whole. Having hitherto associated with but one member of this distinguished profession (my lamented father's family solicitor, old Mr. Twiddletape), I had formed no idea of their claims on our regard and admiration.

I am called away to visit the Bazaar with my agreeable friends.





DMITRI'S LAST "POSE." The Artist—in the impossibility of depicting Miss Gushington's feelings—follows the example of the celebrated Timanthes, who painted King Agamemnon under very similar circumstances.

PLATE IX.

DIMITRI'S LAST POSE.

21st January.—A DREADFUL blow has fallen on me; with circumstances of such aggravated horror, that, for a season, Reason tottered on her throne. I pause to compose my shattered nerves, and will endeavour to relate the facts with calmness and resignation.

For some time back I had begun to fear that Dimitri's *moral* qualities did not quite come up to the standard which his splendid *physique* had led me to expect. His "poses" were certainly magnificent; quite statuesque; in fact, the Apollo Belvedere could not have handed a plate with greater grace and dignity. But, alas! there is truth in the French proverb—

"On aime à faire ce qu'on fait bien :"

Dimitri was evidently so conscious of the grandeur of his attitudes in repose, that he avoided all occasions of disturbing them by work of any description. Moreover, I own I consider *cleanliness* quite indispensable in one's personal attendant, but Dimitri's habits could not be said to realize that idea. Indeed, on one occasion, when, fearing to hurt his sensitive feelings, I ventured to hint, in the most delicate manner, that his hands would be the better of a slight ablution; he replied,—that when I had seen a little more of Eastern travel (and, indeed, of life in general), I should discover that water was far too valuable an element to be wasted in so frivolous a manner. That he himself had been to Khartum and back on half rations of that fluid, and that for four or five months the duties of his toilette had consisted of a dry-rub with a handful of sand.

This was not all; Mr. Andrew MacF., having kindly taken on himself the examination of Dimitri's little weekly accounts, discovered that during my stay in Egypt I had been paying for donkeys at the rate of elephants. I still hope and believe that this was merely the result of ignorance of the tariff in these matters, and not a positive want of integrity, though the abstraction of some minor articles of dress, and the unexplained disappearance of my purse on one particular occasion, certainly had, what Mr.

Andrew jocosely termed, "a fishy look," and what I cannot but denominate a doubtful appearance.

But these are nothings compared with the horrible event I have to record.

My beloved Bijou, the playful companion of my travels—the only link between me and home—had been intrusted to Dimitri's charge; he had orders to conduct it to its morning and evening promenade. I had been warned of the ferocious nature of the indigenous dogs; I had repeatedly recommended the greatest caution and discretion on the subject. Alas! in vain. Yesterday morning they went forth together,—one alone returned. How can I relate the dreadful details? Dimitri stood before me in the attitude of Ulysses relating his shipwreck to the Princess Nausicaa. His hands contained the last relics of my beloved Bijou; the ears and tail alone remained to tell that terrible story. *I was alone!* Need I say that Dimitri fled from the spectacle of my despair? need I say that that flight was permanent?

28th January.—After the dreadful event recorded in the last page of my journal, I remained for some time in a kind of stupor, from which neither the kind attentions of my good friend Mrs. MacFishy, nor the lively sallies of Mr. Andrew, could at first avail to rouse me. After a time, however, I was prevailed upon to face the future, and I agreed to accompany them on the projected voyage up the Nile, which we had previously contemplated.

Dare I whisper to my own heart that for the first time since our acquaintance I felt a shade of disappointment in the amount of sympathy these otherwise excellent friends afforded me? No doubt grief is apt to make us querulous and unjust; but surely Mr. Andrew might have refrained from talking of the "*Doguments of our departed friend*" (speaking of the '*Galighani's Messenger*' in which the poor remains of my dear Bijou had been consigned to earth); calling the catastrophe "a *Sirius* affair;" lamenting

DIMITRI'S LAST POSE.

“that we had not used a *para-dogs*, as the only *argumentum ad canem*,” &c. &c., and other remarks of a light and jesting nature. Miss Euphemia, too, I overheard speaking in what I consider an unfeeling tone of the “sin of making this awfu’ stramash about a bit brute beast, when we wad be better employed bewailing the iniquities of this heathen land, and striving to awaken the puir demented inhabitants to a sense of their danger.”

I heard her brother reply in his light way, that he was “only waiting for a bran new coat, which he had ordered out from England, of superfine sackcloth, turned up with ashes, in which to address a meeting of the Caireen parishioners on the subject.”

Mrs. MacFishy is always good-humoured and friendly, but she is subject to fits of abstraction of a singular nature, which usually come on towards evening. I think the climate oppresses her: I heard her answer a simple question quite incoherently the other day after an early dinner.

Mr. MacFishy is never very communicative, and of late has been wholly occupied with preparations for our voyage. I agreed at once to all the provisions of a little contract which Mr. Andrew has drawn up with friendly celerity and professional acumen, as to the terms on which I should become a member of their party up the Nile. They undertake all the trouble of the arrangements, and assign to me a nice little cabin, about six feet long and two wide, in which (with a little contrivance) I have made myself pretty comfortable. In return for these advantages, I pay in advance half the expenses of the hire of the dahabieh, or boat, as well as half the cost of the daily expenditure.

I consider this truly liberal on their parts, as, although they are a numerous party and I am alone, the emancipation from all pecuniary disputes and worries, to which I have a natural aversion, and the comfort and respectability of such efficient protection, render it to me a most satisfactory arrangement. We have all laughingly agreed to a clause which Mr. MacFishy has added, to the effect that whoever tires of the voyage, and separates voluntarily from the party, must forfeit his or her share of the expenses.

Poor Corkscrew! when I look at our floating home, I cannot help smiling at the idea of the luxuries *he* could not dispense with! Pantries, servants’ halls, second tables! How fortunate it is that

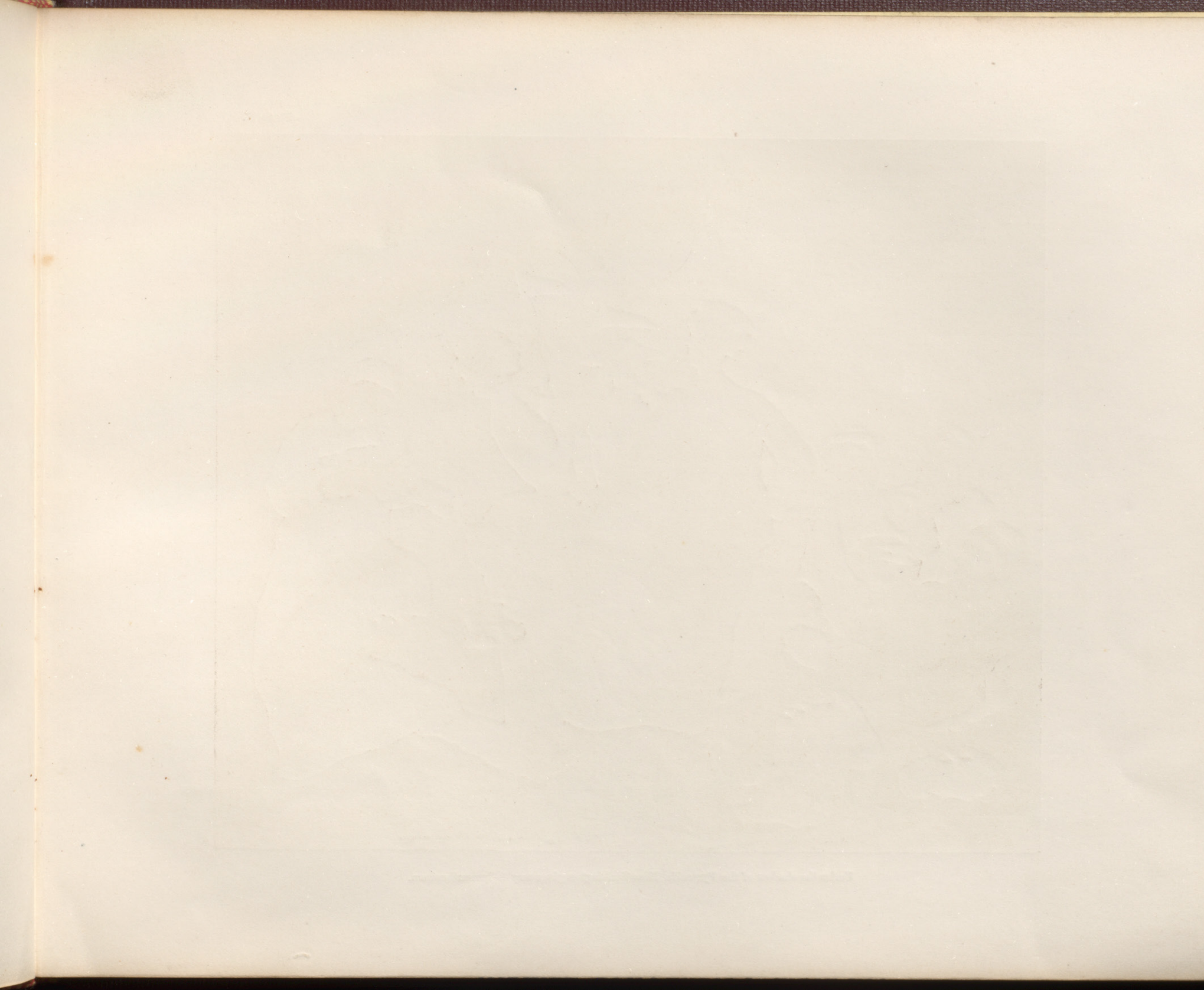
I did not expose him to the numerous little inconveniences of Egyptian travelling!

Our boat is in fact a *raft*, with a one-storied cottage on it. “Forward,” as it is technically called,—or, as I should describe it,—in the little front yard before the cottage door,—the Arab sailors sit and row the boat; there also they eat, drink, sing, sleep, say their prayers, and often throttle each other.

“*Aft*,”—or, as I should say, *behind*,—you descend one step into the cottage parlour; opposite you is the door into a passage which runs to the stern, and on each side of this are our little cells or cabins. They are all very small, including the parlour; but then we have the top of our house for a pleasant promenade, with an awning and benches; here we spend the day, enjoy the delicious breeze, watch the Arabs at their oars, count the wild geese flying over our heads, or the cranes standing meditatively on the muddy shallows. We often run aground, but we get off again, with much cursing and swearing on the part of the rais (or captain), a fine prophetic-looking man, who quite realizes my idea of Balaam. We run permanently aground for the night, as near a village as we can, for the convenience of buying goat’s milk, eggs, and pigeons.

Then all the women in the village come down to fill their water-jars, and to stare in at our windows, and all the dogs come down to bark at us. Then the boatmen begin their songs, and eat their dried dates and nasty messes, and soon after the throttling commences, and sometimes continues far into the night.

Such is the tenour of our existence. The scene is ever spirit-stirring and suggestive, and I enjoy my present life more than I can say, in spite of the slight inconveniences of my little sleeping apartment, the narrow dimensions of which have caused some trifling accidents: such as my putting my head through the window-pane in the act of turning round in bed, and finding my foot in the water-jug on waking yesterday morning. The only drawback to my pleasurable feelings is witnessing the peculiar effect of the climate on poor Mrs. MacFishy, which I have before alluded to, and which appears to me to increase the farther we remove from Cairo: it takes the form of a sort of stupor, attended occasionally by light delirium.





Under the shadow of the Pyramids, Miss Gushington gives way to her enthusiasm.

PLATE X.

THE PYRAMIDS.

30th January.—I AM in the presence of the Pyramids! This thought dwarfs into insignificance every other impression. How shall I describe the flood of sensations that almost overwhelmed my soul, when I reflected that forty centuries contemplated us, from —, &c. &c.

[The Editor has thought it most advisable, for typographical and other reasons, to suppress the description of Miss Gushington's feelings on this remarkable occasion, although the passage is certainly one of the finest in the whole narrative. It was emphasized by so many dashes, that it would have been simpler to print the whole in italics; it bristled with notes of admiration and interrogation; it was eminently periphrastic, and contained a quantity of judicious observations that have been occasionally made before. Lastly, it was illustrated by seventy-three metaphors of a mixed character. This is the less surprising, as we have it on the word of another great female authority, that "allegory" has its habitat "on the banks of the Nile." Altogether it was a work of great research.]

CONTINUATION OF JOURNAL.

Although my friends did not appear as much impressed as I was myself by the sublime spectacle before us, and indeed expressed some dissatisfaction with the general appearance of the Pyramids, still there was no lack of archæological disquisition. Mr. Andrew observed that the Pharaohs must have been "jolly old cocks," and were evidently cognizant "of a thing or two." Miss Euphemia demurred to this proposition on moral and religious grounds. Euphemia is apt to show asperity in argument, so I thought it best

to refrain from offering an opinion. Good Mrs. MacFishy was too much absorbed in the preparations for luncheon to take any lively interest in the subject: and her husband, overcome by the heat of the day, was wrapped in peaceful slumbers.

Some picturesque Arabs—one of whom exactly embodied my notion of what Abd-el-Kader must be—grouped themselves around us, watching with friendly but unobtrusive interest the development of the luncheon-basket. They are a truly sympathetic people, and show the most intelligent appreciation of our manners and customs—and all belonging to us.

Three silver spoons disappeared in the most unaccountable manner towards the end of the repast. It was distressing to me in the extreme, as I feared that our amiable and picturesque visitants might fancy that *their* honour was called in question by the occurrence; indeed I regret to say that my companions were not noble-minded enough to repel the unworthy suspicion. They even insisted on searching one of the Arabs who was in closer propinquity than the rest. The others proudly and hastily withdrew.

The spoons have not been recovered.

Mr. Andrew MacFishy persists in asserting his belief that Abd-el-Kader had swallowed them.

Returning from Gîzeh, we fell in with a large party of strangers who had also been visiting the colossal marvels. It proved to be a company of English travellers, amongst whom Mr. Andrew

THE PYRAMIDS.

pointed out to my observation Lord D——n, the author of a work of much profound research, and painful erudition, on the manners and customs of the Icelanders, and other inhabitants of the icy regions, which he visited not long ago.

His Lordship was accompanied by his celebrated valet, W——n, who is supposed to have assisted him in the more abstruse portions of his valuable work. On the present occasion Mr. W——n (whom I looked at with much interest) certainly presented a remarkable appearance. His costume united the characteristics of the holy Hermit and the bold Buccaneer. A large mantle and cowl covered the head and upper portion of his figure, which terminated in jack-boots and large spurs. He was profusely decorated with pistols and other small arms, and was mounted on a gaunt white steed, which paced solemnly along under its distinguished burden. The most singular adjunct to his costume and general appearance, was a couple of human skulls, evidently selected from the débris of rifled mummy-cases, which abound in this locality,—one of which he carried under each arm. I noticed that these supplementary heads had a livelier expression of countenance than his own. Altogether his appearance was peculiarly awful and apocalyptic.

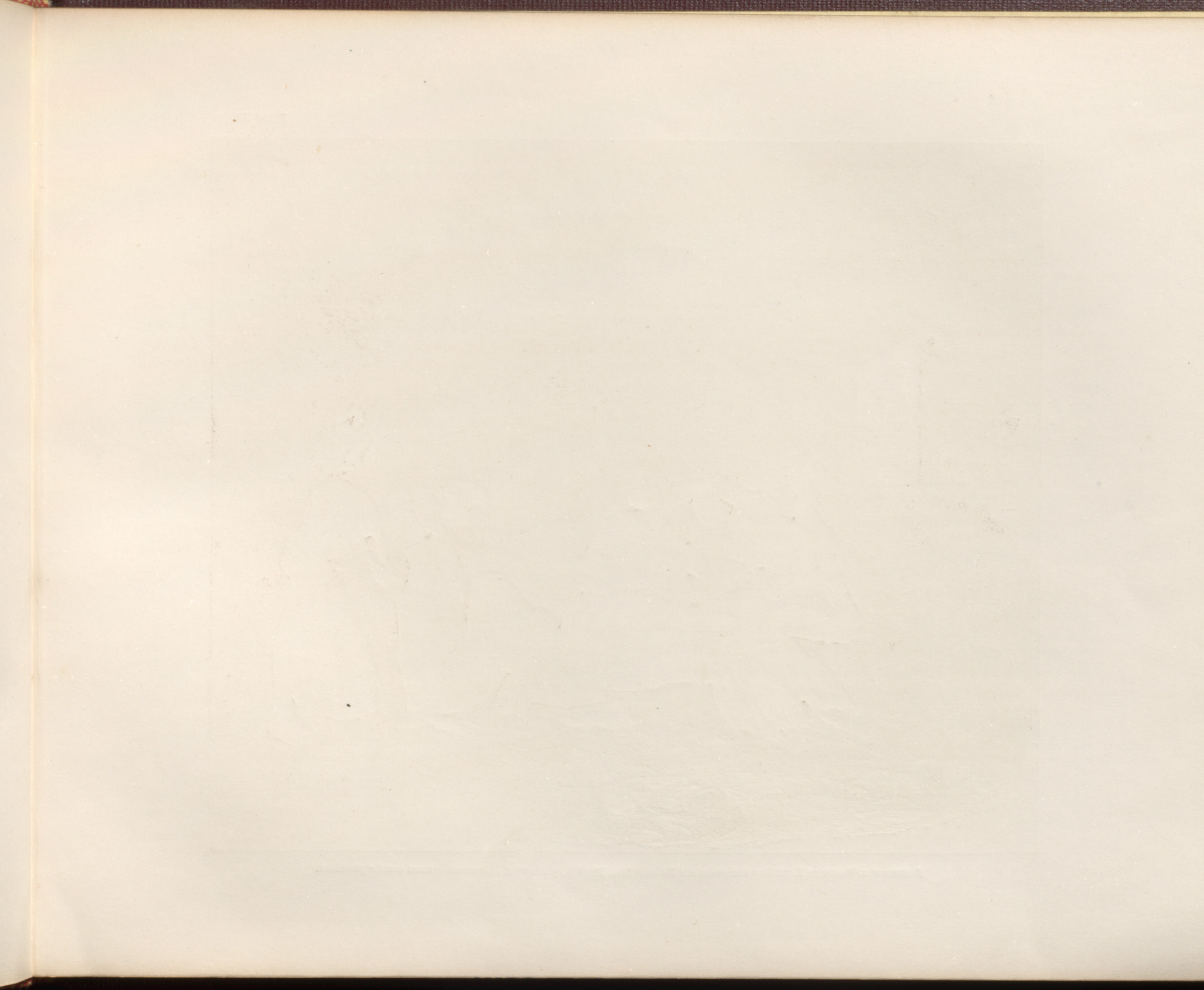
On our way back to the river, and our floating home, I could not help observing to Mr. Andrew, who rode by my side, that I doubted the propriety of thus appropriating loose skulls, and articles of that sort, which must surely be considered *private* property, if anything deserves that denomination! Mr. Andrew asserted, on the contrary, that a man had only “a life interest in his own head, which ceased and determined the moment he ceased to have any

further use for it.” Legal men are such casuists, and Mr. Andrew is such a profound logician, that I feared to engage in any argument on the subject; but I own I entered a silent protest against his view of the matter. Reason and feeling alike revolt from such a notion. If I were ever so much embalmed or mummified, I consider that no lapse of time could invalidate the right I claim to my own head; nor can I conceive how any other human being would be benefited by its possession.

This conversation left a painful impression upon my mind. The shades of evening had begun to close around us; the melancholy cry of the prowling jackals echoed across the sandy wastes, over which our jaded horses picked their way in semi-darkness. My companions were tired, and, I think, disposed to be a little querulous and irritable; Mrs. MacFishy was more than usually affected by the enervating influence of this climate.

A painful suspicion has occasionally crossed my mind with regard to her condition; but I repel it with all my strength; it must be fancy!

I suppose that fatigue, and these uncomfortable reflections, combined to produce the melancholy mood in which I returned from our otherwise delightful excursion, and from which all Mr. Andrew's jocose observations failed to rally me. On retiring to my couch, I had a very remarkable dream: methought I presided in mummy costume at a gloomy board, in a sort of Oriental Walhalla, and that Mr. Wilson and Mrs. MacFishy pledged each other in sparkling mead, which they drank from the skulls of their enemies.





A CHEERFUL PICNIC IN KING ROWDEADOWSES HIS TOMB. Mrs. MacFishy's bonnet assumes the most erratic positions.

PLATE XI.

THE TOMB OF KING ROWDEDOWSES THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

8th February.—WE are at Thebes. Some days have elapsed since I entered anything in my journal. It has been a time of mingled happiness and misery. On the one hand, I have been constantly charmed and excited by the interest of the marvels we have an opportunity of visiting; on the other, I am as constantly subdued and saddened by the increasing evidences of Mrs. MacFishy's awful infirmity. Alas! I can no longer hide from myself the fact, that she is almost always in a state of inebriety. How I could so long be blind to this circumstance astonishes me when I reflect on the past, and yet it ought not to surprise me, since I perceive that her own family are apparently still unconscious of the dreadful fact. I know not what course to pursue; sometimes I resolve to speak to some member of the family on the subject; at other moments I shrink from the responsibility of rudely tearing the veil from their eyes; it is such a delicate matter to touch upon!

To-day we visited the far-famed Necropolis of Thebes, after first paying homage at the feet of those world-wonders, the so-called Memnonian Colossi. What stupendous reflections do these grand forms call up in the thoughtful mind! Thousands of harvests have sprung and ripened at their feet, while these mute guardians of the fertile plain have watched with stony eyes the revolving glories of, &c.

[The Editor has again taken the liberty of curtailing the eloquent expression of Miss Gushington's admiration for Egyptian art. Her enthusiasm has perhaps carried her too far in the last

passage; the statues in question having little or no face left, the expression "stony eyes" is more poetical than appropriate.]

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

After a hurried glance at magnificent Medinet Habu, which I trust I may have an opportunity of seeing in detail upon our return, we mounted our steeds, and set off for the Necropolis. Accustomed as I am to associate with that name the chaste and mournful elegance of our suburban cemeteries, I was at first somewhat disappointed in the aspect of the place,—a sandstone hill, burrowed in every direction by deceased monarchs. But the interior of these tombs repays the visitor for the trouble, and sometimes the difficulty, of exploring them, being full of interest, and curious paintings, and bats.

We picnicked in the entrance of a tomb, that of King Rowdedowse the Fifty-seventh, of the 18th Dynasty, a person (I believe) highly deserving of the interest and respect he inspires amongst those historians to whom his virtues and exploits are well known.

In spite of the efforts of Mr. Andrew to enliven our party, it was not as cheerful as might have been expected in such a locality. Mrs. MacFishy was, I regret to say, decidedly "elevated" very early in the afternoon; her daughter, Euphemia, startled us continually by the most fearful shrieks, occasioned by the fitful visits of some large insect of the moth kind, which infests these

THE TOMB OF KING ROWDEDOWSES THE FIFTY-SEVENTH.

tombs, and which—Mr. Andrew assured us—is called by naturalists the Be-he moth. Moreover, we had occasion for even graver alarm, in the midst of the repast, on Mr. MacFishy's suddenly turning pale, and solemnly assuring us that he had reason to believe he was actually *sitting* on a scorpion! Most fortunately it proved to be the sting of a less venomous creature, painful, but not dangerous.

The aspect of Mrs. MacFishy's bonnet, turned completely round over her left ear, made it impossible for me to enjoy, as I should otherwise have done, the glorious spectacle that met our view on descending from the hill of tombs:—Gourneh, gleaming like a dropped jewel at the feet of the hills; Luxor's sparkling obelisks and minarets across the calm river, which flowed by, dyed deep in every tint of rose and crimson, under the slant rays of the westering sun; and fairer than all, glorious Karnak! a maze of golden columns and feathery palms, melting and fading like a dream into the purple haze of evening.

10th February.—Yesterday I was singularly favoured by Fortune. The wind being adverse, we were prevented from continuing our voyage. The MacFishy family being disinclined to undertake any expedition,—I seized on the golden opportunity, and, under the sole guidance of that "Learned Theban"—Dr. S—th, the celebrated American "*Savant*"—whose acquaintance we have been fortunate enough to make here,—I paid another visit to the "Valley of the Kings." Under these delightful auspices I surveyed its wonders in the extatic spirit which the interesting locality is calculated to inspire.

With what a thirsty ear did I drink in the overflow of Dr. S—th's capacious mind! He is indeed what the French call "*un puits de science*,"—and I trust I imbibed largely from its unfathomable depths.

I consulted him in my great and increasing perplexity as to the right orthography of Arabic proper names,—and, in the kindest manner, he volunteered his assistance in correcting my journal.

Gourneh, he tells me, is the mere vulgar mispronunciation;—the initial letter is, in fact, a sound which none but the Lineal Descendants of the Prophet can articulate! What an interesting fact! It took great hold of my imagination, and Dr. S—th and I soon lost ourselves in the maze of metaphysical and political speculations it was calculated to suggest. We remarked on the inestimable benefit such an indisputable proof of Divine Right would confer on the Royal Families of Europe! No sovereign—possessing this magic "open Sesame" to the affections of his people—could fear revolution. In any question of disputed prerogative,—on any symptom of disaffection,—he would merely need to lean with stronger emphasis on the Royal Guttural, or Dynastic Diphthong! it would act like a spell on the national mind.

I pursued this theme with natural enthusiasm; I observed how advantageous this circumstance would prove in another point of view; busy Politicians would then give place to peaceful Philologists, in the councils of the sovereign; "*Basilicogrammat*" would supersede the title of Prime Minister, and Sir H. R—n would no doubt assume the conduct of our Foreign Affairs. None but first-rate grammarians would be chosen for the office of ambassador,—which would prevent all possibility of the use of "bad language" in diplomatic relations with other countries; "The United States themselves," I inadvertently exclaimed, "would be no exception to the universal rule!"

The learned Doctor's face darkened.—I saw he was averse to the idea of curtailing the special privileges of his great nation.—I returned to the dahabieh enchanted with my excursion.



Faint, illegible text or markings at the bottom of the page, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side.



Mrs. MacFishy endeavours in vain to keep on a friendly (or any other) footing with her departing guest.

PLATE XII.

THE PARTING.

15th February.—I FEAR I have been much deceived in the characters of some, if not of all, my present companions. I had for some time past perceived that there was much to disapprove in the habits and ways of thinking of the MacFishy family; but I am not captious, or ready to find fault; I made allowances for peculiarities that, in spite of appearances, might be compatible with intrinsic worth. I am entirely free from overstrained and romantic notions, and did not, even from the first, attribute to the elder Mr. MacFishy any peculiarly great or chivalrous qualities; alas! I begin to fear that even the lesser virtues may be deficient in him! Perhaps I wrong him: it seems such a shocking thing to suspect anything in the least degree like (can I write the word?) *imposition* on the part of a gentleman and the father of a family; but, really, the circumstances are so extraordinary I hardly know what to say or think!

Twice, since we left Cairo, has he applied to me for extra disbursements to some amount, though I was told in Cairo that the sum I originally paid in advance, which was to clear all my expenses, was more than liberal—was extravagant! But it appears that provisions are unusually dear this season on the Nile; that eggs vary from a shilling to eighteen pence apiece, which seems very preposterous, considering they are so seldom fresh; and that goat's milk is sold at about half a guinea a pint! I often wonder how the poorer inhabitants of the country can manage to exist at this rate; but Mr. MacFishy informs me that their food consists principally of dates and dandelions, with an occasional doüm palm-nut, and a ragoût of grasshoppers when in season. However, this morning I candidly replied to Mr. MacFishy's *third* application for additional funds, "that I had but a small sum remaining, which was really necessary to me, as I wished to purchase some little

memorials of our pleasant voyage, at Kenneh or Assouan, if we got so far, in the shape of Nubian curiosities, or the fantastic pottery-ware of the country." I was greatly surprised and wounded at the way in which my reply was received; it was a painful moment!

Then again, Mr. Andrew is certainly more coarse and boisterous than I could have believed possible at the outset of our voyage; his manner is more familiar than is I think quite consistent with the respect due to a maiden lady travelling under his mother's protection. To-day I overheard him designate me as "the old girl!" and he has twice addressed me as Miss *Tabitha*, or *Tabby*—which is the more extraordinary as he knows my Christian name to be *Impulsia*. He is seldom without a cigar in his mouth, even at dinner!

Euphemia is always acrid and argumentative; but I had not overrated her good qualities originally. Mrs. MacFishy is the same easy, good-humoured creature as ever, and—if it were not for the one terrible circumstance to which I have alluded—I could still enjoy her society: poor soul! I am determined to make one effort to reclaim her,—it will but prove my good will and anxiety for her welfare, if I gently insinuate to her husband my fears for her health in consequence of this baneful habit! I will speak to-morrow!

18th February.—My situation is become intolerable! I must immediately separate from these persons, at any risk, at any inconvenience! The events of the last two days have rendered this step imperatively necessary.

THE PARTING.

At Edfou, where we halted for a day to examine the temple, the horrors of my situation reached their climax! Mr. Andrew was more than usually impertinent during our excursion, and not even the dignity and reserve of my manner could bring him to a sense of propriety: Miss Euphemia, though seldom disposed to agree on any subject with her brother, upon this occasion seemed to enjoy my confusion and annoyance. Towards the end of the day I felt called upon to appeal to their mother's protection against the indignities I was exposed to,—when, alas! I found her in a state of such profound coma, that she was absolutely supported on her saddle by two Arabs, on the road home. I felt it was time to speak.

On reaching the shore, where our dahabieh was moored, I called Mr. MacFishy aside, and, adverting in the most delicate manner to his wife's unhappy condition, asked him if by the united efforts of the whole party we could not prevent such a painful scene for the future, proffering my own most friendly and earnest assistance. To my utter astonishment, he turned with a sneering laugh to the rest of the party, and exclaimed in a loud sarcastic tone,—“Here, Andrew! Phemie! my woman! wad ye credit this! here's this silly bodie bringing the most awful accusation against your puir mither, and asserting, positively, that she's inebriated! a decent woman, that never in her life took mair than was just guid for her! Deed, then, my leddy, you're no blate to say it!”

I stood perfectly aghast at the impudence of this reply: I hardly listened to the duet of impertinences in which the young people instantly engaged—Mr. Andrew informing me that my words were slanderous and laid me open to an action for damages; Miss Euphemia inquiring, with uplifted hands and eyes, “where I

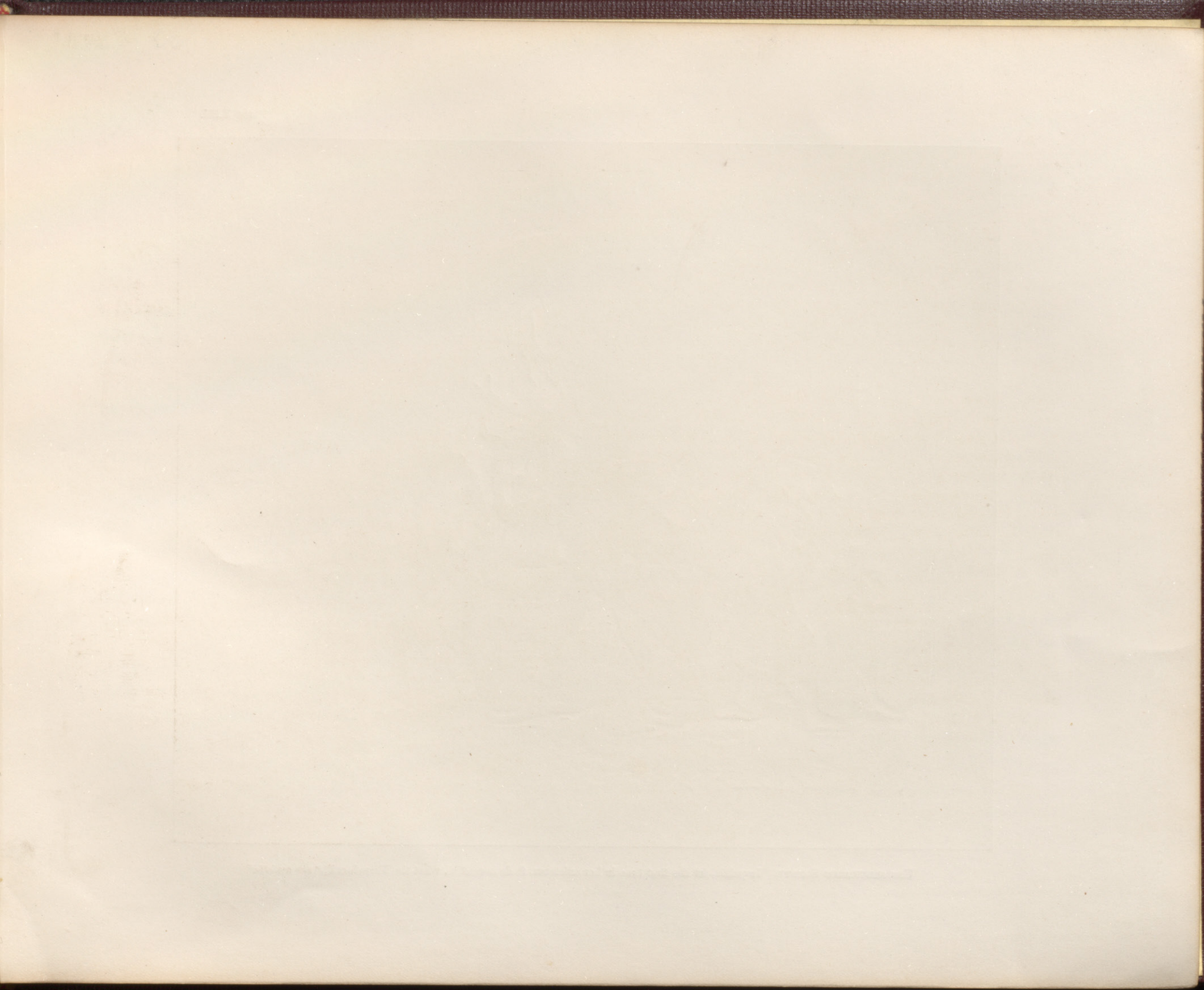
thought I should go hereafter?”—one and all protesting that it was the most ridiculously unfounded calumny! And there sat the wretched woman herself, on the river bank, with an idiotic smile, and her bonnet cocked over her ear, wondering occasionally what we were “*havering* about,” and advising us in husky paralytic accents “to take a guid glass of *bran' an' wa'*, and gang till our beds.”

The time for action had arrived. In calm but decided tones I directed their dragoman to bring my boxes out of the boat, and lay them on the bank. This was instantly done—while Mr. Andrew, leaning carelessly on the post to which the dahabieh was moored, smoked contemptuously; and his father, in accents half-insolent, half-apologetic, asked “whatna fule's errand the woman was going? wad ye no be the better o' sleeping on it?” reminding me of the contract by which I forfeited the sum I had paid for the return voyage.

I answered nothing! with a withering glance and majestic gesture, I swept past him. I signed to some Arabs who were loitering near, to carry my boxes up to the village near which we were moored,—and, turning round, left the whole MacFishy clan for ever!

Up to the last moment, the poor creature whom I had wished to reclaim, clamorously insisted on a parting embrace, while she vainly endeavoured to steady herself by clutching her husband's arm; and her unhappy bonnet, finally settling with its hind side before, totally extinguished her flaming and jovial countenance.

This was the last I saw of the MacFishy family.





UNSOPHISTICATED SOCIETY. Impulsia, for the first time in her existence, finds herself in, what the French call, "*son assiette*."

PLATE XIII.

THE CAMEL.

I WAS now in a most unprecedented and bewildering situation. I think I have already said that I am totally unused to the Battle of Life; that my footsteps have hitherto kept the beaten paths of a perhaps too conventional existence! For the first time I found myself cast entirely on the resources of my native intelligence, and forced into rude contact with the most startling and unlooked-for contingencies!

Alone, amid a rude, if not savage people—knowing nothing of their language save a few commonplace words and phrases—at a distance from all consuls or agents of any civilized government—for I knew of none nearer than Luxor, where that excellent native gentleman, Mustafa Agha, acts in that capacity for the English government—such was my situation!

But my courage rose with the occasion for it. I knew the Arabic words for horse, camel, donkey, boy, bread, water, &c.; and with that shibboleth of Eastern travel, "*Bakhshish*," I could manage to make known my most serious wants. The Arabs around me, though troublesomely curious, seemed friendly, and evidently interested in my proceedings. I asked for a horse—there was

none to be had in the village; a donkey?—" *Mafish!*" was the unsatisfactory reply. A camel? Yes! *two* camels! A merchant from Dongolah was even now in the town, with two camels, on his way back to Cairo.

My heart bounded with joy; I had long desired to try the paces of a camel, but had not hitherto found a proper opportunity. The merchant and I were put into communication. He proved to be a ragged, pedler-looking fellow, with a singularly dirty friend or *double*, who answered for him, and with him, every time any one spoke to him. As well as I could, I put the question, "*how much*" to take me to Luxor? The whole village, as well as the merchant and his double, answered with one huge shout of general information, which, however, slept useless in my ear, as I could not understand a word of what they said. I tried again, and was again greeted with the same universal reply.

This was a terrible dilemma! At length I was given to understand, somehow, that there was a man in the town who spoke French. What happiness! Half the town ran to look for him, the other half remained to gaze at me and my boxes.

THE CAMEL.

During this interval the merchant and his dirty friend sat upon my trunks, and ate raw cucumbers. I was quite gratified to see them thus familiar, as it looked as if they already took a prospective interest in them.

In about twenty minutes they had captured the man who spoke French, and brought him to me. With unspeakable relief I began to pour my history and my wishes into his ear; but he only rolled his eyes and shrugged his shoulders, and I soon discovered that his whole stock of French consisted of the word "Monsieur," by which title he occasionally saluted me, but said the rest in Arabic; while his townsmen listened in admiration, chorused everything he said, and seemed pleased to discover that they also understood the French language.

I began to despair;—suddenly, a tall, sickly-looking negro, who had been leaning against the wall shaking with ague, seemed to comprehend the dilemma. Shouldering his way through the crowd into the small circle where I and my boxes were deposited, he collected a small heap of stones, placed them on one side of a puddle of water close by, saying "*Luxor*," and my two boxes on the other, making the gestures of a man swimming. I saw the mistake I had made; *Luxor* was on the other side of the river, which I had quite forgotten.

I now substituted the name of the little village opposite to it, giving a small piece of money to the intelligent negro, who seemed to assume that place in public estimation which had been

originally bestowed on the French linguist,—and my bargain with the merchant went on with renewed spirit.

Of course, he began by asking me about a thousand pounds for the journey, but by dint of shaking my head, and retiring every now and then in disgust from the argument, across the puddle, he, and his dirty friend, who seemed the more active controversialist of the two—gradually came down to the price of three camels for the hire of two, and after a few more struggles and mutual concessions, the bargain was concluded.

I managed to make them understand that I wished to start at daybreak; and as it was now late in the evening, I accepted the hospitality of an old woman who had been pulling my sleeve, and chattering at my ear, during the camel controversy, and entered her clay-built hovel with some misgivings.

It proved much cleaner than I anticipated. She spread my own cloak over a coarse mat, which covered her divan (also made of dried clay), and gave me a leathery cake of bread, baked in the ashes, and a draught of sour milk, for which I was truly thankful.

I could have slept soundly, even on this hard couch, if my entertainer would only have permitted it—I was so thoroughly exhausted by the fatigues of the day, and the agitation of my parting interview with the MacFishy family. But the old woman came every five minutes to see if I slept, stroked my face with her dirty hands,

THE CAMEL.

and finally became so troublesomely inquisitive as to the fastening of my earrings, that I thought it advisable to leave the shelter of her roof, and walk up and down before the door until morning.

The wild houseless dogs stood on the dust-heaps, and barked incessantly at me; but I knew that the mere act of stooping for a stone would scare them from approaching me. The night was fine and luminous with stars; there was no dew or feeling of damp; and if it had not been for the increasing sensation of fatigue, I could have almost enjoyed my novel position. Still it was pleasant to see that first yellow gleam of approaching dawn, deepen into rosy warmth above the low dark purple hills in the east.

My camels appeared soon after, led by the merchant and his double; also some of the village boys, who seemed to have risen thus early in order to express general sympathy in any movement whatever; and a couple of young Nubians, who appeared to take the deepest interest in the comfort of the camels, and the progress of the journey.

My camel knelt obediently for me to mount, but dismounted me again in the act of regaining its legs. However, I soon learnt how to arrange my position so as to ensure security, and a certain amount of comfort.

My boxes were fastened on the other camel; and now, with much chattering of the attendants, and counter-chattering on the part of a little crowd of idlers who had by this time assembled, we prepared to set forth—when, suddenly, the door of the hovel in which I had taken shelter for so short a time overnight, flew

open, and the inquisitive old lady planted herself in my path with the air of an avenging fury, demanding a *second* payment for the leathery bannock and sour milk she had so hospitably bestowed on me. I was meekly preparing to satisfy her demand, but the merchant interfered, justly considering everything I gave to others, as so much taken out of his pocket. We moved forward; but as she continued to scream and skip in front of my camel, he quietly took her up in his arms, wrapped her veil round her head so as to suffocate her in a slight degree, and deposited her inside her own mansion.

After this act of decision, no further opposition was offered by any one to our departure, and, solemnly pacing out of the little dusty town, we found ourselves on the open plain.

Oh Nature! Mother Nature! Healer! Restorer! Consoler! How the dove-soul,—fleeing from uncongenial companionship, from lying among the pots, from dwelling with MacFishys,—soars and revels in blest communion with thee! How she circles in mid air, bathing her white wings in celestial light, drinking in,—&c.

[Here Miss Gushington's style becomes so decidedly Germanic and transcendental, that her Editor modestly relinquishes the attempt to follow her. Miss Gushington herself owns that at this distance of time, having destroyed her original notes, she is not prepared to say—*what* she meant to say. Under these circumstances, the rest of the passage has been cancelled; but the Editor makes no apology for retaining the eloquent exordium, by way of sample of its exquisite beauty.]

THE CAMEL.

JOURNAL CONTINUED.

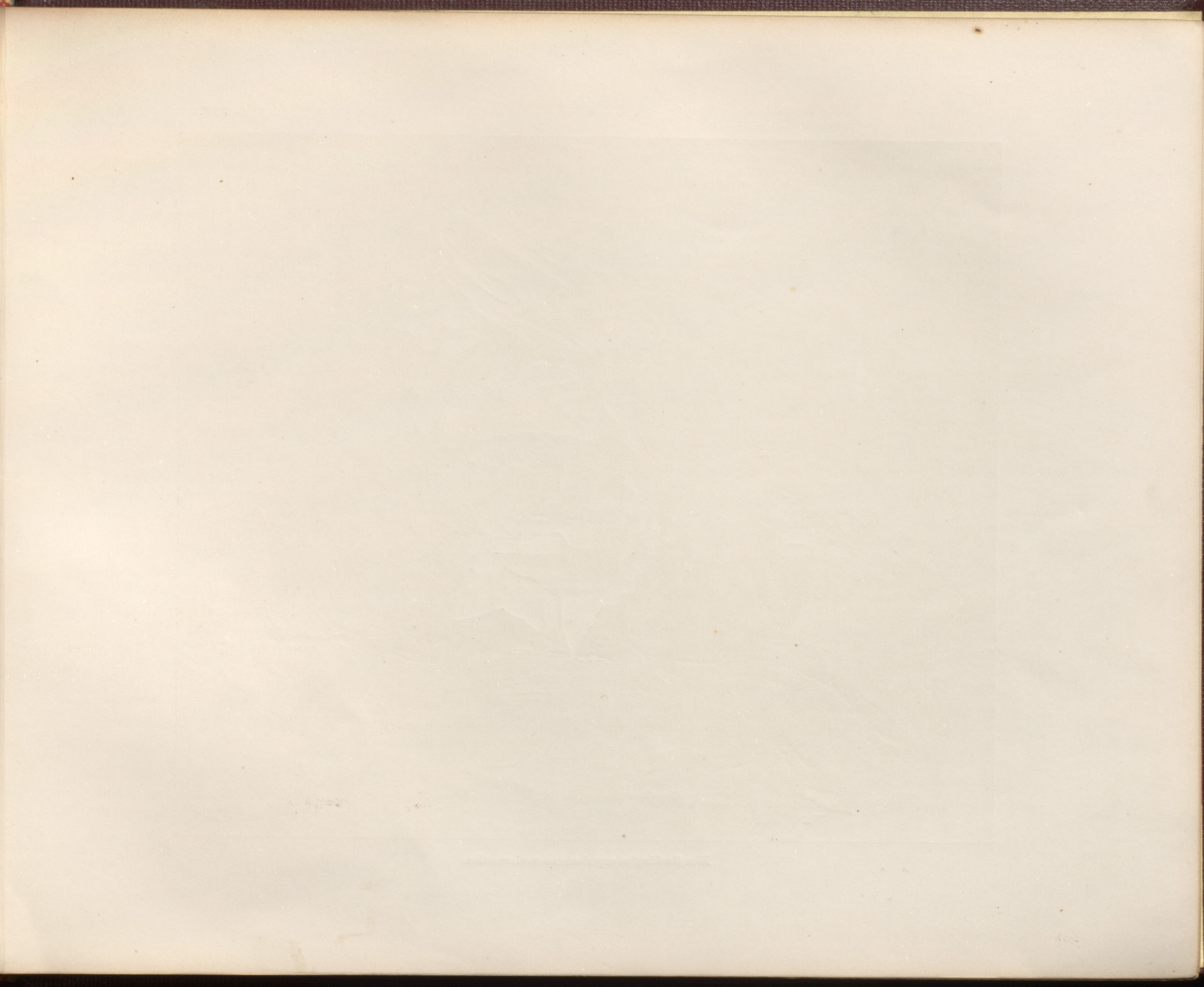
My camel proved to be gentle, easy, and docile. I found myself often slumbering to its rocking motion, being rather worn with want of sleep, and oppressed with the heat of the day. But, in spite of these light drawbacks, I thoroughly enjoyed my situation. Our course lay for some hours at the foot of low undulating hills, sprinkled with gay bushes of the castor-oil shrub, and the delicious scented yellow mimosa; while on the right, large fields of sweet lilac vetches, and patches of tobacco in full flower, stretched downwards to the river.

The merchant and his friend walked in advance. The two "mild Nubians" (for so Herodotus designates the gentle people) trotted merrily by my side, both barefoot, though one carried a good pair of slippers in his hand. Poking my camel with a stick,

or encouraging him by caresses to accelerate the dignified pace at which these animals generally progress, these interesting youths lightened the way by their native chants and songs, whose gentle monotony harmonized with my state of feeling, and with the rhythm of my camel's footsteps.

The lovely scene, the balmy air, the sense of freedom, the relief from hateful associations, all combined to soothe and calm my spirit. I contrasted these gentle denizens of the Desert—their courteous salaams and poetical forms of address—with the vulgar rudeness of my late companions. I compared the flat conventionalities of civilized existence—with the piquant charm of my present situation.

I fell into a delicious trance, half slumber, half reverie. I could have journeyed thus for ever!





Miss Gushington experiences a new sensation.

PLATE XIV.

A GENTLE CANTER.

I WOKE with a shock from the sleep which had overcome my sensibility to outward impressions. Good gracious! what spirit of evil had taken possession of my gentle camel? I found myself bounding over the sandy plain at a pace which threatened dislocation of all my members!

It was in vain that I grasped the horn of the saddle (which is the principal security of one's seat on a camel) with a mad desperation that only served to fatigue my arms: these tremendous bounds lifted me out of the seat, and I soon found myself in the well-known but critical posture which Mlle. Eulalie Vol-au-Vent assumes, in 'the Courier of St. Petersburg,' or 'the Wild Horse of the Prairies,' at Astley's theatre. My serviceable little hat flew like a rocket from my head; my parasol mounted like a balloon. I felt like a fly on some inexorable monster-wheel moved by the demon *Steam*, that must in its next revolution inevitably crush me into annihilation. On and on we rushed; the scared cranes screamed above my head; the sand seemed all on fire beneath my camel's feet; the low hills fled by like dreams; the wind deafened me by its rush and roar against my ears; my breath was gone—my sight failed! when suddenly—all grew black, and silent, and still!

I must have fainted, and most fortunately slid down the side of the distracted animal to which I was clinging; for I found myself (when conscious) bruised indeed and shaken, but sound and whole in limb, upon a heap of drifted sand.

I sat up, and gazed around. The character of the ground, and the landscape altogether, was much changed. Ridges of barren rock and patches of reddish sand lay round me, backed by an abrupt hill, seemingly excavated in many directions. But the solitude was absolute, and for a few minutes alarmed me.

I soon reflected that, although my kindly, courteous Arab attendants must necessarily be far behind, they would not fail to track my camel's feet wherever the ground was soft and sandy, and even the tracts of stony ground which we had passed over would betray some sign or vestige of our erratic flight, to minds so sagacious and suggestive as theirs. I therefore lay quietly back on the sand where I had fallen. The sun was already low in the west, but I felt no fear, nothing but a delicious sense of rest, and peace, and confidence in my destiny!

My dress was terribly torn, but I carried in my pocket all the necessary little matters that would enable me to repair the damage.

In about half an hour my faithful Arabs came running up to me with many exclamations of surprise and alarm, fearing that I was seriously hurt. They had succeeded in catching my camel, which indeed had soon stopped of its own accord; but the other one, with my baggage, was missing. This was a most unaccountable circumstance, and the impossibility of comprehending the explanation, which the Arabs seemed eager to afford, added greatly to my perplexity.

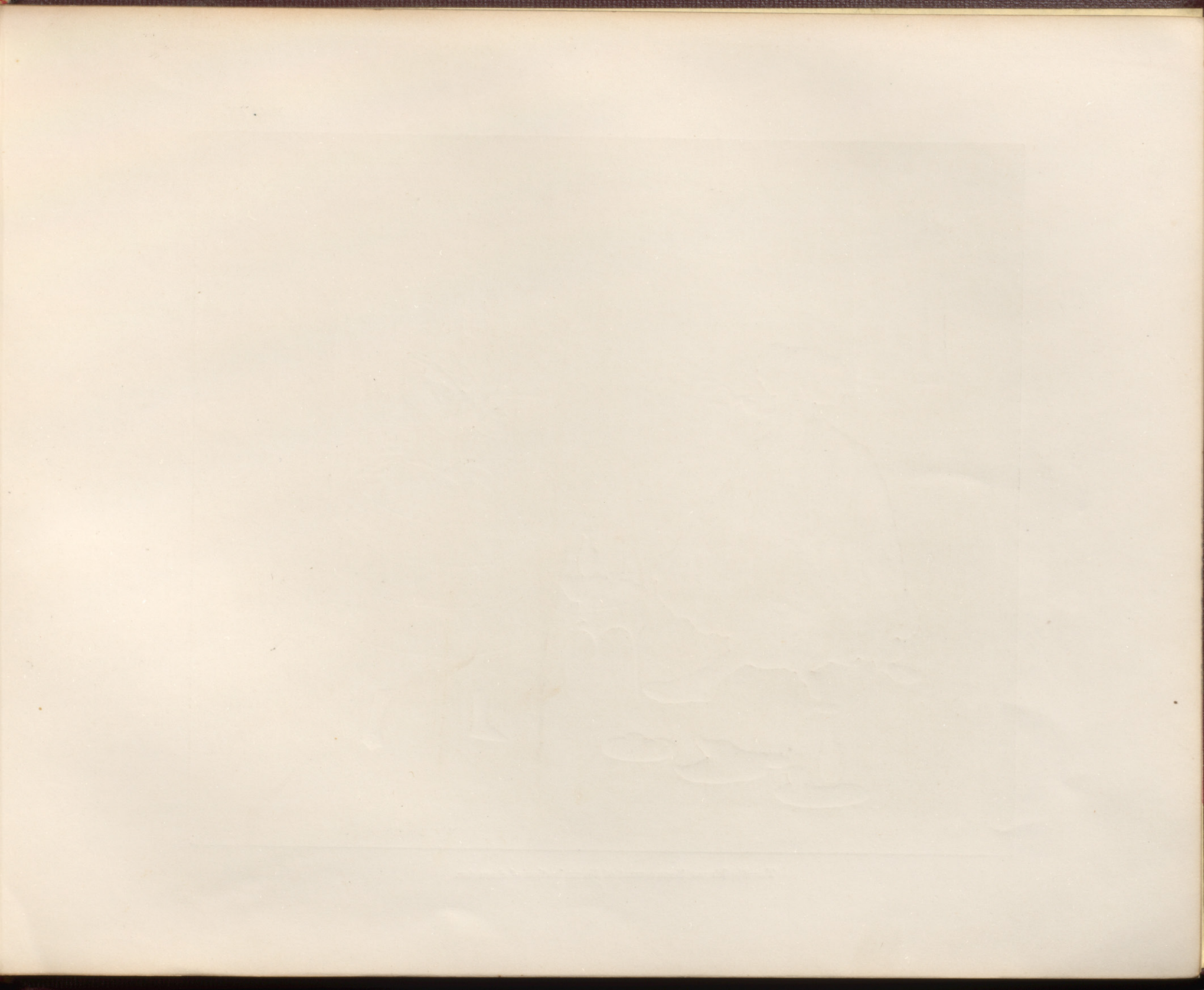
A GENTLE CANTER.

Time might remedy this, and I trusted that the morning would bring me news of my missing property. In the mean time the merchant and his friend invited me by signs to proceed a short distance further, as a small village lay hid behind the spur of the sandy hill.

With some difficulty I managed to drag my weary limbs so far; but the hovels to which they conducted me looked so dirty and uninviting that I refused to enter them. I had noticed some dry shallow caves in the sandstone rock we had just passed, and I made my friends understand I should prefer passing the night there.

Arabs will sleep anywhere; they need no means and appliances

to rest; and a proposition of this kind, which would have appeared to my excellent Corkscrew and faithful Minikin an outrage on the decencies of life, seemed to my present unsophisticated retainers the simplest thing in the world. To the caves we accordingly repaired. I selected one for my "maiden-bower," and my faithful Arabs chose another for themselves. They lit a fire there and prepared some excellent coffee, of which I gladly partook, as well as of the palatable cakes they procured from the village. I now divested myself of my upper garments, and proceeded to repair the damage they had sustained. I finished my task just as the sun sank beneath the low sand-hills; I can just remember replacing my gold thimble, scissors, &c., in the pocket of my dress; and with the garment still lying loose across my knees, fatigue overcame me, and I slept—a long, delicious, dreamless sleep.





The Sheikh manifests a want of discrimination of character.

PLATE XV.

THE SHEIKH.

I WOKE with a start, just as the golden dawn was tipping the extreme tops of a tuft of palm-trees near me with the most brilliant orange. Perfect silence prevailed, save the distant bark of the village dogs, and the chirp of the pale-brown sparrows that hopped in and out of my cave with insolent tameness, picking up the débris of my last night's supper.

For a moment I had some difficulty in collecting my torpid senses and realizing my situation; but I was soon wide awake, and hastily rose to arrange my disordered dress and call up my faithful Arabs.

My dress? It was no longer on my knees—it was nowhere to be found! I thought at first that my senses deceived me. I rubbed my eyes—I searched every nook, every recess in the cavern—alas, in vain! I rushed into the open air, calling loudly on my faithful attendants. No voice responded to my call. I searched the caves near me—they were deserted; nothing remained belonging to my late companions except the ashes of the fire they had kindled for our repast.

Then, for the first time, the awful truth burst upon my mind, and nearly overwhelmed it.

These persons in whom I had so fondly confided—these unsophisticated children of the Desert—these “mild Nubians”—this respectable merchant and his unwashed friend—were *wretches*, robbers, miscreants, that hardly deserved the name of men. They had evidently taken note of the contents of my pocket—my purse, my gold thimble, the little ornamental articles of housewifery I possessed. They had watched me to sleep, and, as the shortest and easiest way of obtaining possession of the coveted articles, they had silently and adroitly abstracted the dress itself as it lay loose upon my lap, trusting in the depth of my slumber to effect their purpose. No doubt the concealment of the second camel was but a part of the plan—they had appropriated its burden. Perhaps by some atrocious trick they had incited the camel I rode to its unwonted and remarkable pace, in the hope of maiming, perhaps of *murdering* me. They had robbed me of everything I possessed; but I had reason to be thankful that I had escaped with life—and an

under-petticoat. Such, literally, was the extent of my possessions. I had divested myself of the dress in order to mend it, intending to put it on again immediately, but, falling asleep so suddenly, I remained in what may be termed *costume's simplest expression*, except that I had accidentally retained the structure that supports the upper garments—the “hoop,” “cage,” or “crinoline.”

I sat down in this terrible emergency to reflect on the course I should pursue. My purse was gone,—I had no money to buy other clothing, supposing that in this wretched village such articles were to be bought, which I knew was improbable. It was true that in this delicious climate the absence of clothing was likely to prove less inconvenient than—on the first blush of the matter—might be supposed; but there were other considerations, which will naturally suggest themselves to the sensitively delicate mind. How was the impropriety of my appearance to be obviated? I had read of ladies in similar circumstances letting down their back hair, and finding it an efficient substitute. Godiva is a memorable instance of the success of this expedient. But then I must suppose that her hair was longer and more abundant than mine, which hardly reached my shoulders.

Was there a chance of my being able to recover my lost property? I remembered to have been told that the *Sheikh*, or chief, of every village, however poor, was a sort of magistrate “au petit pied,” with power to investigate and authority to punish any theft committed within his jurisdiction. No doubt even this small village owned an official dignitary of this sort; I determined to seek him out and make my complaint.

With timid footstep and faltering heart, such as the illustrious lady to whom I have alluded above—must have owned, on first emerging from her palace and descending into the silent streets of Coventry, I crept forth from my cave and ventured into the village. It was a wretched collection of hovels, with few and poor inhabitants. Some women returning from the well, with their graceful water-jars on their heads and their dirty cotton veils held by one corner in their teeth,—a few idle boys, who with the sprightliness of childhood flung stones at me,—these were the only living

THE SHEIKH.

souls I met, and I rejoiced to find that my denuded appearance seemed to excite in them neither surprise nor curiosity.

I looked about me, and instinctively singled out, as the Sheikh's abode, a house of superior pretensions to the rest, inasmuch as,—though the upper part, containing the inevitable pigeon-cote, was built of clay and pottery, like the others,—the lower part was principally of stone. The door stood invitingly open; I entered.

The Sheikh—a venerable old man with a long white beard and an enormous green turban—was seated in domestic comfort on his humble divan, smoking a long chibouque, with his coffee, &c., beside him. Stretching forth my hand in suppliant guise, I began, in the best Arabic I could muster,—which consisted only of a few isolated noun-substantives, such as “bad Arabs,” “robbers,” “clothes,” “camel,”—to explain my situation and implore his assistance.

I think he had been dozing when I entered. As he gazed upon me, his eyes and mouth gradually widened to an inconceivable extent, whilst out of the latter rolled an apparently illimitable volume of tobacco-smoke, which irresistibly reminded me of that charming story, ‘The Fisherman and the Geni,’ the delight of my innocent childhood. At length he drew a deep and sonorous inspiration, uttered a loud shriek, and, scrambling to the farthest corner of the divan, drew himself up into the smallest possible compass, where, trembling and staring, he began muttering invocations to Allah and the Prophet.

I distinctly heard the word “*afrî*” in his prayer, and immediately guessed that he had taken my unexpected, perhaps peculiar appearance, for that of an evil spirit!

I remembered that I had omitted the customary form of blessing on entering his house, which might account for the distressing and unflattering view he had taken of my nature. I hastened to repair my error, having luckily learnt the necessary form of salutation from Mr. Andrew MacFishy's mocking addresses to “*the niggers*,” as he styled even the most respectable native gentlemen. The venerable man calmed down by degrees, seeing that I was apparently harmless; but though his agitation subsided, his intelligence remained undeveloped. I could not make him comprehend my painful position. To my necessarily imperfect statement of the facts, he merely answered, “*Mashallâh!*” in every tone of astonishment and dismay; nothing else could be extracted from him.

I confess that the courage and excitement which had hitherto sustained me, began now to give way, and I was about to take refuge in a flood of tears, when a blessed thought struck me—my earrings!

I had a large and handsome pair of gold ornaments in my ears, which now might prove of more than their intrinsic value to me. If I could not make this venerable, but obtuse old man, assist me in the attempt to recover my stolen luggage, at least he might bestow upon me some cloak or covering which might render my appearance more fit to meet the public eye.

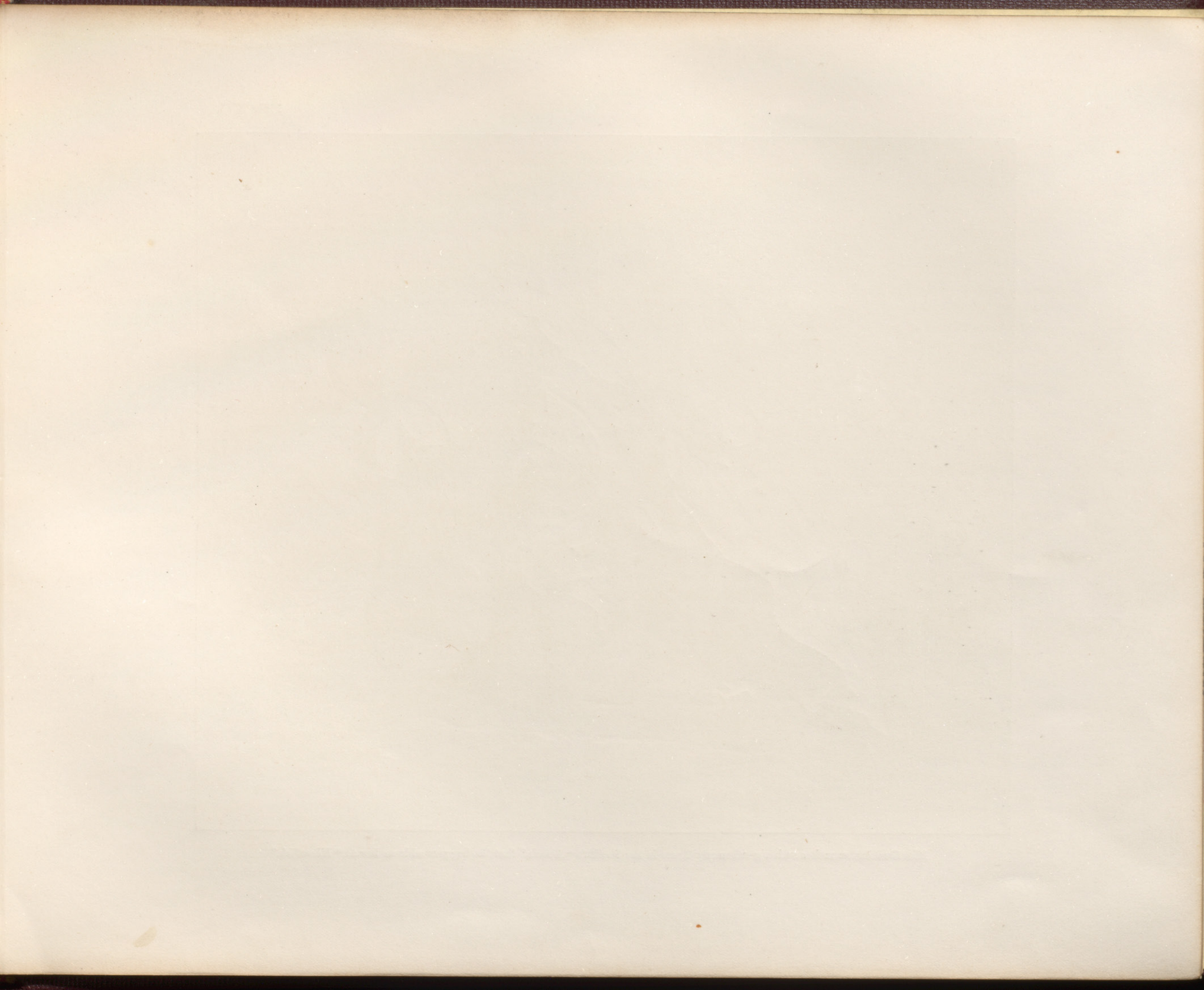
I began to covet the greasy “*abbah*” which he himself wore! I laid hold of it, and held out my gold earrings in the other hand. At first he seemed to mistake my intentions,—perhaps imagined I meant violently to deprive him of his garment, for he shook me off with some anger; but the sight of the *gold* disarmed him.

Barter! that blessed, universal expression of necessity, and its remedy, conveyed my meaning better than the most eloquent words or tears. His mind seemed at once to grasp the situation with commercial aptitude.

He hastily stripped off his “*abbah*,”—nay, in his eagerness to conclude the bargain, he seemed ready to “throw in” even his more necessary garments; but I stopped him in time, and merely accepted a “*kefieh*,” or silk handkerchief for the head, which, though old and dirty, would at least shelter it from the sun.

The Sheikh's understanding seemed to expand under the excitement of the lucrative transaction he had just concluded, and I found little difficulty in explaining to him that I required a horse or donkey, and a guide to the nearest town. He bustled about with more alacrity than his appearance would have entitled one to expect,—saddled and led forth his own donkey for my use,—and, calling lustily for “*Yunas*,” a great grinning negro from Dahfur made his appearance, to whom he gave me and the donkey in charge, with many cautions and directions, which, of course, I did not comprehend. With the customary salutations on both sides, I set forth on my journey, leaving in the Sheikh's possession my “*hoop*” or “*cage*,” which, in the present condition of my attire, seemed like a mockery of the comforts of civilized costume.

The last I saw of the venerable man, as I turned from his door, he seemed to be meditating on the nature of the structure, and endeavouring to put it to some practical use.





Miss Gushington makes such a gentlemanly figure in the Sheikh's "Abbah," that the beggars address her as "*Khavâjeh.*"

PLATE XVI.

THE SHEIKH'S DONKEY.

IT was not with as light a heart as on the first morning of my return journey, that I again set forth northwards. In the first place, my mode of travelling was not agreeable. The Arab saddle on my donkey necessitated my riding after the manner of the women of the country, which is, in fact,—in the manner of the men of the country. Then again I own that the delight of freedom and solitary travel had begun in some measure to pall upon my taste. The remembrance of the MacFishys was still odious to me; but yet I longed for communion with my kind.

Under this head I could not, by any possibility, class the negro who accompanied me. He was certainly the most disagreeable specimen of the race that I ever met with. He grinned and stared in my face unceasingly, while, in a loud voice and rambling manner, he poured forth a voluble monologue. I think he was insane; but there was a certain method in his madness; the word "*Bakhshish*," constantly reiterated, gave me an intimation of the nature of his discourse.* Sometimes he half shrieked it in an angry determined tone, as if his rights had become too patent, and his necessities too pressing, for any further delay. Sometimes he stopped my donkey, and, placing himself in front, he put it to me, in a reasonable argumentative form, whether it were possible to resist the evidence he adduced, as to the absolute propriety of making him a handsome present. By and by, in a whining apolo-

* How can I sufficiently express my gratitude to the amiable and profound Dr. S—h, for supplying me with the correct orthography of these Arabian words? I really feel as if I held the key to—were standing on the threshold of—the poetic shrine of Eastern thought!

getic tone, with real tears hopping over his oily cheeks and shining nose, he would adjure me to consider his humble request. Then he would as suddenly recover his spirits, flourish his stick in the air, and pour out a song of praise and thanksgiving for the reward he knew I was going to bestow on him. Soon after, a sense of my obduracy would seem to weigh him to the earth, and with moody brow and sepulchral voice he would merely *boom* out the words "Bakhshish," "Bakhshish," with the mournful regularity of minute guns.

Alas! I had nothing to give him, or I would willingly have purchased immunity from his ceaseless harangue; but it was quite useless to attempt to convince him of my destitution; *Lying* is such a matter-of-fact and matter-of-course institution in this country, that it almost assumes the value and simple dignity of Truth. I mean, that, as nobody believes anything that anybody says on any subject, no deception is really practised, and, by a somewhat roundabout process, society is fast arriving at the transparent integrity of the Golden Age.

My donkey only fell twice, and once kicked me over its head; on each occasion my companion demanded an immediate reward for picking me up again.

Towards evening we arrived at a large village on the banks of the Nile, and I at length got rid of my dreadful negro, who saluted me at parting with a volley of execrations, in which the fatal word "Bakhshish" still predominated.

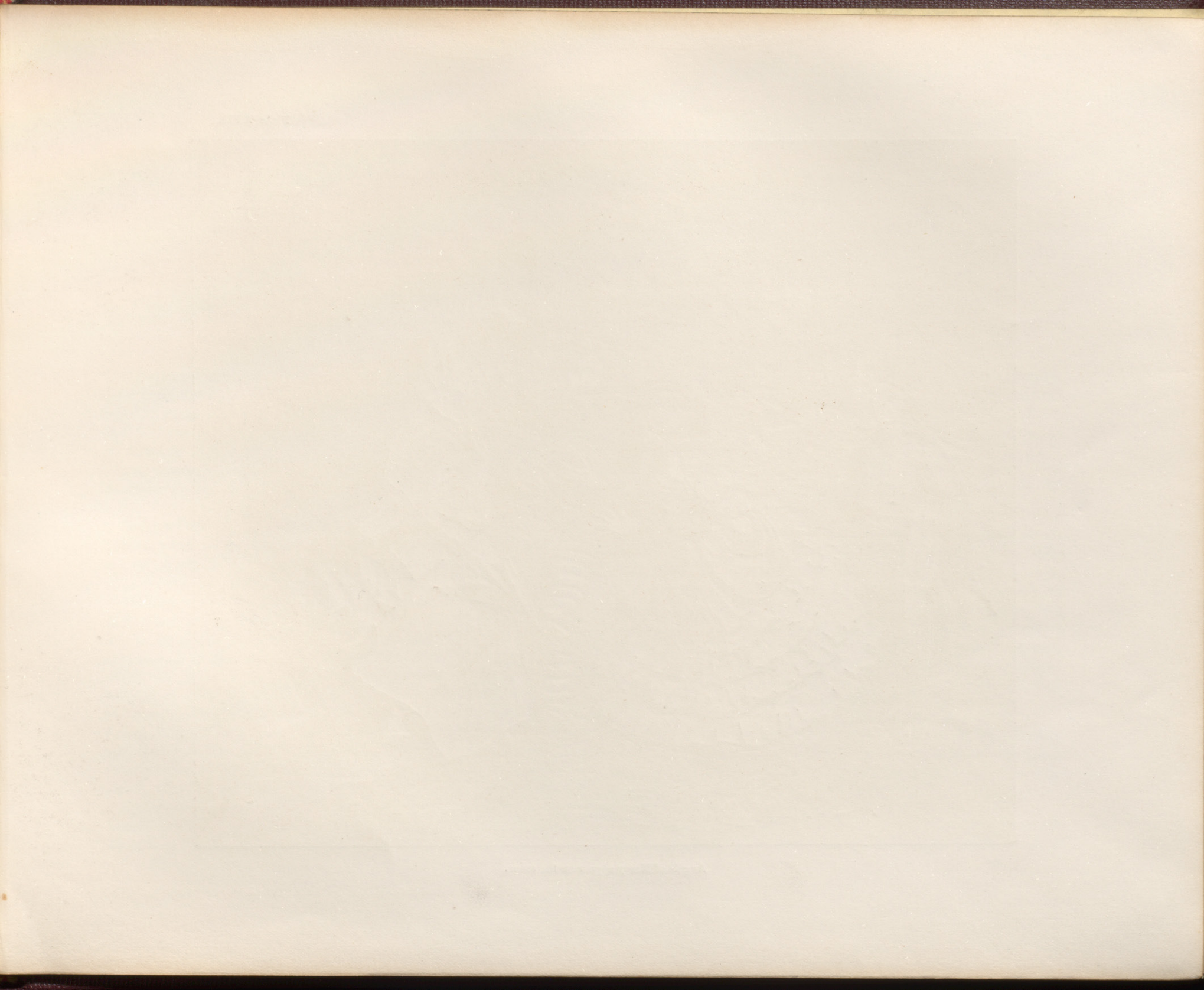
THE SHEIKH'S DONKEY.

With languid limbs and a sinking heart I crept through the outskirts of the town, and directed my steps towards the river. To my inexpressible delight, I saw, moored under the bank, a small "canjia," or native boat, with the Dutch flag flying at its stern, and its head lying down the river.

With a beating heart I rushed to the spot. On the deck reclined a bulky gentleman, smoking a meerschaum, and inhaling the balmy evening breeze between every whiff with evident zest. With a faltering voice I addressed him in French, from the vantage ground which the high bank afforded. He did not appear very conversant with that language, but evidently understood the drift of my speech, and with composed kindness of manner replied in Dutch, interspersed with an English word or two, which sounded like music in my ears. "Yes, he was going north; he would take me on board; where was my luggage?" He little knew the extremity of my destitution! I got on board the friendly bark with speechless gratitude. The good man (who proved to be a Dutch engineer, employed in making some survey for the Pasha) seemed to require little or no explanation of the circumstances which had thrown me on his protection. He made me up a comfortable couch under the awning, fenced off from the public eye by a few boxes and a bit of sailcloth. I had safety, food, and rest; I needed nothing more. I think I slept the best part of the

three days we spent in reaching Luxor, where I knew my principal troubles would be at an end.

At this distance of time, I look back with astonishment at the very little disturbance of mind I experienced in contemplating my peculiar relations with my excellent host. That exquisite sense of feminine decorum on which I prided myself, seemed, for the time, quite in abeyance. It is true, that, from the first moment of our meeting, I felt the most unbounded confidence in the respectful nature of this gentleman's attentions. I think the Dutch character is calculated to inspire this feeling. Mynheer Van Swillanstoff was evidently a man of refined and noble qualities, and reserved disposition: he gave me a slight notion of what the Great Stadtholder may have been. Our communications were rare, but mutually satisfactory; and I think it speaks volumes for the character of this truly worthy man, as well as for his merits as a companion, that a maiden lady, in my strange and unprecedented situation, unknown and unnamed, in what must be called *male costume* (if it could be styled any costume at all), should thus have floated calmly down the current of existence on the Nile's broad bosom, for the space of three days and nights, in the society of a fat gentleman, with whom she had never exchanged a word in her life before, without a shadow of fear or feeling of embarrassment.





Angels of Mercy appear on the scene.

PLATE XVII.

KARNAK.

ON arriving at Luxor, after pouring out my thanks to Mynheer Van Swillanstoff with all the fervour of my expansive nature,—which he listened to with the bland equanimity which characterized his own,—I hastened up the bank to the pleasant residence of Mustafa Agha, the native Vice-Consul for England, whose acquaintance I had made on my way south with the MacFishy family.

He received me with friendly interest and sympathy, and (a valued proof of that feeling) allowed me to have a small sum of money on my note of hand, to be repaid on my reaching Cairo.

Strange to say, the possession of these funds did not remove the difficulties attending my costume. *Native* female attire alone was to be procured in the Luxor Bazaar, and I own that I had a repugnance to the idea of adopting the “*sherwâl*,” or—*trousers*, in which the inmates of Mr. Mustafa’s hareem were arrayed. I had no pattern dress by which the Arab tailor could have attempted to make me a gown; and no European lady was at present at Luxor, from whom I might have borrowed the required model. I was therefore necessitated to retain the Sheikh’s greasy “*abbah*,” to which Mr. Mustafa kindly added a red tarboosh, or cap. Over this I threw a large piece of white muslin, which gave a more graceful and feminine character to my attire, than it could previously boast. I also bought myself a pair of yellow morocco slippers in the bazaar; my English shoes being quite worn out.

Being now at least decently covered and in some measure habituated to the costume, my native courage and energy returned, and I determined to make the most of the time I might be obliged to remain here before an opportunity occurred for my return to Cairo.

The time thus employed was not the *least* enjoyable part of my delightful pilgrimage.

What long, enchanting days have I spent in wandering through the bewildering maze of Medinet Habu! I was familiar with every nook and corner of that beautiful and stupendous ruin. Its pale Osirides have watched above my noon-day’s repose; its turquoise-coloured roof (hardly to be distinguished from that tropic sky by day) has often sheltered me from the searching light of Egypt’s midnight stars—stars with deeper meanings in their rays than our poor pale planets can boast! stars of a more “*knowing*” expression!—accustomed to be consulted—and fraught with that mysterious lore that made the old Egyptians wise!

What delicious evenings have I whiled away in the glorious Memnonium, tracing on its walls the serene features of the same hero through a hundred battles, ever cutting his resistless way through hostile hosts, as though they were but cream cheeses.

Sometimes, seated on a fallen column at Gourneh, I have sat entranced, watching the sun to his rest behind the purple “Hill of

KARNAK.

Tombs," robed in gold and glorious colours like those other buried kings—shrouded like them in silence and eternal mystery! Then the stillness would deepen round me, and brood above the plain, like a visible Power and Presence; and the bats would sail out on the breathless air, like ghosts of departed birds, and flit round me on soft noiseless wings, till I doubted whether they were living things!

Above all, what hours of unspeakable charm have I enjoyed in the shadow of your giant columns, glorious Karnak! when Fancy would clear away the encroaching sand, and lift the Titanic blocks of stone to their places high in mid-heaven, and fill the enormous galleries and interminable colonnades with light and dazzling colour, and moving multitudes, and mysterious worship,—till my soul overflowed with the satisfied sense of grandeur, and—compared with that image—Athens' Acropolis seemed like a filigree toy, and Rome's St. Peter's shrank to a tidy parish church!

[The Editor has again, with much regret, cut out some very powerful writing of Miss Gushington's, which the limits allowed by her excellent publisher forbid her to retain. The interjections alone would have filled several folio pages.]

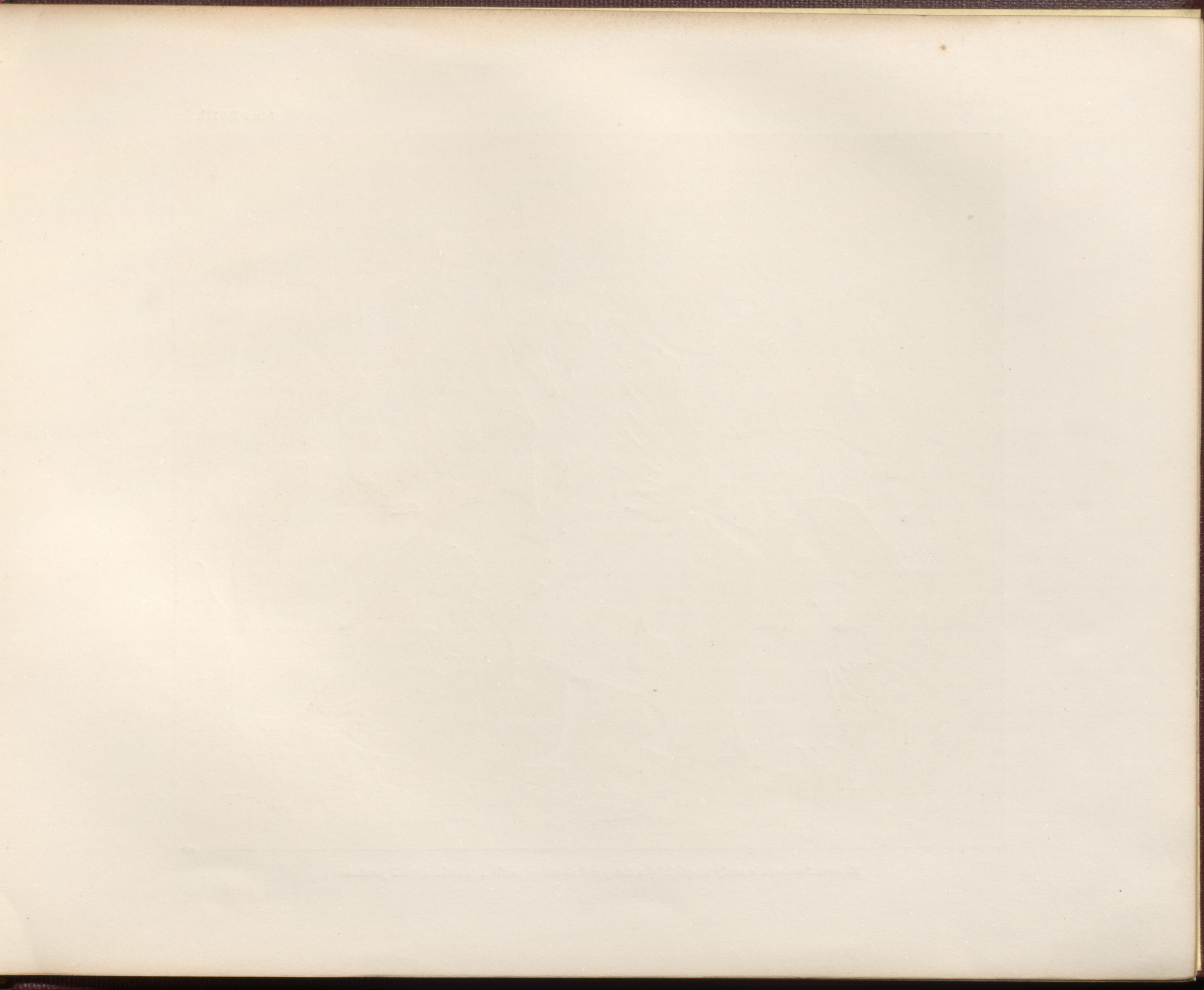
1st March.—This morning is indeed to be marked with a white stone. I was wandering, as usual, in the mazes of this sublime ruin,

when, on reaching the bottom of some steps that lead to a favourite haunt of mine, a small stone chamber in the heart of the grand Propylon, I saw a lady and gentleman advancing towards me, with countenances glowing with cordial interest. They presented their cards, and proved to be two angels of mercy from the warm-hearted sister isle—"Major and Mrs. Cornelius O'Whacker, of Ballybosh Castle, Fibbereen, County Kildare." "They had only come as far as Thebes to see its glorious monuments, not for the first time, and intended returning almost immediately to Cairo. They had heard of me and my unfortunate position from their old friend Mr. Mustafa; and their arrival at this propitious moment, when their services might be useful to me, looked quite providential. They implored me to make use of them: their boat, their money, their clothes, everything they possessed in the world, and more, was at my service. My company on board their little dahabieh would be not only a favour, but a positive benefit."

The warmth and kindness of their address quite melted into my heart, and I could almost have wept upon their friendly bosoms. Of course, it was impossible to resist their cordial importunity.

I feel that these are friends *for life*; my soul expands in their society with the delicious sense of perfect congeniality.

We leave Thebes to-morrow.





Minerva Succincta is sorely tempted, by a cheap and abundant market, to make a small purchase.

PLATE XVIII.

A GLUT IN THE MARKET.

BEFORE I proceed to describe all the pains my kind friends have taken to make me completely *at home* on board their boat, I must try to convey an idea of their personal appearance, which indeed accords with all the refinement of their minds.

Major O'Whacker is one of the most distinguished-looking men I have ever met: tall and robust in figure, with that peculiar "air noble" which birth, combined with refined associations, alone can bestow. I understand the O'Whacker family is considered one of the oldest in Ireland, descended originally from one of its monarchs, but connected with the Norman aristocracy through the Fitz-Slys. My friends have a magnificent castle (Ballybosh) in Kildare, a place of great antiquity, to which they have given me the most pressing welcome; I hope some day to avail myself of their kind invitation.

The Emerald Isle possesses a peculiar interest in my eyes, as a branch of my family (the Gushingtons of Bletherumskite) settled there some centuries ago, with whom I would gladly renew a connexion. In my eyes old family ties are sacred things, however far they stretch.

To return to the excellent O'Whackers. The Major's manner is grave and somewhat lofty, full of a chivalrous courtesy, and elaborate deference, which suit his knightly air. The slight "nuance" of what I fear I *must* call *flattery*, in all he says, (coming from such a man), stamps a value on the recipient, which is most grateful to the feelings. To *me*, so long weaned from communion with refined and elegant minds, this manner has, I own, a wondrous charm, especially when one reflects that it is based (in this instance) upon sterling sincerity, a high sense of honour, and unswerving integrity.

His wife is a charming, airy little personage, full of life and animation, making a hundred blunders in an hour, but so warm-hearted, so impulsive, so full of a delightful *heedlessness*, that one loves her at once as the most genuine "child of nature" it is possible to imagine.

I have heard some persons speak disparagingly of the Irish accent. I know not whether it be the power of association, or its

own intrinsic charm, but I confess I have seldom heard a mode of speech that sounded more agreeable in my ears. There is a breadth and richness of tone, a honeyed mellowness, in such simple words as "Me chawrmng frind," by which the Major usually addresses me, that dwells upon the ear, and irresistibly suggests the sweetest and softest ideas: sugar and butter combined will render the image of what I would convey.

I have been literally *forced* to accept the loan of a complete set of clothing from Letitia O'Whacker, or (as she insists upon my calling her) "little Letty." She is so much shorter than I am that her dress will not nearly reach my ankle, even without crinoline, as I must necessarily wear it. The Major has insisted on my accepting from him also a contribution to my wardrobe, in the form of a light *pith* helmet, such as are worn by English officers in India. It is a most comfortable covering for the head, far superior to the hot "tarboosh," which I have given him in exchange. Moreover, it is really not unbecoming; at least, if I may trust the fervent asseverations of the Major, it must certainly suit my style of countenance. He calls me "Minerva Succincta" (in allusion to the shortness of my dress, and the classic form of head-dress), and protests, "upon his conscience," that there is a statue of Pallas in the Music Hall in Dublin that might absolutely be taken for my portrait. Mrs. O'Whacker also assures me that it is "the screaming image" of me. How singular are these accidental resemblances!

To-day we landed, in order to visit the tombs of Beni Hassan, which are full of interest.

Wandering some little distance from my friends, I suddenly found myself in an encampment of mongrel Arabs, a wandering tribe, who come at this season of the year to the river-side for purposes of barter or plunder. I stopped to caress a little black-eyed innocent that begged from me, when I was immediately surrounded by a dozen mothers, imploring me to *purchase* their babies! One old withered crone offered me half a dozen of her grandchildren for about as many shillings!

A GLUT IN THE MARKET.

Poor tawny innocents! as I gazed upon their pathetically dirty faces, I was sorely tempted to buy just *one*—a very little one. Luckily, my friends came up with me at this crisis, and their presence reminded me of the peculiar circumstances under which I myself was intruding on their hospitality, and which forbade me to entertain the idea of imposing another burthen upon their indulgent kindness. Then, too, “the world’s dread laugh,”—that demon-spell which so often paralyses the arm half raised to do some service! Had I appeared in Brook-street with one or two of these dusky innocents, what might not have been said or thought by my friends and acquaintances! Perhaps it is as well that I was prevented making the purchase.

I contented myself with dividing the small sum remaining in my purse amongst the wretched parents.

Major O’Whacker has just informed me that he was watching me at a distance, and that he was struck by my extraordinary resemblance, at the time, to a picture he possesses at Ballybosh—the subject, “Pallas, blessing the Athenian Youth.”

There *must* be some little “faux air” or shadow of likeness, it seems to strike him so continually.

We reach Cairo most probably to-morrow.

10th March.—The more I see of the O’Whackers, the more I am led to revere their great and noble natures, especially the Major’s. His sentiments are so chivalrous, so elevated! such a grand contempt for riches, rank, and all worldly advantages! such a punctilious sense of honour! What a contrast this is to the meanness and rapacity of the MacFishys! Surely, I am the most fortunate of women in having secured such friends in so fortuitous a manner!

Yesterday evening, as I was sitting on the upper deck of our little dahabieh, enjoying the soft fitful breeze that came off the Libyan hills, and looking forward to a pleasant sojourn in my old quarters in the Esbekieh Gardens, the Major, with his usual courtly grace, seated himself beside me, and, taking my hand with the lofty air that so well becomes him, addressed me in these terms:—

“Me chawrmng frind!” (I try to keep up the remembrance

of the sweet Hibernian intonation)—“to-morrow our deloightful mission will have tarminated, and we shall relinquish our sweet charge to more worthy, though certainly *not* to more deeply attached and interested protectors. Now, my beloved Miss Gushington, away with false delicacy! which is a thing my very sowl abominates, loathes, and detests! Spake to me with the openness you would use to a raal frind,—to an elder brother! shall we say—to an adopted *father*?” said he, smiling in my face (for, indeed, the slight difference of age between us hardly warrants the assumption of such a character on his part). “Be entirely sincere with me, my sweet frind. Let me have the happiness of smoothing away any little pecuniary difficulties that may beset ye on your arrival in Cairo: consider me purrse as your own; me whole fortchune, such as it is, is at your disposal. I have told my beloved Letitia to intimate as much—has she recollected to mention the unimportant matter to ye?”

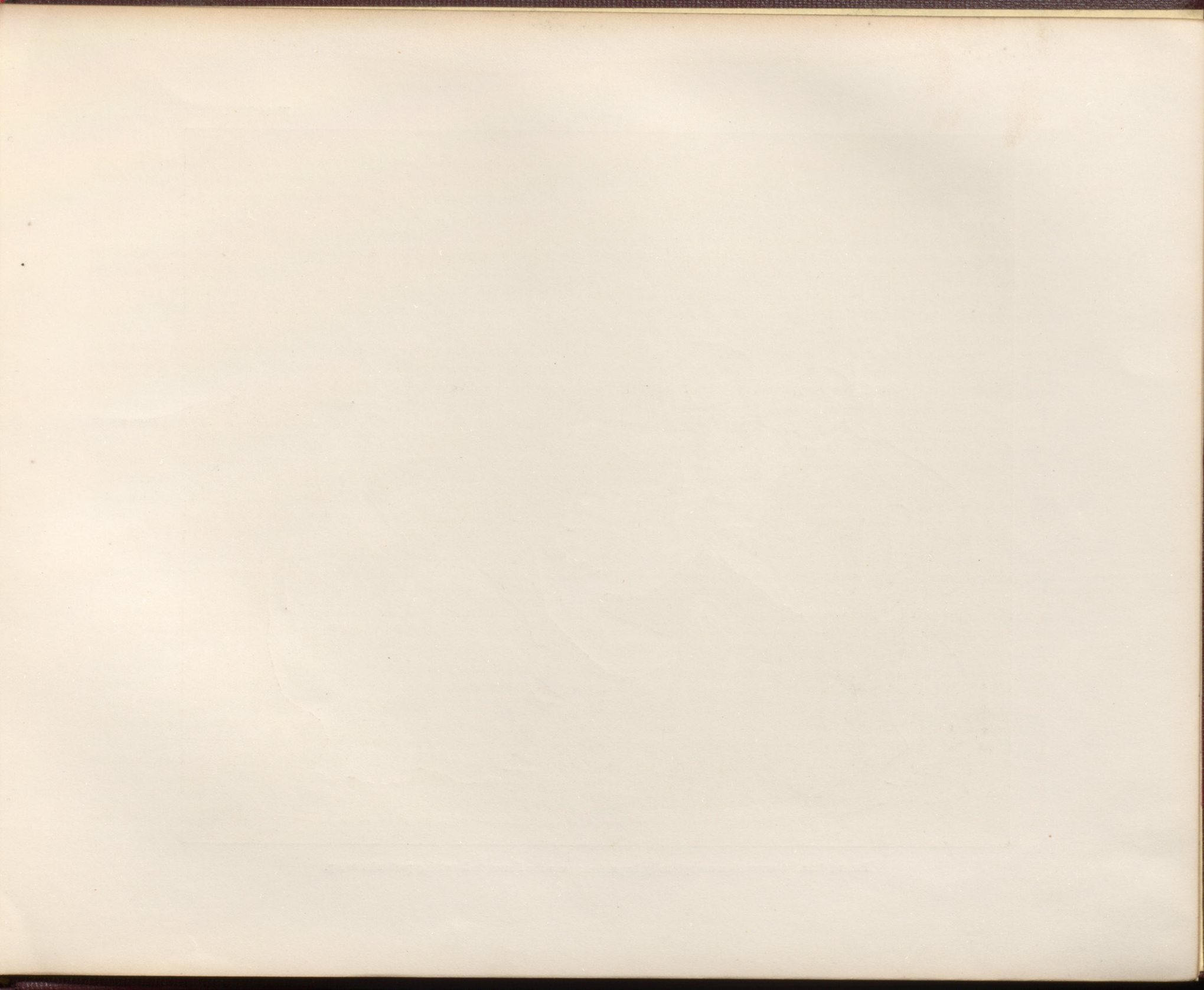
Tears filled my eyes as, with a truly grateful heart, I informed him (as I had already told his amiable little wife), “that all my difficulties would be at an end as soon as I reached Cairo, as I knew that ample funds would be by this time lodged in my name, according to order, in the hands of Messrs. Coutts’ Egyptian agent.” The noble heart seemed positively *annoyed* on hearing this circumstance, as “it deprived him of a privilege he valued more than life—the power of serving those he loves and honours!”

His excellent little wife informed me this morning that he could not sleep all night, from dwelling with regret on the fact I had communicated.

Amiable people! I look forward with real sorrow to our approaching separation, which I know must soon follow our arrival in Cairo;—their presence is absolutely necessary at their place in Ireland, the buildings in progress at Ballybosh Castle imperatively requiring the Major’s personal superintendence.

In the mean time we have mutually promised to make the most of the short period remaining to us, and to be constantly together as long as they stay.

Alas, these partings! what heavy blots they make on the fair page where Friendship writes her sum of happy hours!





FAMILY TIES. Conversation unexpectedly languishes; even the Parrot finds nothing particular to say.

PLATE XIX.

CAIRO.—FAMILY TIES.

March 15th.—I HAVE had a moment of exquisite gratification this morning. By some strange remissness on the part of Major O'Whacker's agents, the large sum which he had expected to find awaiting him here, has been delayed, to his great inconvenience and annoyance. Next mail will bring the necessary advices, but there are ten days to wait. How truly fortunate it is that my own funds should be at once available! He would not hear of my disbursing more than one hundred pounds, for which, with his usual lofty punctilio, he insisted on my receiving his note of hand, though I told him that it was perfectly unnecessary between him and me. "No, my sweet friend," he exclaimed; "ye must pardon my rigid adherence to what I consider just and right in these matters; in all other things ye shall command my entire obedience, my implicit subservience, to your wishes; but in all things connected with *pecuniary obligations*—Cornelius O'Whacker is adamant!"

What could I say, or do, but submit? He is certainly a remarkable character, and embodies my idea of that grand creature Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

16th.—A singularly fortunate combination of events, has brought me in contact with most distinguished relatives of my own, whose acquaintance I have hitherto had no opportunity of cultivating. On reaching Shepherd's Hotel yesterday morning, I was for some hours fully occupied with different little matters of business, and arrangements for the future. I had to see the gentleman who acts as Coutts' agent here, and I received a short visit from Mr. C., the acting Vice-Consul, whom I wished to consult as to the possibility of my recovering my property stolen by the Arabs. I was also pleasingly employed in unpacking a large box of clothing I had ordered out from England, which luckily arrived by this last mail, and enabled me to discard the classic costume in which I have been lately arrayed. (I may mention, *par parenthèse*, that, even

in my modern dress, the O'Whackers still perceive *the likeness* as strongly as ever.)

On descending to our common sitting-room, Major O'Whacker read out to us the names of the persons at present staying in the hotel; and, in the list of those arrived only the night before by the Indian mail, I heard, to my delight and surprise, the names of "Sir Marmaduke Fitzdoldrum and his lady,"—my own cousin Marmaduke, whom I had not seen since I was a child of eight years old! The O'Whackers entered warmly into my feelings on the occasion, and listened with the greatest interest to my narrative of the circumstances explaining our estrangement.

My father, and Sir Marmaduke's, were first-cousins, equally related (the one by the male, the other by the female side) to the great ducal family of the Doldrums. By a singular and interesting coincidence the Gushingtons and Fitzdoldrums have always been united by intermarriages. As early as Henry VI.'s time an *Ingenua Gushyngetowne* espoused a *Godfrey de Doldrum*; and Sir Splashboard Gushington, Knight, incurred Queen Elizabeth's displeasure, by a secret marriage with one of her ladies,—the lovely daughter of the Earl of Doldrum.

These interesting circumstances have ever formed a link of warm affection between the families.

Marmaduke, being the ninth son of my father's first-cousin, was sent out to India to push his fortune, in a small civil appointment procured through my honoured father's interest. As children we had played together "in sunshine and in shade,"—nay, I cannot even now recall without a blush, that in those days of rosy innocence, I ever persisted in claiming Marmaduke as my future husband! He was then a fine, rather heavy-looking boy, in the costume of the period (corduroy jacket and trousers buttoned together), not remarkable for intellectual endowments, but of a soft and pliant disposition, with pockets ever furnished with articles of a mysterious and recondite character, in my youthful eyes,—taws,

alleys, slate pencils, apples, brass cannons, mouse-traps, eleanore, and toasted cheese. Ah! happy hours!

Latterly,—indeed for many years,—we heard but little of Marmaduke. Distant rumours of his “getting on” reached us occasionally, and we rejoiced; that he had the cholera, and we mourned; that he was married, and we marvelled; but the distance was great, and he never wrote home, and I doubt whether we ever heard the lady’s name! Finally, we ascertained that the successful arrangement of some commercial treaty with the Rajah of Humbughabad and Diddlepore, had somehow entitled him to the honours of knighthood; and after that, Rumour ceased to occupy herself with his destiny.

And now, by a strange and fortunate chance, we two were to meet again on the burning sands of Egypt, who had parted in happy childhood in the moist shades of my father’s hereditary place in fenny Lincolnshire! How strange! how interesting!

I sat down in a flutter of emotion to write a line to Sir Marmaduke, recalling myself to his remembrance as his “little cousin Impulsia,” and expressing “the delight I should experience in making the acquaintance of his lovely lady.” (Mr. Shepherd had already informed us that she was “a remarkably fine woman.”) The waiter returned with the verbal response, “Sir Marmaduke and his lady were at *tiffin*,—an answer would be sent.”

I confess, I experienced (it was unreasonable on my part) a certain chilly revulsion of feeling at this dry, response to my expansively worded note.

In about an hour I received a little three-cornered, rose-coloured, musk-scented billet,—the device on the wafer, Cupid riding a lion. I opened it hastily; it was not from Sir Marmaduke; it was signed, *Belinda*; it ran thus:—

SIR MARMADUKE, whose Siesta always occupies the hours between three and five P.M., has delegated to me the *Pleasing Task* of answering the *kind* letter of his *accomplished Cousin*, and of expressing the Delight with which he looks forward to a *Renewal* of the *Tender Ties* of Amity and Kindred. May I add from *myself*, that I shall consider it not the LEAST advantage of our removal to England, that it will bring me *in contact* with one so *sweetly amiable* as *Impulsia Gushington*, whose ad-

vances towards a *Lasting Friendship* I shall hail with corresponding *Warmth of Feeling*. Sir Marmaduke’s habits of *Dignified Seclusion*, and my own *Delicate Health*, render us both averse to mingle in the *Giddy Whirl* of *Heartless General Society*; but we appreciate the more the charms of *Individual Friendship* and the refined Delights of a *Restricted Circle of Sympathetic Minds*; allow me, therefore, to appoint the hour of twelve to-morrow for our *First Interview*, and to subscribe myself, with every Sentiment of *Esteem*,

Your attached,

BELINDA.

The elegance and grace of this note charmed the O’Whackers, and indeed myself, though I secretly allowed myself to criticise the abuse of capital letters it displayed. The sentiments were, indeed, faultless. Moreover, there was an undertone of suffering, of what the French call “*déception*,” of detachment from an unsatisfying world, that irresistibly enlisted my sympathies for my gentle unknown cousin.

The O’Whackers eagerly desire a presentation to my relatives. I need not say how much I rejoice in the prospect of becoming the medium, and connecting link, between persons so calculated to appreciate each other’s qualities.

17th.—At twelve precisely I knocked at the door of Lady Fitzdoldrum’s private sitting-room, not without a certain fluttering at the heart at the thoughts of my first meeting with Marmaduke.

A charming family group presented itself to my view; Sir Marmaduke had evidently been employed in reading a newspaper to his lovely companion, who was reclining on the sofa in a most graceful attitude, playing with a feather screen. A handsome, sulky-looking Hindoo ayah was fanning her mistress, and made a beautiful contrast of colour and expression in the sweet domestic scene.

But I must endeavour to realise the impressions I received during this interesting interview.

Sir Marmaduke’s appearance does not completely come up to the idea I had formed from childhood’s rosy recollections. He looks older than I had expected; has lost the curly locks I remember of

old, and a good many teeth. His figure is inclined to obesity, and the expression of his countenance is more somnolent than animated. I should say that his memory is slightly affected by the fatigues of official life, and the effects of climate. His manner was, perhaps, rather less cordial than I had expected, though I feel certain of his kindly disposition towards me. I observed that he twice addressed me as if speaking to my sainted mother. This was a little painful; as also the circumstance that I could not bring to his recollection any one of the thousand little charming anecdotes connected with our childish intercourse, which remain so vividly impressed upon my own memory. But we know that the larger cares, objects, and pursuits of the male sex, must necessarily render them less liable to be

“Wax to receive, steel to retain”

the delightful but unimportant details which take such hold on women's hearts.

As I gazed upon his furrowed brow, I thought of all the weighty cares, and conquered perils—those pathetic wrinkles most probably represented. I thought of Humbughabad and Diddlepore; of jungle fever and tiger-hunts; of the responsibilities of office, and coups-de-soleil; and as I dwelt on these images, I relinquished with a sigh all idea of my obscure destiny claiming a place amongst these important recollections.

Lady Fitzdoldrum impressed me most favourably. Her general appearance is very stylish and striking, and her manner has a delightful variety; sometimes inclining to an Oriental languor,—at others, kindling into more than European vivacity. Her features are not of an insipid regularity, but decidedly handsome; the complexion is even unusually brilliant, considering her delicate health and long sojourn in Eastern climes; and the eyes remarkably fine, though a slight cast in one of them takes somewhat from their general effect.

I do not think that she possesses great conversational powers, but her brilliant smile and speaking eyes make up for any deficiency of that sort.

I had entered the apartment with such a fountain of feeling

welling up within me, at this sudden resuscitation of long-buried associations,—with so many sweet and tender memories knocking at my heart and pleading for utterance, that I expected to have only too much to say and to hear. Strangely enough, I found that this state of the nervous system operated quite differently from what I had anticipated. The pauses in our conversation were singularly prolonged, and I found myself absolutely at a loss as to what I should say next. I therefore rose after a visit of about three-quarters of an hour, engaging myself to accompany Lady Fitzdoldrum in her drive in the course of this afternoon; and with mutual protestations of affection, and delight in the prospect of our seeing each other very constantly during the ten days they stay, I retired to my apartment.

18th.—A most startling and unlooked-for incident occurred during my drive with Lady Fitzdoldrum yesterday afternoon. On reaching my apartment, on my return home, I found a letter from Letitia O'Whacker lying on the table, written in much distress of mind, and informing me “that they had just received the intelligence that a dear and valued relative, (in fact, *her brother*,) had been struck down by sudden and alarming illness, (they feared, *the plague*), and was now lying at the last gasp, without a friend near him, in a miserable inn at Aleppo; that they had only time to bid me this hurried and melancholy farewell, and to take this afternoon's train to Alexandria, as the steamer for Aleppo was to leave that night.”

A postscript from the Major, signed “your devoted Cornelius,” written in a calmer but not less sorrowful tone of feeling, contained a lofty and delicate allusion to the trifling pecuniary obligation he was under towards me, and an assurance that his earliest remittance from Ballybosh “should be employed in liquidating the debt he owed his charming friend, though he felt that *nothing* could repay the debt he owed for so many hours of enchanting intercourse with one whom he looked upon as the most superior woman he had ever met.”

They both added the most warm and pressing invitation to their castle in Ireland, and expressed an ardent wish that I

should see, and judge for myself, “the astonishing resemblance of their celebrated picture, ‘Pallas blessing the Athenian youth,’ which should henceforth, for my sake, far outweigh in value, all the Raphaels, Correggios, and Tintoretos, which adorned the walls of Ballybosh Castle.”

I felt low all the evening after receiving this letter; I know not why, it preyed upon my mind. I passed the night without sleep. I thought of nothing else. I regretted the loss of my friends; I regretted the melancholy condition of their brother; I lamented the unavoidable suddenness of their departure. But, in addition to this sorrow, there was an undercurrent of uncomfortable feeling which I could not explain.

Alas! this inexplicable sensation of discomfort received a fearful interpretation this morning, when Mr. C., the Vice-Consul, happened to call, and in the course of conversation carelessly observed, “So the O’Whackers are off in their usual spasmodic style. I wonder who has been lending them money?”

I am certain that I must have turned paler than my pocket-handkerchief. In an agitated voice I assured him, that they had been called away by the dangerous illness of their brother at Aleppo.

“Ah, yes, I dare say!” said he; “the health of their relations is always precarious. They have had a grandmother dying of ague at Larnica for the last three years; an uncle in the yellow fever

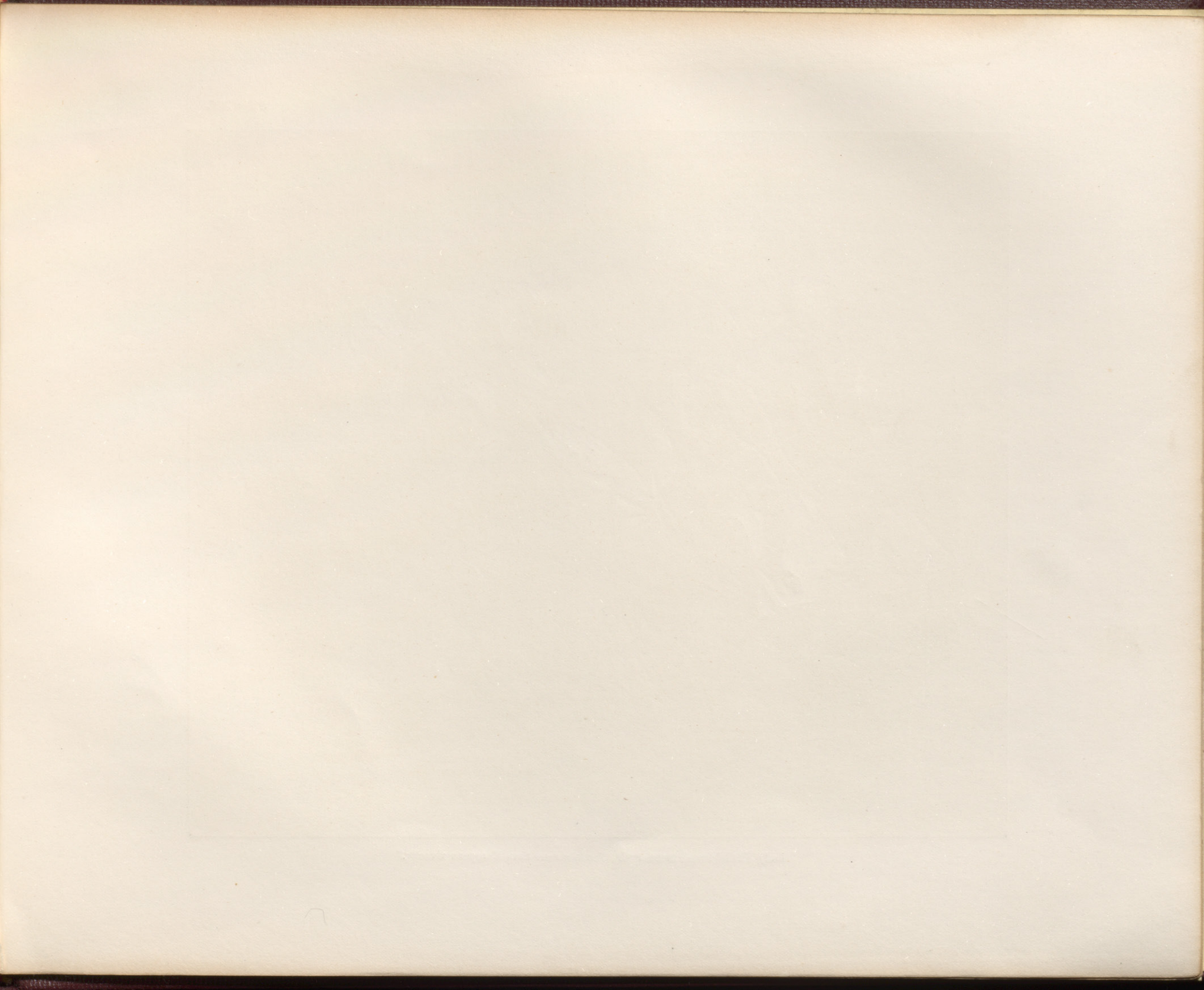
on board a merchantman at Smyrna; two of their cousins have been having the Asiatic cholera, off and on, for the last ten months at Antioch; and Mrs. O’Whacker’s mother is subject to apoplectic fits at Constantinople. They have been called by telegraph to fifteen deathbeds, to my certain knowledge. It is the most unhealthy family-circle I ever heard of. The only wonder is that any member of it should be still remaining.”

I could not mistake his meaning; the laughing devil in his eye would have explained it, even if my own sorrowful heart had not testified to the probability of what he asserted.

I was too much overcome to speak. He then, in a kind, considerate manner, observed, that he feared from my agitation that I had been duped by very specious and unprincipled persons, well known in this part of the world, and hoped I had not been “fleeced” to any great amount.

I answered most truly—“Oh, Mr. C.! the hundred pounds I gave them are *nothing—less* than nothing in my eyes. But oh, sir! the deceived trust—the treason to friendship—the shock it has given to the foundations of all confidence—of all affection! This—this”——. I could say no more, but melted into miserable tears.

Mr. C. is a most kind and amiable man. He has also much knowledge of the world. He has given me some excellent advice on the subject of making new acquaintances: I shall religiously follow it.





Lady Fitzdoldrum's manner "kindles into more than European vivacity."

PLATE XX.

BELINDA'S BACKHANDER.

22nd March.—WHEN the affections have been deeply lacerated by the perfidy of those we have loved and trusted, it is well to have a refuge to turn to, in the security and protection of family ties. Such is my happy lot. Had it not been for the presence of the Fitzdoldrums, I think I should never have borne up, as I did, under the pressure of my late heavy trial,—such a sense of desolation followed the first discovery of the O'Whackers' unworthiness. But I will not again allude to that terrible time—I endeavour to forget it; and the amiable attentions of my sweet Belinda, have done much towards obliterating the memory of those unhappy persons.

25th March.—Belinda (we now call each other by these endearing names)—Belinda gains hourly upon my affections. It is not that I consider her faultless—far from it; no one is more ready than herself to acknowledge, that her temper is imperious and irritable. But then, as she often says, "*Heart*, my beloved Impulsia, HEART makes up for all!" and I sincerely believe, that no one has so large, so expansive a heart as Lady Fitzdoldrum.

Then again, I cannot deny (neither does she) that her manner to her inferiors is a little harsh and supercilious; but one must always fall back upon her *heart*, "which," as she says, "is in the right place." And who can doubt it? I am quite certain that she is capable of the most reckless self-devotion. She may not have hitherto enjoyed an opportunity of sacrificing herself; but her nature requires it—positively craves it! As she often says, "Only give me an opening!—show me the gulf into which I can precipitate myself for the sake of one I adore—and—I ask it as a boon, I demand it as a right—*let me plunge in headlong at once!*"

These are remarkable words; but she is indeed a remarkable woman. There is something of the Jeanne d'Arc type in her composition.

28th March.—Belinda gives me the impression of having known some great, some overwhelming sorrow, and doubtless that sensitive nature cannot have escaped some wounds in the thorny pathway of life. She promises that some day I shall know her history; she hints that it is harrowing, and eventful. I feel that my acute sympathy renders me worthy of her confidence.

It is a fine trait in her noble character, that one so formed to shine in the "beau monde," to be the cynosure of admiring eyes, should voluntarily seek the tranquillity of a retired life; but she constantly affirms that "for her—the heartless world has no attraction." In her position in India she might, of course, have had the cream of society at her feet; "but at an early period of her existence she appreciated the hollow mockery of such happiness."

"A chosen few, my Impulsia! a small circle of loving hearts—such is the atmosphere in which my soul expands, and feels at ease. Moreover," she would add, "let that chosen few be of the other sex. Women in general, my Impulsia, are mere puppets, full of pretension, and devoted to slander;—I turn from them in disgust! Mine is, perhaps, too masculine and independent a mind; I prefer communion with kindred souls."

Such are a few of the sayings of this extraordinary woman. Sir Marmaduke appears to appreciate her thoroughly.

BELINDA'S BACKHANDER.

30th March.—I have just returned from the Fitzdoldrums' apartment. I have need of calm—of rest—of *sal volatile*. My nerves are much shaken by the scene we have just gone through.

I had gone to Belinda this morning by her own desire, as she expressed herself to be suffering from that peculiar sensitiveness to disagreeable outward impressions to which she is subject. I found the moral atmosphere of her apartment charged with electricity. Sir Marmaduke was sitting, sheltering himself, as it were, behind his newspaper; the attendants, especially Nina, the ayah, were in a state of trembling solicitude. My dear Belinda was evidently exercising astonishing self-control, and received me with her usual affection; at the same time, I could perceive the latent symptoms of internal commotion.

I must here mention, parenthetically, that I have lately made an acquaintance at the *table-d'hôte*, who has proved an acquisition to our little social circle—a French gentleman, Monsieur Victor Alphonse de Rataplan. Lady Fitzdoldrum had already met him; in fact, they had been fellow-passengers on board the steamer from Calcutta. She had expressed strong approval of his appearance and manners; I will not deny that they have also impressed me favourably. He has visited us occasionally. His visits are not disagreeable to me. He is an enthusiastic “Anglomane,” and has sometimes elicited a smile from Belinda and myself, by the almost exaggerated degree of admiration he feels for “*les blanches filles d'Albion*.”

To return to my morning's visit. I had hardly seated myself by Lady Fitzdoldrum's side, and inquired after her health, than I

happened to remark, that I had just received a note from Monsieur de Rataplan, requesting information as to the hour we were to set forth, on our little projected trip to Heliopolis. (This little excursion and picnic had been arranged by Lady Fitzdoldrum herself two days previously.)

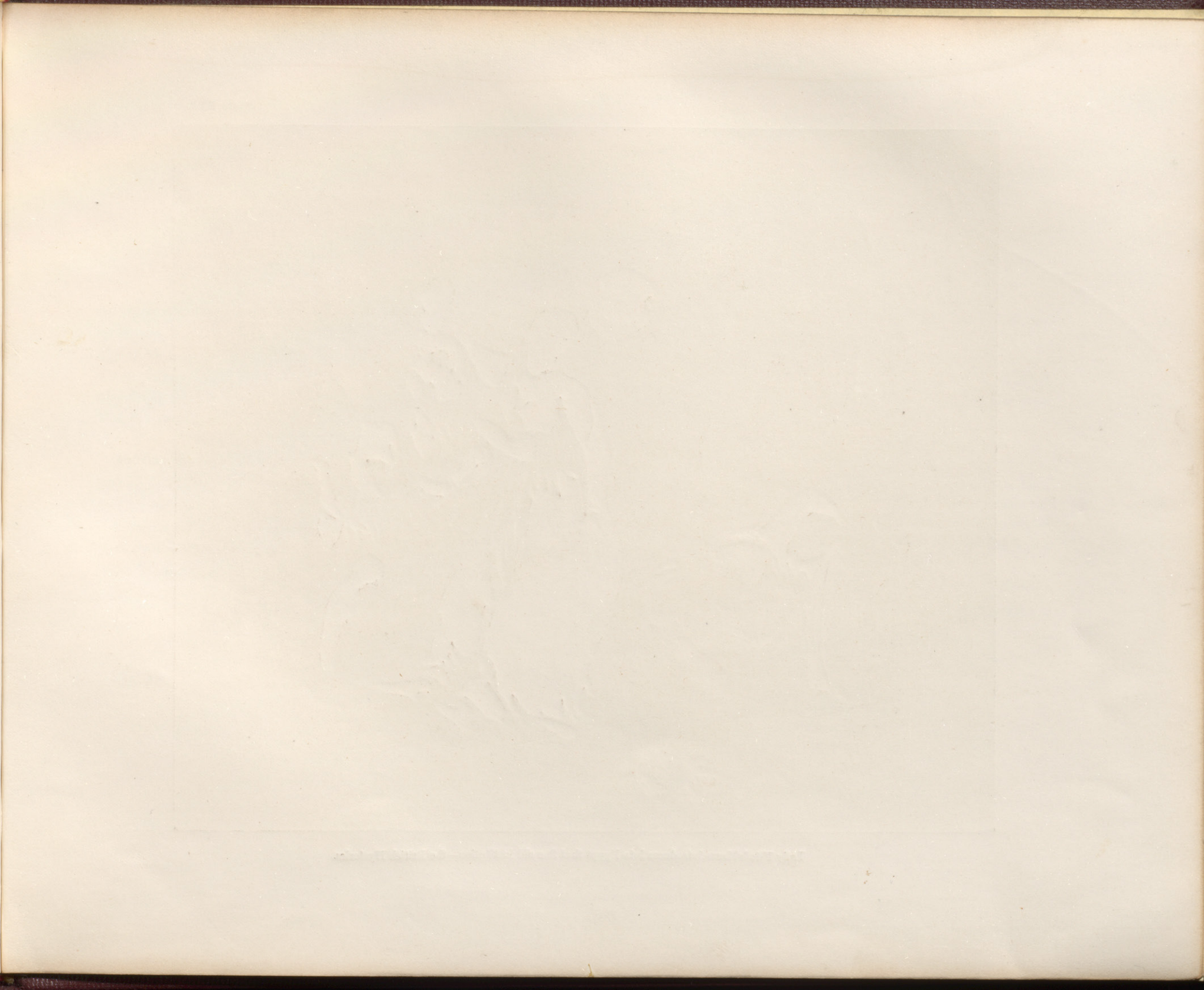
To my astonishment, this remarkable woman used these extraordinary words:—

“Monsieur de Rataplan is a blackguard, and you are a fool!”

I was perfectly speechless for a minute, but, recovering myself, I was just rising to withdraw, in just indignation, when Nina, the ayah, unfortunately dropped the fan she was using for her mistress's comfort, which, still more unfortunately, in falling, just touched Lady Fitzdoldrum's elbow. Belinda bounced from her sofa, like a tigress from her lair; knocked Sir Marmaduke and his chair down, who fled like chaff before the whirlwind; and seizing upon the unfortunate ayah, administered the most terrible castigation with the jewelled screen she held in her hand.

It was a scene of indescribable confusion! In my efforts to separate Lady Fitzdoldrum from her victim, I received a severe back-handed blow, intended for the unfortunate ayah, which, if the screen had not been partially made of feathers, would most probably have prostrated me.

I cannot bear to reflect upon a near relative and most excellent man; but at the same time I cannot disguise from myself, that Sir Marmaduke is, in some measure, deficient in moral courage.





Lady Fitzdoldrum introduces into Egypt that fine old institution—the British Hysterics.

PLATE XXI.

3 *o'clock*.—SIR MARMADUKE having sent a pressing message for my assistance, I returned to their apartment. Lady Fitzdoldrum has had a violent fit of hysterics, in which the united efforts of Sir Marmaduke and myself were hardly sufficient to restrain her. She repeatedly implored us to allow her to throw herself out of window. We, of course, refused.

She has just called Sir Marmaduke a scorpion, and me—a cockatrice.

4 *o'clock*.—Quiet is, in some measure, restored. The ayah is a good deal bruised about the head, and her left eye is somewhat injured. A bulletin from Sir Marmaduke just arrived:—

The sweet sufferer is calmer now, and expresses herself as more at ease.

I thought at first that perhaps he spoke of Nina; but I find that Belinda is the person alluded to.

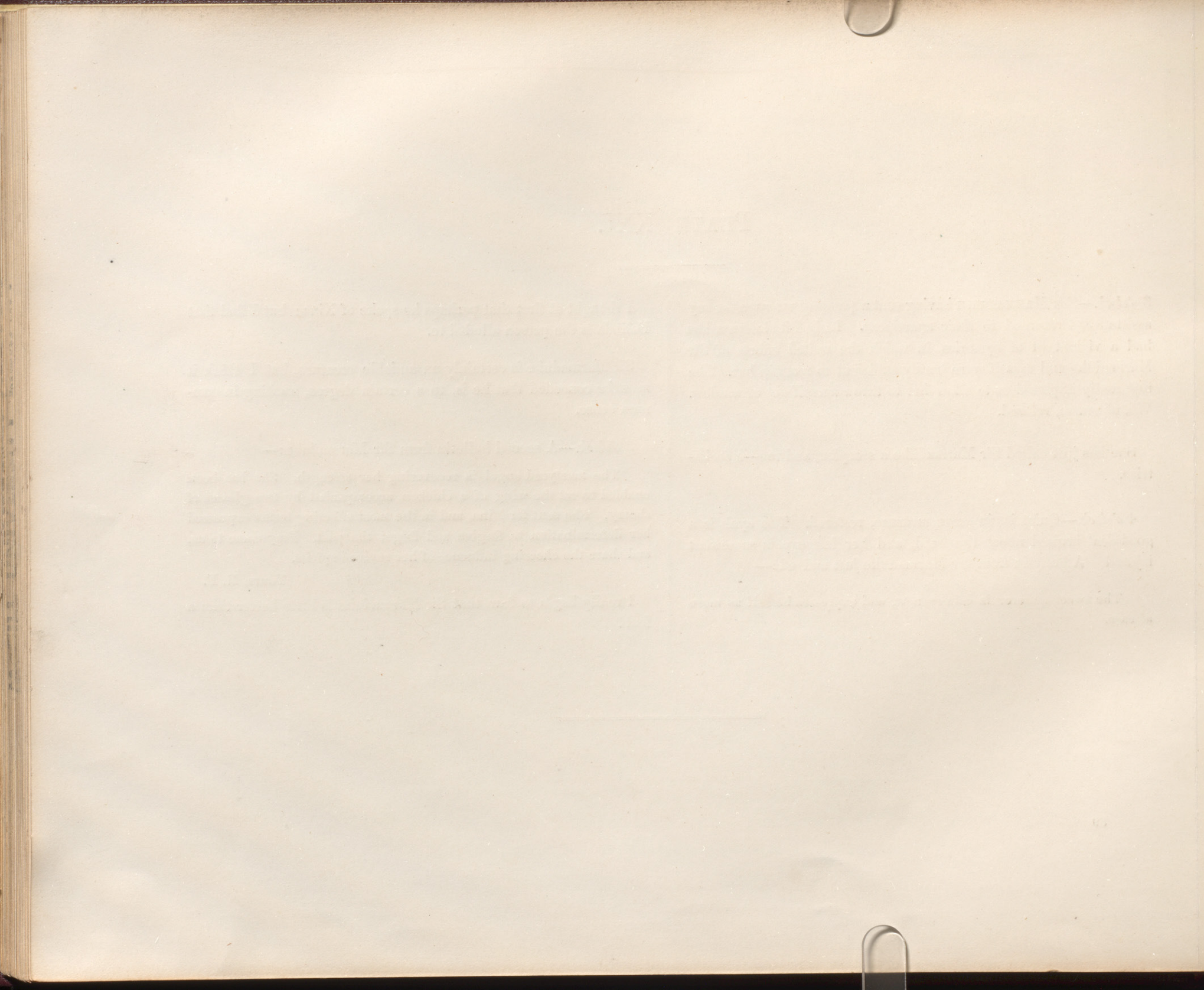
Sir Marmaduke is certainly an amiable creature, but I think it must be conceded that he is, to a certain degree, wanting in common sense.

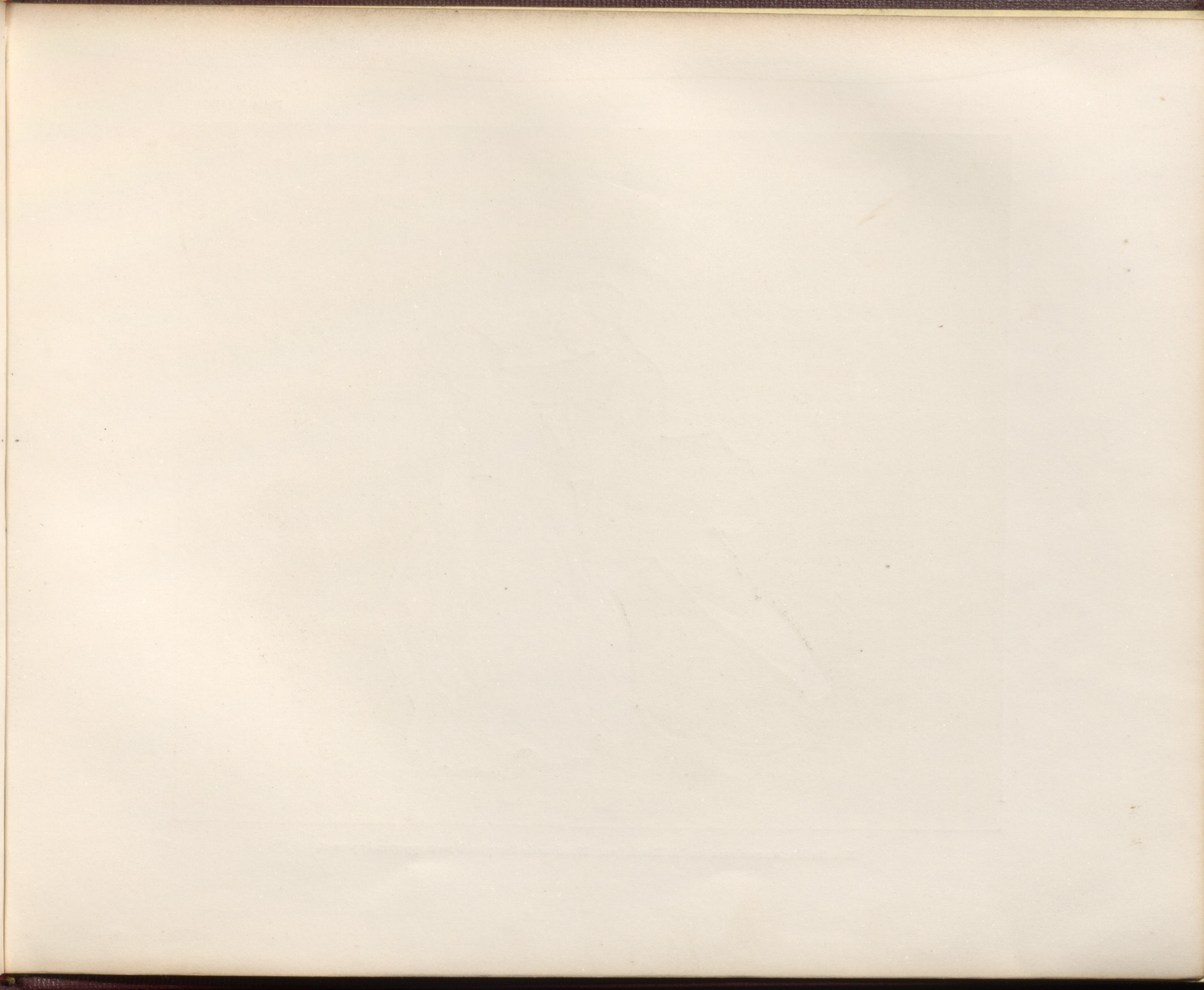
5 *o'clock*.—A second bulletin from Sir Marmaduke:—

The martyred angel is recovering her strength. She has been enabled to eat the wing of a chicken, accompanied by two glasses of sherry. She sent for Nina, and in the most affecting terms expressed her determination to forgive and forget the past. Pray come to us, and share the cheering influence of her revived spirits.

Yours, M. F.

I really begin to fear, that Sir Marmaduke is little better than a fool!







Miss Gushington receives a terrible Revelation. Monsieur de Rataplan is most opportunely present.

PLATE XXII.

HORROR!

31st *March*.—My agitation is so great I can scarcely hold the pen! A thunderbolt has fallen upon me—so awful! so unlooked for! that I have been for some hours incapable of thought or feeling.

Lady Fitzdoldrum—I cannot bring myself to write the words!

Lady Fitzdoldrum—my soul revolts from the desecrated name!!

Lady Fitzdoldrum—in short—is NOT Lady Fitzdoldrum!!!

I must be calm! I *will* be calm! I wish to be intelligible! I must endeavour to relate the circumstances that have brought about the catastrophe.

This morning, after the events related in the last page of my diary, I was sitting in my own little apartment, occupied, in fact, in transcribing from my pencil notes, the various impressions they had created in my mind, when the card of Monsieur de Rataplan was brought in by the waiter, “demanding if I was visible;” at the same time, he presented me with a letter from Mr. C., the Vice-Consul.

I think I have already said that Monsieur de Rataplan’s visits are not disagreeable to me,—that, in fact, they are rather the reverse.

This circumstance, combined with the fact that his name had been connected with the outbreak in Bel—I mean, in Sir Marmaduke’s apartment, perhaps occasioned the little flutter that made me at first overlook the letter in question. It was not until Monsieur de Rataplan had been seated some minutes, and that I had replied to his almost tender inquiries after my health and spirits, that I observed the waiter was still in the room, and remembered that an *answer* had been requested.

I opened the letter; it ran thus:—

MY DEAR MISS GUSHINGTON,

In accordance with your desire that I should exercise a certain degree of friendly surveillance, over your actions and associates, in your present unprotected condition, I beg to apprise you immediately of a fact that has only just reached my knowledge, and which you ought to act upon without delay. The person calling herself Lady Fitzdoldrum has no right to that name. She is, was, or should be, a Mrs. Higgs, and has left two or three husbands in India. The wife of Sir Marmaduke died some years ago. Let me advise you to return immediately to England.

Yours faithfully,

B. C.

I remember reading this letter to the end, but such a deadly faintness came over me, that the rest is a blank. When I came to

HORROR!

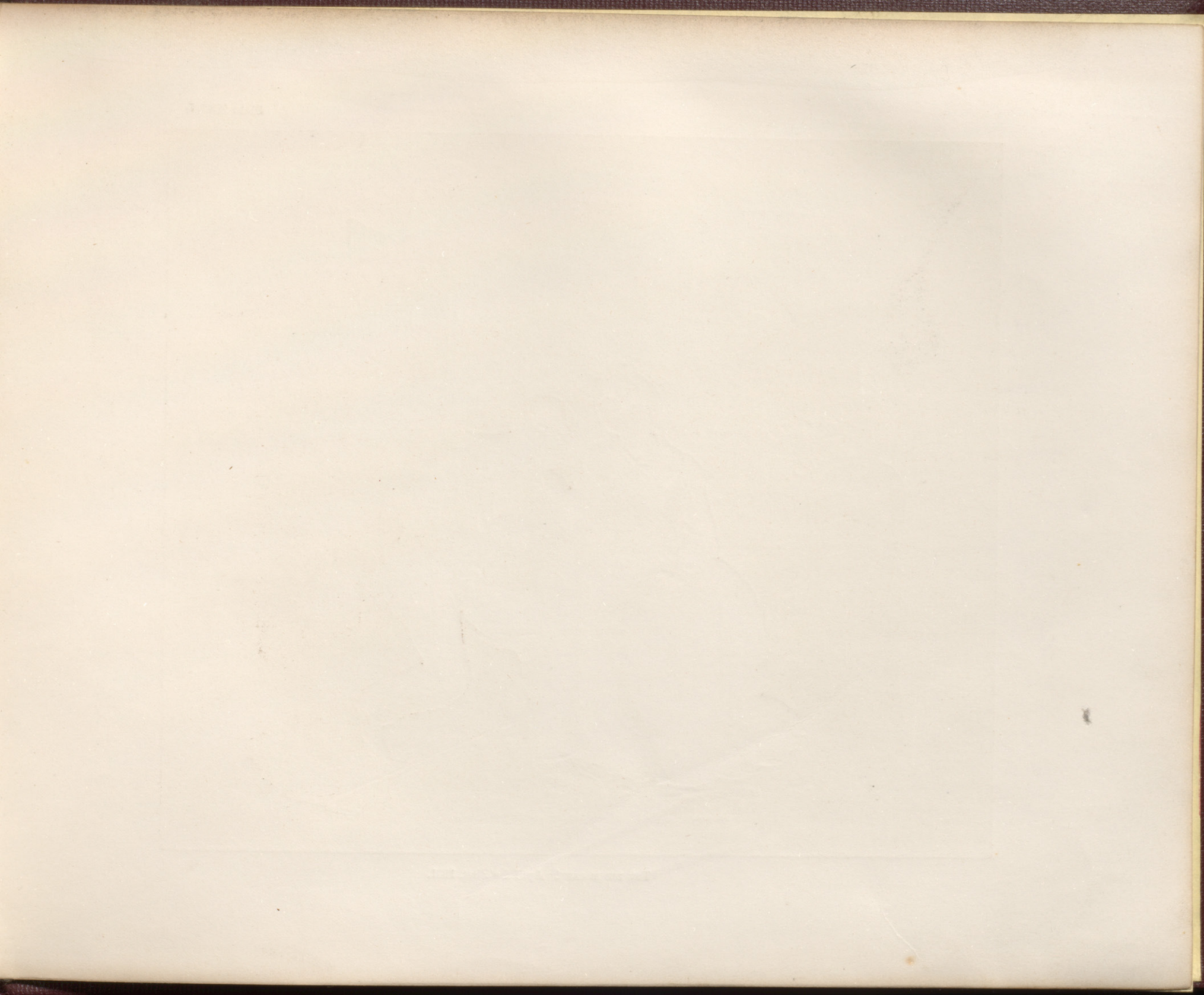
myself, I found that Monsieur de Rataplan had promptly called for assistance, and was hanging over me with the tenderest solicitude. My distracted ejaculations soon acquainted him with the cause of my overwhelming agitation. He raved and tore his hair, and implored me to allow him instantly to call out "Sir Doldrum." But I reflected that my unfortunate cousin was really hardly responsible for his actions! I question whether he rightly understands his situation,—whether he really knows if he is married or not,—in fact, whether he does not imagine, that this person is, *in fact*, the original Lady Fitzdoldrum!

Monsieur de Rataplan informs me that he had for some time suspected the character of this person, from what he had seen during the voyage. He shudders at the recollection of the decep-

tion she practised even on him! He assures me that he never thought her the least good-looking!

I besought Monsieur de Rataplan to leave me. He assented with difficulty to my request, and only on receiving my promise that I would admit him to an interview the following day.

I feel that the crisis of my fate is at hand! The restrained devotion, the latent ardour of Monsieur de Rataplan's manner cannot be mistaken! I shall be glad of the opportunity for calm reflection which this night will give me. My trusting nature has been so often imposed upon, that I see all the importance of the determination I am about to form. To-morrow I shall be better able to make the momentous decision.





THE DIE IS CAST! April the First, 1861.

PLATE XXIII.

THE DIE IS CAST!

1st April, 1861.—I HAVE suffered Victor-Alphonse to call me “son Impulsia!”

Even now, I hardly know how this all-important event has been brought about. I had determined, after due meditation during a sleepless night, to defer my final answer to Monsieur de Rataplan’s addresses, until I could communicate with my excellent friend and counsellor, Mr. C.; unfortunately he was called away to Alexandria yesterday evening by official business, and Victor-Alphonse was so urgent for an immediate reply, and I had been weak enough to allow him to discover how deep an interest he had already acquired in my heart, so that, really, I do not see how I could have avoided the determination at which I have arrived!

Moreover, I feel assured of Mr. C.’s cordial approval of my choice; he remarked, in so pointed a manner during our late conversation, that I “needed a natural protector,”—and advised me so strongly “not to go wandering about alone,”—that I feel *certain* he had a suspicion of the state of my feelings, and wished me to come to a decision.

Where, indeed, could I find an individual more suited to the office of “guide, companion, monitor, and friend,” than the noble being who has now undertaken the task? I have not hitherto

described his personal appearance; I know not what mysterious feeling has till now restrained my pen! It is *most prepossessing!* energy and determination are its principal characteristics; a flashing eye, that can melt at times into dove-like languor, or kindle into penetrating flame; a manly form, more robust than slender; a predominating brow,—such are its most striking advantages. The other features are not strictly Grecian in symmetry, but they have an irregular beauty of their own. He embodies, to me, the chivalrous image of the Chevalier Bayard!

His family is of the old “Noblesse.” Circumstances which he can explain, compel him for the present to “boudier” the court: indeed, I can perceive that his sympathies are with the fallen Dynasty. His fortune is not large, but luckily my own little independence renders this consideration unimportant. He was quite astonished when informed that I possessed this fortune; he seemed almost to regret it! “Ah! mon Impulsia!” he exclaimed; “que ne puis-je ceigner d’un diadème ce front adoré! que ne suis-je un Rothschild! pour pouvoir déposer à tes pieds mignons—les trésors de l’univers!”

He urges our immediate union, but I am firm on this one point. I must return to England; it must be under the roof of my departed parents that our destinies shall be for ever united.

THE DIE IS CAST!

Decorum demands this sacrifice ; Reason and Feeling alike applaud it.

I shall leave for England to-morrow. Must I—ought I—can I—shall I—allow my Victor-Alphonse to follow by the next steamer?

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The Editor regrets to state that Miss Gushington did *not* return to England the following day, as she intended. Circumstances of an extraordinary nature, and over

which she had no control, prevented her resolutions taking effect.

It is also necessary to add, that Miss Gushington's adventures in connection with her attachment for Monsieur de Rataplan, are of so harrowing and heartrending a character, that it has been thought advisable to consign them to a second volume, which will be forthcoming, should the public testify sufficient interest in the destiny of the unhappy Impulsia.]

YIT
D. 205664

