

The Elizabeth Bidder Diary.

1858-9: A Young Woman's Diary of an Epic Voyage



Robert Stephenson Trust.

ROBERT STEPHENSON'S YACHTS

Robert Stephenson's first yacht, Titania, was built at Millwall by Robinson and Russell to the design of John Scott Russell in 1850. She was a schooner, 84.7 feet long, and was launched fully rigged on March 1st. The event was recorded in the Illustrated London News of March 9 1850.

That same year RS was proposed as a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron but was blackballed. This caused a furore, and the following proposition is contained in The Notice Book from William Herbert Saunders:

I propose that R Stephenson Esq., the author of the most Stupendous Monument of Mechanical Science hitherto known in the civilised world - be admitted by acclamation as a member of the R YS. at the next General Meeting for ballot.

For the second, successful, election attempt the page of the Candidate's book contains many more signatures in support than the usual two. His proposer on this occasion was the Commodore, Lord Wilton. Having been elected RS remained a member until his death in 1859.

On 31 July 1851 the schooner America, of 101 feet length, owned by a syndicate under the leadership of Commodore Stevens of Hoboken, NY, arrived off the Isle of Wight. This caused a ripple of excitement amongst the English Yachtsmen at Cowes, especially when they saw the capabilities of the America as she so convincingly won the RYS One Hundred Sovereign Cup in a race round the Isle of Wight. As a result no English yachtsman would accept Commodore Stevens' challenge to a race for schooners, until in his own words he reported, "my friend Robert Stephenson the railroad tycoon stepped forward". The America was almost twice the weight of the Titania, but although RS lost the race it was an honourable defeat. In this way the America's Cup started and continues today.

On 15th May 1852 the Illustrated London News reported that Robert Stephenson's yacht had been burned out on May 5th. RS had lent her to his cousin George Robert Stephenson and she had caught fire whilst being prepared for a voyage. As she was of iron construction she was rebuilt and sailed again as the Themis. Meanwhile RS had another yacht built at Millwall in 1853, registered 1st June. Again built by John Scott Russell, of 105 tons and 91 feet in length, she was a two masted iron framed schooner also named Titania. Her master was Loving Corke of an Isle of Wight family of merchant and yacht service mariners. This yacht Robert Stephenson used for pleasure and for his business trips abroad. We have the diary of a voyage to Egypt in 1858 written by George Stephenson's god-daughter Elizabeth Harby Bidder, daughter of George Parker Bidder.

In 1856 RS loaned Titania to Charles Piazzi Smyth, the astronomer for a voyage to Tenerife to test the astronomical advantages of a mountain station, for which he had a grant from the Admiralty.

After Robert Stephenson's death in 1859 Titania was bought by the Earl of Rosse, father of Charles Parsons of turbine fame, and used for Mediterranean voyages. Apparently she was finally sold in San Domingo and the registry cancelled in 1875.

Illustrated London News: Encyclopaedia Britannica: Royal Yacht Squadron: London Foreign Trade Ship Registrations 1853: The Sporting Magazine, October 1853:
Compiled from INFORMATION LEAFLET No.4, January 2003

We had a short walk this morning, and stole some of the finest lettuce we have ever had, our walk however was cut short by the rapidity of the vessel, we have gone an immense distance today.

Feb: 11

By breakfast time we found ourselves at Osioot, Unus went into the town to make sundry purchases and we took a long walk, everything was so fresh, bright and sweet.

John shot 7 pigeons and 2 beautiful white hawks of which he wants the skins. We left Osioot at 1/4 to 12 and passed Manfaloot in the evening.

Still no wind happily for us.

THE END

The diary entries cease at this date and any later entries have not been traced.

Foreword

This is an amazing diary of an eighteen year old girl's adventure in 1858 when she sailed on Robert Stephenson's yacht 'Titania' from Southampton to Alexandria with fascinating descriptions of visits to ports of call on the voyage.

She writes a vivid and lively story of these many interesting places in a fresh and uninhibited way which almost makes the reader feel that they are part of the scene.

Of course, Robert Stephenson was famously known amongst his many achievements, as the designer of the acclaimed 'Rocket' locomotive in Newcastle upon Tyne which convincingly won the 'Rainhill Trials' in 1829 and which subsequently prompted and transformed the country and the world by the introduction of railways for the transport of goods and people.

There were other intrepid passengers on the yacht an iron-hulled two masted schooner ninety one feet overall of whom bravely endured storms and illness during the sixteen week journey but who were rewarded by gaining a remarkable insight into ways of life which have long since disappeared.

The reader can share their experiences with much pleasure as the pages turn and the adventure unfolds.

J.C.C. January 2008

Blew a hurricane all day, making the boat rock as if it were at sea; we managed to get a short walk up and down in front of the boat, but it is very tiresome. About sunset the wind went down and we set off, arriving at Denderah (opposite Karnak) in the night or early morning.

Feb: 9

Immediately after breakfast we mounted donkeys sent from the other side, and rode to the ruins of Denderah, about 2 miles inland; they consist principally of one temple dedicated to Athor, and 2 Pylons, all the sculpture here, particularly of the temple, very fine, delicate, perfect, the columns more majestic, to me, almost more interesting than any we have seen, they are mostly sandstone.

We got back to the boat about 2 p.m. and soon after started together with the Boscow party who are here and keep us company again.

The Lybian sandstone hills behind Denderah are very picturesque, and some parts presenting an almost perpendicular wall, and at others sloping out to within a short distance of the ruins.

The wind rose in the evening, and we were obliged to anchor for a few hours.

Feb:10

Today we have been going capitally, keeping company with the Boscow boat all day. We saw a great many crocodiles this afternoon, they were lying basking in the sunshine, John fired at them and hit one accidentally in a soft part of his body as the bail went in, he soon floundered into the water, to die most probably poor thing.

We passed Gugeh about 8 p.m., here the Swedes stopped, as they were going to visit Abydus.

This has been altogether a most lovely day, so quiet and peaceful, not a breath of wind, and the evening just as beautiful, the sun setting under a perfect canopy of blue and rose coloured and gold clouds, the atmosphere perfectly clear, and the water so still that every line in the rough cliffs was distinctly reflected on it, while one of the pretty little brown owls was calling out from the cliff tops.

such a dark blue sky, in the bright moonlight; we saw several foxes but did not manage to shoot any.

Feb: 8

Windy as ever today, we tried to go and see Mustaphar Hagar, and were nearly blinded with dust and sand, we have seen several whirlwinds today.

Towards evening the wind fell, and we got a walk to our island and about 6 p.m. got away from Thebes and sailed away splendidly for about 3 hours, the bend in the river making it favourable for us, but the wind still rising, and our course changing, we were obliged to put in.

Robert Stephenson Abroad.

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Robert Stephenson's Yachts

Compiled by James Clayton Coulson and set up in electronic form by J Michael Taylor MBE for the Robert Stephenson Trust.

I Elizabeth Marshall of 4, Whinfall road, Bolton, Appleby-in-Westmorland, Cumbria, donate to the Robert Stephenson Trust, 20 South Street, Newcastle-up on- Tyne, the typewritten copies of the diaries of my grandmother, Elizabeth Harby Bidder. The first, a diary of a voyage to Egypt aboard Robert Stephenson's yacht, Titania, was written October 1858 - January 1859. The second, called, "The diary of a Journey up the Nile" was written in December 1859, when she and her husband, John Harrison Stanton, whom she had married that year, returned to Cairo and traveled up the Nile to Luxor.

I also give the Robert Stephenson Trust permission to publish the Diaries in the Newsletter of the Friends of the Stephenson Engineering Centre, and in a book form.

Signed Elizabeth Marshall Date 7th October 1998

Our Reis was to have come back from his village last night, or this morning, but as no Reis appeared we started (after making sundry purchases of ostrich eggs and feathers, and taking a short walk) about 10 a.m.

On our journey North we passed the Reis's village but heard that he had gone on to the next village, this is a great nuisance as the men evidently hang back for him and we make but little progress.

Stopped all night expecting the Reis who did not appear.

Feb: 3

Rowed a little, floated a great deal and lost no end of time, anchored at last at Silsilis, our Reis still not appearing.

Feb: 4

Rowed and floated as usual, but with the wind against us, and arrived at Edfou about six in the evening, had a short walk on the bank, quite a relief.

Feb: 5

Unus went out early and shot 5 wild ducks. The high propytons are distinctly seen in the midst of the village, we did not however visit it and set off again at 10 a.m. for the opposite side to invest in charcoal, this detained us about half an hour; then we set off in good earnest, it suddenly entered into the head of one of the men that there is a fete tonight at Esne, so they made a great push for it and went 32 miles today and arrived there between 9 and 10 p.m.

Here we found Dr. Pritchards and several other Dahabiehs, here at last the Reis joined us.

Feb: 6

Came away from Esne about 10 a.m., at first we got on but slowly the wind being against us, and when that is the case the men cannot row, but towards evening we got on better and reached Luxor about midnight, all the other Dahabiehs coming in shortly after; there are 11 boats here now, it makes the old place look quite gay.

Feb: 7

So dreadfully windy that we could not stir from our boat, excepting John, who went to see the Pritchard party, anchored quite close to us; Dr. Pritchard also paid us a visit and we arranged, if the wind went down, towards evening to go together to see Karnak by moonlight; we did so, and were certainly well repaid by the exquisite grandeur of the ruins seen against

quantities of dried dates are exported from here, we passed immense heaps of them lying exposed to the air, merely fenced round. The fashion of dressing the ladies' hair here is certainly peculiar; it is plaited in about 50 narrow plaits, of course never undone, and only oiled instead of combing out, they wear massive earrings in their ears and noses besides 2 or 3 necklaces of beads.

A boat of decidedly primitive construction ferried us across to the beautiful island of Philae, it contains 2 temples of note; that of Isis representing the childhood of Horus and Shedreath and resurrection of Osirus; it is a large temple containing 2 Pylons and propylons, a colonnade and central hall and actylum, many parts are very perfect, the colouring so fresh, others have never been finished.

The other temple, commonly known as Pharaoh's bed, has not been nearly finished, but these are all of much later date than those of Thebes, being of the Ptolemaic age; the whole island and many of the temples are covered with the mud dwellings of the Roman garrison once stationed here. We had a lovely row home in the cool; there are some sand hills bordering the river about half way to Assouan, of the finest sand I ever saw, in the setting sun it looked like rich custard.

We found the Pages still here, they did not start until nearly 6 p.m.

Feb: 1

A little later than yesterday we started for another excursion to Philae, about half way to the cataracts we found the Pages, they could get no further last night, the wind falling off about an hour after they started, Col. Wilkinson asked us to take him on with us, and we spent another day rambling over the island; on our way back we left the Colonel on his Dahabieh which had arrived as far as the cataracts, where it must remain all night, as all the men employed to get-me boats through are engaged with other boats.

We landed at the island of 5chayl and walked across it, the boat meeting us at the other side; there are several sculptures and hieroglyphical inscriptions, said to be exceedingly early.

Today we got some sycamore figs, the first I have tasted, they are sweet but rather dry.

Feb: 2

This is the Diary of my Grandmother (Elizabeth Harby Bidder) written when she was 18 years old and on a trip with Robert Stephenson and a few friends of his in his yacht "The Titania" to Egypt, where he was constructing the railways from Alexandria to Cairo and on to Suez.

She became engaged to John Stanton, who is mentioned in the Diary and was married to him in the Autumn of 1859; a very quiet wedding owing to the death, shortly before, of Robert Stephenson.

She and her husband returned to Cairo and "The Diary of the Journey up the Nile" was written in December 1859, when she and her husband hired a Dahabieh and travelled to Luxor and the Tombs of the Kings and other places of interest.

She was the daughter (eldest) of George Parker Bidder, who was Robert Stephenson's greatest friend and who worked with him and his Father George Stephenson all his life as a civil engineer.

She was also the god-daughter of George Stephenson and often went to stay with him at Tapton as a child.

The other members of the party were Mr. & Mrs. Perry, Friends of Robert Stephenson, the former being a retired Doctor and a pupil of Dr. Abernethy; Capt. Pim also an old friend was a retired R.N. Officer.

John Stanton was one of Robert Stephenson's young civil engineers, who was working on the Egyptian railways.

Bertha was my Grandmother's younger sister and Miss Whitaker was her governess.

"The Mayfly" was her Father's yacht, which he kept at Dartmouth, where he owned a house on the Dart; he lived at Ravensbury Park, Mitcham, Surrey.

Robert Stephenson was not in good health at the time and when later in the year he and George Bidder sailed in their respective yachts to Norway, where he (Robert Stephenson) received the order of St. Olaf, he was so ill on his return journey that he died shortly afterwards, nursed by Mrs. Bidder to the end.

The Old Vicarage, South Charlton, Alnwick, Northumberland

We breakfasted early and then started on donkeys for the ancient granite quarries of "Syene" or Assouan, these are in a great measure filled with sand, but still what remains is very interesting, showing the marks of the wedges used to split off the blocks of granite, some of these lying just as they were cut roughly off and in one part is a granite obelisk, broken apparently in getting out and consequently left; it looks so fresh that one almost expects the workmen to come back and finish it.

We clambered onto some of the further hill tops from whence we had a splendid view over the island of Elephantine, up to the islands forming the first part of the cataracts, and down through the entrance to Assouan between large blocks of granite piled up in and beside the river, and edged by beautiful palm trees.

We spent the afternoon wandering over the island of Elephantine, there are very few really ancient temples, some have evidently been pulled down to build the quay walls (as the richly carved and sculptured stones in it show) by the Romans whose crude brick dwellings also cover nearly the whole of the island.

We found 2 very fine cast snake skins here. Mr. Page and Col. Wilkinson called for a short time this evening, they hope to start in their tub tomorrow.

Jan: 31

Set out early in the boat for Pilas, that is to say as early as we could get men together for they had all started off to their village and at last we could get but two, we rowed to within 2 miles of the island and here our donkeys met us.

The rocks bordering the river are in many places covered with hieroglyphics and figures, the river as you approach the cataracts are indeed the cataracts themselves, resemble a broad, tumbling, brawling Scotch trout stream, thickly intersected with rocks and islands, some bearing in their clefts a few sant and palm trees.

The road, after we mounted the donkeys (led) chiefly sand and stones, excepting where the granite, porphery and syemite has forced its way up, in these places it is perfectly polished from, I suppose, the friction of the sand, so as to be very slippery, the donkeys here are, however, only unshod and manage .to climb over the flat rocks wonderfully; we are now in Nubia.

We rode through the village Sheila I just before arriving opposite Philae, it is certainly one of the neatest and cleanest villages I have seen in Egypt; large

We sailed again in about 3 hours with a reefed sail, the first time we have found out the possibility of such a thing; the breeze kept up nearly all night excepting for an hour or two.

At 4 p.m. we passed Hagar Silsilch, here are large sandstone quarries, from which almost if not all the materials were brought for the temples In Thebes and upper Egypt. The river is quite bound in by these sandstone cliffs, on the left bank are several roughly hewn temples, probably intended for the quarries.

Jan: 29

We passed Kom Ombos in the middle of the night, the breeze kept up all the morning, but very light.

We stopped twice, once to put our "invalid sailor" on shore at his village, however we strongly suspect him to be a passenger; the other time we put in at the Reis's village where he disembarked, clover, grain, planks and his luggage, the whole village crowded down to the boat to welcome him, many rushing on board with their dirty feet, such a kissing and salaaming there was.

About 2 p.m. we arrived at Assouan, our ultimatum; the approach to it is very picturesque, we have come now to the granite regions, large blocks of it stand 'out like natural fortresses into the river, and patches of luxuriant-palm and sant trees are very beautiful.

We found no less than five Dahabeihs here, the Pages, one containing our friend the Swede and Dr. Pritchards, his patients, I am glad to say, "are better, but poor Mrs. Page seems if anything worse, we went on board to see them this afternoon, and with them to Elephantine but poor Mrs. Page being unable to walk far, I stayed below with her, so have not seen much of the Island yet.

They intend starting for Wady Halfah on Tuesday in a wretched boat, but they can get no better, I am sorry for poor Mrs. Page.

The Pritchard party, who have been up, leave for Thebes tomorrow morning, also the Swedes.

For the last 60 miles the country has been completely changing in appearance.

Jan: 30

DIARY

Chapter One: Our Voyage to Gibraltar

1858

Oct: 13

Our scattered party is at length collected, Mr. & Mrs. Perry came down by the V2 past 1 train, Capt. Pim by the 3 p.m. and Mr. Stephenson with Mr. George Robert at 5 in the evening. Mama, Miss Whitaker and Bertha brought me on board from the Mayfly (when we arrived yesterday) and spent the evening with us until about 9 o'clock.

It seems to me very strange to say goodbye to them for such long a time, however exit Mama etc. over the side, and the painful parting is over. After they were gone we spent sometime chatting, speculating on future proceedings, and having old recollections brought up. By some chance Humbolt was brought upon the tapis, I think it was by Mr. Perry saying that he had often met him in Paris at the house of Cunier. He remembers going over the Jardin des Plantes with Humbolt and Cunier in 1823. Capt. Pim who knows him well, describes him as a pale white-headed old man, 90 years of age, but still in the full possession of all his faculties, with a most astounding forehead. There was also a very interesting discussion on "abstract genius", whether, (so the example ran) a genius could with equal ease form the Acanthus scroll in the Ionic column and construct a steam engine, provided his attention was bent on either of them. I believe this was a discussion raised between Humbolt, Peterson and Mr. Stephenson. Mr. Stephenson is scarcely a believer in universal genius, everyone however has their own opinion on this subject.

Oct: 14

It has been proposed to write down our first impressions, at least our impressions of each other at the time we commence our voyage. First then Mrs. Perry, I believe to be kindness itself (a good companion, liberal minded, well informed and excessively firm, with a very considerable eye for the ridiculous, but really this seems to me so excessively absurd, writing about people you are conversing with every day, that I shall give it up.

We left Southampton about 6 a.m., and reached Cowes about 7.30 where we left Mr. George Robert, we then proceeded on our way with a foul wind and drizzling rain, tacking of course. About midday we fell in with the Dahabieh (yacht), Mr. B. Bentick came on board for a short time and was kind enough to take charge of two or three letters as he was on his way to Portsmouth, They say interest can be found in everything if you go the right way to

Chapter Fourteen: Voyage further up the Nile

Jan: 25

Left Thebes about 7 this morning, no wind at first so we tracked, about 11 a.m. we got a little wind and continued sailing slowly indeed, all day and until the middle of the night when we arrived at Esne where we must remain for the men to make bread, a great nuisance.

Jan: 26

To our great disgust we were told by Unus when we got up that the Pages had left Esne just 10 minutes before, Mr. Page had walked up and down before the Dahabieh two or three times, and Unus had not the sense to tell us.

We remained here all day, it is a nasty dirty low place, we could not get out excepting for a short half hour's walk in the evening.

I saw today a little Nubian girl in the exceedingly light native costume of a leather fringe round the waist.

Esne is the place where the Almeks, banished from Cairo, have principally retired to, one came down to the boat side today, can't say much for her personal appearance.

Jan: 27

Not a breath of wind and a fearfully hot day, quite exhausting. We tracked ail day between most uninteresting banks; about 5 p.m. a breeze sprang up, the air cooled and we had a most delicious moonlight sail until 10 o'clock, when the breeze freshened into a hurricane and we put in to our Reis's infinite disgust.

Jan: 28

In the middle of night the wind moderated so we set sail again and made a good run until about 10 a.m. when the wind freshened so much as to make even our sour old Reis put in, especially as he wanted to bailout the boat and dry her, we had had a leak for 2 days, it was repaired at Esne.

We passed Edfou early, so are more than half-way between Thebes and Assouan; yesterday evening we passed the Booths going down, they must have done Assouan pretty quickly.

has been excavated by the Pasha's orders and he has given orders for further improvements.

Although Mariette has done a great deal of good, he has also spoiled the effect in a great measure by walling off temporarily those parts which he has not had time to clear, this takes away from the length of some of the avenues of columns, a great many of the Pylons were very beautiful.

We got back to the Dahabieh about 3 p.m. dressed and went to call on the Consul who came after dinner to smoke a pipe and sit for an hour or two with us, he gave us several nice little antiques.

work. As a proof thereof a very amusing conversation arose at lunch time on "appetites", eating as a disease and as a profession. Mr. Perry told us that a friend of his knew a man, who afflicted with this unfortunate disease, had actually eaten up his fortune, although he devoured daily sufficient for 5 ordinary men, he had never had the satisfaction of satiating his appetite.

Capt. Pim when amongst the Esquimaux was present at one of their marriage feasts; at these feasts it is usual to have professional eaters who are served out with a pound (37lb) of mare's flesh, and 1/2lb of melted butter each. In the midst of this delicate meal, two men (as a matter of course) take these "Eaters" and laying them on the ground roll them backwards and forwards, after which operation they recommence their task. Mr. Stephenson said he had heard that Abernethy was obliged to roll himself on the hearth rug before the fire after dinner, but Mr. Perry, (his pupil) says that he did this on the principle that warmth and sleep are the best digesters. Abernethy was a most uncouth man and lost many patients through his abrupt manners. When the Duke of was sent by the Prince Regent to request him to operate on a cancer in his head his behaviour was anything but civil. The Duke told him that the Prince requested his attendance the next day at '12 past 2 o'clock. "Can't come" "But" said the Duke, such requests are usually observed. "Can't help it, I can't come, public business requires me elsewhere", (this was an anatomical lecture), so the Duke in high dudgeon left the house and went to Ashley Cooper who being commonly civil and more of a courtier, agreed, and after the operation was knighted, although in truth it was his assistant Cline who operated, he himself being too nervous to finish.

About 5 o'clock we passed the Needles, and immediately got into more active water, and at dinner, 12 past 6 I began to feel faint (alias promiscuous) most extraordinary thing, and took my departure on deck. Oh! those swinging tables! However before going to bed I was flourishing again.

Oct: 15

Temperature of the air 64°, surface of the water 63°, of the bottom 37 fathoms 59°5' wind dead against us S.E. nearly all day. Rather late breakfast, after which we all set to work reading and learning, for Mr. Perry and I are going to study Italian. Capt. Pim however got out his Colt's revolver and was kind enough to show me how to fire it. About 1 p.m. we hailed a fishing vessel and did a little in the bargaining line. The puns that fly about here are alarming real, one's sides quite ache with laughing. Just before dinner, Mr. & Mrs. Perry had been watching anxiously but in vain for the comet, scarcely were we seated at table when King whispered in a low voice

to Mr. Perry that the comet was visible, to our utter astonishment for none of us heard this but Mr. & Mrs. Perry they jumped up and rushed on deck in a frantic way. Mr. Stephenson hearing the word 'comet' indistinctly, and fancying that the word commenced with a 'v' thought Mr. Perry was very suddenly indisposed and that Mrs. Perry had rushed upstairs to attend him, the effect of the whole thing was so intensely comical that everyone was in convulsive fits of laughter. 7 p.m. opposite the Start Point, the wind for the last few hours has been rather more favourable for us. We finished the evening with some vigorous games of dominoes.

Oct: 16

Lat: 77° 43'

Long: 4° 27'

Dist: 4

Course: slow

Ther: 60° Baro: 30° wind N.NW.WW. After a late breakfast Mrs. Perry and I worked hard at Italian, about 1 p.m. a sort of Long arch of dark clouds formed across the sky to the west, followed by a sharp shower of rain which drove us all downstairs and to dominoes. 4 o'clock sighted the Lizard Point, our last view of English land.

Now we begin to feel the Atlantic roll, and as we are heading it the vessel pitches tremendously, my ideas of the roll are considerably changed, it had always been represented to me as something sickening and unpleasant, whereas I find it exceedingly agreeable. Saw the comet very distinctly but its size has very much diminished, the tail only appearing about 3 ins. in length. After dinner we indulged, nearly all of us, in a nap, and then a rubber at whist which I am being taught.

Oct: 17

Lat: 48° 46'

Long: 5° 54'

Course: S44W

A very considerable swell - 12 o'clock a strong favourable wind began to blow. Never was there a more studious party than we were yesterday, the whole morning was passed reading, at 10 a.m. we sighted Ushant. Early, before I was up, a little signalling was carried on between us and a New York vessel as to our latitude.

Someone at lunch time quoted that famous expression of Carlyle "The Godlike gift of silence", Mr. Stephenson related the following anecdote of Dr. Johnson, when at an evening party a young lady was asked to play on the piano she complied and executed a most brilliant piece. Someone seated

the trouble; we had a very warm ride home, and were all tired enough when we arrived there.

The Consular agent came in the evening.

Jan: 22

We stayed on board all the morning, being tired and not particularly bright. About 3 in the afternoon we went on shore for a walk, the first time we have landed on the Luxor or east bank; we went through a luxuriant but badly kept garden and then wandered among a few of the temples; afterwards, seeing Mustapha Hagar, the consular agent standing at his door, we hailed upon him; while we were there a gentleman came in to enquire for letters, the same turned out to be Mr. Page who married John's cousin; she is very ill, and has come out for her health, they are on board the Ibis, a very nice iron Dahabieh, three masted, poor Mr. Stephenson had her when he came up the Nile.

The Pages have only one gentleman with them, a Col. Wilkinson, we dined and spent the evening with them.

Jan: 23

We mounted and started for another long day, our last on the west bank, the pretty little temple of Goonieh came first, it must have been a little gem when perfect; we next came to a little tomb lately opened and consequently with the colours very fresh, the subjects were most amusing; parties, all the guests assiduously smelling flowers and listening to the musicians; the gentleman of the tomb and his wife sitting side by side a monkey under their chair and their children beside them.

The ruins of Days el Bahru came next, they are extensive, near here Lord Dufferin spent £500 in excavations, but he only came upon a Christian temple of a comparatively modern date.

We went into a few more tombs and then came home, tired enough. The Pages left this morning for Assouan, they are going on to the 2nd Cataract.

Jan: 24

Today we landed on the East bank and rode to Karnak, the ruins here are indeed magnificent and we have just come at the right time, for the Pasha was there a week ago and Mariette has had all the fellows from Esme to Thebes (10,000 men) collected here at work cleaning the ruins and making a road for his Highness, be it known, the poor men got no pay. A great deal

basalt figures but very much defaced, in another the walls are painted representing domestic scenes, gardens and musicians, mostly painted in red; the entrances of all these tombs are choked up with dirty Arab tents. The heat was intense, as well as the glare from strong reflected light.

After this we went down to the Memnonium, very ruinous but still beautiful, in it are fragments of a huge Lygnite statue of Rameses III when erect it measured 60 ft in height and weighed 788 tons, but it is now quite shattered, they say by the Persians, the puzzle is how they managed the demolition: there were also 2 black granite figures of Rameses II, the head of one alone remains, the other is in the British Museum. Here we lunched and then mounted and returned across the plain by the Colossi, they stand 60 feet high and are the entrance to a long avenue of Sphinxes and colossal statues, leading to the temple one of these is the voral statue, an Arab climbing on its lap struck the stone, supposed to have been used by the priests to impose on the people, by sounding it at sunrise, it gives out a metallic sound.

A. short ride to the shore and we were rowed to the Dahabieh; we got several antiquities today, an ancient seal, mummy cloth, beads, a baby's hands and feet etc. Unus and one of the boatmen went with us.

Jan: 21

Went on shore again early and taking no one with us but our guide (pro tem) Abdallah, and the donkey boys, we rode for nearly an hour and a half into, as it were, the heart of the Libyan hills, here are all the tombs of the Kings; we first entered the one known as Belzoni's it is very extensive; and some of the sculpture and colouring extremely perfect, although Lepsius (that Goth) has done all he could here and in all other antiquities to deface and destroy all he could lay hands on.

We visited some 7 or 8 more, of which Bruce's or the Harpie's tomb was by far the most interesting, containing 6 small inner chambers, each dedicated to some particular trade or office, in one cooking and cutting up meat making bread, cakes etc. and pounding in a mortar; in the opposite one, boats with chequered sails and richly ornamented; in a third, weapons of war; the fourth, furniture, chairs, sofas, vases etc; the fifth agricultural scenes, and the sixth, emblems and offerings to the deities; this tomb and Belzoni's are decidedly the most interesting.

It is very fatiguing work going to these tombs as they are quite unventilated and the entrance rough and difficult, but the interest of them quite repays

near Johnson began explaining to him its extreme difficulty, "Would to God that it were impossible" said the Doctor. At dinner the motion was abominable, even the eccentric tables were hardly effectual. We had service about 3.30, Mr. Stephenson read prayers and Capt. Pim the Lessons. I am rather out of conceit of this kind of movement although it does not effect me.

88½ miles from noon yesterday until 12 today.

Oct: 18

Lat: 46° 42'

Long: 8°24'

Course: S31W

Really this has been one of the most uninteresting uncomfortable days possible, about 9 a.m. the wind fell off almost entirely, what little there was, in our teeth so that we had the full benefit of the long swell, everyone had headache, and the lazy flapping of the sails was most distracting, bang, bang, bang, without ceasing all day. In the cool of the evening the breeze freshened and most thankfully was it received by us all. From yesterday until the same time today 159 miles. There was a most interesting effect caused by the clouds this evening, a perfectly bright line like the tail of a comet surrounded by dense black clouds.

Oct: 19

Lat: 45° 19'

Long: 8°29'

Course: S3W

Quite a change in the state of affairs, a stiff N.N.W. breeze, a gray (fishy as Mr. Pim calls it) sky and a heavy head sea such as no one on board has ever experienced before in the Bay of Biscay, going all ways. As to dress nothing was ever more perplexing, washing I managed by sitting on the floor beside my bath, but then came the hair the looking glass in my cabin was on the windward side. After spending about 10 minutes attempting to part my hair a sudden lurch sent me spinning onto the sofa (great difficulty in steering clear of the bath) all brushes, combs, hairpins etc. lay scattered about the cabin. A feeling of despair seized me at that moment. Poor Mrs. Perry was quite knocked up, and after breakfast retired to my cabin where she lay the whole day. As for myself, Mama would not have recognised me in my very hovel equipment, thus, a pair of goloshes three times too large, dress reefed up, Capt. Pim's tarpaulin coat, my own hood, and on the top of that a grey officers cap with a deep eye-shade, dripping with sea water from top to toe. Appearing on deck, Capt. Cork instantly seized a rope. and lashed me to the side much to my amusement. We were all day sailing under a reefed topsail, reefed staysail and the bonnet off the foresail, it rained in fits and starts all

day, the movement was abominable, so much so that one of the tables was unshipped, and Tom, cleverest of all stewards, smashed a bottle of brandy. Mr. Perry was very unsteady on his legs.

Late in the evening the sea moderated a little and Mrs. Perry got on deck. Just as we sat down to dinner, as the soup came on, I grieve to relate a strange and unpleasant giddiness overcame me, accompanied by a very suspicious gaping, prudence however being the better part of valour, I suggested that a little fresh air might prevent evil consequences, and accordingly marched upstairs but returned in five minutes quite recovered and perfectly flourishing. We made only 60 miles in the 24 hours, the heavy sea stopping the vessel completely every two or three minutes. Great numbers of Mother Carey's chickens (*Procellaria Pelagia*) were flying over the water catching the small mollusca thrown up in the spray. A poor little land bird like a linnet, some said a canary flew onto the deck and rested for a few minutes, also a pigeon, very very tired, kept up with us for some time and once almost fell down on Capt. Cork's head. We were very nearly 200 miles from any land. In the evening a little Bat (the sailors called a little endues) flew past and being struck by a flap from the sail, fell into the sea and was drowned. I am requested to note that Mr. Perry having a bad cold in the head is endeavouring to "punch" it out by a course of "pelichinselle faible".

74 miles since yesterday.

Oct: 20

Caroeio Newio Camarina

Lat: 43° 38'

Long: 9° 20'

Distance since noon yesterday 120

Course: S17W

This morning at 9 o'clock we first caught sight of the coast of Spain, a fine bold headland near Corunna, we approached the coast, and for about 40 miles were between 15 and 30 miles off it, it certainly was magnificent, and as my first view of mountainous country I fully appreciated it. Suddenly called on deck this morning about noon to "see a whale" the men had seen it spouting and blowing, it had vanished however and did not reappear for nearly six hours, when we had a good view of it, they said the jets of water were from 15 to 20 feet. Later in the day we saw a shark following us in a very lively manner, we had thought it reacted by the patent log hanging star that afternoon. A piece of pork was instantly procured, put on a large hook, and thrown overboard from a rope but unfortunately the shark had most probably dined already and would not be tempted. We came, across quite a

Chapter Thirteen: Ancient Luxor and Valley of the Kings

Jan: 20

We woke this morning in full view of one or two noble looking Temples of Luxor, on the foundations and columns of one is built a round whitewashed house and up to the very wall of all the temples are others.

We are stationed on the said little island just opposite Luxor, to the left at some distance is Karnak and behind us on the opposite side of the river, about 2 miles inland are the ruins of Medinset Abou, Mennonium, Koornah and tombs of the kings, all this is backed by splendid bold mountains (limestone), their bright yellow standing out well against the brilliant blue sky.

We have engaged a guide for the time we are here, named Abdallah, he brought a book full of overpoweringly aristocratic references.

At 9 a.m. we started in the boat for the west bank, where we found donkeys waiting, then winding over rather rough ground across the plains, we reached first of all the ruined temple of Nedineet Haboo, it is a magnificent colossal building, the entrance through the first Pylon is much destroyed, you enter through this a succession of halls or large chambers surrounded with immense columns.

Beyond the outer part is the inner 'or great temple, a great deal of which has been excavated; the colour remains very perfect in some parts and the ceilings of some of the corridors that still remain, covered with immense slabs of stone, are painted a beautiful blue with white stars. One of the large courts is filled with slender and comparatively pigmy columns, these were erected by some early Christians who thus converted part of the ancient pagan temple into their church; filling up with mud the sculptures and hieroglyphics on the walls, their mud dwellings cover still many parts not yet disinterred from them, they however fled from the Arabs to Erno.

We then ascended the staircase inside the inner propylon, from the top of this and the temple is a capital view and one gets a good idea of the geography of the whole building: many of the sculptures covering the walls are very perfect still, some representing battle scenes, chariots horsemen and captives; also several agriculturists, priests offering to the Gods, the latter of course predominate, this being a temple.

We next visited two of the Kings tombs, the sculptures in them were more exquisitely delicate and perfect than in the temple, in one were six fine

Arrived at Keneh about 6 a.m., here we remained for some time while Unus and some of the men went into the town (about a mile inland), to get provisions. John and I had an hour's walk up and down the bank but it was fearfully dusty, shot 15 pigeons, a useful addition to our larder.

The mounds and ruins of Dendera are visible on the other side of the river. The wind still keeping up, we started again at 11 a.m. and sailed for 2 hours, then it became very gusty, which in a boat drawing between 3 or 4 feet of water only, with a lofty sail and no ballast is neither agreeable nor altogether safe, so we put in on the west bank until it moderated. About 5 p.m. we passed Ballas where all the water jars are made, they are called Galasea from this place, thousands of these large white jars line the bank, rafts made of them and boats laden with them lie along the shore ready to start down the river.

Soon after passing Ballas the wind fell and we just crept on to Negardeh where we remained all night.

Jan: 19

About 10 a.m. we started, tracking, for there was but little wind we soon landed for a walk, and stayed out until 3 o'clock.

There is quite a change in the appearance of the country and manners of the natives, pretty shady groves of shant trees, gardens neatly enclosed with mud walls, sakeehs worked often by the Indian humped bullock, instead of the shadoof system lower down, and enclosures for well fed cattle and sheep replace the scant cultivation and miserable animals we have just come through.

The mountains become bolder and almost surround us. The wind freshened about sunset and we got into Luxor about 8 p.m., running right onto an island, which the Reis declared to have been made since last year, it is only 15 feet high.

colony of Gulls seated on the water in immense numbers probably over some shoal. They had a most curious effect. About 5 o'clock we saw the Lisargas light, at least it was supposed to be that one or Finisterre, but great discrepancy and vagueness seemed to exist as to our present position. The wind force nearly off, and as the o'cast here there is a strong swell inwards, it was thought advisable to tack away from shore for fear of being thrown on to, the same, so we are cast more out of sight of land. The most curious thing we have yet noticed, marking our Southern progress, is the position of Ursa Major so near the horizon and we are rolling again in a most unpleasant manner.

Oct: 21

Lat: 42°30'

Long: 9° 20'

Course: S.21W

Another hot calm day, I had a dreadful headache, also Capt. Pim. We managed however to finish arranging the book list which we began yesterday, the rest of the day, I had the pleasure of passing on the sofa, at least until the evening when I had nearly two hours good exercise. Great excitement was caused just before dinner, watching for, Venus and the Comet which some people say are to clash this evening. The comet is extremely difficult to find now, being merely a slight blur in the sky. Capt. Pim took the distance between the two and found it to be 2°43', afterwards he showed me how to "take" the moon, with the sextant. We are now upon salt provisions and the amount of liquid consumed in consequence is something tremendous.

Mr. Stephenson declares that Mrs. Perry and I live by suction, he had stock taken of the soda-water and lemons and suggested a question in rule of three, that according to the amount we had imbibed today, would 3 doz: soda waters and 4 doz: lemons last to Gibraltar, he is doubtful. Several steamers in sight this evening. Dominoes as usual finished the day. I forgot to note down several days ago a curious question proposed by an old Sheik to Mr. Stephenson on his way up the Nile. "Two Arabs travelling in the desert met at a well, where they sat down to rest and eat bread, another Arab came up while they were so doing, and he having no bread the other two agreed to divide theirs with him, the one had three loaves, the other five. On parting the third Arab offered to pay them giving them 8 pieces to be portioned equally between them, they however could not agree on the subject and referred the subject to the Sheik of a neighbouring village who settled it immediately. How? He gave one piece to the man who had three loaves and seven to the other, which division was perfectly just. How did he arrive at this? The men had divided each loaf into three pieces, 24 in all,

eight pieces to each man, therefore the Arab who had three loaves portioned into nine pieces only, gave one piece, the other gave the remaining seven.

59 Miles since noon yesterday.

Oct: 22

Lat: 41° 54'

Long: 9° 36'

Temp: 1pm 65° Surface 63° Bottom 55°

Course: S.1E

On coming up this morning, land was again faintly in sight. About 10 30 a steamer came in sight, we put up our ensign, she changed her course and spoke to us, we reported ourselves and requested her to report us at Southampton, her name, James Brown, London. 1.30 p.m. we passed the boundary line between Spain and Portugal. In the afternoon a shark was said to be close to us, down went the harpoon it was however found to be a Sunfish, a very curious creature, the men manned the gig immediately and went after it with a harpoon, they were not successful as the fish disappeared just as they reached it. Capt. Pim says that they caught one in the Bay of Algiers last time they were there.

In the evening several porpoises were seen playing around the bows of the vessel, some of the men tried to harpoon them but in vain for just as the moment for action arrived the porpoises threw their tails up in the air and disappeared, "soused" as the sailors call it. Capt. Pim again took the distance between Venus and the Comet, tonight it was 4°34'. All the morning we amused ourselves reading and in the afternoon I took Mr. Perry's likeness. Mr. Stephenson had the microscope out, for it was calm nearly the whole day and the men fished up quantities of Gulf Stream weed, Medusa, and barnacles, it was very interesting. In one of the tentacles of the Medusa we discovered several of the luminous Mollusca Noctilines which evidently they were feeding upon. 37 Miles since noon yesterday.

Oct: 23

Lat: 40° 14'

Long: 9° 33'

Air: 65½°

Surface: 64½°

A good fresh breeze, quite a delightful change. About noon the P&O steamer passed us calculating from the time she left Southampton to the time she passed us, she has gone 10 miles an hour. We had one or two most thorough wettings from shipping heavy seas but one gets accustomed to it

Jan: 15

Started at daybreak with a fair wind, the other boats had left it the night, the wind got very high and gusty during the morning, put me in a great flight, at 11 a.m. we passed Souhag and at 12 put in to the village of Akhmin until the wind abated a little, which it did in about 4 hours, then we sailed until the wind fell about 7 p.m., stopped all night at Mansheeh. The windings of the river have been most extraordinary today, once our course was almost due N. then E. and so on until we regained our right direction.

Jan:16

At daybreak again we commenced tracking, at breakfast time they took it into their heads that there was a little wind so we pretended to sail but our only progress was made by poling, we got them to put us on shore in the small boat and had a capital walk along the east bank, here in places the limestone cliffs jut out quite into the water, they are often very beautiful, here there seeming to have undergone great convulsions, the strata lying at almost every angle and in some parts they are almost like rabbit burrows, so much are they excavated but we have never yet had time to go and examine them.

About 1 p.m. a brisk breeze sprang up and we sailed away until the middle of the night, with, I think, rather less than our usual array of bumps onto sandbanks, our peppery old Reis got in an earful passing today and broke his pipe stick over his men, such is life.

Jan: 17

From daybreak we tracked for a short time, we tried to get a walk but after about half an hour the Reis called to us to come on board as the wind was freshening, and besides we were on an island.

We soon had a splendid breeze, at 3 p.m. we passed Bayshooit and about 4 p.m. How. We continued sailing all night, this afternoon we saw immense crocodile basking on a sandbank, it was 15 or 20 feet long, while we watched it, it rolled or waddled into the water, this is the first we have seen. Our course is again very winding N.E. and N., the scenery has been lovely, such beautiful rocks, the Dam Palms too are becoming quite common, especially on the west bank, where they seem to grow taller and more luxuriant than on the other side.

From what we hear, the other 2 Dahabiehs must be ½ a day ahead of us.

Jan: 18

Jan: 12

We strolled for some time this morning chatting with the English and American gentlemen, the former are very agreeable, afterwards one of the American gentlemen went with us into the town of Osioot (about a mile and a half inland), to look at and invest in some very beautiful goolahs. Un us had told us of, they are very pretty, the clay of which they are made is peculiar to this part of the country. Osioot is a very picturesque town, and for an Egyptian remarkably clean, the entrance is pretty, and beautiful luxurious gardens surround it; Goolah and pipe bowl making seem the principal trade here. We had capital donkeys to go here, some of the Cairo donkey boys are transplanted here for the winter months.

The men's bread came on board at last this evening and there being a nice breeze we started about 8 p.m.

Jan: 13

Very cold n early this morning and scarcely any wind. John and I made the men put us on shore in the little boat and we walked for nearly 4 hours, shooting 14 pigeons, several times we sat down on the beautiful sandy shore, we also picked up a great many very pretty Jaspers.

The men had to track nearly all day, at night the dew was very heavy, such a lovely day it has been, more enjoyable, if possible than usual. While out we came within 3 or 4 hundred feet of 3 splendid purple cranes, they stood between 3 and 4 feet high.

Jan: 14

We remained all last night on the east bank, no wind again so we have as usual tracked, which, although it is a nuisance, gets us a good walk; we started before 9 on our walk, the ground was quite wet with dew and the air was cold, but it turned into a lovely day.

John shot a good many pigeons for the other people, Baron Biskow and Mr. Booth walked with us. We passed the village of Cow el Keber (east bank) about 11 a.m. and here we saw the first Dam Palm we have yet met with, we also got a curious nut from it.

Gow is the ancient Antropolis of the Ptolemy Philopater and Asinoit Gebel Shekh Hereeder just beyond this is a very beautiful projection limestone rock of the eastern hills, a good deal excavated.

Tracked on until sunset when we all anchored under the west bank. Mr. Biskow spent an hour or two chatting with us in the evening.

as the eels do etc. It rained heavily all the evening so we were reduced to dominoes and whist.

Oct: 24

Lat: 38° 39'

Long: 9° 33'

Air: 69½°

Surface: 66½°

Bottom: 57½°

The rain cleared off about 8.30 this morning, the sky still threatening, very little wind, really it is most provoking. At breakfast someone spoke of the Druidical remains at Stonehenge, the remains of Phenician Temples very much resemble these and it is thought probable that the Druids derived their religion from the Phenicians. Mr. Stephenson told us an amusing anecdote of his childhood or boyhood, he was always very fond of electrical experiments and after reading the account of Franklin's electrical kite he could never rest until he possessed one similar accordingly he saved up all his pocket money for some time until he had sufficient to purchase a wire string. The experiment succeeded admirably, and he amused himself by electrifying everyone he could entice into his room, and operated on his neighbours cows until they would give no milk.

One winter's morning however, his father's pony was standing waiting at the door ready for the old gentleman to mount, Mr. Stephenson (whose room' window looked out over the door) having previously made his arrangements and having procured a silk string 6 or 7 feet long by attaching which to the kite wire he could drop the latter over whatever place he chose, watched his opportunity, and just as his father was mounted applied a shock to the pony's back, thereby causing it to set off at a frantic gallop. "Won't I thrash you when I get home" said poor old Mr.; Stephenson turning round and discovering the author of the mischief. This afternoon we were sitting quietly reading on deck when we heard exclamations to look out and the second mate with his generally crimson face turned to scarlet with excitement, rushed up to us calling out to us to look at the "Tortles". There sure enough was a turtle sleeping calmly on the top of the water, it was about 2 feet long and covered with barnacles. We had a tremendously heavy shower about 1 o'clock, after that it cleared up but a dense fog came over with the dusk.

The sunset with us one hour earlier than in London.

Oct: 25

Temp: 70°

Surface: 65°

Bottom: 57°

Depth: 112 fath.

Dead calm or nearly so all day, the air most oppressive. In the morning I commenced a letter to Mama in the faint hope that some of these days we shall arrive at Gibraltar and be able to post it. We are opposite Cape St. Vincent, of which headland we had a slight view through the mist for a few minutes. Nothing of the smallest interest has occurred and nothing has been seen (for we are surrounded with mist) excepting a pilot fish which followed us for some distance. It is a very pretty fish, brown and striped like a perch, only with bright blue, they are said always to be in the vicinity of sharks, so out went the pork again but in vain.

Oct 26:

Lat: 36° 20'

Air: 69½°

Surface: 67½°

Very little wind, and what there was dead against us when shall we get in? In the morning I wrote a little more to Mama for Mrs. Perry had had the tables Axed on purpose to write. In the afternoon I did a little sketching. As the wind has been East we are obliged to tack, and are now standing straight for the coast of Africa.

Oct: 27

This morning on coming on deck I saw for the first time the coast of Africa. The mouth of the Straits of Gibraltar, namely Cape Spartel on the African, and Trafalgar on the Spanish side, such glorious mountains, those on the African side are 3,000 feet. I cannot give myself any idea of what I felt at this, to me, first view of true mountain scenery, magnificently tinted, rich purple and brown and wreathed round the summits with beautiful fleecy white clouds, peak after peak rising most picturesquely as we open the strait. The wind was right in our teeth, so having to tack all the way in we had plenty of time to study every mile of the coast. A very strong current running in from the Atlantic, this meeting the east wind gave us drenching sea and plenty of motion. Soon after breakfast we passed Trafalgar (which derives its name from Tarf Alg or the rock of the cave, there being a most curious gothic shaped cave in the side). Then we tacked over to Tarifa, a curious old town (said to be the most Moorish town in Spain), this point and the Ape's Head on Sierra Bullones (2200 feet) from the Pillars of Hercules, the latter is very picturesque. At 12.30 we tacked in pretty close to Tangiers of which we had a capital view, for the first time I have seen a minaret. At sunset the light on the mountains and on the clouds on or round their summit was glorious.

Sailed all night and a most uncomfortable night it was, sudden squeaking, men screaming, and, boat rocking, no rest for the wicked.

Wind kept up all day, about 4 p.m. passed Benihassen, steep limestone rocks line the east bank, nearly all are excavated more or less, beautifully cut doors and windows leading to tombs I believe.

About 8.30 we stopped for a short time at a small village but the wind rising again, off we went and sailed all night.

Jan: 10

Such a 'night we had, worse than the last, about 4 a.m. it commenced to blow a perfect hurricane, the most dangerous kind, in gusts from the tops of the limestone mountains (Gabel Abcofayder) on the east side; our headstrong Reis persisted in going on, although this is a well known dangerous pass; the Oahabieh rocked fearfully and looked as if every moment she would dash against the rocks, At 10 o'clock we put into Manfaloot and started again at 12, instead of remaining, like reasonable beings, until the wind moderated, once in the stream we heeled over and rocked so much that John made the Reis put in to the opposite shore, every other boat had already done so.

About 6 p.m. the wind went down and we started again, in the middle of the night the wind went down and we stopped.

John and Unus shot 12 pigeons today.

Jan: 11

About 9 a.m. we reached Osioot, having come 25 miles since sunset yesterday. Here we found the Americans, and the English soon came up, also Gadsby's and 2 more American Dahabiehs, so there are now 6 boats here, all waiting to have the men's bread made.

We went for a long walk in the morning, the country is exceedingly rich along the canals that intersect the land, a noble chain of the Lybeau hills stretches south and behind Osioot in a line about 5 miles from the river, they contain a great many excavations; pigeons are in great abundance here, John shot 5 pigeons, a duck, dove, 12 sparrows, and a beautiful little green Bee-eater, we had another short walk this afternoon. Tousem Pasha and his mother arrived today.

Turkeys, chickens and bread are being got in here.

we have passed; now stiff and rugged limestone rocks, some projecting sharply into the river itself, as if suddenly broken (perhaps 3 or 4 hundred feet high) this on the east bank, the west flat and thinly cultivated. The sun as it set tinged the long ridge of rocks bounding the one side of the Nile, of the brightest possible gold, this changed to a beautiful green, the sky coloured the most lovely pink and above that blue; all this reflected distinctly in the still water. Stayed all night at the village of Pushin.

Jan: 7

Tracked all day, early in the morning we started for a walk, we were out for 3 hours, as the shore was too shelving to get on board again, it was very warm and the road rough, still it was most delightful. Noble game today, 7 sparrows, they are much more handsomely marked than the common English sparrow. Towards evening we began to lose sight of the mountains, passing Skek el Embasak, the last projecting table rock after which they recede eastwards; we passed also the Hagar e Salem (stone of welcome); stopped shortly after sunset at the village of Nabassah; John and I were strolling after dinner when the American gentleman and his son came and spoke to us, inviting us to go on board their Dahabieh, we went, their boat is very comfortable, but the people uncommonly slow, thoroughly American.

About 8 p.m. a very slight breeze rose and we set sail, assisted by poling.

Jan: 8

Breeze increased as the morning rose, we were getting on very well, our stupid Reis stopped to take the boat on board, of course the ship Oahabiehs left us far behind and we were made as uncomfortable as possible not having an inch to move in, and all to no purpose.

We sailed well all day, notwithstanding the bad management of the vessel, steered as never boat was before. Regained the hills and rugged limestone rocks and passed the Gebel e Tayr on the flat top of which is the Convent of Sittah Moream el Adra (Our Lady Mary the Virgin) inhabited by Copts, these wretches descended the rock and-swam to the vessel calling out "Backsheesh, Hawagee ana Christian"; one of them also clambered up the stern up to the roof, but John telling one of the men to give him "khamseen" (fifty) soon sent him off. We did not reach Minish until 9 pm. and as the breeze continued fresh, did not stop passing the English Dahabieh there but the Yankee is still ahead. Minish seems a large village and looked very pretty in the splendid moonlight, it has large sugar refineries.

Jan: 9

In the evening the wind lessened very much and the sea moderated so we quickly sailed in. About 10 p.m. we went on deck, we were then sailing in under "The Rock", perhaps there was a mile between it and us although it seemed much nearer, a most fairylike scene it was, the whole base and for about $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile up the rock was brilliantly lighted apparently with all coloured lamps, a heavy black cloud hung over it and covered the top while from the edge of the cloud the moon struggle? to shine for a time, giving just sufficient light to render everything else more mysterious, while the perfect stillness (excepting when the sound of a bacchanalian chorus, a dogs bark or the church chimes came softly to us over the water) contrasted strongly with the turmoil we had just left. Gibraltar derives its name from "Gibel Tarik" the rock of Tarik, from its Moorish founder Tarik who lived early in the 8th Century. We anchored at 1/2 past 12.

Chapter Two: Adventures at Gibraltar

Oct: 28

At about 10 a.m. we went on shore, at the quay where we landed a strange scene presented itself, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Spaniards and English, men, women and children, talking, screaming, working and quarrelling, in all sort of costumes from turban and slippers to the mantilla (for which a shawl is substituted by the poorer women). The town did not seem to me in the least bit English, the houses are high but poor, mostly painted yellow or pink, every window being provided with jalousies. First of all we visited the fish market, I was astonished at the quantities of cuttle fish (nasty looking things) sold here, then we went into the flesh and fruit market, of course garlic was in abundance, at the first sight of it Mr. Stephenson with mock solemnity took off his hat and made a profound bow. Pomegranates, sweet potatoes, chestnuts and figs, also sugar-cane for the children to suck, abounded. Shopping came next, it was great fun to see Mr. Stephenson gravely ordering groceries, he afterwards went to another shop with us and gave us two ladies a Burnous cloak each. Our horses which had been ordered when we first came on shore were now ready, and the whole party mounted, such a queer cavalcade - alas, crinoline was never made for riding!!! A most loquacious guide (a very intelligent man) went with us and after some delay about a "permit" we started up "The Rock". The roads are fearfully steep and crumbling, how the animals manage to keep their footing I cannot imagine. A short way up and we arrived at the galleries, through these you can ride and although sometimes in almost total darkness the horses seem to feel their way. Soon after this we had to dismount and very glad I was, Mr. Stephenson declared "that on looking back he saw me clutching tight hold of the pommel and grinning with fear. I don't admit this, but I was desperately uncomfortable.

At the top of the central rock (the one we went up) is a fort, where we "refreshed" in the shape of pomegranates and biscuits. Rock of the Cave this rock is 1,300 feet, the S & E 1,457 and the North Point 1,400. On the Southern side round the bay we could see the towns of Algeciras, close down by the sea, and S. Roque picturesquely crowning a beautiful hill further in. On the North side clustered at the foot of the rock is the little fishing village of La Calepa or Catalana, further' long the coast, Estefiona, far up among the hill is Gausin, and beyond that again Ronda. In the S.E. peak are two caves, The Old Man's and S. Michael's cave, one of these is celebrated for its exquisite water. It is very curious to notice the zones of plants, from the top to about halfway down, the Monkey date palm grows abundantly. I was persuaded by the guide to taste the fruit but repented in thirst and nausea. Lower down the wild lavender and sage flourish, thence to the bottom, Pines

Jan: 2

As usual tracked until the men's breakfast time, then we went ashore for a walk, John shot 2 birds known as the "Crocodiles toothpicker", very pretty. Wind fair for a short time, but we were soon on sandbanks and had to be towed nearly all day, still keep company with the two Dahabiehs, left the American during the afternoon but she made up to us in the night. Stayed ail night at Gursah, here the English Dahabieh had a pane of glass pushed in by a man belonging to a man passing, a great row ensued amongst all the crews.

Jan: 3

Tracked until 10 a.m., then a strong favourable breeze sprang up and all three Dahabiehs raced along until sunset, then it fell and we tried again. Just as the men were preparing to stop for the night a slight breeze sprang up and we sailed gently on for about two hours. We had a walk early in the morning and saw great numbers of geese, purple cranes and pelicans on a sandbank but out of gunshot. Anchored at last about 10 miles from Benisoef.

Jan: 4

Very slight breeze early in the morning, but it soon fell off we were reduced to tracking at first on the east side of the river, but it became so rocky that we were obliged to cross. Reached Benisoef about 1 o'clock, here we "provisioned the ship" so to speak and stayed all day and night.

Jan: 5

Tracked until about 11 o'clock when we stopped at the village of Beringeh, here we remained until about 2pm. and had a long walk, tracked again until sunset when we stopped for the night at the village of Bibbeh. Just before arriving there, we passed the end of a curious rocky ridge of hills abutting on the river. We have been passing and being passed by, the 2 Dahabiehs for days and are now behind for a change.

Jan: 6

No wind, so we tracked all day, that is to say when we were going at all, but the men are getting tired, and take long rests at each' meal time. After breakfast we started for a walk but finding ourselves on an island, came back to the boat, on our way there we were stopped by the two ladies of the American Dahabieh, I would rather have met a crocodile however they were very polite and great at pumping, they seem anxious to make our acquaintance. We had a long walk in the middle of the day, John shot 3 pigeons and made a very nice sketch of a projecting rocky mountain on the east bank. This evening the sunset was magnificent, the scenery we have now come to, differs completely from the low shore and rounded sand hills

Chapter Twelve: A return visit to Egypt with Elizabeth's husband John Stanton

1859

Dec: 29

Drove down to Boulak and went on board Dahabieh about 3 p.m., sailed, tracked and rowed as far as the middle of Rhoda Island, where we anchored for the night, wind against us, and died off completely by sunset. Just before starting we saw the Duc de Paris's Dahabieh off, towed by a Government steamer.

Dec: 30

Underweigh again at 6 a.m., wind still foul. At 10 a.m. stopping on the west bank nearly opposite the head of Rhoda. About 10 o'clock, as we were being towed round rather a difficult point the tow rope snapped and we journeyed at the greatest speed we have yet been across and down the river, dashing against a stone wall, very little distance from where we started and entangling our masts in an overhanging area, wind too strong against us, so getting clear of the trees we anchored under rather a nice Turkish house, the proprietor politely invited us into his garden, very pretty and gave us pipes, coffee and flowers, "polite individual that, great man that" as Tom would say; the coffee apparatus was very elegant.

Dec: 31

Woke this morning with the wind still against us; about 1 p.m. it veered round to the N., we weighed anchor and set sail, but missing stays we turned sharply round and our bows striking the brickwork of a sunken sakeea knocked a large piece out of our bow post, at the same time heeling our boat so far over as to cause a general upset of cabin contents. Getting free from this we started once more and with a splendid breeze got about 5 miles beyond Mitrahenny by sunset, then the wind fell off and we tracked about 10 miles. Looking back from there is a splendid view of Cairo, the Citadel and the Tourra mountains. Stopped all night at the village of Masarah, one of our men left behind at Rhoda, came up with us about opposite Mitrahenny having run all the way from Rhoda.

Jan: 1

Commenced tracking about 7 a.m., at 10 a.m. stopped for the men to rest and eat, we went along the shore and walked along the banks for some distance; tracked again until sunset, coming up to an American and an English Dahabieh which had left Rhoda 3 days before we did remained all night at Kafr el Tyat.

(Opuntia), Aloes, Cactus, Prickly Pear, Castor-oil plant and poisonous Tomata tree. Great part of the rock is covered with a plant whose leaves resemble those of the "Lords & Ladies" the flower is very curious, it is called Lumiera del Mond. We again went into the town for a few purchases and Mr. Stephenson very kindly invested me with a cloth cap. We went on board about half past 5, as we rowed towards our "home" we saw a light in a good sized vessel, this at first was thought to be a forge but as it increased and the flames rose it was seen that she was on fire. Capt. Pim and Mr. Perry went to her in the gig to see if they could save anyone. Nobody was on board, it appears that she is an American vessel, the Captain and family had left her and were on shore, leaving only a boy on board, he also took to himself a boat and departed, so before anyone reached the vessel she was in flames, in about an hour they got the fire out but not until the leeward side was burnt nearly to the water, she was loaded with marble from Leghorn.

Oct: 29

We rose this morning at 6, breakfasted at 7 and were on shore by 8. Here a carriage with four horses and one riding horse waited us and we started for S. Roque and the Cork Wood. In the carriage (more correctly drawing it) were two horses abreast and two tandem (with two postillions) which were not put to except in the bad parts of the road. Capt. Pim and the guide took it in turns to ride. The mad after passing the Neutral ground (or isthmus) and crossing the Spanish line, runs along the shore, in fact we drove through the water, it then ascends and winds amongst the hills, such a road, the jolting was tremendous. We had a most splendid view of the Sierra Nevada, to me the effect was almost overpowering. After a ride of six miles we arrived at S. Roué, where we ordered dinner to be ready for us on our return at 2 o'clock, we then proceeded on our journey to the Cork Wood, but on reaching the river Guadaranque (which we had to cross) it was found impassable for the carriage, the gentlemen, coachman and postillions all dismounted and held a consultation as to what was best to be done. They at last decided that we should leave the carriage and cross on horseback. Capt. Pim said he was sure we could manage to jump from mud to .mud, so nothing loath, I attempted and succeeded very easily. The gallant and energetic Captain then frantically flew to Mrs. Perry and assisted her across, Mr. Perry followed on the horse, Mr. Stephenson on foot, "sic transit gloria mundi". This interesting little adventure over, we proceeded on foot to the commencement of the Cork Wood. On our way we met several trains of donkeys and mules, the former mostly loaded with cork, charcoal, fodder, chestnuts or pomegranates, we stopped one of the latter and invested in some of the fruit, which we enjoyed immensely, under the shade of a large cork tree. It was a funny party which, alas, this morning were white but to speak poetically had lost their premiere freicheur in the Guadaranque and

had assumed an elegant negligee appearance from riding without straps, seated on "a stick" eating, Mr. Stephenson delicately manipulating a pomegranate, ditto Mr. and Mrs. Perry, the guide like a thread paper, 3 horses and 2 postillions (so to speak).

We went a little farther into the wood until we came to a farm house, the woman there of apologised for its dirty state observing that it was occasionally used as a stable. Here the gentlemen indulged in a little "aqua ardiente" (made here from the fermented juice of figs and sugar cane) and we then turned back, we caught a great number of red beetles called "Cochinita". On our way to, and in the wood we found a great variety of plants - Monkey date palms, Coca palm, Aloes (which grow to a great size here), served commonly as hedges all over the country and are used for making rope and thread, wild sugar cane, prickly pear (cultivated for the fruit as well as the cochineal), orange and lemon trees, fig, oleander, wild asparagus, myrtle etc. Mr. Stephenson said its appearance was quite tropical. Great numbers of oxen are used in the plough, in one field we saw as many as 11 yoked, they are small but beautifully formed, the yoke is a heavy piece of wood fastened behind the horns of each pair. We passed several little stone or wood crosses on the road, marking the places where murders have been perpetrated by the way, both Capt. Pim and Mr. Perry took their revolvers in case of squalls, happily they were unnecessary. At S. Roque we went to see the Bull Ring (Plaza de Tares), it is a large circular (many sided) building, the shady side has "sombre" written over the doors and is kept for the "swells". We dined at San Roque at "El Corseo Inglis" kept by a Scotchman who has resided here for 20 years, we had a true Spanish dinner, thus Olla Podrida (a dish made of every sort of vegetable and meat mixed together and flavoured with garlic), Omelettes (fried in olive oil) and pomegranates. After dinner we drove back to the quay, where the boat was waiting us. The instant we got on board the vessel weighed anchor, unfortunately it was a dead calm, we had to be towed out of the Bay by the boat. Goodbye to Gibraltar where I have passed two of the happiest days of my life.

Dressed by candlelight and started by the 7.40 train for Paris, a long and very tedious journey, at 12 a.m. we reached Dijon, here we stayed for a quarter of an hour and lunched. At 6.30 we arrived in Paris, old Francois Ribusy met us at the station, Papa and Mama have not yet arrived but from the letter Ribusy has received I suppose we shall see them tomorrow evening. We are established in most comfortable rooms in the Hotel de Castille, Rue Richelieu.

Jan: 28

Hardly had I dressed when Mr. Perry knocked at my door and said "Here is a lady called to see you", in great wonder I went out and there found my dear Papa and Mama, they had traveled all night instead of staying at Calais. After lunch at the Hotel we went to the Palais Royal and wandered about there, drove to the Louvre to see the exterior and also round the Place de la Concorde where we met the little Prince out driving. In the evening we went to a Café Chantant.

Jan: 29

Breakfasted at Les Trois Freres in the Palais Royal, went into the Louvre, to the Tour Sainte, then back. Mrs. Perry and I afterwards did a little shopping; to the Cirque Napolienne in the evening.

Jan: 30

Mr. Stephenson, Mama and I went to hear High Mass at the Madeleine in the morning, in the afternoon we drove out, Mr. Stephenson and I went to see La Sainte Chanelle, built by Louis VII or Saint Louise, a perfect gem. In the evening went to the Opera and heard Le Dominoe Noir and Joconde.

(Note: This is the last entry and brings the diary to a close before returning to England.)



tower is shown where they are said to have thrown the people over in the revolution of /92, also another curious extinguisher-shaped tower where they were burnt. The town is between 3 and 4 kilometres round, it is entirely surrounded by walls, they are unique I believe so richly ornamented and so perfect, a wire suspension bridge leads to the town over the Rhone. By the way, "Il est det'endu de faire galopper ou trotter les chevaux sur les pants" which makes crossing them rather tedious.

At 12.30 we bid adieu to Mrs. Puron our landlady a great friend of Mr. Stephenson, who gave us at parting a touching proof of her affection, a bunch of violets each and a provision for voyage in the shape of some brioches. In the waiting room was a poor young soldier evidently in the last stage of consumption, his cough was fearful and his large dark eyes and delicate pale face reminded me very sadly of our poor darling Obrney, I hear him say to an old officer who was taking all possible care of him "Je ne reverrais pas Avignon" Poor fellow. A long tiring journey through a most beautiful country brought us to Lyons about 6 o'clock p.m. we passed a great number of Roman towers and walls and at Orange is a fine Triumphal Arch: we crossed the rivers Drome and Izied and had a splendid view of the Covennes, our road lying along the banks of the Rhone nearly the whole way. We are at the Hotel de l'Universe.

Jan: 26

Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I took a walk through the Place Louis le Grand, a magnificent square with a fine statue of Louis XIV in the centre, we then crossed the Laone at the Pont de Tilsit returning we crossed the Rhone, there are no less than 20 bridges in Lyons and most of them handsome, the quays are also very numerous and fine, it is very curious to see the hay barges on the rivers, the hay is stacked on these boats instead of on land, the inside of some of the stacks is scooped out for the owners to live in. There are also some queer contrivances for the washerwomen, an extensive barge, they reminded me of the socinole Grosbeaks. We had a carriage and drove up to the Fort Logasse, this hill rises steeply up behind the town, the view from here is sUPP9sed to be very fine extending even to a peep of Mont Blanc, but today everything was enveloped in a thick fog. The Cathedral of Lyons pleased me exceedingly, very lofty and severe and most beautiful painted windows, the porch is very fine also. Lyons contains an extraordinary number of fine public buildings, thus the Palais de Justice, the Hotel de Ville looking on to the Sacne, the Theatre, Hospital, and fountains, the houses are high and are elaborately ornamented, the streets broad and well kept.

Jan: 27

Chapter Three: Malaga, Granada and the Alhambra

Oct: 30

The wind has been foul or calm from the time we got out of the Bay, so we have had the pleasure of tacking or standing still, a very quiet day. When we went to bed we were within sight of Malaga, today we saw the first snow capped mountain, the Sierra Blanca.

Oct: 31

We got into Malaga about 9 a.m., it is a small harbour crowded with vessels, the pilot who came out to us said we must anchor head and stern. An east wind creates a great commotion amongst the ships, that part of the harbour being quite exposed. Went on shore at 1 o'clock, mounted one of the cathedral towers (Santiago, formerly a mosque), then took a fly and drove through the town to the Protestant and Catholic burial grounds, the former is picturesque, and the latter very curious from the way in which they place the coffins in holes in the wall. We then called on the Consul but he was at dinner, so Mr. Stephenson and I left cards, and a note from Mr. Pole. We next went over the cathedral, it is lofty and imposing but not richly decorated, the chanting was not bad. Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I went on board, leaving Capt. Pim and Mr. Stephenson to settle for the journey to Granada. By the way when out riding, we passed a field of thee Cactus Opuntia or flat leaved cactus covered with the cochineal insect (Mumes Cochinella), it looks as if the plants were covered with cobwebs.

Nov: 1

First thing after breakfast we went on shore to the pier, to try a new instrument made by Wheatstone for finding the time of day at any time or place. I mused myself sketching, the gentlemen then went on shore to call on the Consul to enquire about passports, we shall not require any. Lunched at 2.30, sent our luggage on shore, for our vehicle leaves at 5 p.m. and the luggage to be there two hours before. About 4 we left the vessel landed at the quay and walked up the Alamada to the starting place, we were there nearly half an hour too soon and stood there waiting. A considerable crowd was collected to see us start, this being a fete day (All Saints) there are more idle people about than usual even, our large hats give great amusement, "Che Sombrero" was the universal exclamation. Mr. Mark the brother of the Consul met us here. At last our diligence is ready, a great lumbering heavy thing, drawn by 10 mules and 2 horses, the leader is a horse and is ridden by a postillion, the mules between this and the two last have no reins but are left to follow the leader. In the diligence the front or coupe is called here "Ballina", the middle and the Rotunda or back the Cabrolet, over the Ballina and in front is the coachman's seat. Mrs. Perry and I had the Ballina to

ourselves, it holds 3, but Mr. Stephenson has been kind enough to take the whole for us two, Capt. Pim sits beside the coachman part of the way and the rest of the journey with Mr. Perry and Mr. Stephenson in the centre or "condemned cell" as the latter call it, it is certainly dark and dismal to the last extreme. Now comes the getting in, Mr. Stephenson came up to us, shook hands "Goodbye, God bless you", there was something so exquisitely comical in the whole thing, the tears were positively running down our cheeks from laughing, and the people looked at us so amazed to see ignorant foreigners bidding each other farewell before getting into different parts of one vehicle; dying with laughter, we all managed to scramble into our places, Capt. Pym has several speeches addressed to him from the bystanders, and with a cracking of whips, screeching, hollowing and cries from our noisy drivers, (of which species we have 3 and a young one), Cavallos Musho, byla bila rrrrrcurrr, we commence a system of jolting which was most awful, Mr. Perry's head touches the top of the coach once or twice and whenever there is a good rough piece of ground they make the most of it by going as hard as they can over it. The first stage of about 15 miles was one continual ascent and nearly the whole of that distance we could see Malaga and the cemetery, glistening with lamps, the latter is illuminated on account of the fete. It soon became dark, the roads were bad beyond description, steep precipices either side and the sharper and more dangerous the corner the faster we went. At last we came to a sudden stop with a jerk, Che cosa? What is it? The leader has fallen, his rider is down, six mules at least have passed over him, is he alive? He breathes, but is bleeding. He says when he can at last speak, that his chest has been kicked by a mule, that his thumb is broken. Mr. Perry examines him, and finds that his thumb although very severely cut is not broken, he binds it up with a strip of Mr. Stephenson's handkerchief, who, always kind, has torn off a piece in an instant, and the man actually has the pluck to mount again and ride 50 miles more that night. Our first stage was 2,400 feet above the level of the sea, 'we changed 7 times in the 69 miles, reaching Loja which is about half way at 4 a.m., there we stopped half an hour and had some chocolate, two more breakdowns and we reach Granada at 9.30 a.m.

I shall never forget the glorious effect of the sunrise on the plains of Granada and the Sierra Nevada, a splendid rose tint spread all over the mountains to the west, colouring the morning mist, the plains are richly cultivated with vines and olives. Put down at the Plaza, tired and dusty, we enlisted the service of the guide Binsaken el More (rather a celebrated individual) and walked up to the Fonda de los Siete Suelos, it is situated in the grounds of the Alhambra, close to the palace. Here we refreshed, had breakfast and then started with Bensaken to see the Alhambra. I cannot describe it, it is beyond shabby this bare attempts, we went first through the

other people's goods. The brother of the landlord is commencing a large water-cure establishment here.

After lunch 'wee continue our journey to Avignon a distance of?? miles, never was I so miserably cold in my life, the Mistral wind had commenced blowing, sweeping down the valley of the Rhone it came like a hurricane, no fires or wraps will keep it out it literally "doubles one up" and yet they said that "ce n'etait pas fort tout", Mr. Stephenson says that when it is "fort" the stones are blown about, certainly we did not witness this, happily for us. We arrived at the Hotel d'Europe at Avignon about 5, the table d'hote was not until 7 so Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I wandered out into the town up past the old Pope's Palace and the Cathedral to a spot commanding a most lovely view of the town, the little village of Chateauneuf de la Pape with its picturesque old Roman tower, the fertile plains of Avignon with beautiful Rhone winding through them, and beyond standing boldly out the snow capped Mont Venteux coloured a most exquisite rose by the setting sun, the whole sky to the west was of a deco-orange shading gradually into blue the fading light reflected in the river as we caught sight of it in its winding. The spot where we stood is part of the public gardens, here there is a statue of Jean Althen the discoverer of madder as a dye, erected by his grateful fellow countrymen. The wind was so strong as positively to make us run along,

Jan: 25

We had a carriage directly after breakfast and drove first to the Cathedral, then over the Palace, round the town walls and then back to the Hotel. The porch of the Cathedral is part of a pagan temple of the 4th century, the rest was built in the 8th. Near the High Altar is the Papal Chair it is of white marble, on one side of which is carved a winged, wolf and on the other a tiger, it was brought to Avignon in 308 by Clement 8th near this in an enclosed side chapel is the tomb of Pope Jean XXII, leading out of this chapel is a doorway formerly connected with the Palace, it was used by the Popes as a private entrance, at the other end is the tomb of Benedict XII who died in 1342. In one of the chapels there is a most beautiful statue of the Virgin by Predier, the flexibility of the drape is wonderful, there are also some frescoes by Giotto.

The Palace is now turned into a barrack, a few frescoed ceilings and walls very much defaced are all that remain, one little room formerly a chapel must have been beautifully ornamented but when the Corsican troops were stationed here they amused themselves scratching away the plaster all round the paint heads, and then passing a sharp instrument behind cut them off framed and sold them, they are now in Sebastian's gallery. The

Some very delightful walks lead from it down to the Jardin de la Fontaine, through these we walked the carriage meeting us at the latter place, we then drove round the Cours Neuf a very fine boulevard, and then home to dinner. Population of Nimes 60,000 - 15,000 is rather a large proportion of prisoners in the Maison d'arrets. We have been obliged to turn vegetarian here as we can get no meat at this horrid table d'hote, it is the greatest possible fun to see poor Hr. Perry's despair thereat. I have the coziest little room in the world, this I make as hot as a furnace of a fire can do, light plenty of candles and sit up reading until 12 or 1 o'clock, what luxury.

Jan: 24

Good-bye Nimes, au revoir beautiful Fountain, I shall never forget you. Niimausa will henceforth be my Goddess of Beauty, her patient sad face will ever haunt me. We paid a long visit to the Amphitheatre and Fountain early, and by 9.30 were posting with four capital horses, the luggage had been sent on an hour before with King and the courier. Quite a crowd collected to see us start, it was quite amusing. A drive of 15 miles through a country rich in olives and mulberrys and we are at the Pont du Gard, at least at the Hotel de la Porte in the village of the Pont du Gard, here we found King and Eugene, our horses were put up and a curious little one horse sort of covered chaise took Mrs. Perry and me to the aqueduct about a mile off. The Gard flows through a valley enclosed by the most lovely hills, its bright green waters rush along forming little cascades over the rocks; the Pont du Gard is formed of three rows of arches, the first consisting of six large arches, the second twelve smaller, and the top 35 little ones at the top of all this the aqueduct, the width of the interior about 3ft 6 or 4ft, but is so thickly covered with encrustation has hardly to admit of your passing between, its height (for it is covered over) is 6ft 2 or 3, we crossed inside and then back again and afterwards walked a little way down the river to get another view of this majestic building, it is in excellent preservation, and Napoleon III has had it repaired just lately he seems to take great pains in preserving all these noble remains. Originally the aqueduct went through a tunnel in the hill, this is now filled in, a bridge has been built (150 years ago) just the same height as the First row of arches so as not to destroy the effect. The views all round are very lovely, far in the distance are the snow mountains of Auvergne.

We then returned to the Hotel de la Porte to lunch, on entering King said to Mr. Perry- "We have had a little disagreement since you left Sir" "What" "Why the carriage the ladies had belonged to a mercantile traveller, who when he came back found his horse and chaise gone to his great surprise". A good dinner however consoled him and we heard nothing more of the matter, but we were very much amused at this cool way of making use of

avenue that leads from our Fonda, these avenues are in the gardens of the Alhambra, the trees were presented by the Duke of Wellington to the number of 800, (small white elms), after he received from the government the Lotodi Roma near Granada which belonged to Godey. At the bottom of these avenues the Punta de los Granas built in 1232, it has a curious representation of an open hand, said by some to mean hospitality, and by others the five commandments of the musselmen. Next we came to the Gate of Justice (Torres de Justicia), Plaza de los Algibe, this leads to the court in front of the Palace, commenced by Charles V who pulled down the ancient Moorish Winter Palace to build this one which was never finished for fear of earthquakes, near this is the Torre del Vino built in 1345, it was bought by Sir Grenville Temple for 400 dollars, who has fitted it up simply for himself. At the opposite side of the Plaza is the entrance to the Alhambra Palace, this leads you first of all into the Patio de la Alberca or court of the Fishpond, this pond was intended for the ladies bathing, it is surrounded with myrtles whence it derives its other name. The reflections of the light fairylike arches in the water has a most lovely effect.

An archway to the left hand leads into the Ambassador's Hall (Sala de los Ambyadores), the devices on the walls of this hall are I think the most beautiful of any, the ceiling is dark wood inlaid and gilt. Out at the other end of the fishpond court is the Court of Lions to the right of which is the Hall of the Abenurrages, to the left the Hall of the Two Sisters, and straight before you the Judgement Hall. The ceilings of three alcoves in the latter hall are painted on leather, they are supposed to have been done by Christian slaves, the Mohamedans not being allowed by their creed to represent any living thing. The Hall of the Two Sisters is so called from two large stone slabs in the floor, the roof is most delicate and exquisite as is that also in the Hall of the Abenurrages. Owen Jones, in the Crystal Palace, has filled the windows with painted glass, here however, they are quite open and when we were there the lovely blue sky shone in. I can trace the position no longer, in one part there is a small whispering room said to have been made by Philip II to amuse his family (they must have been very easily amused if that sufficed). From a high Tower called the Queen's dressing room we had a most glorious view of the surrounding country, of the Sierra Nevada, the two principal peaks of which Mulipsassan is 13,000 and Piracle 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, at least these were the two highest visible from the place where we were. I have felt not the slightest shade of disappointment in visiting the Alhambra, there is something very serious and fascinating about the delicate building, one almost wonders how anything so fragile could have lasted so many years and gone through all the vicissitudes that it has.

At 5 o'clock we returned to the Fonda to dinner, after which we went down into the town to make a few purchases, I never saw anything to equal the constant system of "do" that goes on in this town, we went into one shop to buy some Mantas or Spanish blankets, Bensaken told us that the largest were worth about 5 dollars or 5½, we enquired the price from the shopkeeper who immediately put them down at 8, and some red Mantas that Mrs. Perry and I had taken a fancy to, at the same price. We all looked rather flabbergasted "You see" said Bensaken "you leave it to me and I will get them for you at the price I named", he turned to the man and after applying a few gentle epithets as to his choosing said good evening and we left the shop. No sooner however had we turned our backs than the shopman screamed out to us to return and altered his price a little, although he was "perfectly sure it would ruin him", once more we turned away, once more returned and after performing this little manoeuvre about six times obtained the large blanket for 5½ and our red Mantas for 4 a piece, just half what he asked at first, everything is sold in the same style. Our hats produced the most astonishing effect here on old and young.

Nov: 3

We went first of all to see Contriras the architect employed by the Spanish government to redecorate the Alhambra. Contriras has several beautiful models of different parts of the Alhambra, he is making one for the Emperor of Russia of the whole building, it is to cost about £2,000, Mr. Stephenson invested in several smaller ones. We then went through the old town and into the house where the Empress Eugenie was born, Bensaken lived in their family for 8 years, and knows all the little ins and outs of their history. We then ascended a very high hill opposite the Alhambra called the Plaja de San Nicholas, from this place we had the most exquisite view possible, prominently before us stood out the hill crowned by the Alhambra, encircled by Towers, and lower down by houses, the old town lying at its feet, the background glorious mountains and snow-capped peaks glittering in the sun. I made a very slight sketch of the Alhambra from this place. In the evening we had the gypsies to sing, dance and play the guitar, these people have regular quarters in Granada, their dwellings are principally caves in the side of the hill, they have laws of their own and a Chief or Captain, it was the latter with his wife and one or W/O others whom we saw. The Captain was a fine athletic fellow with a magnificent voice and wonderful execution on the guitar and tambourine.

Nov: 4

We spent the whole morning at the Alhambra, at least all but Mr. Stephenson who went down the town with Bensaken. Such delightful morning we spent, by the way the real name of this place is Alhama or

Rhodune Nimausale Varde 4 rivers, two are female and two male figures, all five are colossal and are in white marble, I never saw a group of figures more strikingly lovely, one of the female figures in particular is perfect; Paris tried hard to get the Fountain but Nimes would not part with it.

The Amphitheatre here is not so large but much more perfect than that at Aries, more remains of the stone seats which originally covered the whole of the interior sides the marks even remain which divided out the seats. In the lower galleries were the Senators and Patricians, next the "cavaliers then the plebeians, next to them the "affranchis" and lastly the slaves at the very top. The entrances are very numerous and well arranged, would that our theatres would take a leaf out of their books! The Saracens in the early part of the 8th century were in possession of it, they made it their citadel, Charles Martel attacked them there and burnt them out by piling wood round the exterior, the building shews evident marks of fire; little bits of Saracenic Architecture peep in here and there, additions the invaders had made, I found a beautiful little spiral column ornamented with an elegant acanthus in one place, later the whole of the Arena was filled with dwellings, they were cleared out in 1811. But the gem, the charm of Nimes is the Maison Carree, which we next went to see, it is the most perfect thing I ever saw in the way of architecture, the interior is not a Museum, but as it does not, today being Sunday, open until after 12 we went in the mean time to the Jardin de la Fountains, another charming place, there is a very fine spring here from which the garden takes its name, in excavating near it they came upon some extensive Roman remains said to be Baths, they are in excellent preservation. In this garden also is the Temple de Diane, great quantities of curiosities have been and are being discovered every year, in and around the Temple, one most magnificent and perfect piece of mosaic is in the Maison Caree now; the latter place being open by this time we went in, it contains a collection of paintings generally speaking very mediocre, from Cromwell viewing Charles I after death, by Paul de la Mache and the Simeon in the Desert not alone worth anything, there are also some ancient and modern sculptures.

We then walked back to the Hotel, a heavy shower of rain caught us on our way: it however soon cleared off and having ordered a carriage we drove to the Tour Magne (Great Tower). The road to it was very steep and difficult, in one part it passes a Roman fountain, very perfect; the Tower is situated on a hill commanding the town and surrounding country it is hexagonal and partly built of cylinders to save masonry there are many legends connected with it, some say it was a Mausoleum, others a treasure house, but the most probable use it had was as a sort of beacon to conduct travelers to the town at a time when the whole country was covered with forest.

several Roman columns are built into the walls, a few Byzantine pillars are also introduced. From the cloisters leads the church of S. Trophime where there is nothing particular to be seen excepting a figure of the Virgin and Child most beautifully sculptured in white marble, said to be of the very earliest Christian times, and one or two beautiful pieces of Roman bas relief, the west doorway out of which we passed, leading into the market, is very handsome carved to represent the last judgement.

We went through the Market and the Hotel de Ville to the Museum filled of course mostly with Roman antiquities, but the thing that most took my fancy was Grecian, a female head, the most exquisite face I ever saw, another very curious antiquity is the body of the Persian Goddess Mithru, a snake is coiled round the body and between the folds are the signs of the Zodiac.

We then returned to the Hotel, lunched, and got to the station at ¼ to 3, at ¼ to 5 we reached Nimes. The country from Marseilles to Nimes grows almonds, vines, and olives, seldom is there such a rich piece of country to be seen as the plain between Aries and Nimes, that stretching from Marseilles to Aries is not nearly so fertile, in fact in some places quite barren, being only cultivated by irrigation. The valley of the Rhone is the only break in the whole range of the Maritimes, or the Pyrenees which is only a continuation of them extensive plains near Aries are covered with stunted lavender, on this large flocks of sheep feed and Mr. Stephenson says it even flavours the mutton, sheep are extensively kept here for their milk, at Aries we had "sheep's butter", very good indeed. The women of Aries are celebrated for their beauty, they are really very good-looking taken in masses. At Tarascon about 12 miles from Aries we had to change trains, Tarascon is situated on one side of the Rhone and Bocaise opposite to it, they are both very picturesque old towns, the castle of the former town is very picturesque also. At Nimes we went to the Hotel Luxembourg, the rooms are most comfortable, the table d'hote detestable, we had quite a struggle to get anything to eat.

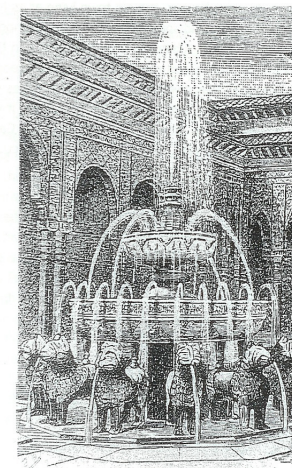
Jan: 23

The town of Nimes is curious interesting and pretty, our Hotel looks out on the Place de L'Esplanade, to the right is a very handsome Palais de Justice; in the centre of the Place is the celebrated Fountain designed and sculptured by Pradier a native of this town, the central and highest female figure represents Nimes, on her head she bears the Maison Cerree, one hand holds a branch of olive the other rests on a shield on which is represented the arms of the town, namely a Palm tree growing out of the back of a crocodile and two clasped hands, round the pedestal are four figures representing Ura

Alhamar the red, from the colour of the earth on which it is built. When we returned I wrote a letter to Miss Whitaker, then we dined, after which we all took a nap in preparation for our long night journey. The diligence started at 10, not the one we came in, a much more elegant affair (in comparison), actually we were honoured with lamps and a table. We had no adventures on our journey, although it is said that the diligence is frequently attacked by Ladrones, especially if they think there is any money to be got. We reached El Colmener at 7 in the morning, here we had eggs fried in olive oil, and chocolate. . The road from El Colmener to Malaga is frightfully steep, Mr. Stephenson even says he does not remember to have gone along one more dangerous, to add to the discomfort of the journey, it blew and rained furiously. We landed at Malaga in mud, wind and rain at about 1 p.m., very glad to get back to our dear old clean comfortable home "Titania". I forgot to note down several peculiar dishes we tasted at Granada, to begin with, cuttle fish (stuffed) very much like shoe leather stuffed with sausage, a curious little preserved fruit called Asarolus, and some little birds about the size of larks called in Italian Bicasini and in Spanish codornists, they are of an ash colour with red on the head. Our first business was to go through a regular course of ablutions and sleep until dinner time, then dominoes and very early to bed, Mrs. Perry had a very bad headache.

Nov: 6

After breakfast we all went to call on the Consul's family, Mr. Mark, the Consul is now in England, but we saw this two sisters, mother and brother, they seem to have become quite Spanish.



Chapter Four: At sea to Algiers and Malta

The vessel had weighed anchor before we returned on board, WE were afraid there would have been some delay as our chain was overlaid by another vessel's cable. It was almost a calm, as usual, what little wind there was dead against us. Seeing some people drawing their net on to the shore, Capt. Pim and Mr. Perry went off in the boat and invested largely in fresh sardines and little anchovies, the latter when cooked were very like whitebait, we also laid in a large store of oranges and lemons, giving a shilling for about six doz; of the former which were not quite ripe yet but very good, I was down in the depths with headache. We only made about 32 miles from noon until dark, not quite that.

Nov: 7

Course: S.40E

Dist: 58°

Log: 54°

Wind: E

Lat: 36°57'

Long: 3°38'

A most uninteresting uncomfortable day, after a most unquiet night, Mrs. Perry quite upset and ill all day, I don't mean actually sick but bordering on it, I had headache and we were all spiritless. Mr. Stephenson wishes me to make a note of the equanimity of his temper in foul winds. Service as usual at 11.30. From our starting yesterday until noon today 60 miles, wind S.E. by E.

Nov: 8

Course: S.82E

Wind E.S.E.

Dist: 36°

Log: 51°

Lat: 35°52'

Long: 2°54'

Wind dead ahead, we passed two very fine turtles praying in the water this morning, also very large "school" of porpoises seemingly enjoying themselves to the fullest extent. About 11.30 we passed within two miles of Alberon Island, rather a rare sight they say, as vessels, excepting under certain unfavourable winds do not approach it, its formation is very peculiar, it is situated about 30 miles from the African shore. We passed through another shoal of porpoises, jumping and plunging within 3 or 4 yards of the vessel.

Chapter Eleven: Journey across France

Jan: 22

"Le convei part pour Aries a dix heures, please ladies be ready and have your things packed up in time" "Pray when did you ever know us late? Of course we shall be ready" "Bon voyage Mesdames et Monsieur, jamais je n'ai eu une vi site de Man: Stephenson si courte" said the landlady, the aforesaid gentleman's particular friend. We arrived at Aries at ¼ to 11, King and the courier went on to Nimes where we sleep, at the station ,we got into an omnibus and drove to the ' Hate/de Forum, the master of this Hotel took upon him the duties of commissionaire to pioneer us over the town. In the same square as the Hotel are the remains of the ancient Forum, consisting of the Tympanium or part of it with a beautiful cornice, and the capitals and part of one or two supporting columns, it is carefully built into a wall to preserve it. A few minutes walk through queer little streets all paved with round pebbles, most unpleasant to walk on, brought us to L'Arene, the Roman Amphitheatre four galleries high capable of containing 35,000. The population of Aries is 20,000, the rest were from the surrounding country. In the lower galleries (called those of Charles X from having been opened out in his time), the bones of all kinds of animals were discovered, also some human skeletons, supposed to be the place where the condemned slaves, Christians etc. were confined before being thrown to the wild animals.

From a tower of a more recent date built at one side of the amphitheatre there is a very fine View, a rich fertile plain, the river Rhone running close to the curious old town where you see the old Roman theatre, croqueted towers of the 12th century and the later buildings of the renaissance. Mr. Stephenson wished us to notice that here and in all the South of France the gables are the same, or nearly the same angle as the ancient Roman Typanium. Leaving L'Arene we went to the ruins of the Theatre, the seats of stone are arranged tier above tier in a semicircle, before this is the stage, of the columns composing it three still remain of Buscia Marble, great quantities of mosaics and cornices have been dug up and also the celebrated 1683 Venus d'Arles now in the Louvre at Paris, it was given by Aries to Paris, in the time of Louis XIV who in return presented the town with a very fine Hotel de Ville,

The cloisters (de S. Trophime) is the next place of interest we journeyed to, a square court surrounded by a colonnade, one side was built in the 11th century with rounded arches, another of the 12th and one of the 14th with the pointed arch, the stone carvings are curious, some representing saints and scenes from the Life of Christ, at one corner is a well of very early date, the top is formed of the plinth of one of the columns taken from the theatre,

sipping their café, eau sucre, vin ordinaire, or what they will and enjoying themselves all as orderly and well conducted as possible. Our rooms at the Hotel are most comfortable, we cannot get a salon but that does not matter as we are little indoors.

Jan: 21

"Our first walk must be to the top of Notre Dame de la Garde" said Mr. Stephenson, there accordingly we went, it is a high hill in, and overlooking the whole town, the lower part is cultivated as a public garden, at the top a church to N.D. de Garde is building, there is a very large new bell weighing 10 tons there now; on our way up we stopped at an old lady's stall who was selling little crosses, chaplets etc. and Mr. Stephenson invested to such a large extent as to put the poor woman in a perfect ecstasy, "Ah", said she "vous etes une veritable providence pour moi, que Dieu vous banisse! Bon jour mon bon Monsieur, je preierai a Dieu que vous arrivez a la sa in mansion sans accident". At which Mr. Stephenson observed that he should forthwith look out for a broken leg. From the top there is a very fine view, Mr. Stephenson thinks it one of the finest he has ever seen, reminding him of Naples; close round you lies the dense town, beyond, in front, or to the south is the blue Mediterranean, the white picturesque rocky isles d'If and Triou rising up to the left, and the port and docks to the right, North, East and West is a fertile valley hemmed in by the lofty Maritime Alps.

We went back to the Hotel and ordered a carriage then walked to a photographers where we had our portraits taken. The carriage took us up here and we then drove along the "Pra?? The Hyde Park of Marseilles, for about 2 miles it is one continuous avenue of oriental Plane trees, then turning off to the West it runs along the sea coast, it is not yet finished, we were bitterly cold before we got back. On an eminence commanding one of the most splendid views is the Chateaux Talibot. Mr. Stephenson has engaged a courier, Mon: "Eugene, as far as Lyons. We were speaking at dinner time about silk-worms, Mr., Stephenson told us that "you can actually hear the hum caused by the worms munching the leaves as you enter the town", this he said seriously. "Dooghree". This evening we went to another Café equally elegant as the Café Chantante, minus the music, instead there were cards and dominoes, of course did not join in them. All the horses and mules here Marseilles: and I believe allover the South of France: wear a very curious collar, its original purpose is to contain a leather to spread over the horses shoulders should a shower come on, for in the intense heat experienced here in summer the rain falling on the animals shoulders blisters them; Mules are almost entirely used here for draught purposes.

Sea and wind rose considerably towards evening and when we went to bed, undressing was no easy matter.

Nov: 9

Course: S.87E

Wind: ESE.

Dist: 48°

Log: 98°

Lat: 35°51'

Long: 1°34'

The wind had lulled a little, but we have had such a night, Mrs. Perry very ill until 4 am, I was on the lee side, then we tacked, the ledge of my bed gave way and I very soon made a hasty and involuntary trip to the other side of the cabin backwards, such a scene of confusion round me, clothes, hat, boots, books, everything scattered about the floor, in the main cabin reigned a similar state of affairs, but Mr. Stephenson can best describe his own adventures. Very little wind but that for an hour or two favourable, lightning .in the evening on the eastern horizon without thunder, from which the gentlemen predict (according to Smythe) wind from the opposite quarter. Alas, their predictions were false, truly the wind rises with a vengeance, but "dead ahead".

Nov: 10

Course:S.9E

Wind: E

Dist: 31°

Log: 38°

Lat: 36°21'

Long: 1°47'

Another awful night, Mr. Stephenson says "enough to make a saint swear", rolling most frightfully all night until 4 o'clock, I was on the weather side, at that time we tacked, when my washing apparatus rose, one tremendous lurch and open went the cupboard, out rattled the jug, out flew the water, over books and everything else, I lighted the lamp to see the extent of damage but finding the mischief done, contented myself with calling out to Mrs. Perry who in a weak voice said "Oh is it, well it cant be any worse". Two or three heavy seas rolled in through the window which nearly completed the flood, the culminating point drenched me to the skin without exaggeration. Dressing performed under great difficulties, I spent about 20 minutes over mine, and was obliged totally to dispense with a looking glass. Mrs. Perry's bad, did not get up until the afternoon. I spent the greater part of the morning in the companion, the sea coming over us too plentifully for me to stand elsewhere. As it was Mr. Stephenson and I were even then

literally sent downstairs by a "power" of water, I was obliged to remain below until my things were dried. Passed one vessel, a brig, labouring under the same difficulties as ourselves. Mr. Stephenson's equanimity gone at last, but not so his punning faculties, upsetting the candle on the table of course the wax went on the cover, "that's grease" said Mr. Perry, "but living grease no more" responded Mr. Stephenson "no its not grease" continued he "it waxes no wrath".

Nov: 11
Course: S.65E
Wind: E
Dist: 51°
Log: 50°
Lat: 35°58'
Long: 0°50'

Thank goodness we have had a quiet night, we showed our full appreciation of it by not getting up until past 10. I called out to Mrs. Perry to know what time we were to get up "Oh not yet, Mr. Stephenson doesn't intend to breakfast until next week, and this being only Thursday it would be as well not to hurry", so having hung my hair (which got quite wet yesterday) out to dry, I went to sleep again. 11.30 p.m. opposite Oran, a very bold coast, curious needle shaped rocks, backed by lofty mountains. The wind being still dead ahead it was questioned whether we should put in to Oran or run for Carthagina on the Spanish coast, the latter fixed upon if the wind hold as at present E.N. We are all so heartily sick of this perpetual rolling, Mr. Perry's last observation "well there's no doubt as to what is the most sensible thing to do under these circumstances, sleep", whereupon the good old gentleman trotted downstairs. The gallant, though sleepy Captain as usual is in the arms of Morpheus having, to use his own (favourite) phraseology "retired from the busy scene to polish off his whack of sleep". Mr. Stephenson has occupied himself, and is so doing still, by writing portraits of his friends or touching them up. The sea rose considerably towards evening.

Nov: 12
Course: N.56E
Wind: S.
Dist: 68°
Lat: 36°38'
Long: 0°22'

Wakened this morning by Mr. Perry as usual bringing in the salt water bath and exclaiming "fair wind at last going a hundred miles an hour". Truly at last Boreas favours us, and we are on our way to Algiers, we nearly all spent

Sardinia are bold, rugged and rocky chiefly sandstone, snow-capped hills rising behind, on the Sardinian side is a rock so worn away as to resemble a bear, it is called the "Bear Rock". We were about an hour going through the straits and then continued for some distance up the coast of Corsica, passing close to Ajaccio. Read Dickens "Poor Traveller" which Mr. Moser the purser lent me, and wrote letters. The latter part of the day showery.

Jan: 19
We got into Marseilles soon after daylight but in consequence of 8 days quarantine insisted upon from all vessels from Alexandria, we having only taken 7 on the voyage are compelled to go into the quarantine harbour, situated amidst the island of Frioul and L'Isle d'If, 2½ miles from Marseilles. These islands are nothing more than picturesque rocks rising steeply round the place where we lay and totally shutting out all views. We went on shore during the middle of the day, we are allowed to wander about these islands, I shall never forget the views most glorious, peaceful and majestic, the placid blue sea was washing the shores and finding its way into little bays among the rocks and behind, the lofty rugged rocks towering majestically over the fertile valley surrounding Marseilles. We collected some very good specimens of dog-tooth spar (carbonate of lime) remains of fossil shells are in great abundance but very much destroyed, evidently by intense heat. It came on to rain hard before we could get back to the vessel, we were wet through. Among the passengers is a young man, Colonel Watson, who has just distinguished himself very much in India, at the head of 100 men he totally routed a body of more than 1000 natives, and then coolly walked off with their baggage, a train ten miles long.

Jan: 20
At last our imprisonment is over. We left this Quarantine Harbour about 2 o'clock p.m. and took our place in the new port here after we had undergone medical examination (of course merely a nominal affair as we never even saw the medical officer), we received pratique and the "yellow flag" was taken down. Boats from the shore soon boarded us, in one of these we landed at the Custom house, here we had to wait some time but after all they were very polite and did not examine our affairs at all, we then drove to the Hotel d'Orient which we reached just in time for the table d'hote at 5 o'clock. After dinner we sailed forth and taking up our abode at a "Café Chantant" passed an hour or two there very pleasantly. What a curious scene it is to be sure! A large room elegantly furnished, the walls covered with looking-glass, the ceiling painted, at the entrance end a little forest of fancy palm trees lighted up with gas, and the other end a stage like that of a theatre where the singers come forward. Well lighted and filled with little tables, here people of different classes many probably very poor, are quietly

Mr. Stephenson said) and went on shore, we met Mr. Howlett rowing out to us, he went back with us and we all landed together. We all wanted to have another peep at S. John's Church so there we first of all bent our steps, we went in just as Mass was commencing, the music was a great treat there were some splendid voices, I noticed for the first time the tomb of the Count of Jeaujeaulais son of Louis Philippe who died here of consumption, his figure in marble lies on the tomb, the expression of languor and disease expressed in his countenance is wonderfully represented. Down in the Crypt are the tombs of La Valette and L'isle d'Adam.

We next visited the Barracca, a sort of open colonnade from which you get a more splendid view of the two harbours and surrounding country, we then visited the Auberge built by the Spanish knights, now the quarters of the "I regiment, the dining-hall there is magnificent. Our great ambition had been to see the "Baked Monks", they are at the Capucin convent, when one of the superiors die here he is first of all interred for a short time, then taken again, baked and placed in a standing position in niches in the wall of the Crypt, when too much decayed to hold together any longer, the bones are carefully cleaned and then hung in elegant patterns round the wall, ornamented with evergreens, a most disgusting sight altogether. We had been walking all this time and were therefore tolerably tired out by the time we got on board about 5 p.m. Mr. Howlett soon left LIS, he will not be able as he had hoped to go to England with us, as he cannot get leave until next month. The Indian passengers who tired of waiting for the "Euxine" had come on to Malta in the "Bahar" here join us to the number of 20, Colonel Grant is one of them, a truly ridiculous old gentleman, there are also three small children and two babies!!! Nearly all next door to me!

Jan: 17

I rose early to have a good view of Sicily and Maritimo, between which Islands we passed about 8 a.m. The coast of Sicily here consists of a long level plain backed by lofty mountains rising peak after peak, Masarra and Marsula lie on the coast. Maritima is a bare rugged rock; opposite to it and almost touching Sicily is another rock, Favijnan, here is a castle or dungeon where King. Bombar keeps his political prisoners, is now there. It is a most lovely day, very different from yesterday which was cold damp and miserable, today the sun is shining, the air mild and soft.

Jan: 18

At 8 o'clock a.m. we entered the straits. of Bonafacio or rather those of Madalena, the southern and more intricate passage only practicable by daylight, here Nelson kept his Aet concealed for some time and then suddenly pounced upon the enemy. The coasts of both islands, particularly

the morning writing letters. In the afternoon a hot wind (the Khamsin) loaded with sand, made us all feel quite tired and ill, we were about 20 miles from the shore. The evening was positively delicious, a lovely moon and a warm genial breeze, it seemed a shame to go to bed.

Nov: 13

Course: E.

Wind: SSW.

Dist: 123°

Log: 127°

Lat: 36°40'

Long: 3°1E

When I came Oil deck Algiers was just opposite to us, my first idea of it was a large snow-flake settled down on a green hillock, it is most picturesque, the extreme whiteness of the houses, their peculiar square roofless shape, with here and there the dome of a mosque or a minaret tower peeping up amongst them, forcibly impressing on your mind the "eastern town", while the bold one of the "lesser atlas range", the glorious sweep of deep blue water and the brilliant clearness of the sky, rivalling only the water in colour give a, to me, indescribably feeling of almost breathless admiration. We have had another awful night, from 12 until 4 it blew a gale, amounting almost to a hurricane, it was even feared at one time that we should be blown past Algiers, for about an hour we lay to and shortened sail entering port with a reefed trysail. Our landing was delayed for sometime before Mon. Joseph (the courier who came on board to us) could get LIS the permit to do so, we then went on shore. The first thing I heard on landing was the Meuzzan calling to prayers, it seemed to, me like realising fairy tales. A carriage was procured and we drove to the Botanical Gardens, they are not extensive but of course struck me from the great difference in vegetation to what I have been accustomed. The Date Palm loaded with fruit, the Banana Minmosa, Dragon-tree and Hibiscus flourishing in the open air. The gardens lead down to the sea shore where I collected a few (½ a ton Capt. Pim says) shells.

On our return to the town we left the carriage and walked up some of the dark old Moorish streets, here the sun never penetrates, they are consequently cool but the smells, oh dear!!! What struck me as very peculiar was leading perhaps out of one of the dirtiest of these dirty streets, an open door shows you an elegant tasteful house, the walls and floor inlaid and every sign of Oriental luxury, this is commonly the case. We then went into several Mosques, I had always fancied that ladies were not admitted but they made no objection to our entering. Close by the entrance a fountain is always placed where the people perform ablutions before prayers, it is very

odd to see them wash their feet, take up their slippers and paddle with wet and bare feet to their favourite corner, there to pray, bend and bow their heads to the 'ground a stated number of times. What a contrast, in Roman Catholic countries the women do all the religion, her-e the men, who I must say are more devout and attentive than most Roman Catholic women, never even lifting up their eyes when we (who must have been wonders to them) entered.

The summary way in which women are divorced amongst the Musselmen is dreadful, the men need not even give a reason unless they please, in the divorce court, when we went, we saw several women waiting their trial, the court was a little square room with sofas on each side for the six judges and one at the end for the President, behind the latter is a little window through which the women appeal to him from another room. We went to see the Mohamedan Bishop, he was very polite to us and even went so far as to rise to Mr. Stephenson whom he said he was very glad to see having often heard of him.

Our next visit was to the houses of the French Bishop and Governor, both are very beautiful and elegantly fitted up. Then came dinner which we had at the Hotel de la Begence, immediately after which we returned on board to prepare for the Opera, which is held at the Theatre Imperial. Hrs. Perry, Capt Pim and I went, the Opera performed was "La Juive", the scenery was very well got up and some of the voices very fine, Mademoiselle Dorici the Prima Donna and her first appearance, it was hot and crowded but still we enjoyed it extremely, we returned on board dissipated creatures that we were, very thirsty notwithstanding the amount of sirrurp and water we had indulged in "chez un confiseur", and the elderly gentlemen having retired to rest, my room was turned into a reception room, Capt. Pim into a cook to prepare lemonade, it was great fun I. tasted a banana for the first time and like them exceedingly.

Nov: 14

After breakfast we finished our letters and then went on shore to have a day's "Flanre" or shopping. I enjoyed very much bargaining with the stingy old Arabs and making them come down to a reasonable price, we went through the Museum of Algerine products, it is very well arranged. The bazaar presented the most extraordinary scene that I ever saw; the sides lined with little shops with grave old Arabs sitting cross-legged, or chattering little Frenchmen selling their goods, the middle crowded with A, some selling a blanket, shawl, basket or anything they had to sell, by auction, and being apparently in the greatest excitement. The Arabs are really fine looking men. We dined at the Hotel at 3 and returned on board at

We all again dined at Com-el-Die, Birdwood excepted, he did not dare to go on shore with us in case the Marseilles steamer should come in when he would have to start off immediately with her Indian passengers for Cairo, she had not however arrived when we got back to the yacht about 3 p.m. We have had a lesson in the making of "Ravioli" today having sat in the kitchen during the whole operation. The Marseilles steamer came in sight in the evening but too late to get into the harbour.

Jan: 12

By daylight this morning the Euxine came in, the passengers leave for Cairo at 9 a.m., Birdwood with them. Mr. Stephenson and I went to see him off, we then came back and packed up the remainder of our effects. Mr. Rouse came on board about 12 o'clock, at 1.30 we went on board the steamer, the Titania was to start as soon as we left her, at 2.30 p.m. she set sail. How we all grieve to part with our dear little home. At 3 p.m. we steamed off leaving Egypt where I have been so happy and so sad, shall I ever see it again? We passed the dear little Titania at about ¼ to 4 they dipped their flag at passing us and all hands were waving to us. At 4 we went down to dinner, when we came on deck again nothing was Visible but sea.

Jan: 13

The Euxine is a good old paddle-steamer, the Capt. and Officers are intelligent and very kind, the stewardess a good tempered old lady. A fine day and fair wind.

Jan: 14

Rather showery all day the sea gradually getting up, Mrs. Perry very unwell.

Jan: 15

Such a night we have had rolling, pitching, knocking about all the time, Mrs. Perry was very ill. It was so rough this morning that I could not stand, so had breakfast in bed and did not get up until 3 p.m., I certainly never felt so uncomfortable in my life, not sick, but a sort of unearthly feeling. I did not dare have dinner below they therefore wrapped me up in furs and sent my dinner up, somehow or other I nearly fainted, very disagreeable. In the evening the sea moderated.

Jan: 16

The sea smooth but the weather gloomy and showery. 11.30 a.m. sighted Malta, got in about 1.30, we are anchored this time in the Quarantine or Northern Harbour. Almost immediately on arriving we took a shore boat (numbers of which crowded round us like spiders round a fine large bee, as

Chapter Ten: Leaving Egypt for Marseilles

Jan: 7

We got up early, breakfasted at 7.30 and then went down to the train which started at 8-30, we were a good large party for Mr. & Mrs. Hardcastle returned to Alexandria with us, having been to see their sister Fanny Hardcastle (now Mrs. Nicholls) on her way to India. Mr. Stanton also went as far as Kafr Azzayet with us, here Mr. Harrison met us and took us to his house to lunch, the neatest, cleanest and best-built house I have seen in Egypt, and occupied by one of the kindest men living. We crossed the Nile in a small steamer, then saying good-bye to those two good friends started away for Alexandria, Mr. Harrison gave me sundry photographs and seeds. As we approached Alexandria the change in the climate was very perceptible, colder, damper and more miserable, blowing and raining, at Alexandria positively it fell in torrents. At the station Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I got in a carriage and drove down to the Transit Wharf, the roads were in a fearful state it was literally driving through streams of water, squall after squall kept rising, the sea was in a form and the rain pouring down upon us, we had once to shelter under the stern of a large steamer until one storm was over. After we were safe on board the Yacht both boats went off to the Railway pier for Mr. Stephenson and the luggage. Poor Mr. Stephenson got terribly wetted.

Jan: 8

It rained in torrents all day and I slept nearly the whole time, feeling rather ill. About half an hour's walk on deck in the evening.

Jan: 9

Got up early to pack for England in case our Marseilles packet should come in and we have to be off at a few hours notice. About 9 o'clock the Southampton mail came in, Mr. Stephenson went immediately on board and brought off Birdwood to breakfast, afterwards we had a chat and about 1 o'clock Mr. Stephenson, Birdwood and I went on shore and drove to Com-el-Die, Pompey's Pillar, and Cleopatra's Needle, we got back about 4, soon after Mr. Rouse came on board, he dines with us.

Jan: 10

We all, excepting Mrs. Perry who was very unwell, dined with Mr. Rouse to taste the celebrated "Ravioli"; I was treated to a pipe after dinner, certainly Arab cooking is not bad. Our steamer is due.

Jan: 11

4.30, then saying goodbye to Algiers set sail and with a stiff favourable breeze soon lost sight of the town. In front of the town is a very fine Plaja with an exquisite statue of the Duc d'Orleans in the centre, here you might certainly see plenty of variety of costume and country. By the way I forgot to say that we tasted snails for dinner today, disgusting things! Our course is E. by S.

Nov: 15

Course: N.67E

Wind: NW. or S.W.

Dist: 160°

Log: 101 °

Lat: 37°20'

Long: 5°2'

The wind is not quite so strong, but still we are going our course (now due E.) about 5 or 6 knots. The evening was lovely, but round the moon at a considerable distance, was a distinct halo. Captain Cork predicts wind worthy of note. Ducks, green peas and new potatoes for dinner, and bananas (cooked) for breakfast.

Nov: 16

Course: N.73E

Wind: N.W.

Dist: 135°

Log: 137°

Lat: 38°0'

Long: 8°14'

Goodness knows the Captain's prediction has been fulfilled with a vengeance. About 3 a.m. without the slightest warning, a tremendous squall rose, in a moment the vessel was thrown on her side with such force as to throw King out of his berth, Mrs. Perry nearly so, and the boat that is on deck was quite under water, Mr. Stephenson said it holds about three tons. Every sail was hauled down immediately but not before she had got 5 or 6 knots an hour stern way on her, it was a near case of capsizing, Captain Cork says he was never in so sudden or so violent a squall before, I shall never forget it. We had a steady favourable wind all day, passed the island of Galica between 3 and 4 p.m., its outline is peculiar, bristly and bold, about 3 miles long and 1,300 feet in height, very dangerous and has no light. The evening was most lovely, we watched Venus setting quite down to the edge of the horizon. About 8 o'clock it began to lighten a great deal in the Sand S two squalls passed without touching us, a rough night is again expected.

Nov: 17

Course: S.69E

Wind: W

Dist: 171°

Log: 147°

Lat: 36°59'

Long: 10°28'

We have had a quiet night for once with a capital wind, going 8 knots.

When we came on deck Cape Ros and the island of Qembra had just been passed and we could just see Pantillna in the distance, passed it about 2.30, it is 15 miles long and 6 broad, volcanic origin. There is a question. now whether we go into Malta or not, we should all like it, Mr. Stephenson's only fear is that it will take too much time from Egypt, he says that we can call on our way back, but there is small chance of that. One powerful reason for our wishing it (the great cause) is that the storm of the 15th turned every scrap of fresh meat on board, a prospect of salt provisions to Alexandria is by no means agreeable. Capt. Pim suggests that we long for fresh meat, Mr.

Stephenson says "it is not meet to do so", I am requested to note this down. Another lovely night such as I never experienced before, the moon brilliant, the atmosphere clear soft and warm.

Nov: 18

Course: S.71E

Wind: S.W.

Dist: 135°

Log: 111°

Lat: 36°17'

Long: 14°5'

Early this morning a faint glimpse of Sicily (supposed to be about Palma) was seen, about 10 a.m. we caught sight of Gaza. It is decided that we go into Malta, Gaza was just seen between 9 and 10 a.m. and about 1 o'clock as our course became more northerly Cumano and Malta come into sight. As we approached the latter, its stony dry parched appearance particularly struck us, about 2 miles from Valetta the wind began to fail us, one of those Vultures the tugs soon spied our distressed position and steamed out to us and offered to tow us into the harbour, demanding of course more than was right. After a little amusing bargaining between Captain Cork and the tug, people, the latter agreed to take us in for 35/-. Before we had reached our anchorage a boat came from the "Centurion", Man of War to enquire whether they could render us any assistance, (they are ordered to pay every attention to all yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron), the officer, Reginald Clarke, Lieutenant, proved to be an old mess mate of Capt. Pim's and was with him in the Baltic. Immediately we had anchored the official of health came on board and gave us our "Pratique", then came Maltese "Joe", but it is

Mr. Rouse arrived at some unearthly hour this morning and brought our letters. After breakfast Mrs. Perry and I occupied ourselves packing and arranging our affairs, when we had finished Mr. Stanton called as he promised last night, and went with Mr. & Mrs. Perry and me for a beautiful ride to the Red Mountain (Gibel Ashmed). Mr. Stanton and I climbed to the top, such an exquisite view, I shall never forget this day. Mr. Stanton and Mr. Rouse dined with us, Mr. Stephenson who had been with the Pasha all the afternoon dined with him, and did not get home until 8 o'clock. In the evening Mr. Stanton was kind enough to occupy himself sketching for me nearly the whole time excepting a final game of draughts. Mrs. Perry and Dr. Leadam had chess directly after dinner: then Lord Dufferin came in and had a game with Mrs. Perry and Lord John amused himself caricaturing them, it was rather late before we got to bed, our last day at Cairo.

Stephenson who had come to meet us in a carriage, Mrs. Perry therefore finding it very windy and cold got into the carriage and rode home with Mr. Stephenson, it was really dreadfully cold and windy I could not keep my hat on, most assuredly my temper has been tried today, I hope it may be beneficial.

Mr. Stephenson and Mr. Perry spent the evening in the billiard room, Dr. Leadam and Mrs. Perry played chess and I dozed before the fire.

Jan: 4

We spent the morning indoors writing and working, after lunch Mr. Stephenson went down to Boulak on business and Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I took a ride through the streets and outside the town it was windy and very cold before we got home. Mr. Stanton dined with us, he and I played draughts all the evening.

Jan: 5

In the morning we commenced letters for the next mail. Hekekyan called and had a little chat with us, speaking about his dromedary he told us that a good one in good condition will go with ease 14 hours a day at the rate of 7 miles an hour, and continue this for a month, he gives his camel every now and then a whole sheep boiled in treacle. I asked him about the ladies costumes, he says that although to us Europeans it appears an abominable fashion it is in fact most reasonable, the Millayah or outer covering that expands like a balloon is most invaluable as it allows of a free current of air between it and the wearer, the Boorja or veil by covering the lower part of the face prevents the dust and hot air from getting into the mouth and nostrils, this frequently causing ophthalmia, thus as he expressed it "c'est tout reisonne". Nubar Bey also called.

After lunch Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I with Dr. Leadam rode to the Tayloon Mosque to take some photographs. This is one of the oldest Mosques in Egypt, it was founded before any other part of Cairo, the arches are very elegant, pointed and horseshoe, a single line of Cufic inscription runs round the inside of the whole of the building, this like the Mosque of Amer in Old Cairo is built after the Mosque of Kauba at Mecca, it contains an orphan asylum and the children rushing out upon us in a body nearly deafened us with cries of backsheesh. On our way back we stopped at the Citadel to have a last bird's eye view of the town. Mr. Stanton dined with us, draughts of course, and chess between Mrs. Perry and Dr. Leadam. Mr. Stephenson was at Boulak and with the Pasha all the afternoon.

Jan: 6

necessary to describe the "Joe" species. They are a species of parasitical vampire that attaches themselves peculiarly to all yacht travellers in "furrin parts" they make friends with the men and cheat the masters more or less, the present specimen is one of the best of his kind, speaks a most indescribable jargon, weighs about 17 or 18 stone and is altogether very original; the Algerine Joe was a regular "do". A note was dispatched by Joe from Mrs. Perry to her nephew Lieut. Howlett of the Artillery, to tell him of our arrival, we then went down to dinner. Joe now came back "beg pardon Mr. Stephenson, me no find gennelmen, go mess, go club, servant say gennelen out, left letter with servant". "Very well Joe" said Mr. Stephenson "now what would you like?" "What please you please me, Mr. Stephenson" "What do you drink Joe?" "Drink ebery thing me lord". After a little more of a similar dialogue, a glass of whiskey was produced which Joe, to use Capt. Pim's favourite phraseology polished off in the twinkling of an eye and bowed himself out. After dinner we went for a most delightful row round the harbour in the lovely moonlight. The fall of dew here is inconceivably great, so much so that it is a rule amongst the men-of-war never to send their men out after sunset. On our return we met Lieut. Howlett just coming off in a shore boat; he stayed on board until it was time to retire. I shall never forget our entrance into Malta. Valetta is built on a tongue of rock on each side of which is a deep fiord, the one on the right side is called the Commercial Harbour, that on the left Grand Port. We anchored in the latter, in French Creek. As you go into Valetta you pass between steep rocks and bristling fortification mostly cut out of the rock, in fact nearly all the warehouses are so formed merely having the fronts built up. The moon shone brilliantly, all the vessels were lighted up and the effect was glorious. There are several men-of-war in the harbour, one three-decker "Marlborough", 3 two-deckers "Princess Royal", "Conqueror" and "Centurion", 4 dispatch gun-boats, the "Despere" and one paddle-wheel gun-boat "Recruit", in all 5,000 men Admiral Fenshawe on board the "Marlborough". The "Himalaya" is also in.

Nov: 19

We rose early, finished our letters and went on shore accompanied by Joe, he however on landing turned us over to the tender mercies of Joe No.2, who proved to be master of the Imperial Hotel. We now commenced our ascent, stopping at the Standard Barometer (64 feet 9 inches above the sea), to regulate our ship barometer which King had brought on shore for the purpose. We then continued to mount, the streets here most remarkable, flight after flight of steps forming narrow streets with tall houses on either side; we went first of all to a stone carvers and invested in several curiosities. Still ascending we arrived at St. John's church, the interior is gorgeous, the floor is entirely paved with monumental tablets (in mosaics of

different coloured marbles) of the Knights Templars, one of these I copied down, it ran thus: "Fumus Humus Sumus et cinis est nostra ultima finis", the name of the Knight was Fr. Wolf-ganges Phillipus. Diverging from the centre aisle are chapels devoted to different countries, in one of these enclosed by massive silver gratings and gate, is the tomb of Lavalette Grand Master, some curious old keys hang on each side supposed to be those of the town, the ceiling of the church is well painted. A carriage was waiting for us at the door in which we drove to S. Angelo, Mr. Howlett's quarters, several open spaces or Piazzas we passed were covered with large round stones here and there, these are the town granaries and lead into vaults shewn in the rock, there is said to be sufficient corn stored away in these stores to provision the town for five years.

Arrived at the barracks we were shewn into the anti-messroom where we waited for Mr. Howlett, he first took us into the old chapel where it is said the Knights took Sacrament and Oath before defending the island, it is now turned into a school for soldiers and even occasionally used as a ballroom. After going over the fortification we went into the town to do a little shopping, lunched at the Hotel Imperial and then proceeded in two vehicles to the Botanical Gardens or rather the Governor's Gardens at S. Antonia. These are not extensive but prettily laid out with several fancy reservoirs containing goldfish, different kinds of lilies and the Papyrus. The Euryacanthus grows here in great perfection, several plants were 8 or 9 feet in height, the pepper tree also flourish here, sometimes as a standard and sometimes climbing, it is exceedingly elegant, the leaf something like the Acacia, a delicate yellowish blossom and long bunches of pink berries. The Neapolitan kind of Medlar was in great profusion, the flower is very sweet, Mandarins and other oranges of course were in great quantities.

The Governor's house is large and the view from some of the windows and terraces delightful. In the lower part of the building there is a kind of Museum and Lecture room called "The School of Gardeners" established by Sir William Reed formerly Governor of the Island, he also did a great deal towards arranging the gardens.

We had a capital ride home, passing round the heads of the different creeks. A large house on a fine commanding hill near Valetta belongs to the Prince of Capri, a brother of Bomba King of Naples. The military Hospital, a very fine building, situated on a rock projecting out into the Grand Port and surrounded with hanging gardens, was built by Napoleon Bonaparte for a palace. Speaking of hanging gardens, the whole of the island presents a most arid stony appearance, greatly caused by the number of stone walls or dykes with which every little scrap of land is surrounded to support the

downstairs again taking our leave soon after, I am learning to make the salaam in first rate style.

We found Mr. Stephenson and Perry sitting smoking below; having crossed the ferry we drove to the Mosque of Amery, one of the oldest Mosques in Old Cairo, it is built after the form of a celebrated one at Mecca thus, an open court surrounded by a colonnade supported on columns and a centre octagonal building, in all 230 pillars, mostly taken from ancient Roman or Grecian temples. In the evening Dr. Leaden came in to have a game at chess with Mrs. Perry. Capt. Pim left us this morning for Alexandria, he is going home by the next mail via Trieste, "wishing to call and see Humboldt at Berlin" but this is not his only reason, we shall miss him.

Jan: 2

About 10 a.m. Mr. Harrison came to escort us out shopping, Mr. Stephenson who had been with Nubar Bey all the morning, and Mr. Perry who had been with Lord Duffer in to Hayekian Bey, met us about 12-30 in the Turkish Bazaar, we then returned to lunch and afterwards we all, excepting Mr. Stephenson, took a donkey ride over the desert to the Makita Hills. In the evening Mr. Stanton and Mr. Harrison called, the former who had spent the day on business at Binary brought us some very good antiquities.

Jan: 3

At 10 o'clock Mr. Stanton called and he and Mr. Stephenson had a "business walk" until about 11.30, then Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Perry and I went to call on the Leiders, one of the most uninteresting visits I ever paid. After lunch we had our long promised ride on Hayekian Bye's dromedary. Mr. & Mrs. Perry, Mr. Stanton myself and Mr. Lead am, whom Mr. Perry had taken upon himself to invite, started on donkeys, we stopped at the Bye's house and out he came, he was really quite a picture, a fine handsome old man with a venerable white beard dressed like a Bedouin Sheik of the Abeam and one of the national silk shawls called a korfbal fastened over his head, his dromedary, a beautiful sleek animal with large soft eyes like those of a gazelle, his saddle very handsome covered with black fur, the two pummels being of chased steel inlaid with brass, saddlebag, a gun, pouch, and dagger completed its equipment; Hayekian sitting stately as a king smoking, and guiding his camel with a single silk cord and slight cane, his little Arab boy with his gay coloured scarf and dagger sitting behind. We went out to the Suez road and there I mounted first, it was certainly very delightful, the gentle animal answering to the slightest touch, I rode out to NO.1 station, having taken up the little Arab behind me, the others then mounted in turn. Coming back the Perris thought it correct that Hayekian should remount and ride home so we took to our donkeys again on our way we met Mr.

delicious, we then rode back to lunch. After lunch the three elderly people went in a carriage and I as a donkey outrider down to another and further ferry, where we crossed to the Southern end of Rhoda where is the Milometer and a charming palace belonging to Hassan Pasha, a great favorite of Abbas Pasha, but now a man of no importance. The Milometer is an octagonal column marked to show the rise and fall of the Nile, it is situated in a square well or chamber into which you can descend by a flight of stone steps, this chamber is close to the Palace in fact within the private garden. The Milometer is now useless the bed of the Nile having raised the column no longer serves to measure its rise and fall. The Palace must have been a most beautiful place in its prime days but it has now fallen very much into decay, some of the marble framed balconies are delightful, we were just leaving the Palace when Slim Hajji asked us if we ladies would like to see the Harem, of course we were ushered into an open court by the Eunuch; a little boy one of the Pasha's sons gracefully showed us into the inner part, here two of the ladies met us and showing us into the principal room motioned to us to be seated on the divan, it began to dawn upon me what an uncomfortable position we were in, we' not able to speak a word of Arabic and probably no-one here understanding any European language, we had sat here for a short time when an elderly lady entered wearing over her head a curious white sort of veil. She was attended by several ladies most of them carrying or leading a child, their dress resembled very much those of the ladies in Said Pasha's Harem excepting that the neck was less covered and the hair though cut short in front hung in long plaits behind. The elderly female sat down beside us, the others ranged themselves in front standing, only the aforesaid elderly lady had a pipe, she at first attempted talking to us in Arabic, we shook our heads, she laughed and said something to her attendants, then turning to us she said to Mrs. Perry in broken Italian "equiseta filial" ? pointing to me, Mrs. Perry said no "amiche" (Mrs. Perry speaks barbarous Italian), we managed to carry on in this way a dislocated sort of conversation in our bad Italian and the old lady's mixture of Spanish, Arabic, and Italian.

In about ten minutes we rose to leave but "Mrs. Pasha" or whoever she might be, indignantly stopped us saying that Café! Café! Was coming and that she meant to show us upstairs which accordingly she did. The rooms were capital and the view from the windows magnificent, on a table in one of the apartments was a most beautifully wrought tray of Damascus work, this was filled with those common glass paper-weights with pictures inside them, these they showed us with great glee, not even noticing the tray. In another room was a piano and a musical clock which they set going for our edification, we sat 5 minutes first in one room then in another and then went

soil, thus forming terrace above terrace, stone and rock are everywhere shewing themselves, the little soil there is being very shallow, often not more than a foot or two deep. The great abundance of stone has a most advantageous effect on the town, nearly all the houses being built of it, its softness causes it to be easily and richly ornamented, while the climate prevents its speedy decay. As we passed along the shore I noticed great numbers of salt pans. The Maltese women wear a most extraordinary garment called a "Faldetta", it is a sort of black silk scarf plaited up like an apron for about a foot, which part is worn over one side of the face like a Lima lady's shawl, it is said that many of the women lose the sight of an eye from wearing it. On our return we did a little more "flane" And then went on board in a shore boat, by the way these boats are very peculiar with a high prow and stern with a canvas awning over the latter part, they are painted all sorts of gay colours and devices. Hr. Howlett who had returned to his quarters to titivate, came to dinner at 7, Capt. Pim before dinner went on board the Conqueror, Centurion & Himalaya, in each of which he found numerous old "chums". The Himalaya returns to England tomorrow, and the Captain (Leasum) has offered to take charge of anything we like to send home, we have made up a little packet of seeds and a few other little things. About 9 'clock we began to be towed out of harbour by several shore boats (headed by Joe), there is such a fine breeze outside that they do not like to lose it, when the boats left us Mr. Howlett returned on shore in one of them; it is a glorious moonlight night and we are sailing along famously. This one day at Malta seems the longest I ever passed, not that it has been in the least ennuyeux, on the contrary I seem to have crammed two or three days into one. "Adieu ye joys of La Valetta, adieu ye cursed flights of stairs, adieu sirocco, sun and sweat, how surely he who mounts you swears", Byron.

Chapter Five: Voyage east to Egypt

Nov: 20

A very rolling night and a very quiet uninteresting day, that is to say nothing but the usual peaceful routine. I did not know before the difference between Leghorn and other straw Mr. Stephenson says that the fine polished exterior of common straw is Silica, now the soil of Leghorn being principally chalk and almost minus silica, the straw grown there is soft pliable and minus the hard coating, the conversation arose "a propos" of some straw hats which the men invested in at Malta exactly like Leghorn, Malta is also almost entirely chalk therefore the straw there is soft.

Nov: 21

We have had a dreadfully rough night, I however knew nothing about it until 7 o'clock when I was awakened by a deluge of water reaching even into my bed, my slippers which unfortunately I had left on the floor, were floating about like two, boats, in the main cabin the sofa was drenched and on the floor the water lay 3 or 4 inches deep; happily Mr. Stephenson was on the weather side or he says he thinks he would have been floated out of bed. A regular rough day, Mrs. Perry not particularly well lay on deck very much exhausted.

Service at 11.30 as usual.

Nov: 22

A most delightful day, bright and sunny with a gentle fair breeze, I spent the morning writing. In the afternoon Capt. Cork caught a pilot-fish (with a thing like an eel spear they call it "Grains") he killed a second but lost it, it is a very handsome fish, this one was 13 inches long and was very thin it is without teeth and has a tongue, it has also two very peculiar lateral fins and is very handsomely striped with blue we had it cooked for dinner and found it exceedingly delicate and white. Another glorious evening.

Nov: 23

A bright sunny day again, little or no sea on and a fresh fair breeze, going from 5 to 6 knots all day. In the morning I occupied myself with a little blanchissage very successfully. The sea has been remarkably blue, true clear blue.

Nov: 24

A fine day, fair wind, going 5 knots. About 11.30a.m. however, the sky to the N W darkened, the air cooled sensibly down and everyone expected a squall similar to that we had on the night of the 15th. "Haul down the gaff topsail" called out the Captain, and soon we were under very small canvas,

Dec: 30

After breakfast I sat down to copy a letter for Mr. Stephenson to Nubar Bey. At 11 Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I went with Lord Dufferin, Lord John Hayes and Dr. Leadam on donkeys to the house of the Austrian Consul to see some antiquities, there were some fine specimens of sculptured stone and mummies and two capital Sphinxes, when we got back we all went into the sitting-room and there found Hekekyan Bey, General Malcolm, Mr. Brunel and his son, talking with Mr. Stephenson; we chatted until lunch time, after that Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I took a very quiet ride up and down the Shoobra Road. Mr. Jackson came in the evening to say good-bye to us, he starts up the Nile tomorrow.

Dec: 31

Mr. Rouse left us for Alexandria this morning. After breakfast we occupied ourselves--writing for the next mail, about 12 Mr. Perry and Lord Dufferin went to 'Old Cairo to try and take the impression of an inscription of the time of Diocletian, it is on a beam of wood supposed formerly to have been the lintel of a door, but now built into the wall in Old Coptic church; they have devoted themselves to the Philistine namely fleas, a noble sacrifice in the cause of science, on leaving Lord Dufferin said he "supposed it was his duty to bring Mr. Perry back alone". After lunch Mrs. Perry and I were just going to take a donkey ride together when Mr. Harrison and Mr. Stanton came, they joined us and we had a glorious and really merry ride over the desert amidst the Caliph's tombs, some of which we went into. The two gentlemen dined with us and we played vent-et-un all the evening. Mr. Perry did not get back until five o'clock, he was not quite as extensively populated as he had expected. they could not manage the paper impression so Lord Dufferin copied it out, it is in a dark room or recess very high up, so Lord Dufferin tied a candle to his forehead with a pocket-handkerchief and perched himself on the top of a high sort of frame (he is very short sighted he did beautifully, but the wax of the candle dropped on his head and matted his hair to such an extent that he is obliged to have some cut off. Mr. Perry has tried and is going to try again some Sherwood Oil.

1859

Jan: 1

Directly after breakfast Mr. Stephenson went with Mr. Stanton and Mr. Harrison to see a Grecian head sculptured in marble, found it nothing very remarkable and therefore did not buy it. Mrs. Perry and I wrote up our journals until he returned, when all went on donkeys to Old Cairo and ferried over to Rhoda, the northern end, it is a most lovely island and the Yourself Effendi or Mandarin oranges grow in great abundance and are

Breadth	4	8
Depth	5	4
Thickness of side	1	0
Ditto of lid	3	4½
(Exterior) Depth	7	4
	7	5 the bottom being rounded.

Every lid has been pulled back and the contents of the sarcophagus extracted, only one is covered with hieroglyphics and these are very roughly scratched on. In the entrance passage stands one of these monsters almost blocking up the way, evidently it had not reached its destination, the ceiling of the passage and recesses is of an arched form, the whole interior is cased with stone, the rock in which it is excavated being very soft. Some of the sarcophagi are let into the solid rock only a space of two or three inches being left between, how it was managed, to get this immense mass into its present position is a great puzzle, Mr. Stephenson explains it in the following manner, he supposes the hole to have been filled with sand, sarcophagus is then placed on this and having been tilted by means of wedges a little of the sand is withdrawn from under, it is then rolled back, tilted on the other side and a little more sand scraped away, thus by slow degrees it is lowered into its place. Mr. Stephenson described to us the loading of the boat with immense blocks of marble as something similar. On leaving the tombs we remounted our donkeys, at least some of us and proceeded to the foot of one of the Pyramids where we had lunch. This Pyramid is formed differently to those of Geezeh, it is composed of six large steps, it is supposed that all the pyramids were built in this manner and afterwards filled in with smaller steps, I think it more imposing in this condition. After lunch we remounted and set off on our way home passing through another part of Memphis, we reached the boat about 4 o'clock, I then set to work to sketch our Dahabieh and in about an hour we set sail for Toura where we are going to stop, the donkeys have been sent over in another smaller Dahabieh. 'Vingt-et-Un' all the evening. Reached Toura about 1.

Dec: 29

Poor Mr. Perry woke this morning with what he supposed to be a slight touch of ophthalmia, he said he should ride straight into Cairo a distance of six miles, Mr. Stephenson would not hear of this so we set sail for Cairo immediately after breakfast, we reached Boulak about 11 a.m. Mr. Brunel's Dahabieh lay close by so we went over it, it is not quite so large as the "Gazelle" but very well fitted up, they have named it the "Florence". We then drove back to the Hotel and after lunch took a donkey ride to the foot of the Mokattam Hills to get some fossils.

every man standing by his rope. The rain soon began to fall in buckets, but strange to say we had little or no wind. Mrs. Perry and I were occupied nearly the whole day washing and ironing cuffs and collars. In the evening whist and dominoes until 9.30 when we went on deck to watch the variable star Aljola in the constellation of Persius.

Nov: 25

Dead calm, a hot bright day, wrote letters all the morning. In the evening about 6 o'clock a very slight breeze sprang up but dead against us, when we went to bed we were steering 4 points to the southward of our course. Mr. Stephenson I am very sorry to say, has not been at all well for the last two or three days.

Nov: 26

The mere breath of wind that we have had all night died away at 9 o'clock a.m., we are in a perfect calm, the most perfect and extensive that I have every seen, not even a swell. About 12 o'clock we were called up on deck in a great hurry to see a Dolphin which the Captain had just speared with the Grain its colour when first taken out of the water was most brilliant, the back and head brilliant blue, the fins and tail bright golden, the length from the head to the top of the tail fins was 26 inches, the girth just below the gills 13 inches, weight 6lbs, we saw several more in the water besides a Pilot fish, also some skip jacks, Captain Cork (who is most expert at this amusement) struck two more but lost them, the barb of the spear not having caught them sufficiently deep. The extreme clearness of the water enabled us to see them swimming about at a great depth in the water where they shone like jewels. I do not wonder at the old fables about them. Soon after lunch we were called up in a great hurry to see a waterspout in the NNW, it was many miles distant from us. We got some very curious objects for the microscope this afternoon, very much resembling the fresh water Protocoreus, globular or worm-shape gelatinous bodies, containing numbers of smaller globules under a high (112 inch) power were found to be again subdivided and scattered with cillis, are they the luminous insects! A little robin flew on deck today but went off again, and we are afraid was drowned, we are 70 miles from land, 225 from Alexandria. We noticed a very curious thread-like line in the water, Mr. Stephenson said he believed it to be a shoal (if one can so term it) of luminous insects, on attempting to break through it with the boat hook it rejoined immediately. About 6.30 a slight breeze sprang up almost in our favour, we were going within from 1 to 3 points of our course, when we went to bed we were doing 4 to 5 knots. Temperature of the sea at 12 o'clock 71°, of the air 80°. Had the Dolphin cooked and found it very good.

Nov: 27

A slight breeze sprang up during the night and continued all day, early before I came on deck several waterspouts were seen. A quiet studious day, wonderful to relate no dominoes or cards in the evening. Temperature of air $71\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, of sea 72° .

Nov: 28

Calm all day, towards evening absolutely glassy, service as usual. In the morning Tom caught a most beautiful insect supposed to be some kind of Medusae, the centre is white and transparent like glass and resembles the guano shell, round this a border of vivid blue from which radiate numbers of the most delicate tentacula, blue and white covered with little blue balls, when caught it was engaged in sucking in a very small shrimp, finding it I suppose indigestible, it soon turned it out again. A tug has been seen on the horizon all day, bound the same way as ourselves. An elegant little bird called by Mr. Perry a "Cinnamon bird" spent some time on the fore brace this morning, several birds supposed to be either parrots or plovers whirled above our head for some time making a great noise. In the evening the stillness was most extraordinary, the stars were reflected so distinctly that we could even make out the constellations in the water. This calm is dreadful, here we are within 60 miles of our destination, standing still.

Nov: 29

Slight breeze- In the morning continued all day. At 10 minutes to 5 p.m. first caught sight of the Pharos light tower, at 10 o'clock we were six miles from Alexandria. Can't get a pilot until sunrise, have to and went to bed.



Chapter Nine: The Road to Memphis

Dec: 27

After breakfast, about 10 o'clock we, that is to say Mrs. Perry, Messrs. Stephenson, Perry, Rouse and Pim and I started for Boulak where we embarked on board the Dahabieh "Gazelle" with a fair wind for Sakara or Badrishein the place we landed at, Sakara being five miles inland, here we found our donkeys, so on last night, and our letters which Mr. Rouse had ordered his man, my silent friend Ibrahim, to bring on. I suppose this is about a fair specimen of a Nile journey, varied by very gentle rowing and running aground, while rowing they keep up a continuous and monotonous sort of chant. By the way we did not reach Badreshein quite this evening, but anchored about two miles below, the wind being foul and the men tired.

Dec: 28

We breakfasted a little before 8, then devoured our letters which were not brought on board until this morning. These finished we started, such a cavalcade of about 10 donkeys, to Sakara, our road lay through a splendid grove of Date Palm which extends for nearly forty miles up the river coast, about half an hours ride brought us to "The Great Ramisis" alas poor fellow, he only looks now at this season, like a big stone about 30 feet long almost entirely buried in water, all around are the ruins -of Memphis, large mounds mark its site scattered here and there with broken columns and pieces of stone and statues covered with hieroglyphics, Mr. Stephenson however thinks these remains insufficient to account for such an extensive city as Memphis is described to have been, containing one million of inhabitants, the village of Mitrahenni now takes its place.

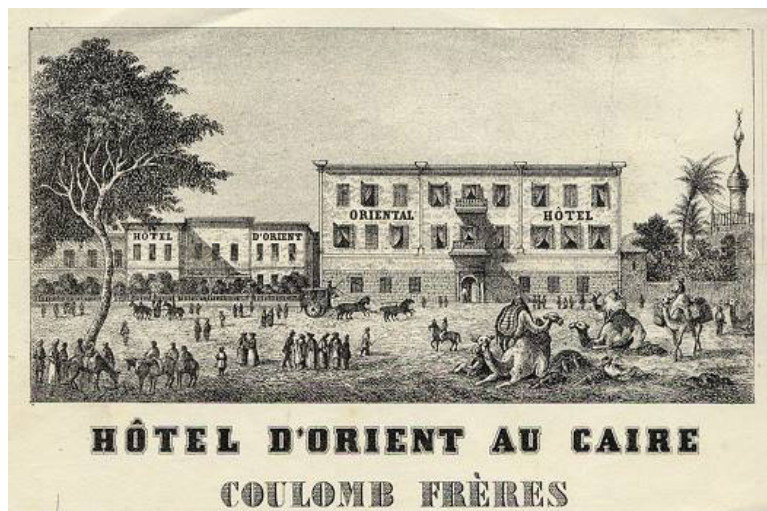
We now quitted the Date groves and entered the desert, near Sakara the whole ground is strewn with tombs, bones, skulls and deep holes; most of the tombs have been rifled and their contents lay scattered about, it is indeed "a City of the Dead", we next came to the Avenue of Sphynxes which lead originally to the Tombs of the Bulls, it does not now extend far, perhaps the rest is buried in sand, at all events several of the Sphynxes are still standing. Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Rouse and I walked for some distance the roads were so heavy for the poor donkeys, I purchased one or two antiquities from the Arabs. At the tombs of Apis or of the Bulls the whole party dismounted and having lighted candles we entered this wonderful place, it consists of a long underground passage hewn in the rock, on either side of this branch out recesses each containing a large black granite sarcophagus, the following are the dimensions of one we measured:

(Interior)	Length	9ft 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ ins
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Christmas morning, I could hardly believe it, so warm and sunny and no home. We sat and chatted until 11 o'clock then went for a walk with Lord and Lady Dufferin in the Esbekish we then had lunch and afterwards Mr. And Mrs. Perry, Capt. Pim and I went on donkeys for a splendid ride to the Mokattam Hills, up which we climbed and had a most glorious view, the whole of Cairo and the Delta, we ought then to have returned home but the good people insisted on going to see the tombs of the Memlooks and Pashas, in the former are buried those Memlooks killed by Mohammed Ali and in the latter, Abbas, Achmet, and Toussom Pashas etc., and their respective Hareems. Of course when we got back we were late for Mr. Brunel's dinner, Mr. Stephenson was rather wroth and we had a tremendous rush. A rather elegant dinner and a tolerably slow evening.

Dec: 26

We sat all the morning reading, writing and chatting and after lunch Mr. & Mrs. Perry, Mr. Rouse and I went out Arst to call on the Brunels, Mrs. Brunel joined us and we took a carriage in the streets, Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Brunel, his son and Lord John Hay had a long hob nob with Hekekyan Bey.



Chapter Six: Alexandria

Nov: 30

Came on deck about 7-30, we were then about 4 or 5 miles from Alexandria harbour, 8 o'clock the pilot boat came off for us, Captain Cork said their first enquiry would be for coffee and pipes, which they did. Four men came on board and after a short preamble demanded a bucket of water, this given then they next requested coffee, after which three out of the four took their departure to some other vessels coming in, leaving us one whose portrait I took the liberty of attempting to take. Under his direction we entered past the fort Marabat and anchored nearly opposite the palace built by Mohammed I\1i and now unoccupied. On the right hand as you sail in is a low sandy arid bank thickly covered with windmills, here nearly all the corn for Alexandria is ground, brought down from the country by the Mahmoudieh canal which comes close to this part of the coast. A little farther on is Said's new palace not yet quite complete, still farther on and more in the interior is Pompey's Pillar. To the left side is the Point and lighthouse, a row of "holes" which prove to be human dwellings, and the old Palace. Straight ahead is the site of the ancient Pharos and the dock. We anchored at 10 o'clock, had breakfast and then patiently waited the arrival of Mr. Rouse, to whom Mr. Stephenson had sent a note before breakfast. Mr. Ogilvie the English doctor, and Mr. Anderson, Capt. of the "Majara" called. Mr. Rouse came about 12 bringing our letters, most welcome. The English man-of-war "Perseverance" was here Capt. Pim discovered a cousin, Mr. Pillans (nephew of the Professor on board of her, and after breakfast brought him here. They leave for England this evening.

About 2.30 we went on shore accompanied by a fine young Egyptian who is to act as Dragoman "protems". Never shall I forget the landir1g, within three feet of the salt water is a well of fresh, here numbers of people were collected, some drinking or performing their ablutions, others filling skins with which they loaded their donkeys or camels, the latter look the very picture of patience; with their noses up in the air and their eyes half closed, near this were groups of Egyptians, Nubians and Arabs either sleeping, talking or selling. Two carriages were waiting for us here in which we drove first to the hotel to make some arrangements for dinner tomorrow, then to the Consul's, Mr. Greening, both he and Mrs. Greening were very polite. Mr. Stephenson now asked me to ride with him, this I did gladly, he explained everything to me so kindly. We drove first to Cleopatra's Needle, I fancied it being much more than it really is, 70ft 7in., one thing about it that astonished me very much was that the hieroglyphics on the north of sea side are the least effaced or worn, it looks rather tottery, the bottom being worn away and plastered up with concrete. We next went to Pompey's Pillar, we

left the carriages at the bottom of a dusty hill up which we trudged to the Pillar, here we were surrounded with children by dozens asking for Baksheesh, I have already begun to appreciate the nuisance. From the foot of the Pillar there is a capital view of the town and port, the burial ground is close down at the foot of the hill; a glorious though stormy sunset gave us a magnificent spectacle, We now commenced our return, passing through several of the most wretched collections of hovels I ever saw, they are built of mud and in narrow lanes like rows of pig-styes, here crowded and huddled together, gossiping or cooking, sit the women and children outside their doors, looking more like bundles of old clothes than anything else, Numerous date plantations were at the side of the road, it is a most elegant tree and the fruit hanging in beautiful golden feathery clusters looks most beautiful. A long avenue of trees surrounds the town, it was planted by Mohammed Ali and is kept Lip with the greatest care, a small channel running the whole way at the foot of the trees into which the water is turned every day, this plan in fact is carried out wherever any cultivation is going on. It was very curious to see the people wherever there was a well or fountain, standing in groups going through a course of ablutions and prayers. Passed through the "Poor Market" where they were selling all sorts of commodities, particularly very fine sugar cane, such a babel of tongues. Drove along the Mahmoudieh canal, this is the Alexandrian "West End", the houses look very comfortable, and are best here, moored against the side were several passenger boats for going up the Nile, Mr. Stephenson recognised the one he had in /51, it is of iron, a raised cabin midships serves for passenger accommodation, the stern has an awning and is comfortably supplied with seats and divans, in the bows is the cooking apparatus. From this road you can see Lake Marrotis and the railway. Returning through the town we saw several Arab tents and families huddled down by the road side, some were returning to Algiers from Mecca where they had made their pilgrimage. Put down at the Transit quay where the boat was waiting for us, we returned on board and spent the evening writing our journals.

Dec: 1

Mr. Stephenson went on shore at 8 o'clock to breakfast and talk over some business matters with Mr. Rouse at Com-al-Die. The rest of us did not go on shore until 10 o'clock, when, accompanied by the young Egyptian whose name we found to be Abdin Ali, we devoted ourselves to a morning's wandering about the town and "flane". It is a most lively town full of business, the streets are tolerably clean and not very narrow, still there is no room to spare, every now and then perhaps when you are peaceably walking along looking into the shops, you hear a cry just behind you of "Oha reglab Alga! Alga! Guards! Guards!" then sauve qui peut, for either 5 or 6 donkeys are scampering along carrying either some reckless Arab boys

Donna) For perhaps another quarter, the men bowing all the time and occasionally ejaculating "Allah" all together, then they rose and a kind assistant walking round too~ from them all loose garments, turbans, leaving some of their heads as bare as a baby's, others with merely a skull cap, some again shaved in front leaving only long locks behind, scarves, cloaks, any jewels they happened to have, For this peculiar Fantasia is not confined to the Dervishes, many others joined even some of the Pasha's soldiers.

Having thus dismantled themselves they again Formed a circle standing, a rude: kind of music now commenced on a sort of pipe or reed accompanied by one or two drums or tambourines beating to time, one held by the Sheik in the center, they then commenced a series of genuflections and bowing accompanied by a most extraordinary sort of noise produced down in the bottom of the throat or chest at regular intervals, gradually increasing in need; this they continued for 20 minutes without intermission, when a signal was given to cease, some however were unable to stop this frightful movement, one worse than the rest went faster and faster until the bow degenerated into a rapid shaking backwards and forward of the head, he could hardly stand and was in an awfully excited state, so much so that two men had to rush and seize him to prevent his using his pistol which he had drawn from his belt; after a great deal of trouble they succeeded in throwing him on the ground where he went into a regular fit which lasted for about 10 minutes, he then got up again joined the rest who recommenced operations, another similar scene was enacted and then they were finished, that is to say after a general and most extraordinary embracing; the whole performance must have lasted 2 hours and was one of the most painful sights I have ever witnessed, almost disgusting.

Nubar Bey tells Mr. Stephenson that the Dervishes are the "free-thinkers" of the country and may therefore be either disenters from Mussulmen or Armenian Christians, they believe only in "One God" and place no reliance on either the Bible or Koran further than as a history, I do not know how far this may be true. On our return Mr. Stephenson went with Lord Dufferin and Mr. Perry to Hekekyan Bey's, Mrs. Perry and I took a drive down the Shooobra Road, as we came back it came on to pour with rain, a very uncommon occurrence here. We found the three gentlemen chatting round the fire in which we joined until dinner time. Capt. Pim came home. In the evening Mr. Stanton and Mr. Harrison came in and we had a round game. Christmas Eve! I can't say it feels much like it, I have sat up in my mosquito curtains to see the day in.

Dec: 25

Dec: 23

Soon after breakfast Hekekyan Bey called, he is a venerable looking old gentleman and speaks English, it would be no compliment to say like a native, he again offered us the use of his dromedary, he says it is usual to clip the dromedaries every six months, the skin is then rubbed over with olive oil and sulphur, their skin is so tender that unless this precaution is taken they are apt to get sores and diseases, Hekekyan is now undergoing this operation. Mr. Stephenson went with the Brunels to Boulak to see the boat they have settled on to go up the Nile in. During his absence Nubar Bey called, and had a chat with us, he is a very handsome man, speaks English well and French even better and is a regular courtier. We were observing to him that we thought the telegraph much more universally used in proportion here than in England, he says that it is so and that even in the small villages the Fellahs will not make a bargain until they have telegraphed to Alexandria to know the price of provisions there, he says they manifested no astonishment at it when it was first introduced, they immediately saw the advantages to be derived from it and did not trouble themselves to enquire into the cause. Just after lunch Abdullah Bey called, he is an Englishman but has turned Mussulman, living on some landed property given him by the late Abbas Pasha and is in every respect a thorough Egyptian, he is a very disagreeable but clever man. When he left we went out for a walk through the streets etc., we met three wedding processions, one was a very grand affair, having two camels bearing kettle drums preceding the procession, as we came home we met Mr. Brunel and his son in the Esbekieh, we are to dine with them at the Hotel d'Orient on Christmas Day. Lady Dufferin also sent us an invitation this evening for the same day. Finished our letters for the mail.

Dec: 24

At 12.30 a good large party of us, consisting of Mrs. Perry, Lady Dufferin, Lord Dufferin, Lord John Hay, Dr. Leadam and myself started to see the "Dancing Dervishes. We were first of all shown into a sort of open court filled with people sitting smoking and drinking coffee, some dressed in the most fantastic fashions. Here we waited for some time, pipes and coffee being offered to us, in about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour (during which time the Dervishes were said to be praying or "being wound up" as someone suggested), we went into the Mosque a large room with a good high dome, at one side of this room a large semi-circle of men were seated cross-legged on the ground, a fine looking man, the Sheik, being in the center: when we entered they were all keeping up a sort of chant consisting of the most unmelodious bars, keeping time with the body; after about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour of this one of them rose and sang (exactly resembling a parody on an Italian Prima

or perhaps a European or two who look very much at the discretion of the animal and driver (generally an active slim little Arab who enjoys the fun), or a string of ponderous camels generally laden with water skins, it is particularly advisable to give the latter a wide berth as they are said to have the unpleasant knack of giving strangers an ugly bite. At 12.30 we took a carriage and drove to Com-el-Die where we found Mr. Stephenson sitting gravely as any old Turk smoking a pipe, one was also brought for Mr. Perry, it was most amusing to see the two old gentlemen puffing away. Mr. Rouse's house is rather tumbledown, not very comfortable but the view from it is magnificent, close to the house is a fine Date plantation. After the pipes we drove down to the Consul's (Mr. Stephenson & Mr. Rouse in the latter's cab), to get an order to visit the Ras-el-Teen (Hill of Figs) palace, built by Abbas Asha and now unoccupied in consequence of a prejudice of Pashas in general not to inhabit the palace built by a predecessor. It is very gorgeously fitted up, the floors are magnificently inlaid, (some with ivory and ebony) and the furniture is from Paris, the Pasha's bedstead is silver the hangings rose or pink coloured satin, with inner curtains of white and gold gauze, the coverlets are of the most delicate pink satin, quilted. There is a very nice billiard room in which is also a self-acting piano, the view from the front of the palace is magnificent, extending over the whole of the harbour. Drove back to the transit wharf where we met Mr. Stephenson; went on board to dress for dinner at the Hotel d'Europe, Mr. Rouse dined with us, returned on board about $\frac{1}{4}$ to.

Dec: 2

Capt. Pim rose very early and went with Mr. Hardcastle up the line as far as the Nile, the rest of us went on shore to the railway station and quay (now building), it was a most singular scene, some 5,000 Arabs, principally boys, are at work, they come from every part of the country, every village is obliged to supply a certain number, these gangs are changed once a month, poor fellows their only pay is the 21f2lbs of coarse bread with a few leeks and onions, supplied by the government. Here and there are the overseers, armed with sticks which they apply right and left, apparently in a most cruel manner, but they generally fall on the baskets the boys carry on their backs. Mr. Rouse says that the overseers themselves are very frequently curled up in a corner smoking, flying out the moment they see anyone coming and beating the boys with redoubled vigour it reminded me more of an ant-hill than anything else, each one seemed to do so little and yet such great works being achieved.

In excavating they have come upon several catacombs cut in the solid rock, In the ground all round Cairo is quite honeycombed. One we saw that has been lately opened, had a Cobra twisted round two anchors carved on the

side and there are still remains of colour on the border, generally they are simply like a number of wine-bins, row upon row in the sides of a small room or vault. At the railway office which is a fine large building not particularly ornamental, we rested and had some coffee, then returned on board to write

letters home. On our way down to the boat we saw several camels loading and groaning very much, they looked very savage and shewed their teeth. By the way, Mr. Rouse took us up the top of the station, from which place there is a splendid view of Lake Marietis, the Palace on Mairout Point, the harbour, and Pompey's Pillar. We dined at the Hotel at 6.30, Mr. Hardcastle and Mr. Rushton with us. The walk down to the boat in the evening is very curious, after 9 p.m. the gates of the town are shut and you cannot get out without a pass -word, which is given you written in Arabic on a piece of paper. Dead silence almost reigns in the streets even at this early hour, on arriving at the gates you must knock (and pretty loudly) at a side door, the knock echoes down the silent street and possibly after repeating this half a dozen times you hear a sort of growl from within and having waited some little time longer, the door opens, a sleepy100king turbaned head looks out, most probably with a pipe in its mouth, and having shewn your "pass" you are allowed to go through, no sooner out than your ears are assailed on all sides by dogs barking as if they would like to tear you to pieces, they however quite verify the old proverb and never attempt to harm you, they belong to no-one and are the town scavengers. As we walked down the street we met some Bey's or Effendi's carriage; I suppose the good gentlemen had been out to dinner, before the carriage went two runners dressed in white, one carrying a torch made like an iron cage filled with burning sticks, the effect was capital, down the dark street came these runners, their polished black limbs and white clothes shining in the light of the torch from which the smoke, flames and sparks were flying.

Dec: 3

Mrs. Thorburn had kindly agreed to take us to see the Princess, Said Pasha's wife, to whom we had sent word that we should like to do ourselves the honour of calling upon her, and she very graciously sent word for us to come early today, accordingly we met Mrs. Thorburn and Mrs. Joice (who speaks Arabic like a native) at the Hotel, and then drove to the Marsea at Ras-al-Teem we were at first afraid that she might be at her summer palace which is not as handsome or extensive. Arrived at the Palace we went through the outer gates (guarded by two eunuchs about 8ft high the tallest men I ever saw), which were immediately closed behind us, walked through the court and entered the hall the entrance of which is guarded by two more giants, this is a large and lofty road paved with marble and supported by columns of the same, here we were met by about 28 slaves, most of them

Mr. Stanton came about ¼ to 11, he brought a set of beautiful photographs by Robinson for us to look at, he very kindly gave them to me, they are beauties! About 11 we started, Mr. And Mrs. Perry and Ion donkeys and Mr. Stanton on his horse, for old Cairo to see some old churches there, it was tremendously windy and dust was something fearful, I was perfectly blinded. We saw two very curious old churches (Coptic), the first, the Church of the Virgin Mary, has a beautiful screen inlaid ebony and ivory and two very curious enameled glass lamps, the crypt is most remarkable, there is shewn the place where the Virgin Mary is said to have rested in her flight through Egypt; the other church is dedicated to S. George and was built about A.D.300, some of the old carvings and inlaying here is also very beautiful, and an outer part in a dusty little corner, is a Greek inscription of the time of Dioeletian A.D. 397. The columns supporting and ornamenting both churches are of all sorts and shapes, some of the capitals are splendid evidently taken from some old buildings, while standing in one of them Mr. Stanton said to me "It strikes me there is other company here besides ourselves and that more will accompany us than we would wish", truly my feelings answered "yea", 70 fleas breathed their last on my return home. We went into an old Synagogue also at Old Cairo, it contains fine Saracenic arch. I miss the rest of our party very much indeed.

Dec: 21

Feeling ill I did not get up until nearly lunchtime, Mr. Brunel arrived at the Hotel d'Orient last night, he called here before breakfast and left a letter, sent in his card to Mr. Stephenson, during the morning Mr. Perry called on him and it was arranged that their party, consisting of Mr. And Mrs. Brunel and their son and traveling physician should come here at 1.30 and that we should then proceed to the Citadel; we did so, Mrs. Brunel and Mrs. Perry driving, the rest of us on donkeys, also went to Sultan Hassan's Mosque. The wind today has been very high indeed, really quite disagreeable on the Citadel. Mr. Brunel is better but still very weak, Mrs. Brunel is as stiff as a poker, Master Brunel a nice intelligent boy of 16 or 17, Dr. Watson a namby pamby noodle. Mr. Thorburn arrived here tonight, he says Mr. Stephenson did not reach Alexandria until eight o'clock last night. Major Clarke also is here again, Lord Dufferin and his mother, Lord John Hayes and Lord Giffard arrived last night. Lord Dufferin called here in the evening and asked Mr. Perry to go and see the latter who is ill.

Dec: 22

A most uninteresting day spent in going about the town on donkeys without rhyme or reason. At 4-30 we walked to the station in the hopes of meeting Mr. Stephenson, the train was however late and we came away without doing so, he arrived just about 6 o'clock, thank Heaven!

(being a German and having a defect in his palate and no front teeth), it was rather a farce. Mr. Stephenson went with Nubar Bey to call on the Pasha who however was too ill to see him, the rest of us went wandering again all the afternoon. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Stanton dined with us, in the evening Messrs. Stephenson, Perry, Rouse and Pim went to tea with Hebekyan Bej leaving the other two gentlemen with us. When we were at the Pyramids the Arabs persuaded Mr. Stephenson to give them half a sovereign for ten shillings, they always endeavor to get gold as the Pasha will take nothing else for their taxes, indeed so anxious are they that they sometimes offer 21/- for a sovereign. Mr. Stephenson did as they wished but on reaching home was horrified to find six of the shillings as he supposed, bad, on further examination however it struck him that they were the coinage of a sovereign instead of a shilling very well made and (Mr. Perry suggested) too heavy to be false money, tonight therefore it was proposed to test them in the fire, it was done, as they turned out to be sovereigns in disguise, they must have been in contact with some quicksilver and become coated with either it has been carried by the Arabs with some false money or some invalid traveler has had them in his pocket with a box of blue pills which having broken, pills and money have been rubbed together, the mercury in the former acting on the latter, at any rate the Arabs thinking to do us have themselves been done. Mr. Stephenson says he will make us ladies a backsheesh of them, if this be really true he got £6-13-6 in exchange for 10/-.

Dec: 20

At 8-30 a.m. all the gentlemen started for Alexandria, Mr. Rouse on business, and Messrs. Stephenson and Perry to see Mr. Brunel who we heard had arrived on Friday and was too ill to come on to Cairo, Mr. Perry however only got as far as the station, for a telegram reaching them there to the effect that Mr. Brunel is better and coming on tomorrow he determined to stop and take care of us. Mrs. Lieder and Miss Daniell called here soon after breakfast, they want us to take tea there some evening, Mrs. Lieder related to us some very amusing anecdotes about Lady Fanny Talbot, what an oddity she must have been I She used to boast of being the only female that had ever ascended Pompey's Pillar and having there been kissed by 17 gentlemen. She possessed great power over Mohammed Ali and even in his later years when she came here he received her personally with great distinction, her dress at that time was that of an old Irish fisherwoman, an old red wig round which was twisted a yellow and red handkerchief of the commonest and cheapest description, short petticoats, thick clumsy boots and a hair shirt, all this was for penance, her food was principally rice and water, the principal part of her journeys was made on foot and she slept generally under the shadow of her camel using no tent.

handsomely dressed in full trousers down to the ankles, a close fitting body open in front, shewing a sort of chemisette and a handsome shawl or scarf round the waist: on their heads they wore generally a tarboosh or a handkerchief twisted gracefully. At one end of this hall rose a broad flight of marble stairs, these led to a sort of upper vestibule also paved with marble out of which branched several apartments. We passed through one or two of these and then came to a large room the floor covered partly with matting and partly with handsome French carpets, surrounded almost entirely with divans covered with white muslin with beautiful gold embroidered cushions at the back.

We entered by the one door, the Princess by another, attended by several ladies and slaves, she is tall and very elegant, an exceedingly sweet intelligent face and the most lovely eyes, her dress, composed of the most delicate grey cashmere bordered with silver fringe, consisted of the usual trousers and jacket with the addition of two long trains one before and the other behind, her head-dress was a green crepe handkerchief twisted round her head trimmed with small flowers, and all round from it hung pendants of brilliance set in the form of ringlets, on her hand she wore an enormous diamond. After she had welcomed us and we had saluted her she led the way to the divan situated in the bow window and on a raised part of the floor, she sat down and signified to us to do the same. Pipes with beautiful jewelled mouthpieces set with brilliants were immediately brought to us, (the Princess's was a simple jasmine stick the mouthpiece richly jewelled), soon after coffee was handed to us in the most delicate china cups, the outer cup being of gold set with diamonds. The Princess expressed her great pleasure at seeing us and enquired how long we intended to stay in Egypt, whether we were going up the Nile etc., Mrs. Thorburn told us that she liked to be talked to and to have questions asked her, Mrs. Perry told her that our Queen has not s4ch large rooms as she has "Ah" said she "your Queen can go out but I, I should be dead if they did not give me a large room for that is the only place I have to walk in"... ..

Bey's wife who was there was laughing about Mrs. Joice's father who she said had a little tiny nose only the size or the tip of her Anger, she had seen him one day through the jealousies, and now spoke ironically for he has an enormous nose, the Princess who had been laughing most merrily became all at once grave and said "all noses are good you should not laugh at them for God made them all". She is a Circassian and was originally a Christian before she was sold. She soon ordered some slaves to relieve us of our bonnets and cloaks. After two or three pipes and cups of coffee dinner was announced, (this was about 11 o'clock and the Princess supported by Mrs. Thorburn led the way downstairs through a long marble paved ante-room

into a very large room near one end of which stood a round table entirely covered by an enormous massive silver tray (it takes three women to move it); when we first entered the room six attendants brought us silver basins and pitchers with which they poured scented water over our hands while we washed them with a very delicious kind of soap another slave standing by with a napkin bordered with gold.

We now sat down round the table, the Princess, Bey's wife, Mrs. Thorburn, Mrs. Joice and I, behind us stood two slaves with large fans of peacock feathers to keep off the flies, before each person was placed a sort of cake of bread, the top cut into squares so as to be easily taken off, between each of us was a shell shaped dish filled with different salads, before us Europeans was placed a plate, knife, fork and spoon, two small tureens of different kinds of soups were first placed on the table, the Princess took her spoon and dipped it into the common dish, we followed her example and so on as often as we wished, this was removed and the whole hind part of a lamb replaced it. Inji Hanem dexterously ran her long slender fingers through the skin and ripping it up a little way tore off a delicate morsel which she politely handed to Mrs. Perry, she then presented me with a piece, the other ladies helped themselves and so did we afterwards, excepting when the Princess or the old lady found a particularly nice tit-bit which they immediately handed us, it was rather awkward when they both happened to do so nearly at the same time, as it only being polite to use the right hand it was difficult elegantly to dispose of the two pieces. I forgot to say that when we sat down silk handkerchiefs were given us to wipe our Angers on during dinner, we also kept the napkins we used after washing our hands -- -- about twenty dishes followed, meat, Ash and sweets mixed indiscriminately one after the other, rose water was used to flavour nearly all the sweets. You can remember but few of the dishes, one composed of honey, flour, rose water and almonds, another was a sort of sweet soup also flavoured with rose water and having milk, almonds, pistachio nuts in its composition, there was a dish of small sort of rissoles. made of herbs, Nothing drinkable was put on the table but when you wished For it a slave brought you a glass of the most deliciously cool water, flavoured some with orange flower, incense etc., and waited to take away the glass when you .had taken sufficient, the last dish was the pillaf, consisting of a dish of rice and a dish of sour curd; it is considered very ill bred to bring this dish in until the end as it is very satisfying. Mrs. Thorburn said there were some 20 or more dishes prepared; but that she told the Princess she was sure we could eat nothing more, after the pillaf an elegant little sort of cup shaped like a melon made of gold and silver Ailed with cherry water, was handed to each of us, we then rose from the table and the process of washing having been gone through again we sat down in the same room for a short time and

Mr. Stephenson and I again got up early and went for a long walk on the shore until 9 o'clock, we collected great quantities of shells, corals and seaweeds, when we came in King gave me two very curious Red Sea fish something like the ancient Gano fish) that someone had made him a present of, and the landlord gave me a most beautiful branch of coral. After breakfast we walked down to the train which is to leave at 10, on our way we passed through the bazaar, a curious, dirty characteristic old place. We went along for about 1112 miles at a very slow pace, then suddenly stopped and Mr. Rouse who rode on the engine came to tell us that one of the valves had broken, here was an unpleasant predicament! However like cats we fell on our feet, for having backed about a quarter of a mile to the station of Agirood we there found a tent and a comfortable lunch, another engineer was telegraphed for and arrived in about an hour and a half, another half hours delay and "nous voila" once more fairly started. The rest of the journey was performed very quickly, we got into Cairo at 4 p.m., Nubar Bey met us on the platform and expressed extreme regret that Mr. Stephenson should have been detained etc. etc., we then drove to the Hotel, very glad to rest and refresh, it has been a dull cloudy day with a violent south and west wind. For two days we have not seen a particle of anything verdant (excepting perhaps ourselves), and the pleasure with which we caught sight of the green Delta was very great, after the sand, sand, sand everywhere, it really looked most dreary today, with here and there the skeleton of some poor camel bleaching in the hot sun, for the Arabs have a prejudice against killing them, but when too old. to work leave them to die in the desert. I never knew what flies were until we stopped at Ajerood today!

Dec: 18

Messr's. Stephenson, Rouse and Perry spent the morning on a "secret mission", namely buying pipes, they did not dare take us ladies because the people would charge more seeing such a party, so Mrs. Perry and I occupied ourselves arranging some fossils and geological specimens Mrs. Lieder has very kindly given us. After lunch Mr. Rouse, Mr. & Mrs. Perry, Mr. Stephenson and I went to Schrang's studio to select some photographs, Mr. Stephenson then went back to the Hotel and the rest of us wandered in and out of the little narrow streets, into the Turkish Bazaar, the curious primitive looms they use remind me of the representations on the old tombs. Letter from home, oh be joyful!

Dec: 19

It is a most astonishing thing, but although the thermometer is at 60° we feel quite cold, I believe it is in consequence of the rapid evaporation that takes place here. Mrs. Perry, Mr. Stephenson, Capt. Pim and I went to church, Mr. Lieder did the whole duty, as I could literally not understand a word he said

nor our time permitted this, we went about 15 miles into the desert through the centre of the Canal itself, which is most clearly defined by banks rising in some places to the height of 20 feet (although almost disappearing in others), about 150 feet apart, the sand the whole way is very salt and spread with sea shells, Red Sea shells, Mr. Stephenson traced them as far as Lake Timsa or the Crocodiles Lake, he supposed the Red Sea to have extended as far as the Bitter Lakes, to Sarapium situated at that part, since then the land must have risen as far as Suez.

At the end of our tether we halted, wandered about and had some wine and biscuits and then resumed our home way. We found several beds of gypsum here, also some basalt, the flies were a perfect plague, Moses was a wise man when he prayed for flies to torment his enemies, we passed a few shrubs very stunted and no other vegetation. Never were there such people for mismanagement as the Arabs, when we changed mules on our return the eight fresh ones were tied together by one rope, what did the men do but untie them all, and only looking after two leave the rest to their own devices two of which immediately took to their heels and ran home, a man started after them and ran all the way to Suez, a distance of 6 miles, they are splendid runners. Mr. Stephenson was very much incensed!!!!!!

We got home at 4 o'clock, Mr. Stephenson then ordered camels for Mrs. Perry and myself, Hassan stupidly did not get properly saddled ones for riding, my courage nearly failed me when I saw the great creature kneel down, groaning in a most angry manner all the time, however I did it at last and Mr. Rouse and I started off, the first difficulty was that I could not, my camel being the tallest, get it under the gate, so had to make a detour: we had gone about $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile when my saddle (if you can so call it) slipped bodily back, the boy leading the camel made it kneel immediately, but that would not have saved me a very awkward fall if Mr. Rouse had not somehow or other slipped off his animal like a flash of lightning and caught me as I went backwards, I had no wish to mount again but obstinacy gained its own way and on I got. Mr. Stephenson soon joined us on Mrs. Perry's camel, she was afraid to mount, we had a ride of about a mile and a half round the shore and through the town, once more my saddle gave way, it is not at all a pleasant sensation, altogether it is not so bad a pace as I expected, not at all likely (as so me say) to make one seasick, preserve me however from a camel's trot, I have seen it! Close by Suez are some large mounds, marking it is supposed the site of ancient Clysma or Coliseum, as it is sometimes called.

Dec: 17

had a pipe and cup of coffee, after which we went upstairs again. During the dinner we had a band of Arab music, 8 women all dressed alike in red and yellow, I can't say much for its harmony or variety.

Before dinner we had been talking about the Kohl ladies apply to their eyes, the Princess enquired if we had ever had it, we said no, so she told us she would paint our eyes for us if we liked, afterwards accordingly when we were once more comfortably established with our pipes, she ordered her slave to bring the apparatus an elegant little gold bottle filled with kohl and some narrow straws, we knelt down before her and she put it into our eyes, rather a painful operation and one that made the tears run down my cheeks, she was highly amused and took great pains with mine, washing them round with rose water and applying the kohl a second time. The Princess sent for a little child about 7 or 8 years old, (one she has adopted) to fan her, we now had a band of Turkish music, 8 musicians, and after a little singing 8 dancing girls came in (dressed in rich brocades) they danced very gracefully, first of all with strings round a pole interlacing and disentangling them in the dance, then with sticks and shields, a sort of war dance, also a kind of cotillion and schottische. The Princess has no children and being very fond of them has adopted several, one girl we saw about 14, not particularly lovely, she is betrothed but is not to be married until her 18th year. We also saw a little nephew of Said's, the son of Mustapha. I went with Mrs. Joice into some of the private apartments and baths, the latter are very luxurious Inje Henem they say, is very talented and has an excellent memory and is much more educated than Turkish ladies generally are, she has studied the piano and drawing and composes poetry very well, her amiability is extraordinary. We sat smoking and drinking coffee until about 3.30 when we took our leave, shook hands with her and I made also the salaam, she again expressed her pleasure at having seen us and hoped we would visit her again on our return from Cairo. We were engaged to dine with Capt. Anderson on board the Majara at 4 o'clock, of course although we went straight there only just calling at the-yacht, we were late, the gentlemen of our party were already there and dinner had commenced. Our eyes afforded considerable amusement, of course we were not much equal to dinner No.2, there were a great many gentlemen and no ladies except ourselves, Capt. Anderson was very kind and gave me some shells, a valuable antique ring, and a part of the history of Ram written on rusk. Returning on board we found our letters, oh how miserable I was.

Dec: 4

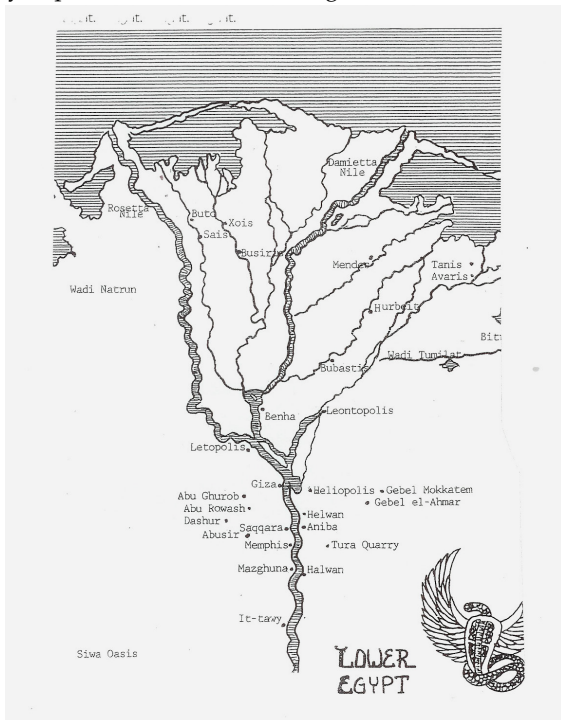
Capt. Anderson had agreed to take Mr. & Mrs. Perry and myself in his boat to see the catacombs on the west side of the harbour, having a fair wind we sailed there, it is a most curious place, the whole ground is honeycombed

with these tombs in which we found quantities of bones, in some of them are columns and architraves which evidently place them in the Grecian period, a good deal of colour is still visible in some parts, in one place there is a lofty dome 20 feet in diameter on each side of which are square apartments surrounded with "Bins". We also visited Cleopatra's Bath, it is a Square Bay cut out of the solid rock, the water was exquisitely clear. After lunch we went on shore with Capt. Anderson to call on Mrs. Thorburn and see the subterranean Greek church where the paintings on the walls (representing Christ and the loaves and fishes and several saints) are exceedingly fresh.

Capt. Anderson dined with us on board.

Dec: 5

We occupied ourselves until 12 o'clock writing letters home the mail ("Pera") leaves tomorrow, then dressed and meeting Capt. Anderson as, agreed, on the quay, drove to dine at Mrs. Hugh Thorburn's at Bella Sombra, "up the country"; as the Alexandrians call it although it is only on the Mahmoudieh canal. Stayed until about 4.30 and then returned on board to pack for Cairo. We also said good-bye to Capt. Anderson who we all like very much and are, sorry to part with, he starts for England tomorrow.



Chapter Eight: Journey to Suez and the Red Sea

Dec: 15

By 7.30 we were at the station, Nubar Bey met us on the platform, we did not start until nearly 10. The road lies through the desert, a rather monotonous journey varied only by camels, alive and dead, for skeletons are scattered in great abundance on either side, a great number of young camels were grazing about. We reached Suez at 2.30, Suez is a miserable little town almost entirely built of mud with just a few good houses, the Hotel belonging to Shepherd of Cairo is by far the most imposing building, close down to the quay. The camels are here in great numbers, we saw several being loaded, they make a frightful groaning all the time, their mouths wide open as if they would like to bite, they say they are sometimes very dangerous. Said Pasha had graciously given us the use of a steamer, so after a little refreshment we went on board and steamed down the Red Sea for about 10 miles and back, the country on either side is extremely picturesque, and at sunset the rosecoloured light was lovely. We got back about 5.30, Mr. Rouse and Mr. Stephenson then went to call on Mr. West the Consul, the rest of us prepare for dinner. The Hotel is large and the rooms lofty but the accommodation is of the rude and most simple kind, being merely intended for the Indian passengers passing through. The Simla is lying here now, she came in two days since having made the voyage from Calcutta in 17 days including stoppages, the shortest passage on record. Oh the mosquitoes!

Dec: 16

Temp: of Air in the Shade at midday 75°

Attalia and Arabia

Mr. Stephenson and I got up early and wandered "on the shore of the Red Sea" to pick up shells, I could hardly realize it, certainly the temperature was charming. The beach for a long way runs out almost horizontally, in fact for nearly a mile you can walk with the water hardly over your ankles in one place a long spit of sand runs out far into the sea just raised out of the water, the shore is one mass of fine spiral shells, with the Trochus, Mursa and many other to us valuable shells, scattered thickly, the water was of a lovely blue and very clear. Behind us and before, on the opposite side of the sea rose the high cliffs covered with an exquisite purple haze; great numbers of camel's skeletons lay on the shore, After breakfast we started in two vans each drawn by four mules, for the old Suez or Arsine Canal the vans are the same used for the conveyance of the Indian passengers before the introduction of the railway, they are like large baker's carts, having only two wheels. We had hoped to have reached the Bitter Lakes but neither the mules' strength (although some had been sent on before to change half way)

little elevated shops we found him sitting patiently writing and looking on. A seat on the opposite side of the street on the good man's Prayer carpet, was politely offered us, and soon after some coffee was handed to us in Turkish fashion, which of course was accepted with a profound salaam, it is thick, sweet and hot, I like it, not so Mrs. Perry. The bracelets are not quite finished, so Mr. Rouse pocketed them and we walked home; Backgammon all the evening. About half an hour after we ladies had gone to bed Mr. Stephenson arrived, the Pasha also came down to Cairo bringing with him force of 14,000 men without a moment's warning, to show how well he can move an army. Mr. Stephenson said it was very well done, in the way troops, guns, tents and everything were embarked.

Dec: 14

Mr. Stephenson feeling tired did not get up to breakfast Mr. & Mrs. Perry, Mr. Rouse and I went to see the bracelets finished, a business of three hours, it really did not seem at all long, at least not to me, there was so much that was curious and novel. Of course, coffee was served to us and after that we sat and observed, in one shop near us they were making the piece of gold from which the Yashmack is hung, in another curious earrings etc. The man where our bracelets are being made is the Sheik of the Silversmiths and while we were there numbers of articles were brought to him to be valued and bargained for, it was great fun, one silver tray was brought at least a dozen times while we were there, knocked down perhaps a piastre each time, it takes on an average 'two or three days to complete a bargain however small. We did a little shopping and then returned to lunch, after lunch Mr. Stephenson & Mr. Rouse had some business, Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I went out for a short time and then set to work to pack for Suez, for which place we start tomorrow at 10 a.m. by a special train.

Chapter Seven: To Cairo

Dec: 6

We got up at 6 o'clock and at 8 landed at the new railway pier where a special train met us, Mr. Rouse is going with us. As far as Damanhour (39 miles from Alexandria) the country round is flat and not much cultivated, thickly scattered over with mounds, the sites of ruined villages; in ancient times as at present, they were built of mud, bricks and straw, their decay is therefore easy and complete. After passing Damanhour, the country becomes more highly cultivated and inhabited villages more frequent, our next station (65 miles from Alexandria) was Kaffri Azzayet where we arrived at 10 o'clock. We were met here by Mr. Harrison (who lives here) and Mr. Stanton, the former took us to his horse to lunch, at 11.30 we started again. The whole journey I was very much amused watching the people from the different villages going to replace those at the railway works, it resembled the road between two ant hills. We saw great numbers of water buffaloes which are most invaluable in this country, being almost amphibious, hawks and hooded crows abounded, we passed through Tanta, a large village celebrated for its enormous fairs. At 4.30 o'clock we reached our journey's end, Nubar Bey was on the platform to meet Mr. Stephenson, with his carriage in which Mr. Stephenson and I drove to Shepherds Hotel, the rest followed in another vehicle. Before the table d'hôte which is at 6.30, we had time for a short walk into the Elsbakieh, a most delightful sort of park or garden laid out in avenues and plantations. The gentlemen had a little billiards after dinner but we all went early to bed.

Capt. Cork came with us for a day or MO to see Cairo. A black man named Hassan recommended himself at Alexandria to Mr. Stephenson as the brother of Hassan (the original who went up the Nile and in the desert with him before), who was, he said, at the present time in Nubia, no sooner however did we arrive at the Hotel than he (the original) presented himself, and grievously disappointed he was to hear that "Black Hassan" had so "done" him, protesting that Black Hassan was not his brother and that he, (Brown Hassan) had told him particularly that if Mr. Stephenson should arrive in Alexandria he was ready to attend him. Black Hassan however made the bargain for himself and Mr. Stephenson not being able to dispose of him engaged them both.

Dec: 7

Soon after breakfast a carriage was ordered, and attended by Black Hassan and we drove first of all to the Citadel, it is situated on the west side of Cairo on a commanding hill. On entering the court of the Mosque which is the first place you come to your feet are slipped into a pair of things like

grass baskets, supposed to be slippers. This court is paved with marble, in the centre is a handsome elaborate alabaster fountain, above it rises a dome supported also on alabaster columns. On your left as you enter the court is the Mosque, it was built by Mohammed Ali who is buried here, the interior is very beautiful, four massive square alabaster columns support a splendid dome richly coloured and gilt, a rather smaller dome at each side of this and four others still smaller at each corner, all richly painted, form the building. The lamps suspended from the ceiling to within 18 feet of the ground have a very curious effect, and round the whole inside at a considerable height is a narrow gallery, this is intended for women, who at the feast of Ramadan are obliged to attend. Leaving the Mosque we entered the space where the massacre of the Memlooks took place (near the Roumayleh. Gate), and where Emin Bey leapt over the wall (a distance of 40 feet) and escaped. The view from this place is perfectly magnificent especially from the top of the tower, before you lies the town, so far below that the people look-like ants, to your left lies the Lybian desert, Sahara, the tombs of the Memlooks, also those of the Calephs and the Pyramids, to the right the fertile Nile valley with the calm sleepy river winding through it.

Close to the Citadel is "Joseph's Well" (250 feet deep) a very curious and primitive affair, the water is raised by a long rope to which are attached pitchers, these turning over a wheel at the top and bottom go down "topsy turvey" and ascend filled with water, the wheel is worked by an ox.

After lunch we drove to Shoobra Palace and Gardens constructed by Mohammed Ali, the road there is a charming avenue of trees, mostly the Accacia Libbakh and sycamores. The gardens are pretty, rather formal and very fragrant from the roses, orange trees and myrtles that abound in it, a short way from the entrance is a very pretty little summer-house or Kiosk with painted windows and rich satin hangings (rather seedy), further in is a large Kiosk, a quadrangular building, in the centre a piece of clear water with a small square marble island in the middle, a covered corridor runs round it with 4 small Kiosks projecting into the water, and at each corner of the building is a room beautifully fitted up with divans, one as a billiard room. Drove home. Backgammon with Mr. Rouse all the evening. It is arranged that we are to go up the Nile to the "Barrage" in a Nile boat (Dahabieh) with General Malcolm's party.

Dec: 8

Had a cup of coffee, left the Hotel at 7, and drove down to Boulak the port of Cairo, here with very considerable difficulty we embarked, our boat is not very large, about 60 feet long, a raised cabin containing a small entrance cabin, a saloon and a sleeping apartment, the top of this cabin forms a

walked on each side of her bearing long banners. I forgot to say that a most charming band preceded the whole affair. We reached home without a fall.

Dec: 13

Day at the Petrified Forest, Mr. & Mrs. Perry, Captain Pim, Mr. Gus stopping at the Hotel, and myself, with Black Hassan and Ibrahim Hadjii Mr. Rouse's attendant, started on donkeys. Mr. Rouse could not go with us as he had very kindly made up his mind to sit and watch the making of some silver bracelets for Mrs. Perry and myself, so little are the people to be trusted here that he says after having given the dollars (of which they are made) he dare not lose sight of them for fear they should steal the silver and put in alloy, so he will watch them (sitting in the workshop) from beginning to end, it seems astonishing that the people do not feel it an insult, but they take it as a matter of course, and even treated Mr. Rouse three times to coffee at their own expense. Directly after breakfast we mounted our steeds and set off on our journey. Leaving Cairo to the East and passing through an old cemetery we entered the desert, hot, sandy and arid, a few stunted plants here and there shew themselves but they look parched and dried up.

Our road lay straight to the foot of the red mountain, then turned steeply to the east where lies the Petrified Forest, we reached it after a two hour's ride, dismounted and collected specimens, it is a most marvelous place, strewn with wood Mr. Stephenson supposes to have been produced by a subsidence of the land where" the trees (principally Palms with some few exogenous plants) becoming submerged in water containing a great deal of Silicia were silicified, the water extracting the particles of vegetable matter and substituting particles of silicia in their place. The view over the desert from this place was glorious, a large expanse of golden sands over which a few clouds cast a pleasant shadow here and there, the Red Mountain and Meketiam Range forming a boundary. When we remounted I tried another donkey not liking the paces of my own but it was weak on its hind legs and sat down with me, so I had to return to my old white friend who carried me safely until just as we reached home when, as I was terminating a glorious but involuntary gallop, down it came on its nose, pitching me on to mine, this is an unpleasant habit the Cairo donkeys have. In the desert we picked up great numbers of very good cornelians, we also got some of a curious creeping plant bearing a large kind of apple or calabash used by the Arabs as medicine.

We got home about 3 p.m., had some lunch and then started off to see what Mr. Rouse was doing, after passing through a perfect labyrinth of streets not more than a yard wide, we came to one containing nothing but silver workers (every street has its particular trade), here in one of these queer

shopping. After lunch we all started for Heliopolis in a carriage and four, such a contrivance, Mr. Perry and I took the narrow side and it was a squeeze; nothing remaining of Heliopolis but one long piece of stone covered with Hieroglyphics, and the obelisks ditto with the cartouche of Osirtasin 1st, we copied some of them. A luxurious but badly kept garden surrounds the obelisks, it contains some capital orange trees on the fruit of which we regaled. But I ought to describe the ride there, we left the town through a plantation of dates and bananas, just on the boundary between the Delta and Dessert is Abbasieh or the Palace of Abbas Pasha who built it. We now enter the old Suez route close beside which runs the railway, the road now became fearful, deep sand in which the carriage sank almost up to the axles, the poor horses although beaten, pulled and abused could with difficulty move, we had to walk for about V2 a mile to the obelisk across some land laid out in little squares for irrigation, in which operation the Shadoof is used; an excellent crop of barley, some Indian corn and clover were the productions. On our way we passed a train of 64 camels laden with coffee returning from Suez, it was a curious sight; a short distance from Heliopolis is the well where Mary and Joseph are said to have rested in their flight, it is surrounded with trees.

Dec: 12

Mr. Stephenson left for Beniscuief at 7 o'clock, Mr. Rouse is officially installed as Deputy-Chief. At 10-30 we went to church, a very simple primitive building, the service equally so. After lunch Mr. Rouse marshaled us all on donkeys and took us for a "cruise" amongst the old tombs at the back of the citadel, the road to then, is through Old Cairo along the side of the old aqueduct to the foot of the Mokattam Range half way up the face of which is a most picturesque old Mosque. Mr. Rouse's "pet", the view of Cairo, the Nile, Pyramids and country beyond was most exquisite. In order to get a better view we were quietly ascending a steep part of the Rock when two or three soldiers, one armed with the point of a bayonet rushed down to stop us, there being a powder magazine at the top; Mr. Rouse's coolness and determination, alias obstinacy, overcame all opposition and up we went, quite repaid by the view from the hill. We returned by the citadel, winding through all the little streets, and most interesting it was. A wedding procession passed us, first came a crowd. of people surrounding a sort of juggler balancing an ornamented pole on his forehead, after these followed a little boy covered with jewelry on horseback, also surrounded with people, a number of women came next their heads hung over with gold coins, then the unmarried friends of the bride with red crepe veils also ornamented with coins, last of all the Bride covered with a red veil and a mass of jewels, a curious little crown on her head, three other women

second deck provided with an awning. Eight rowers occupy the space from the cabin to within 3 or 4 feet of the prow, these 3 or 4 feet are fitted up with the aboos or cooking apparatus, there is also a Latina sail for when the wind happens to be fair. Of course we had the usual monotonous song or chant of the rowers all the way. We reached the Barrage about 1.30, the Barrage is a gigantic dam for the purpose of keeping back the Nile water to a certain height, it has failed, the view from one of the towers is capital. Came away again at 3, lunched on board and got back to the Hotel just as dinner was finishing. Can't say much for General Malcolm, his wife or nephew, snobs of the first water, given to toadyism and very bragadocious but nevertheless tolerably good -natured. I had great fun sketching, particularly a little Arab boy who consented to sit on promise of backsheesh. We had a very amusing disembarkation, fancy Mr. Perry carried by two Arabs each holding a leg, we all followed in like manner the mud being too deep for us to land otherwise, the carriage met us again at Boulak, by the way Mr. Rouse went down to Alexandria, he returns on Saturday with letters, I hope.

Dec: 9

A regular morning's flane, through the Frank & Turkish quarters and in several bazaars, being market day we were nearly squeezed to death, still it was a most curious and interesting sight very much like Alexandria only still more crowded with men, camels and donkeys. The town is divided into different quarters, for instance one for shoes, another for metal work, carpets, shawls etc. The afternoon was spent in making calls on the Leiders and Dr. Abbot, the former is a missionary, he and his wife are very literary and deep into Egyptian lore, they are very kind indeed and have a capital collection of antiquities but Mrs. Lieder.'s tongue, or dear! Like a pendulum it only needs winding' up to wag for any time you like, that is if you touch the right spring, "ancient lore". Capt. Pim went to the Pyramids with Capt. Campbell.

Dec: 10

We have had a glorious day, a cup of coffee and then off at 7 o'clock for the "Pyramids", it is about a 30 miles journey. For a little more than 3 miles we drove down to the ferry through old Cairo, a large cavalry encampment is close to this part, we passed through it, the horses have no shelter being merely' tethered in front of the tents. The ferry is opposite the lower end of the island of Rhoda where the Nilometer, a stone tower is situated. A dense fog covered the water, in fact the whole way down was rather misty, a Latina sail and a pair of oars carried us over in about ten minutes, Black Hassan had been sent over with the donkeys much earlier so they were waiting for us at the water's edge, Mr. Stephenson & Mr. Perry had two large white donkeys, really beauties. Our road in consequence of its being

half Nile was very circuitous, winding the whole way, about 10 miles, at low Nile it is only 4 miles. We passed a village, very picturesque, soon after we started with a most magnificent Date plantation close to it. How I wished Papa could have seen our cavalcade, Mr. Stephenson in his true character a "pilgrim" mounted on a donkey; Mr. Perry alias Sancho Panza, Mrs. Perry a perfect mountain on a mole, myself most probably ditto, Black & Brown Hassans, provender donkeys and donkey-boys bringing up the rear, my donkey being ambitious I lead the van.

About two hours ride brought us to the Pyramids at 10, the ascent to the foot of them is steep and stony, the Arabs assist the donkeys by pushing up the riders, it was very amusing to see Mr. Perry who had three black hands spread out on his extensive shoulders. We dismounted and Hassan prepared the lunch, as soon as this was finished the Bedouins who had gradually been collecting round us came up and asked if we would go inside; giving ourselves up to the Philistines we consented, two Arabs seized me and finding my dress inconveniently long tied the skirt like a shawl round my waist that and cloak were disposed of; likewise Mrs. Perry's: the gentlemen parted with all superfluous garments and prepared for the execution. We commenced our journey, a steep slippery inclined stone plane of 7 feet leads to the low door, stooping through this you come to a lofty part, now commences the hard work, an Arab seizes each hand and passing it round his neck, half leads and half carries you up another long steep slippery plane to the cry' of Allah! Allah! At the top of this a low passage, obliging you to creep almost on hands and knees, then you are swung over a shaft to the top of a rock which commences another plane longer and steeper than the former, one more low passage and with a loud wild hurrah, the Arabs rush you into the King's chamber. A large dark lofty chamber echoing every sound, the masonry exquisite, enormous blocks of granite fitting with the greatest nicety, the ceiling is composed of nine long blocks extending quite across, there are two ventilation holes, to one side stands the granite sarcophagus; an Arab stood on this and holding up two candles shewed us the full extent of the building or rather room.

Now we commenced to descend, anything but agreeable, I was thrown down three times and slipped 6 or 7 feet, each hand being held up I was quite helpless. Oh how glad we were to reach the fresh air, half baked, dusty and cramped; I was very much amused by my two guides all the way out giving me gentle hints for Backsheesh, "you got money in pocket, good, give somethink before go out! You know dat? Ask gentleman give you money you know dat"? but to no avail. After a minute's rest Mr. Stephenson & I commenced the outside ascent, each having three men, it was not half so bad as I expected, the view from the top was magnificent; two boys went

with us with Goolahs to refresh us, going up I was rather in a fright for Mr. Stephenson whose heart began to beat violently from the exertion, a little rest at the top and a quiet descent recovered him greatly. The moment we reached the bottom again Mr. Perry felt our pulses, Mr. Stephenson's was 153 mine 158. When at the top we sent an Arab down the one we were on, across to the next (a distance of 600 feet) and up that, he did it in 8 minutes. We were nearly driven wild by the demands for backsheesh, all the way down my two Arabs kept up a continual chorus "why not ask gentleman for money? Why be afraid ask him, never see lady like you, afraid ask gentleman" etc. the truth was they were already paid too liberally.

We rested for a few minutes and then Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I went to see the Sphinx, Mr. Stephenson preferred resting. On our way to the Sphinx we passed a very large tomb called Campbell's tomb, it is very deep and at the bottom is a handsome sarcophagus in black marble, in excellent preservation beautifully carved, I must confess that the Sphinx face did not strike me as beautiful, its size you do not fully appreciate until you get a man to stand on it or near-it, he is not then as tall as the ear is long. Here again the men tormented us, insisting on dragging you nolens volens by the shoulders, it was great fun to see Mr. Perry frantically attempting to get out of their way by running off, two or three Arabs immediately rushing after him, and three black hands were spread out on his back to give him a little impetus up the bank. After a visit to Belzoni's tomb which is very interesting, the paintings in it are fresh and numerous, we prepared to remount.

Now such a noise commenced amongst the Bedouins, for backsheesh of course, Mr. Stephenson at last became so angry that he applied his stick freely all round him and in the midst of this din we took our departure from the "Mighty Tombs'!. We got several capital specimens of Numilite limestone, Black dit and Mummy's bones. The great variety of birds we saw on the way there and back was wonderful, sky-larks in abundance and very tame. Hooded crows, pigeons, wild-ducks, Grebes, snipe, wild-geese, heron, storks, flamingoes and kingfishers, Brown Hassan shot a grebe as we were going. About 4 o'clock we reached the ferry, and the donkey in one boat and ourselves in another, crossed over, carried out by the Arabs we entered the carriage waiting for us and drove home. Nubar Bey called in the evening with a request from the Pasha that Mr. Stephenson should go to him at Benisouief (up the Nile) where he is staying now, on Monday.

Dec: 11

In the morning Mr. Stephenson had some business with Nubar Bey and Mr. Rouse. Mr. & Mrs. Perry and I went with Brown Hassan for a little